

Infinitessimals out of my life, and many a life,
 (For not my life and years alone I give—all, all I give ;) 10
 These thoughts and Songs—waifs from the deep—here, cast high
 and dry,
 Wash'd on America's shores.

2

Currents of starting a Continent new,
 Overtures sent to the solid out of the liquid,
 Fusion of ocean and land—tender and pensive waves,
 (Not safe and peaceful only—waves rous'd and ominous too.
 Out of the depths, the storm's abysms—Who knows whence?
 Death's waves,
 Raging over the vast, with many a broken spar and tatter'd sail.)



FROM MY LAST YEARS.

Published in "Two Rivulets," 1876.

FROM my last years, last thoughts I here bequeath,
 Scatter'd and dropt, in seeds, and wafted to the West,
 Through moisture of Ohio, prairie soil of Illinois—through
 Colorado, California air,
 For Time to germinate fully.



IN FORMER SONGS.

Published in "Two Rivulets," 1876.

IN former songs Pride have I sung, and Love, and passionate,
 joyful Life,
 But here I twine the strands of Patriotism and Death.

And now, Life, Pride, Love, Patriotism and Death,
 To you, O FREEDOM, purport of all!
 (You that elude me most—refusing to be caught in songs of
 mine,)
 I offer all to you.

2

'Tis not for nothing, Death,
 I sound out you, and words of you, with daring tone—embodying
 you,
 In my new Democratic chants—keeping you for a close,
 For last impregnable retreat—a citadel and tower,
 For my last stand—my pealing, final cry.