

Whose friendship French and English wrangled for :
 Whose souis the Jesuit and Puritan
 Disputed long what pinfold heaven should keep :
 For whom the pious Râle laid down his life :
 For whom the Bible turned in Indianese
 Its ancient threat or new beatitude :
 Turned by Apostle Elliot's patient hand
 In words six-finger'd, unarticulate,
 Together strung like beads upon a string,
 And every page a picture, not a script.

And now the moon began to show her light
 A quarter up the amber, western sky,
 Close companied by one small star that shone
 Like point of diamond-headed arrow, drawn
 Between the corners of her silver bow.
 The mountain Agamenticus loomed on
 The twilight heavens in silent majesty,
 A natural throne and sepulchre for him
 Who ruled a natural sovereign there.
 No arts of man it showed, no monuments
 Nor fane, nor the long roll of famous deeds,
 But all was rude magnificence and strength !
 Far to the North the ancient forests stretched,
 Whose thick-set tops the winds might blow upon
 But could not shake their immemorial roots.
 Eastward the ocean washed the mountain's feet.
 And like the land, as yet a virgin waste.