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THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON

VOLUME I

THE POEMS OF

Emily Dickinson

*Including variant readings critically compared
with all known manuscripts*

Edited by
THOMAS H. JOHNSON



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“If fame belonged to me,
I could not escape her.”

E.D. to T.W.H.

June 1862.

FOREWORD

This edition of the poetry of Emily Dickinson includes all the seventeen hundred seventy-five poems, together with the variants, that she is known to have written. Since the greater part of her manuscripts survive, it has been possible to assign to most of the poems a relative chronology. The dating of them is conjectural and for the most part will always remain so. Dates have been adduced by all scraps of evidence, associative and direct, including painstaking studies of handwriting and of stationery.

Emily Dickinson was born to her talent but she felt no dedication to her art until she was about twenty-eight years old, in 1858. By 1862 her creative impulse was at flood tide, and by 1865 the greater part of her poetic energies were spent. She continued to write poetry until her death in 1886, when she was fifty-five years old, and many of the later verses are among her great creations. But after 1870 her poems are relatively few in number and were often composed for an occasion and for the friends to whom they were sent.

Throughout her life people were of the utmost importance to her, but direct contacts exhausted her emotionally to such an extent that she shrank from all but the most intimate. Thus her seclusion became nearly absolute in the last decade of her life. This is not to say that she withdrew from the outside world. On the contrary, she associated steadily with the friends of her selection through the medium of letters. Her correspondence was voluminous and the letters of her later years share a measure of the permanence of her poetry.

But poetry was the art for which her life was set apart and to it all else was ancillary. So unwilling was she to be diverted from her calling, from her own originalities which those capable of evaluating only dimly understood, that she made deliberate choice of obscurity in her own lifetime. She was right in her assurance that if fame belonged to her, she could not in the end escape it.

T. H. J.

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

Seldom can a publisher of books write with the wholehearted satisfaction that is mine a prefatory statement for a new work about to be issued. The publication of this edition of the poems of Emily Dickinson is an epoch-making event, the culmination of more than a half-century of effort by Dickinson students, and thus a source of pride to all concerned. Here in these three volumes are united all the poems known to have been written by ED, with all their variants, and with the poet's own preferred text of each poem identified. The years spent by Thomas H. Johnson on this undertaking have resulted in an outstanding work of literary scholarship, indispensable for students of American intellectual history and forever to be cherished by lovers of poetry.

Harvard University, through its Press, is proud to publish Mr. Johnson's definitive edition of *The Poems of Emily Dickinson* and glad to acknowledge its great debts to two of its sons whose generosity has made the publication possible: Gilbert H. Montague by his gift to Harvard University Library provided funds for the purchase of the poet's manuscripts and other papers from the heir to the literary estate; and the late Waldron Phoenix Belknap, Jr., by his bequest for scholarly publishing created The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, the imprint under which this edition is now published. In accomplishing the purposes of these two benefactors, the publishers have been notably assisted by the unselfish devotion of Mrs. Waldron P. Belknap, mother of the founder of The Belknap Press. It is a pleasure to record our thanks to her here, in the first pages of one of the great publications to bear her son's name.

The thanks of the publishers are also due to the staff of Harvard University Library for unfailing and intelligent collaboration throughout an arduous task of editing and publishing. In particular we are indebted to William A. Jackson and Keyes D. Metcalf by whose efforts the Houghton Library has become a center of Dickinson materials

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

and Dickinson scholarship, and this present publication has been made possible.

Grateful and general acknowledgment is made hereby, for the University, to Little, Brown and Company and Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to print in these volumes the Dickinson poems and other documents which are under copyright and have been published by these firms. The details of our borrowings from the publications of these houses are stated elsewhere by Mr. Johnson in his presentation of the poems themselves, and formal acknowledgment of copyright is made on the verso of the title page.

It must be stated here that The President and Fellows of Harvard College claim the sole ownership of and sole right of possession in all the Emily Dickinson manuscripts now in the possession of Mrs. Millicent Todd Bingham, and all the literary rights and copyrights therein, by virtue of Harvard's purchase agreement in 1950 with Alfred Leete Hampson, heir of Emily Dickinson's niece, Mrs. Martha Dickinson Bianchi.

THOMAS J. WILSON

Director, Harvard University Press

June 1955

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Lawrenceville, New Jersey
27 April 1955

THOMAS H. JOHNSON

CREATING THE POEMS

THE POET AND THE MUSE

On April fifteenth, 1862, Emily Dickinson wrote a professional man of letters to inquire whether her verses "breathed." She was then thirty-one years old. At the time she dispatched her letter to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, he had recently resigned from his Unitarian pulpit in Worcester to devote himself entirely to writing. Of Puritan New England stock, he was a graduate of Harvard College (1841) and Harvard Divinity School, and though not yet forty he had already made a name for himself as essayist, lecturer, and participant in the cause of liberal reform. Emily Dickinson dared bring herself to his attention because she had just read the "Letter to a Young Contributor" that he had written as the lead article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April. It was practical advice for beginners, written with genial, well-bred kindness. One sentence she would quote back to him many years later, and it is a clue to the reason that she now felt emboldened to write him: "Such being the majesty of the art you presume to practice, you can at least take time before dishonoring it." His article drew responses and specimens of verse, all of which, Higginson wrote James T. Fields, the editor of the *Atlantic*, were "not for publication." Yet, in spite of that judgment, Higginson immediately answered Miss Dickinson's letter, asking her to send more poems, inquiring her age, her reading, her companionships, and requesting further details about her writing.

She replied at some length, withholding her age but responding to his other questions with a freedom from reticence that reveals the depth of her need for literary companionship. One sentence in this second letter surely misled Higginson as it has all others since the letter was published. "I made no verse —," she says, "but one or two — until this winter — Sir —," and cryptically hints as a reason for her new diversion certain emotional disturbances. The remark is a classic of

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understatement. When Emily Dickinson wrote that letter to Higginson, she had in fact composed not fewer than three hundred poems, and was bringing others into being at a rate which would double the number by the end of the year. Her creative energies were at flood, and she was being overwhelmed by forces which she could not control.

As the story can be reconstructed, at some time during the year 1858 Emily Dickinson began assembling her poems into packets. Always in ink, they are gatherings of four, five, or six sheets of letter paper usually folded once but sometimes single. They are loosely held together by thread looped through them at the spine at two points equidistant from the top and bottom. When opened up they may be read like a small book, a fact that explains why Emily's sister Lavinia, when she discovered them after Emily's death, referred to them as "volumes." All of the packet poems are either fair copies or semifinal drafts, and they constitute two-thirds of the entire body of her poetry.

For the most part the poems in a given packet seem to have been written and assembled as a unit. Since rough drafts of packet poems are almost totally lacking, one concludes that they were systematically discarded.¹ If the poems were in fact composed at the time the copies were made, as the evidence now seems to point, one concludes that nearly two-thirds of her poems were created in the brief span of eight years, centering on her early thirties. Her interest in the packet method of assembling the verses thus coincides with the years of fullest productivity. In 1858 she gathered some fifty poems into packets. There are nearly one hundred so transcribed in 1859, some sixty-five in 1860, and in 1861 more than eighty. By 1862 the creative drive must have been almost frightening; during that year she transcribed into packets no fewer than three hundred and sixty-six poems, the greater part of them complete and final texts.

¹ There are forty-nine packets. The number of poems in a packet depends on the length of the poem and the number of sheets that form the gathering. One packet has as few as eight poems, one as many as thirty, but the average is about twenty. Beginning in 1858, they uniformly include all poetry through 1865. Three packets were assembled later: one in 1866, another in 1871 (to which one sheet dating from about 1875 was added), and one in 1872.

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Whether this incredible number was in fact composed in that year or represents a transcription of earlier worksheet drafts can never be established by direct evidence. But the pattern established during the preceding four years reveals a gathering momentum, and the quality of tenseness and prosodic skill uniformly present in the poems of 1861-1862 bears scant likeness to the conventionality of theme and treatment in the poems of 1858-1859. Excepting a half dozen occasional verses written in the early fifties, there is not a single scrap of poetry that can be dated earlier than 1858.

The issue is not necessarily material as far as her motive in writing Higginson is concerned, except as her need to do so had now become imperative. For her the portentous question was a practical one. Assembled about her was a teeming body of verse, and somehow a way of sharing it must be found. As it happens, there were to be three more years of full creativeness. In 1863 she wrote some one hundred forty poems; in 1864, nearly two hundred; and about eighty or so in 1865. After that, throughout her life, the yearly average never exceeded twenty, one half of which never progressed beyond the worksheet stage. Though several of the later poems are imperishable lyrics she would never again be driven by the frenzy that possessed her in the early sixties. She achieved an intensity, passionate and often despairing, in those years which gives to it the quality of "circumference" and "awe" that she sought. The question now was what to do with these rapidly growing assemblages of manuscript.

One of the unanswered questions is what happened to the poem that Emily Dickinson wrote in her youth. Aside from two valentines there are only three verses that can be identified surely as having been written before 1858, and all are incorporated in letters. One is to her brother Austin, and the others to her friend Susan Gilbert. All are sentimental in tone and commonplace in thought. Pore as one may over the verses in the early packets to identify those which offer clue to earlier associations, only the most tenuous appear. One poem, "Al overgrown by cunning moss," commemorates the death of Charlott Brontë in 1855. But the very first line indicates the passage of time. The four-stanza poem "I like to see it lap the miles" expresses excite

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ment about the novelty of a steam locomotive. The opening of the two local railroad branches in Amherst in 1853 was something of an event. But the only copy of the poem is a semifinal draft written about 1862, four years after she commenced making her packets and therefore much later than one would expect to find the poem in packet form were earlier poems being transcribed. In one instance only is there positive evidence that early poems were gathered into packets. The poem sent to Sue in 1853, "On this wondrous sea" (no. 4), is duplicated in a packet of 1858. Perhaps 1858 was the year of Emily Dickinson's assurance of her destiny.

Though one may be reasonably sure that she wrote more than five poems before 1858—in fact, many more—one begins to question whether there were many that she thought worth preserving by the time she began fashioning her packets. A pattern emerges in her life during the fifties that seems to have direct bearing on her function, not as an artist—that will come later, but as a writer of verse.

In the late forties Benjamin Franklin Newton was a law student in the office of Emily's father, Edward Dickinson. In 1850 Newton set up a practice for himself in Worcester, and in the following year he married. In March 1853, in his thirty-third year, he died of tuberculosis. Ben Newton had been one of Emily's earliest "preceptors," and his memory always remained with her. He was a Unitarian and considered somewhat advanced in his thinking. While in Amherst he had introduced the Dickinson girls to the writings of the Brontë sisters and of the feminist Lydia Maria Child. He presented Emily with a copy of Emerson's poems in 1849, two years after they were published and many years before Emerson was accepted as a representative spokesman of his time. Newton awakened in Emily Dickinson a response to intellectual independence and a delight in literature which later made her call him the "friend who taught me Immortality." She told Higginson in the summer of 1862, after he had praised some verses that she sent him: "Your letter gave no Drunkenness, because I tasted Rum before . . . My dying Tutor told me that he would like to live till I had been a poet, but Death was much of Mob as I could master—then."

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It would thus appear that when Emily Dickinson was about twenty years old her latent talents were invigorated by a gentle, grave young man who taught her how to observe the world. She made the statement to Higginson that "for several years" after her tutor's death her lexicon was her only companion. Perhaps during the five years after Newton's death she was trying to fashion verses in a desultory manner. Her muse had left the land and she must await the coming of another. That event occurred in 1858 or 1859 in the person of the Reverend Charles Wadsworth.

Still predominant among nature poems belonging to 1859 are such effusions as "Whose cheek is this," but there is also "Bring me the sunset in a cup," and "These are the days when birds come back." This is also the year of "Safe in their alabaster chambers," "Our share of night to bear," and "Success." In the following year, though their number is still few, are an increasing proportion of poems written with firmer texture and deepened purpose: "Just lost, when I was saved," "I shall know why—when Time is over," and "At last, to be identified." By 1861 the number of poems dealing sentimentally with nature is on the wane, supplanted by poems of immediate, sometimes violent intensity: "I can wade grief," "What would I give to see his face," "I like a look of agony," and "Wild nights, wild nights." Poems beginning with the personal pronoun are conspicuous. A volcanic commotion is becoming apparent in the emotional life of Emily Dickinson. Though all evidence is circumstantial and will always remain so, the inescapable conclusion seems to be that about this time she fell in love with Wadsworth. (A later attachment for Judge Otis P. Lord of Salem had no effect whatsoever on her poetry or her creative talent as a poet, and is therefore not relevant to this discussion.)

Charles Wadsworth was the pastor of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia from 1850 until April 1862. When Emily and Lavinia returned from a three-week visit in Washington in April 1854, where they had been with their father, then serving as a member of Congress, they stopped over in Philadelphia for two weeks early in May as guests of their old school friend Eliza Coleman, whose father, the Reverend Lyman Coleman, had been their principal back in

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Amherst Academy days. Though there is no record of the event, one supposes that Emily went to hear Wadsworth preach. Perhaps she met him then. The only certain early fact is that he called on her some five years later while he was still in mourning after his mother's death in October 1859.

That visit and another he made briefly in the summer of 1880, are the only two known, and quite possibly the only ones he ever made. But letters that she wrote after his death on April first, 1882, state much and imply more. Twice she calls Wadsworth her "closest" or "dearest earthly friend." She says that he was her "shepherd from 'little girl' hood" and that she cannot conjecture a world without him. A year later she wrote her dear friend, Mrs. Josiah Gilbert Holland: "All other Surprise is at last monotonous, but the Death of the Loved is all moments—*now*. Love has but one Date—"The first of April" "Today, Yesterday, and Forever.'"

Over the years she had come to envision him as a "Man of Sorrow," and "a dusk gem, born of troubled waters." Both visits were probably made at her request on occasions when he happened to be traveling nearby. The letters they exchanged did not survive her death. Those that she wrote to him, sent in covering notes to be forwarded by Mrs. Holland, were not so handled to mask a surreptitious romance. Neither Dr. nor Mrs. Holland would have cared to be party to such dealings. The procedure was one that Emily Dickinson adopted for many of her later transactions with the outside world. Except to her sister Lavinia, who never saw Wadsworth, she talked to no one about him. That fact alone establishes the place he filled in the structure of her emotion. Whereas Newton as muse had awakened her to a sense of her talents, Wadsworth as muse made her a poet.

The Philadelphia pastor, now forty-seven, was at the zenith of his mature influence, fifteen years married and the head of a family, an established man of God whose rectitude was unquestioned. To her it was a basic necessity that he continue in all ways to be exactly the image of him that she had created. The fantasy that Wadsworth proposed an elopement has no basis in fact, and controverts all that is known of the psychology of either. The "bridal" and renunciation

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poems, almost all of which were written in 1861 and 1862, have meaning when interpreted as a part of her lifelong need for a shepherd, a muse whom she could adore with physical passion in her imagination. The extent to which Wadsworth realized the nature of her adoration can only be conjectured. He was a cosmopolitan minister of ready perceptions. Her eagerness after his death to learn from his lifelong friend, James D. Clark, details of his life and personality, about which she says herself she knew little or nothing, is a measure of his reticences as a person. When she initiated her correspondence with Higginson, she turned to one who could serve as a critic of her verse, which she was now writing with daemonic energy. She soon came to call Higginson her "preceptor" and her "safest friend," and quite literally he became both to her. But he was never what Newton had once been, and Wadsworth overpoweringly came to be: the source of inspiration itself.

The crisis in Emily Dickinson's life seems to have been precipitated by Wadsworth's acceptance of a call to the Calvary Church in San Francisco in December 1861. One can believe ~~that~~ he casually mentioned, as long before as September, that he was considering the call. It is the plausible conjecture usually set forth to explain two sentences in her second letter to Higginson. Having spoken of losing the friend who taught her immortality, she goes on to say: "Then I found one more—but he was not contented I be his scholar—so he left the Land." And she gave as the primary reason for writing poetry at all: "I had a terror—since September—I could tell to none—and so I sing, as the Boy does by the Burying Ground—because I am afraid."

To Emily Dickinson, Wadsworth's removal was terrifying because she feared she might never be able to control her emotions or her reason without his guidance. It is at this time that she began to dress entirely in white, adopting, as she calls it, her "white election." The name Calvary now first appears in her poems. In 1862 she used it nine times, always in verses charged with intense emotion. She speaks of herself as "Queen" of Calvary. Grieving for a lost lover or for one renounced, she recalls "old times in Calvary." In the poem "Title Divine in mine," as "Empress of Calvary" she is "Born—Bridalled—

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Shrouded — in a Day." Once in 1863 it is introduced in the poem beginning "Where Thou art — that is Home/ Cashmere or Calvary — the Same . . . / So I may Come." No other place name is comparably used or anywhere nearly so often. As far as eye could peer, Wadsworth's function as preceptor must perforce cease. It was during the time that he and his family were preparing to sail for California that Emily Dickinson initiated her correspondence with Higginson.

It is significant that in June 1869, after Wadsworth's return from San Francisco had been publicly announced, Emily Dickinson wrote to Higginson inviting him to Amherst. "You were not aware," she says, "that you saved my Life. To thank you in person has been since then one of my few requests." Higginson could know part of what she meant — that he had given her private audience for her poems. But he could not know, as she of course was aware that he could not, in just what way he had provided a release from the tensions and preserved her sanity. Two very unfinished worksheet drafts, which have every evidence of having been written in 1869, express a mood of jubilation. One deserves to be quoted:

Oh Sumptuous moment
Slower go
That I may gloat on thee
'Twill never be the same to starve
Now I abundance see —

Which was to famish, then or now —
The difference of Day
Ask him unto the Gallows led —
With morning in the sky

By 1870 Wadsworth was again established in Philadelphia, in another church, where he continued as pastor until his death. The crisis in Emily Dickinson's life was over. Though nothing again would wring from her the anguish and the fulfillment of the years 1861–1865, she continued to write verses throughout her life. Proportionately the number of them is sharply decreased, but among them are many that embody her art at its serenest.

CREATING THE POEMS

PRIVATE AUDIENCES

The first letter to Higginson had a far clearer purpose than he could be expected to penetrate, because the fact is that within the year two of Emily Dickinson's poems had been published in the *Springfield Daily Republican*, the second of them just two weeks before she wrote him. Both had appeared anonymously. She does not ask Higginson whether he thinks her poetry is now ready for publication, but she certainly implies such a request, as he of course inferred. As she phrased it, is her verse "alive"? Does it "breathe"?

We can never know whether Emily Dickinson's fear of publication would have been mastered had her letter been addressed to a less timid critic. It is certain that she required literary companionship and equally certain that the nature of her queries to Higginson have meaning only if the questioner has a public in mind. She turned to an established man of letters, known to be especially sympathetic to the status of women in general and to women writers in particular, one who in his *Atlantic* article had addressed "young contributors," and praised the qualities she herself most admired: a belief in the majesty of the art she presumed to practice, and a profound respect for aptness and economy of language. But Higginson the critic was not the man she should have written. His taste was conventional and his perceptions limited. At the same time it should be said that the kinship on a personal level came to be mutually recognized, and over the years it took on a meaning for her quite apart from any value as a shaping force in her art. Higginson became a literary mentor in some vague way created by her assurance of what he was as a kindly gentleman, rather than of what he might attempt to say as a judge of her writing. Had he responded with the insight that prompted Emerson to write his famous letter to Whitman, her literary career might well have begun during her lifetime.

Her realization that Higginson the critic had nothing to offer would come shortly. Even before she wrote to him she had been made aware of the liberties that editors took with one's text, to smooth a rhyme or make a "sensible" metaphor, with the result that the printed object

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before one were better disowned. Her poem "I taste a liquor never brewed" had appeared in the "Original Poetry" column of the *Republican* just a year before, in May 1861. As she had written the first stanza, it read:

I taste a liquor never brewed—
From Tankards scooped in Pearl—
Not all the Frankfort Berries
Yield such an Alcohol!

But the editors wanted a rhyme and they produced a version that could never, by any stretch of imagination, have been hers:

I taste a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not Frankfort berries yield the sense
Such a delirious whirl.

The *Republican* editor, Samuel Bowles, and his associate Dr. J. G. Holland were close friends of the Dickinsons. Emily sent them occasional verses in her letters, and they were urging her to let them publish some. But they reserved the right to correct rhymes and alter figures of speech. At the time she wrote Higginson she does not seem to be trying to avoid publishing. On the contrary, she seems to be inquiring how one can publish and at the same time preserve the integrity of one's art. The poem most recently published in the *Republican*, just six weeks before on March first, was the same version of "Safe in their alabaster chambers" that she enclosed in her first letter to Higginson. The other three were "The nearest dream recedes unrealized," "We play at paste," and "I'll tell you how the sun rose." They had been selected with care and are in fact the work of a mature artist. But she needed some confirmation from a professional judge because the only advice she had yet been given had come from an enthusiastic amateur and had not proved helpful.

It had been her custom, before she initiated her correspondence with Higginson, to turn for advice to Susan Gilbert Dickinson, her

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brother Austin's wife. Vivacious, witty, and attractive, Sue was one of Emily's oldest and dearest friends. The girls had known each other from youth. Sue, orphaned at seven by her mother's death, was brought up by other members of her family in Amherst and elsewhere. When Sue was away from Amherst, the two kept in regular touch through letters, and the bond was strengthened by their literary interests. The tie was permanently established when Sue and Austin were married in 1856, and settled in the house next door built as a wedding gift by Austin's father. Until the year of her death, Emily regularly sent poems to Sue, and the total of some two hundred seventy thus transmitted is vastly greater than that sent to others. In 1861 Emily still turned to Sue for criticism and advice. In that year she sent Sue a copy of her "Alabaster" poem, evidently with the intent of grooming it to some purpose, perhaps for the *Republican*. The details of the letter-exchange are given in the notes to the poem. It is clear that Emily could not get herself to take Sue's advice about letting the first stanza stand alone. Her sensibilities were truer, as they would prove to be when at her importunity Higginson offered his criticism. The attachment of the sisters continued through the years, but Emily never again sought advice from Sue. She asked professional advice once again, and once only, when she wrote to Higginson. Her self-discovery grew out of those two experiences, and by the summer of 1862 she knew that she alone could chart her solitary voyage. Meanwhile, the *Republican* published the earlier version of the "Alabaster" poem. Higginson never specifically alluded to the version he received and she never mentioned the poem again.

The first letters to Higginson are breathlessly expectant. By the time she came to answer his second note, she knew for a certainty what he thought of her publishing prospects: "I smile when you suggest I delay 'to publish' – that being foreign to my thought, as Firmament to Fin – If fame belonged to me, I could not escape her – if she did not, the longest day would pass me on the chase – and the approbation of my Dog, would forsake me – then – My Barefoot Rank is better –" There is a tenseness and gravity in her allusion to "fame," a word that in the years immediately following she probed deeply in

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some of her finest utterances. She can accept his verdict because it comes from a final court and confirms her whole experience. With the issue settled, and sensing Higginson's personal integrity, she set about to establish the student-preceptor relationship as a game she would play for the rest of her life. Their relationship stabilized during that first year of correspondence into exchanges of amiable pleasantries, in which groove it moved until the end. The luminous intensity of her quest disappeared, now that she had received her answer.

To be sure, an audience of one in a technical sense is a public, and she could henceforth send poems to Higginson and others. But with the exception of those to Higginson and to Sue, the number of poems that thus gained a hearing is a miniscule fraction of the whole. The Bowleses and Hollands and the Norcross cousins received respectively some two or three dozen over the years. To the thirty or so other correspondents who were recipients of verses, for the most part she sent lines appropriate to special occasions. There are poems of condolence for the bereaved, verses to speed a departing friend, thank-you notes to accompany the gift of a flower for those who have extended some favor. But the great bulk of the poetry, including most of the important philosophical and love poems, were probably never seen by anyone except herself. All who knew her were aware that she wrote poetry, but no one, not even her sister, knew how much. Lavinia's amazement when she discovered the packets after Emily's death was genuine.

Emily Dickinson's preoccupation with the subject of fame is a striking characteristic of the poems written between 1862 and 1865, the years of full creativeness. The dedication to her art was intensified during the first exchange of letters with Higginson during 1862, a dedication that led to renunciation of fame in her lifetime and, as the wellsprings of her creativeness dried up after 1865, to increasing seclusion. There are four later instances of publication during her lifetime. Two poems, "Some keep the sabbath going to church" and "Blazing in gold and quenching in purple," were published in 1864. Possibly her consent was tacit, but it is unlikely that she wished them to appear. In 1866 "A narrow fellow in the grass" was issued in

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the *Republican*, "robbed" of her, she informed Higginson in order to make clear to him that she herself did not wish it published. The last to appear was "Success," in 1878. Its publishing history is complex, and reveals the degree to which Emily Dickinson by then had become psychologically incapable of consenting to allow her verses to be printed. The story deals principally with Helen Hunt Jackson.

Helen Fiske was the daughter of Nathan Welby Fiske, professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Amherst College from 1836 until his death eleven years later. As small children the girls, who were of an age, had known each other, though their memory of the fact was vague when the acquaintance was renewed on a formal basis many years later. After the death of Mrs. Fiske in 1844 Helen lived with relatives elsewhere, and though she maintained some Amherst ties, she had none during those years with Emily Dickinson. At twenty-two she married Edward Bissell Hunt. When Colonel Higginson met her in Newport in 1866, she had been a widow for three years and had recently turned to writing as a way of regaining her balance after the loss, not only of her husband, but of her two children. It was probably Higginson who, sometime during the summer of 1868, contrived that the two Amherst authors should meet again. They certainly knew each other, however casually, in the very early seventies; but one was a restless traveler with a growing literary reputation, and the other a recluse poet whose few known verses were conveyed in occasional letters. Helen Hunt visited in Amherst during the summer of 1870, but there is no record that they met. The acquaintanceship was close enough by 1875 so that when Helen Hunt married William Sharpless Jackson, a Colorado businessman, Emily Dickinson sent her a note of congratulation. From Helen Jackson's reply it is clear that she had seen a few of Emily Dickinson's poems. The supposition is that she had made copies of some that Colonel Higginson had shown her rather than that Emily Dickinson had sent them to her, for the relationship of the two women was still formal. Helen Jackson concluded her letter:

I hope some day, somewhere I shall find you in a spot where we can know each other. I wish very much that you would write to me

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now and then, when it did not bore you. I have a little manuscript volume with a few of your verses in it — and I read them very often — You are a great poet — and it is a wrong to the day you live in, that you will not sing aloud. When you are what men call dead, you will be sorry you were so stingy.²

During the summer of 1876, Mrs. Jackson began her negotiations to secure a contribution from Emily Dickinson for a proposed anthology of verse. In this year the well-known Boston publishing firm of Roberts Brothers decided to bring out a series of anonymous books which they called the "No Name Series." They were to be stories, as the circular advertised, written by American authors, "each a great unknown." The first, announced for September, was *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*, and was widely reviewed when it appeared. Some critics correctly guessed that Helen Hunt Jackson was the author, but neither she nor Thomas Niles, the publisher, confirmed or denied the conjecture. Some fourteen "No Names" were issued, and Niles, encouraged by Mrs. Jackson, decided to bring out as a final volume an anthology of anonymous verse which would be contributed by American and English writers. The advertisements hinted that the readers would encounter poems by Christina Rossetti, William Morris, Jean Ingelow, and "H. H." Such an anthology would greatly extend the chance for speculation, and the volume, called *A Masque of Poets*, appeared in 1878. It was one of the most profitable ventures Roberts Brothers ever undertook, and today, because it contains the first printing of poems by Thoreau, Lanier, and Dickinson, it is a collector's item.

During the summer of 1876, while the whole series was largely in the planning stage, Helen Jackson, vacationing in Princeton, Massachusetts, wrote this letter:

My dear Miss Dickinson . . . I enclose to you a circular which may interest you. When the volume of Verse is published in this series, I shall contribute to it: and I want to persuade you to. Surely, in the shelter of such *double* anonymousness as that will be,

²These unpublished letters from Helen Hunt Jackson are in the Dickinson collection at Harvard.

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you need not shrink. I want to see some of your verses in print. Unless you forbid me, I will send some that I have. May I?— . . .³

Uncertain of her decision, or at least not wishing to estrange by a refusal, Emily Dickinson did not reply. On October tenth Mrs. Jackson called on her in Amherst to plead in person. Believing that Colonel Higginson could somehow resolve her dilemma, Emily immediately wrote him, enclosing the circular, and telling him that Mrs. Jackson "wished me to write for this—I told her I was unwilling, and she asked me why?—I said I was incapable and she seemed not to believe me and asked me not to decide for a few Days—meantime, she would write—She was so sweetly noble, I would regret to estrange her, and if you disapproved it, and thought me unfit, she would believe you—I am sorry to flee so often to my safest friend, but hope he permits me—" Under the circumstances one is not surprised that Higginson was misled and thought that Mrs. Jackson was asking for a story. Accepting the role of intercessor for one so sweetly noble, her safest friend replied: ". . . It is always hard to judge for another of the bent of inclination or range of talent; but I should not have thought of advising you to write stories, as it would not seem to me to be in your line. Perhaps Mrs. Jackson thought that the change & variety might be good for you: but if you really feel a strong unwillingness to attempt it, I don't think she would mean to urge you. . ." ⁴ Some eighteen months elapsed before Mrs. Jackson again pursued the subject. In the spring of 1878 she wrote from Colorado Springs:

My dear friend . . . Would it be of any use to ask you once more for one or two of your poems, to come out in the volume of "no name" poetry which is to be published before long by Roberts Bros.? If you will give me permission I will copy them—sending them in my own handwriting—and promise never to tell any one, not even the publishers, whose the poems are. Could you not bear this much of publicity? Only you and I would recognize the poems.

³ Harvard College Library.

⁴ The first of the two Higginson letters here quoted is in the Boston Public Library; the second is in Harvard College Library.

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I wish very much you would do this—and I think you would have much amusement in seeing to whom the critics, those shrewd guessers, would ascribe your verses. . .

That was in April, and the publication date for *A Masque* was but seven months away. Mrs. Jackson could not take silence for a refusal, but she waited until October twenty-fifth before she wrote again, from a nearer vantage in Hartford, Connecticut.

My dear friend . . . Now—will you send me the poem? No—will you let me send the “Success”—which I know by heart—to Roberts Bros for the *Masque of Poets*? If you will, it will give me a great pleasure. I ask it as a personal favour to myself—Can you refuse the only thing I perhaps shall ever ask at your hands?

The fact that the volume was on sale three weeks later, and that it must already have been coming from the bindery at the time Mrs. Jackson wrote the last letter, strongly suggests that her plea for a “personal favour” was wrung from her because the volume was indeed already in print. The letter written from Colorado Springs on December eighth seems to acknowledge some kind of consent, however vaguely it may have been given. In any event the letter draws a longer breath:

My dear friend, I suppose by this time you have seen the *Masque of Poets*. I hope you have not regretted giving me that choice bit of verse for it. I was pleased to see that it had in a manner, a special place, being chosen to end the first part of the volume,—on the whole, the volume is a disappointment to me. Still I think it has much interest for all literary people. I confess myself quite unable to conjecture the authorship of most of the poems. . .

Thomas Niles sent a copy of the volume to Emily Dickinson, who wrote to thank him for it. He replied:

Dear Miss Dickinson You were entitled to a copy of “*A Masque of Poets*” without thanks, for your valuable contribution which for want of a known sponsor Mr Emerson has generally had to father.

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I wanted to send you a proof of your poem, wh. as you have doubtless perceived was slightly changed in phraseology . . .

By this time Emily Dickinson had learned ~~what to expect~~ of the editorial ~~blue pencil~~, but in this instance the changes must have been especially galling. Five alterations had been introduced into the text.

The friendship with Helen Jackson remained cordial. Emily Dickinson occasionally sent her verses, and Mrs. Jackson continued to urge her friend to "sing aloud." Though the letters of the Amherst poet became increasingly chatty and intimate, they remained to the last pointedly silent on the matter of publication. On that issue her mind was settled.

THE POET AT WORK

The manuscripts of nearly all the poems survive. The text is always in one of three stages of composition: a fair copy, a semifinal draft, or a worksheet draft. It sometimes has been set down in two or more variant fair copies, sent to different friends. On occasion it is found in all three stages, thus affording the chance to watch the creative spirit in action. Of the total extant holographs, two-thirds are fair copies, the finished drafts neatly transcribed in ink on sheets of letter stationery. Some three hundred never progressed beyond the semifinal stage; they are the poems which, like many of the fair copies, are neatly assembled into packets, almost completed, but with suggested changes of one or more words or phrases carefully added in the margin or at the bottom. Nearly two hundred survive in worksheet draft only. They are the rough originals, always in pencil, and jotted down on paper scraps: on flaps or backs of envelopes, discarded letters, wrapping paper, edges of newspapers—in fact, on anything that lay conveniently at hand.

The packets, which Emily Dickinson assembled principally during 1858–1865, the years of her greatest productivity, are the storehouse where she gathered the fruits of her labors and upon which she drew from time to time when she wished to share the product with a friend.

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It was therefore not important to her that all the poems in the packets should be fair copies. She could create a fair copy from a semifinal draft when she transcribed a poem for some specific occasion. Indeed, the fair copies themselves seem to have been considered alterable as long as they remained packet copies, and she not infrequently changed them when she selected them for transmission in a letter. Thus she created many of her variants.

The largest part of the poetry survives in but a single draft, whatever the state of composition may be, and for that reason relatively few poems show her creative method. Even so, these relatively few add up to a considerable total, and assembled they are an impressive body of documents in the manifold history of artistic generation. For one thing, the several stages demonstrate the extent to which she adopted her own suggested changes. They show a worksheet draft redacted into a semifinal one, and that into a fair copy which clearly is the text that satisfied her, since it is the one she incorporated without variants into several letters. Finally they show her returning in later years to her early packet copies, attempting refinements. Such she achieved on occasion. But more than once she turned a fair copy into a worksheet draft which she ultimately abandoned, thus leaving the poem in a particularly chaotic state. Above all, they show her filing her lines to gain that economy of expression which, when achieved, is the mark of her special genius. Observe her at work.

In 1862 Emily Dickinson copied the semifinal draft of "One need not be a chamber to be haunted" (no. 670) into packet 13. The suggested changes that follow the text she assembled in order at the end of the poem, with crosses at those points in the text where she wished to consider substitutions were she later to undertake a final draft. In this instance she did just that. Several months later she restudied her text and sent a redaction of the poem to Sue. From among the six possibilities for change she selected but one. But she made four other substitutions not even suggested in the semifinal draft.⁵ She followed precisely the same method in "Give little anguish" (no. 310), written

⁵ Both autographs are reproduced in facsimile in *Harvard Library Bulletin*, VII (1953), between pages 260 and 261.

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in the same year. The semifinal draft offers one alternative, which is not adopted in the fair copy, although the latter incorporates substitute words not even suggested in the semifinal draft. Here then are examples of semifinal packet copies which were redacted into fair copies, and thus her final choices are known. Such redactions are not common. But the instances cited above demonstrate the arbitrariness of her adoptions and substitutions, and they make clear that no pattern applicable to a "final" text of unfinished drafts can ever be established. Semifinal drafts, unless she herself redacted them into fair copies, must always remain unfinished. There are instances where she has underlined the suggested change as if to indicate that her choice was made. But later fair copies of such poems are not consistent in adopting such apparent choices. (See for example "He preached upon breadth," no. 1207, and "No life can pompless pass away," no. 1626.) The mood of the moment played its part.

There are instances where two or more variant fair copies of a poem survive or are known to have been written, yet no one of the texts can be called "final." Such is true of "Blazing in gold" (no. 228). The poem describes a sunset which in one version stoops as low as "the kitchen window"; in another, as low as an "oriel window"; in a third, as low as "the Otter's Window." These copies were set down over a period of five years, from 1861 to 1866, and one text is apparently as valid as another.

The four copies of one of the later poems, "A dew sufficed itself" (no. 1437), are especially interesting examples of her creative process. They are variants in the sense that they propose different word choices. But since the earliest (about 1874) and the latest (1878) are identical in text, one may infer that intermediary texts even in fair copies had no finality so long as she was attempting to establish a reading. The packet copy is semifinal in that it offers an alternative for the two final lines. In the intermediary fair copies the alternative is adopted. In the final 1878 fair copy it is rejected. The full story of the substitutions and rejections is set forth in the notes to the text, where it will be observed that the earliest and latest versions are identical. In this instance, the wheel has come full circle.

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Two worksheet stages of "March is the month of expectation" (no. 1404) led to the finished draft, all composed about 1877. The second of the two began as a fair copy, but was converted into a worksheet by several alterations made in pencil. Finally, in a fair copy to Sue, she made her choices, and the poem was finished.

There is one notable instance of a poem of three stanzas, almost final, converted back into a uniquely chaotic worksheet and left that way. In 1862 she copied "Two butterflies went out at noon" (no. 533) into a packet. It is finished except for the final line, for which an alternative reading is suggested. Some sixteen years later, to judge by the handwriting, she attempted a redaction of it. On another sheet of paper she began the poem anew but, like the butterfly itself, the poet too was lost. The text is rare in the degree of its complications, but it is a fascinating document of poetic creativeness in travail. The worksheet draft of "Crisis is sweet" (no. 1416), written about 1877, is almost as complicated and appears never to have been finished. One other such has moving power even as it stands. About 1885, one imagines from the evidence of handwriting, she set down an unfinished draft of "Extol thee—could I—then I will" (no. 1643). It is futile to speculate how it might have been shaped if it had been finished. It deserves to be known even as it stands.

Although these particular drafts seem never to have resulted in finished poems, there is ample evidence that absence of a fair copy does not mean the poem never progressed beyond the worksheet stage. Emily Dickinson was accustomed to send copies of her poems to friends, often written for special occasions. Such poems among the published letters in some instances are lost, but the worksheet drafts from which the fair copies were redacted survive. Thus the number of poems originally completed was somewhat greater than the number of extant worksheet drafts would indicate.

No poet in the language has achieved fulfillment by way of the single quatrain with greater sureness than Emily Dickinson. One of her greatest she incorporated into a letter which she wrote Colonel Higginson in mid-June 1877 (no. 1393):

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Lay this Laurel on the One
Too intrinsic for Renown –
Laurel – vail your deathless tree –
Him you chasten, that is He!

The lines were written in memory of her father who had died three years before. Their immediate source of inspiration was a seven-stanza Civil War elegy which Higginson had contributed to *Scribner's Monthly* in the month of her father's death and which, because of the association she had given it, she was rereading.⁶ The poem survives in two earlier drafts, one a worksheet and the other a fair copy, but both consisting of two quatrains. It is not possible to know whether she intended the poem finally to stand as two stanzas or one. She often used but one stanza of a two-stanza poem when she incorporated verses in her letters. But there is good reason to conjecture, in the light of the whole process by which the quatrain was inspired and transmitted to Higginson, that she intended it to stand as the full realization of her intent.

A final word about the creative process. One should not gather the impression that all poems first existed in rough drafts which were laboriously converted into fair copies. There are several instances of worksheet drafts – that is, poems jotted down in pencil on paper scraps – which stand finished. The inspiration and the act of generation were one and complete. The deservedly famous “Humming-bird” (no. 1463) was evidently so created. It is one of the later poems, written about 1879. It survives in five holographs; a sixth, known to have been made, is now lost. All six are identical in text. All were sent to friends, thus indicating the assurance she felt about its quality. Mrs. Todd is quoted as saying that in one copy which Emily Dickinson sent her, the second line was written at the bottom of the page: “with a delusive, dissembling, dissolving, renewing wheel.” Obviously whatever hesitation she had about a final choice came after the poem was finished. It must have been fleeting too, for none of the suggested

⁶ For another poem, also sent to Higginson, which passed through an interesting worksheet stage, see “The last of summer is delight” (no. 1353).

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changes prevailed. The absence of variants in the six fair copies, the exuberance of tone, the ear's absolute pitch, the assurance of the writer in her achievement—all these factors confirm the impression that the poem was spontaneously conceived. It is of the fellowship of life which springs fully armed from the brow of Jove.

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1890-1945

Shortly after Emily Dickinson's death on May fifteenth, 1886, her sister Lavinia discovered a locked box in which Emily had placed her poems.⁷ Lavinia's amazement seems to have been genuine. Though the sisters had lived intimately together under the same roof all their lives, and though Lavinia had always been aware that her sister wrote poems, she had not the faintest concept of the great number of them. The story of Lavinia's willingness to spare them because she found no instructions specifying that they be destroyed, and her search for an editor and a publisher to give them to the world has already been told in some detail.⁸

Lavinia first consulted the two people most interested in Emily's poetry, her sister-in-law Susan Dickinson, and Mrs. Todd. David Peck Todd, a graduate of Amherst College in 1875, returned to Amherst with his young bride in 1881 as director of the college observatory and soon became professor of Astronomy and Navigation. These were the months shortly before Mrs. Edward Dickinson's death, when neighbors were especially thoughtful. Mrs. Todd endeared herself to Emily and Lavinia by small but understanding attentions, in return for which Emily sent Mrs. Todd copies of her poems. At first approach neither Susan Dickinson nor Mrs. Todd felt qualified for the editorial task which they both were hesitant to undertake. Mrs. Todd says of Lavinia's discovery: "She showed me the manuscripts and there were over sixty little 'volumes,' each composed of four or

⁷ "I found, (the week after her death) a box (locked) containing 7 hundred wonderful poems, carefully copied -" - Letter from Lavinia to Mrs. C. S. Mack, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, 17 February 1891 (quoted by permission of Mr. Julian E. Mack).

⁸ In *Ancestors' Brocades* (New York: Harper, 1945), by Millicent Todd Bingham. The account of the editing by Mabel Loomis Todd as there presented by her daughter is frankly partisan, but it is documented from Mrs. Todd's diaries and from exchanges of letters between Mrs. Todd and her co-editor T. W. Higginson, and letters to and from the publisher, Thomas Niles of Roberts Brothers. It is therefore source material to which the following summary is indebted.

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five sheets of note paper tied together with twine. In this box she discovered eight or nine hundred poems tied up in this way.”⁹

Whether Lavinia sought their aid simultaneously in those first weeks is not clear. She went impulsively from one house to the other, and probably was vague and very determined. Two things are certain. All the packets were taken to Sue during the summer of 1886 and remained with her well into the winter. During that time Lavinia was beseeching Susan to make a selection from them for publication. Sue mulled over the matter and discussed the poems with friends. Vinnie was frantic that Sue should need more time to reach a decision and sought Mrs. Todd's help. Mrs. Todd obviously could do nothing as long as Sue had the manuscripts. Pressed for a decision that winter, Sue, perhaps unable to make up her mind, and certainly reacting to old irritations which this new pressure of Vinnie's aggravated, allowed Vinnie to recover the manuscripts without in fact having come to an answer. By doing so she at least was freeing herself from Vinnie's importunity.

Evidently in February 1887 Lavinia went to Mrs. Todd's house one evening, presumably with the poems in her hands. She pleaded with Mrs. Todd to take on the labor. Both Professor and Mrs. Todd seem to have been persuaded that Susan Dickinson had no real intention of undertaking the work, and then and there Mrs. Todd promised Lavinia that she would attempt it. Since both the Todds were leaving Amherst in March for Japan, whither Professor Todd was conducting an astronomical expedition, Mrs. Todd could not expect to begin the work until their return. Plans matured in due course, and Mrs. Todd commenced the task of transcribing the poems immediately upon her arrival home in November 1887. Professor Todd lent assistance to his wife, especially at the start. He had the training in precision that prompted him, as soon as the packets and the envelopes of loose sheets and scraps were delivered to them, to begin first of all by numbering them. Lavinia did not bring all the manuscripts at once; she doled them out in batches which Mrs. Todd undertook to return as soon as she completed her transcriptions. With a blue

⁹ *Ancestors' Brocades*, 17.

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pencil Professor Todd placed a number at the top of the first page of each packet and, as they later came into his house, on the envelopes containing the remaining manuscripts. His sequence goes 1 through 40, 80 through 110. A tabulation shows that numbers 1-40, 80-83 are all threaded packets, that numbers 84-98 are packets of loose sheets prepared as if for threading. Beyond that point the grouping is miscellaneous, with no discoverable sequence except as the arrangements reflect Mrs. Todd's effort to produce a semblance of order among manuscripts that had in fact no order at all. Mrs. Todd began copying systematically, starting with the poems in the packet that her husband had numbered one. In due course she progressed through packet number 40 — a total of 665 poems. These from time to time as she completed transcriptions, she returned to Lavinia, in whose possession they remained until they were inherited by her heirs. Packets numbered 80 through 98, and the remaining worksheet drafts and scraps, continued to rest among the papers in Mrs. Todd's possession until her death in 1934, and still remain with them.

There is no ready explanation why Professor Todd left a gap in his numbers, stopping at 40 and beginning again at 80. The record book survives wherein Mrs. Todd listed the first lines of all poems she knew about, except the worksheet drafts which comprise envelopes 99-110. This list, together with the poems in the final twelve envelopes, establishes the total of all poems known to have been among Emily Dickinson's papers at the time of her death. In the left-hand margin David Todd has penciled the number of the packet wherein the poem might be found. His numbers set down in the record book exactly correspond with the evidence of the packets: they range from 1 to 40, and from 80 to 98. They skip 41 through 79. The packet numbering was done solely by Professor Todd. He undertook it in the autumn of 1887 at the time Mrs. Todd began her labors of transcribing, and he continued intermittently as fresh batches of manuscripts were placed in his wife's hands by Lavinia Dickinson. Since numbers 1-40 were all ultimately returned, and numbers 80 and upward were not, one suspects that the break in numbering represents a lapse in memory. There is not a shred of evidence that he or Mrs.

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Todd or anyone else so much as suspected the existence of further packets. Mrs. Todd's statement already quoted that Lavinia's box of threaded "volumes" contained "eight or nine hundred poems tied up in this way" would seem to confirm the existence of no more. The threaded packets, numbered 1-40, 80-83, contain exactly 879 poems.

There can be no assurance that the packets through number 83 — the last to be threaded — are in fact today grouped as Emily Dickinson originally assembled them. They have now all been examined with care, and some corrections within the packets effected. There are instances of two sets of thread holes in certain sheets, one set exactly corresponding with the thread holes of the sheets in the packets wherein they are now placed, the other set corresponding with the thread holes of another packet in which they may once have been placed. Since the packets have passed through many hands during the past sixty-nine years, there can be no certainty about the reasons for such a transfer. Some alteration conceivably may have been made by Emily Dickinson herself.

In the recent study of the manuscripts certain sheets lying loose were found to belong within packets; others were transferred from one packet to another. In their new position the sheets exactly matched those into which they were moved. The stationery was of the same manufacture, with identical millimeter measurements. The ink and handwriting matched. Most significant of all, the thread holes not only corresponded, but the small rips in the stationery where the needle had pierced were identical in the shape of the tear. None of these features had been present before the transfer. But who made such alterations, or why, does not now seem discoverable.

There is clear evidence that some of the packets were altered after Mrs. Todd had returned them to Lavinia. An instance can be cited from the confused publishing history of "I tie my hat" (no. 443). When it was first published in 1929, it lacked the final nine lines which are written on a separate sheet. Since the poem is there printed as six quatrains, it might be said that stanzas 7 and 8 are wanting. What happened is that at some period the sheet containing the first six quatrains was moved from packet 29 to packet 5. This transfer left

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the last two quatrains facing, and apparently concluding, another poem: "A still volcano, life" (no. 601). This latter poem was also published in *Further Poems*, and Mrs. Bianchi concluded it with the final quatrain of "I tie my hat," though unaccountably omitting the quatrain preceding (stanza 7). The displaced sheet, which corresponds in all ways with the other sheets in packet 29, and lacks correspondence with those in packet 5, must have been in packet 29 at the time Mrs. Todd transcribed the poem, for her transcripts of both poems survive, and both are correctly rendered.

The principles that guided Mrs. Todd and Col. Higginson in their editorial procedure were those that he laid down, and they were dictated largely by standards of current literary taste. Thus the alterations which occur in the three series of *Poems* were deliberate and conscientiously made in an effort, however misguided it seems in retrospect, to give the poetry of Emily Dickinson the sort of finish which the sensibilities of the time were thought to demand.

Mabel Loomis Todd was just thirty years old when she began her editorial labors. From the start Lavinia had held the opinion that Colonel Higginson was the person whose sponsorship could give her sister's poetry literary respectability. Demur as he might, she would not take no for an answer, and whether her persistence or his timid but genuine interest won the day is a nice question. When first approached, he told her that he was a busy man and had no reason to believe he could interest a publisher in the poetry. Mrs. Todd later recalled that "Though he admired the singular talent of Emily Dickinson, he hardly thought enough could be found to make an even semi-conventional volume."¹⁰ But he was persuaded to consider the matter when he had been assured that someone else would take over the labor of going through the quantities of manuscript to winnow the wheat. Armed with this much encouragement, Lavinia won Mrs. Todd's consent to the task, and be it to Lavinia Dickinson's everlasting credit that her singleminded persistence won through. Mrs. Todd was well enough along with the work by the autumn of 1889 to consult with Higginson on the problem of selection. As a reader for

¹⁰ *Ancestors' Brocades*, 18.

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the firm of Houghton Mifflin, he was in a position to suggest to them the possibility that they might consider issuing a small volume of poems by the unknown writer. They considered and flatly refused. They had no interest in prospecting into the unknown when they already had lucrative investments in the works of such established poets as Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, and Whittier. Mrs. Todd was sensitive to the fact that under the circumstances Higginson might hesitate to approach other publishers, so she herself in the following spring went to see Thomas Niles, editor of Roberts Brothers, another Boston firm, and one with a growing reputation for the quality of its books. The step was logical and wise in the light of Niles's previous interest in the Dickinson poetry, though Mrs. Todd could not have known that in 1883 Niles had tried to persuade the poet to bring out a volume of her verses. Niles agreed to the undertaking and accepted the poems, which he turned over for criticism to his literary appraiser, the editor and novelist Arlo Bates. Bates returned them to Niles with a detailed memorandum stating that the author had talent but no technique, and that there should be a much greater degree of selectivity than the editors had exercised. "There should be few changes as possible," he said, "but some are absolutely necessary. . ." ¹¹ Bates's suggestion about "necessary" changes was no vagary. It was the established editorial procedure which had beset Emily Dickinson all her life; the kind that had in fact stiffened her determination never to let her verses be published. Death did not release her from the incubus of good intentions.

Niles forwarded Bates's memorandum to Higginson on June 10 with a covering letter which, in view of Niles's urgent plea to Emily Dickinson seven years before to let him be her publisher, makes odd reading. He is willing to go ahead with publication if Lavinia Dickinson will pay for the plates. "It has always seemed to me," he begins, "that it would be unwise to perpetuate Miss Dickinson's poems. They are quite as remarkable for defects as for beauties & are generally devoid of true poetical qualities." ¹² Whatever the motive for this reversal of judgment, the opinion surely confirmed Higginson's belief

¹¹ *Ancestors' Brocades*, 53.

¹² *Ancestors' Brocades*, 53.

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that the poems, before they could appear, would have to undergo the surgery which for twenty-five years he had been itching to administer.

Higginson in his turn passed the memorandum on to Mrs. Todd, saying that he thought Bates's criticism was excellent and should be followed. At this point the creative editing began. Higginson gave his attention to the classification and the titles. He selected the rubrics for the sections with an eye to the conventionality that he intended the volume to convey, and grouped the poems in the categories of Life, Love, Nature, Time and Eternity. There is elegance but restraint in the Latin titles: "Astra Castra," "Numen Lumen," and "Resurgam." But most were English titles, such as "Troubled with Many Things," and "Apotheosis."

The summer of 1890 was advancing and the poems were to appear in November. Hoping to cushion the shock that he feared the public was in for, Higginson prepared an article, incorporating fourteen poems, written to introduce the poet whose verses were about to be published. It appeared in the September twenty-fifth issue of the *Christian Union*, a literary-religious journal of respectability and wide circulation. The essay is some twelve hundred words in length, and however tentative in judgment and apologetic in tone, it is in fact the first critical identification of Emily Dickinson as a poet.

The slender volume of *Poems*, one hundred fifteen in number, was published on November twelfth, and the numerous hostile reviews deepened Higginson's assurance that his textual emendations in the direction of conformity had been wise. His editing, like his *Christian Union* article, was apologetic. It had attempted wherever possible to smooth rhymes, regularize the meter, delete localisms, and substitute sensible metaphors. It was carefully designed to spare the reader's sensibilities by producing a maximum of decorum.

Bates's advice that there "should be few changes as possible" was followed in such substitutions as "those" for "folks," and "weight" for "heft," which were made with the intent to protect the author from the taint of provincialism.¹⁸ The meter of the second line in the poem

¹⁸ See "I'm wife, I've finished that" (no. 199), and "There's a certain slant of light" (no. 258).

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"There's a certain slant of light/ Winter afternoons" could be very simply regulated by letting it read "On winter afternoons." But on occasion the repairs, once undertaken, went beyond the original intention. The editors wished to include "Because I could not stop for death," but felt it needed many improvements. One stanza was omitted, one rewritten to gain a rhyme and delete a localism, and another altered to smooth the meter.

Higginson was disturbed by Dickinson's lack of grammatical convention. She had written "The grass so little has to do/ I wish I were a hay." "It cannot go in so," he told Mrs. Todd; "everybody would say that *hay* is a collective noun requiring the definite article. Nobody can call it *a hay*!"¹⁴ So the definite article was substituted.

The problem that gave most trouble was Emily Dickinson's predilection for what seemed to be a subjunctive mood when the indicative properly was called for. Her preference for an indefinite or continuing present can be illustrated by the first stanza of one of the best known poems:

I never saw a Moor –
I never saw the Sea –
Yet know I how the Heather looks
And what a Billow be.

In Higginson's *Christian Union* article the last line became "And what the billows be." That change took care of the collective noun, but not the subjunctive mood. When *Poems* was issued in November the line was tailored to the form it has since retained: "And what a wave must be."

To single out Higginson for special censure in thus bowdlerizing the text is unfair. His practice was ethical enough for any except learned publications, and would have been questioned only in matters of taste. Since his taste epitomized the best literary etiquette of the day, he had performed his labors with skill. What surprised everybody, the editors and publisher most of all, was the continuous demand for new printings, especially in the wake of so many unfavor-

¹⁴ *Ancestors' Brocades*, 58.

able reviews. And suddenly Higginson's whole attitude changed. A new volume of poems must indeed be published to meet the popular clamor. As he studied the unpublished poems anew, he began to think how much he really liked them and how good they really were. In April 1891 while he and Mrs. Todd were making selections for the Second Series planned for publication at the end of the year, he wrote her: "Let us alter as little as possible, now that the public ear is opened."¹⁵ For this volume he assumed primary responsibility, and his name precedes that of Mrs. Todd on the title page.

There is less attempt at wholesale emendation in the second volume of *Poems* than the first. Higginson wrote Mrs. Todd in July: "A few of your suggested alterations I have evaded by a little change in order of her own words."¹⁶ Such changes usually were made to effect rhymes.

Unassisted, Mrs. Todd edited two volumes of letters in 1894. By the time she was ready to prepare a third volume of poems in 1896 Higginson, fully engaged in other matters, was already in his seventy-fourth year, and the work was entirely hers. She observed the same editorial principles employed earlier. Her transcripts survive for all the poems in the Third Series, and they are uniformly accurate. But she had been so long schooled in the Higginson methodology that in print she felt impelled to alter somewhat freely.¹⁷

No further poems appeared for eighteen years. By 1914 when *The Single Hound* was published, Emily Dickinson's public had reached out far beyond New England, and her verbal and metric irregularities were recognized as essential to the form and meaning of her poetry, not wilful eccentricities. Therefore Martha Dickinson Bianchi, who edited this and several later volumes of poems, never felt under pressure to alter the text of a poem to smooth rhyme and meter. The text of *The Single Hound* is refreshingly accurate. But fifteen years later, when Mrs. Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson were preparing *Further Poems*, they came under the spell of a then prevailing fashion.

¹⁵ *Ancestors' Brocades*, 127.

¹⁶ *Ancestors' Brocades*, 138.

¹⁷ The degree to which she did so is pointed out by her daughter in *Ancestors' Brocades*, 333-348; and in "Poems of Emily Dickinson: Hitherto Published only in Part," *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 3-50.

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Whereas the earlier editors had regularized five-line stanzas into quatrains, the present editors created irregularities to enhance the notion of quaintness. Unfortunately the text went to press with a startling number of misreadings. Some of them were later corrected, and many of the line spacings restored. The Dickinson handwriting presented a problem which Mrs. Bianchi never entirely mastered, so that even today many misreadings persist, such as "thyself" for "Thessaly," "holy" for "Hybla," and "hundreds" for "Hemlock."¹⁸

The unsystematic manner in which Emily Dickinson set down her suggested changes created difficulties. Occasionally such changes were adopted as substitutes for words other than the ones they were intended to match. The editorial confusion at the end of "I got so I could hear his name" is one which Dickinson made especially easy. By 1929, when *Further Poems* was issued, several of the sheets in the packet were out of their proper order, and thus some poems were easily garbled.¹⁹ The text of *Unpublished Poems* (1935), the last to be published by Mrs. Bianchi and Mr. Hampson, was somewhat more carefully prepared.

The publication of *Bolts of Melody* (1945), from texts prepared by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham, marked a new era in textual fidelity. Out of the total of more than six hundred poems there printed, more than two-thirds derive from holographs which had remained among Mrs. Todd's papers, and the rest from transcripts made by Mrs. Todd.

¹⁸ See "The world feels dusty" (no. 715), and "Doom is the house without the door" (no. 475).

¹⁹ See, for example, "I tie my hat, I crease my shawl" (no. 443).

Could a Shrewd Advisor see
The might of his advice -
Shadows a Shrewd Policy
Oftentimes hidden.

X

I never lost so much time
And that was in the past
Times have I seen a Regent
Before the door of God.

Angels, times remaining
Kindnesses my store.
Bargain, Lander - Father.
I am kept and more.

I'm glad I can't believe it.
For it will stop my growth.
And I like to look a little more
At such a curious Earth!
I am glad they also believe it.
Now I have seen you too
Since this mighty-Autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

Our time are Miss - !
So still - So cool.
Till some other afternoon
The Alps reject their Curtains
And we look farther on.

May stands the Alps so
While like a guard between
The solemn Alps
The seven Alps
Tower invisible!

Our lives are Swiss,
So still - so cool.
Till some odd afternoon
The Alps neglect their curtains
And we go further on -
I say stands the other side.
While like a guard between
The solemn Alps
The siren Alps
Forever in arrears.

Son. Keep the Sabbath, going to Church.
I - keep it, staying at home.
With a Bible. In a Chaise.
And an Orchard. In a Farm.

Son. Keep the Sabbath, in Simplicity.
I - just wear my wings.
And instead of telling the Bells, in Church.
Our little Sweden - Kings.

"God" preaches. A noted Cong. man.
And the Sermon is never long.
So - instead of getting to Heaven
- at last -

I'm - going - All along!

Safe in their Warbler
Chambers.

Unlinked of morning.

And unlinked of noon.

Lie the weak members of
the Raiment.

Ruffs of satin - and roof
of stone.

Grand go the Rees - in the
Present - arms them.

Worlds scoop their Mos-

And firmaments - now -

Diadems - drop - and Goggs -
surrender.

Soundless as dots - on a
disc of snow.

Springs - shake the sills -

But - the Echoes - stiffer -

How - is the mind -

I said for Beauty - but
was scarce

Adjusted in the Tomb
When One who died for
Truth, was laid

In an adjoining Room -

He questioned softly "Why I
failed"?

"For Beauty", I replied -

And I - for Truth - ~~themselves~~
are One -

"We Brethren, are", he said -

And so, as Kinsmen, met
a night -

We talked between the Rooms -

Until the Morn had reached
our lips -

And closed up, our names -

"Nature" is what we see.
The Deer - The Mole -
Squirrel - Eclipse - The
Bumblers -
May - Nature is clean -

"Nature" is what we hear -
The Bobolink - The Sea -
Thunder - The Cricket -
May - Nature is "Harmonious" -

"Nature" is what we know -
But have no part in - say -
So important our wisdom is
) So Her Sincerity -

+ Mrs. O., + G. -

Till Death - is nearer
Living -
The Scented Heart Extant
Will hold on till you
Arrive
Of Vinita new - to spend -

But He whose loss
I come on
Such Reiteration that
You say so after on
is all
Thence forward Vinita -

Until - A Remembrance Service
Every for His Pursuit
Wreath of Nature, adoration
to his Love - Somewhat -

The Definition of
Beauty, is
That Definition
is none.
Of Heaven, easing
Angels,
Sick Heaven
and He
Are One.
Only.

Except the smaller
size
No Lises are round -
These hang to a sphere
And shen - and end -
The large - sloth grow -
And tails hang -
The Summers of Hesperides
Are long - Emily

The largest fire
ever known

Occurs each

Autumn.

Visitors is
without surprise

Proceeds without

Concern.

Consumes and

no report to men

An Occidental Town,

Resuits another

morning

Let any hour-
that we are glad
that the, were born
today,
whose having lived
is held by us
in no less holding-
without the state,
like consciousness
or Immortality.
Emil.

To disappear
enhancers - ~~that~~
The man who
runs ^{and} ~~is~~ ^{troubled} ~~is~~ ^{gilded} for
an instant
With Immortality

But yesterday
a vagrant
Today in memory
laid
With ^{superstitious}
^{most} moment
value -
We tamper with
Again

But never - far
As Honor ^{worthier}
^{withdraws} ~~removes~~ the salt

I think that the Root of
the Wind is Water -
It would not sound
so deep
were it a firmamental
product -
Air no Oceans keep -
Mediterranean intonations
to a Currents' Ear -
there is a maritime
conviction
In the Atmosphere -

The last of
Summer is
welght
weltered by
retrospect -
it is Festas is
recreated Reven.
Enchantmentis
Synaicate.

To meet it -
nameless as it
is
without celestial
mail.
Circacious as
without a knock
to walk within
the veil.

Crisis is sweet and
set the Heart
Upon the hither side
Has banners of Prospective
Surrendered of the Trice.
course - surrender
- ended up of praying
Inquire of The proudest
Rose fullest
Which triumph rapture - Hour -
she preferred moment
And she will point
tell you sighing - answer
the transport of the
Bud - rapture resolved
the ^{to} her surrendered Bud
the Hour of her Bud.
session of

Had -

Belshazzar had

an Letter -

He never had

but one -

Belshazzar's

Correspondent

Concluded and

Open

for Gilbert to
carry to his
teacher.
the Bumble Bee's
Religion.
His little Hearse
like figure
unto itself a Winge
To a delusive
Lilac
the vanity, dirge
Of Industry, and
Morals
And ever, righteous
thing

The Heart
has many woords -
I can set

Knock -
for any sweet
"Come in"
I impelled to
hark.

Not saddened
by repulse,
Repast to me
That somewhere,
-there exists,
Supremacy -

Smile -

are with you, and
may not be taken.
I hope there is
no port, a dan-
cing or in store-
house empty, - quite
at rest.
The Robin looks
her nest, and
tries her wings -
she does not
know a route
but sets her
craft about
for removal
springs -
she does not
ask for noon -

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HANDWRITING

The following notes attempt to describe the salient features by which Emily Dickinson's handwriting may be recognized in periods roughly comprised by the calendar years from 1850 to 1886. For the sake of brevity it has been necessary to omit the less noticeable features, as well as certain discrepancies in hastily written notes and worksheets, and for the same reason a feature once described is not noted again as long as it continues in use.

The reader will observe that the variations in the form of certain letters provide the principal key to this study. Such is particularly true in the 1850 decade, when frequent shifts occur from one form to another. A few striking changes in the 1860's and 1870's also give definite limits to the dating of manuscripts in which they appear.

Another important factor from about 1860 to the mid-seventies is the gradual separation of letters, finally resulting in a resemblance to print, with each letter standing alone. After 1879, when the pen was abandoned and the pencil habitually used, the variations are less in form than in general characteristics such as size, slant, roundness or sharpness, and precise or loose formation.

More than any other letter, *d* is significant as a means of recognizing writing of a certain period. In the 1850's some of the variants remained in use for less than a year at a time, recurring again after an interval. The letter becomes important again from 1872 to 1879, when several shifts between two forms occur and the proportion between the two forms in use at a time varies from year to year. Almost equal in importance is *γ*, always an unconventional symbol, passing through many phases. During the earlier years *g* parallels *γ* in its variations, but reaches a final form in 1862 and remains essentially the same

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thereafter. The open and closed forms of *e* are of interest after 1859, but since the proportion in use of the two sometimes differs in manuscripts of the same time, they can only be counted on to indicate a trend during certain periods.

Of the capitals, *T* is the most noticeable, especially from the late 1850's to about 1868, when its triangular form is striking enough to enable the reader at a glance to place a manuscript within those years. A few capitals appear in special forms during the earlier years only, and important changes in *H*, *V*, and *W* occur in the 1870's. Other variations peculiar to certain periods are described in the detailed notes for each year.

Since no detailed description is given of the variations found in the writing of the worksheets, it seems best to call attention here to certain points of interest concerning them. In some cases the writing of the worksheet of a poem differs considerably from the fair copy, even though certain characteristics show that the two were written at about the same time. All the worksheets are in pencil, and a fair comparison can be made only with other examples of pencil writing. In the years when the separation of letters had become habitual in fair copies of poems and notes to friends, many ligations are found in the experimental scraps and rough drafts of letters which were not intended for other eyes than the writer's. In a few instances drafts which prove by other means than handwriting to have been written in the 1880's appear at the first glance to have been written ten years earlier.

This discrepancy evokes the question whether the script that was characteristic of the later years was the result of unconscious development or was deliberately cultivated for the sake of clarity or for some other reason. Evidence for this deliberate change is seen in the fact that from about 1868 to 1872 the pencil writing is found to have two or three trends occurring simultaneously. These trends have been traced by grouping the manuscripts that resemble one another and observing that each group develops progressively in regard to separation of letters and the use of certain forms. The final style seems to have resulted from the trend toward "book" writing which began during this period rather than from the earlier cursive style. The earlier manner, however, apparently persisted as the natural one to use in later years when the

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HANDWRITING

writer was jotting down her thoughts without regard to the appearance of the page.

It is impossible to give more than the merest suggestion of the general appearance of the writing at any time. The reader will find the facsimiles of greater value for this purpose than any description, and will also find well illustrated in them many of the forms of letters and other characteristics to which these notes call attention.

1850

Several manuscripts dated by ED herself give us the opportunity of noticing the changes and inconsistencies in writing during the year. Certain constant characteristics, however, give us a basis for comparison with those of succeeding years.

Lines even, writing small; capitals large in comparison with lower case; thick and thin strokes, especially in cross stroke of *T*. Almost all letters ligated.

d: single stroke, ascender to right; early in year bending at angle, later curved.

f: straight ascender, lower loop carefully closed.

g and *y*: instead of forming a loop, descender returns upward at right.

h: ascender hooked at top to left.

l: made with double curve, loop leaning far to right.

S: form intended to resemble *S* in print; large complete loop above, small, tightly curved below.

1851

Small; more slanting than 1850; capitals smaller.

d: single stroke, ascender strongly sweeping to right; occasionally two strokes, round body and ascender separate.

g: descender usually short, curved to left.

h: ascender straight, only occasionally slightly hooked.

y: various forms — same as 1850, single down stroke, nearly straight or curved to left.

S: open curves, not looped.

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1852

Medium slant, still small. Similar to 1851, but in transition shows several forms, some new.

d: two strokes in initial and occasionally final positions; also one stroke with ascender to right.

f: loop slightly open.

l: single down stroke, curved to right at lower end.

y: initial—descender returning upward to right; others curving back to right, with or without hook at end.

G: might be confused with *S* or *L*—double curve, with loop to right at top.

T (and some *F*'s): exaggerated sweeping cross stroke.

1853

General effect freer, less cramped, though still small. Separations between letters in *to*, *it*, *is*.

d: single stroke, ascender curving back to left.

f (in *of*): two open loops like prolonged hooks.

g: three forms—short and straight, curving to left, or returning upward to right.

y: initial like long, loose 8; others long sweeping curve to left.

1854

Appearance similar to 1853. The most striking change is in development of *T* and *F* as noted below.

d: initial mostly two strokes; final one stroke, curving to left.

g: three forms, the short and straight prevailing.

y: three forms, the sweeping curve to left prevailing.

F and *T*: both strokes curved, in some cases joined in one by up-sweep to left; heavy, sweeping cross stroke.

W: peculiar to this year—straight left down stroke, looped to left, crossing to form center of letter.

1855

Somewhat larger and more slanting. A new form of *F* appears, as described below.

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d: mostly two strokes, whether initial or final; a few finals one stroke.

f (in *of*): lower hook shorter.

g: three forms, one curved back to right.

F: cramped appearance; made without removing pen from paper, down, up close to same line, curving right for cross stroke; separate dot or short dash, at right.

T: straight down stroke, connecting curve up left to join long cross stroke.

1856

General appearance similar to 1855. A new form of *A* appears, as described below.

d: two strokes for initial letter, one stroke for final; ascender to left.

g: mostly long sweeping curve to left; a few short and straight.

y: long sweeping curve to left.

A: similar to lower case *a*, rounded but not quite closed.

G: more conventional form, with double loop to left of upright.

1857

There are no manuscripts of known date in this year.

1858

Very slanting; letters sharp, words spread more widely.

d: two strokes for initial letter; for final the one-stroke *d* with ascender to right reappears for a short time.

h and *l*: hooked at top.

T: the evolution of this letter, begun in 1855, continues toward a triangular form.

1859

Somewhat less angular and more regular than in 1858. New forms of *e*, retained from now on, are described below.

e: until this year almost without exception a narrow loop; now two new forms in final letters — one open, like *E*, the other like *e*

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in type. All three forms used in varying proportions in succeeding years.

f (in *of*): still more simplified — straight line, loop omitted.

T: definitely triangular, a form that is retained until 1868.

1860

Alignment of words less regular, letters in a word sometimes diminishing in size toward the end, which gives an uneven effect to the page. No important changes in form.

1861

Noticeable change in appearance: letters elongated and uneven, as if written with excess of nervous energy. Strongly slanted. Tendency toward separation of letters, a few words of four or five letters being entirely unligated. Some capitals, such as *A* and *C* exaggerated in size.

d: both forms used, one stroke form having ascender to left.

e: all three forms used.

g and *y* mostly straight.

t: cross strokes often long and sweeping.

1862

Less agitated than in 1861, but writing remains tall, angular and strongly slanted. Separation of letters progresses: only about half the words wholly ligated. Hitherto there have been minor variations of *P*; a new form now appears, as described below, which is retained as habitual from now on.

g: descender straight.

y: three forms — straight, long or short curves to left.

P: two strokes, a long upright, often extending below the line, crossed by a free loop starting from left of upright.

1863

Appearance similar to 1862. Separation of letters about the same.

d: almost all single stroke form, ascender to left.

e: open form predominates.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HANDWRITING

F: mostly triangular, but a few examples are made with three separate strokes.

T: triangular.

1864

Until this year most of the datable manuscripts have been in ink. In 1864 and 1865 they are mostly in pencil. Forms of letters are in general the same, but smaller and less angular.

of: progressive simplification noted above has led to a symbol made with double loop for *o*, connected with a straight down stroke for *f*.

1865

Little change from 1864, but possibly more separation of letters, especially in pencil writing.

1866

Separation of letters more noticeable—few words wholly ligated. Vowel combinations such as *al*, *an*, *en*, *er*, also *ch*, *th*, remain linked.

1867

No manuscript of proven date in this year. However, by studying the progressive separation of letters and general appearance, it has been possible to assign a few to this period.

1868

Little change in style since 1866, but there are more separations and the triangular *T* has disappeared.

T: made with two strokes, the cross stroke often long, sweeping far to right.

1869

Progress in separation of letters continues. Many vowel combinations (*an*, *en*, etc.) now unlinked. Spaces between letters wider. Few changes in forms of letters occur from now on, but increasing im-

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portance is given to placing of cross stroke of *t*, which in preceding years was usually at right of ascender.

t: almost all squarely crossed, or above ascender.

1870

Little change in appearance or number of ligations from 1869.

e: closed form now about equal in numbers with open form, which has predominated since 1863.

1871

Capitals are larger. Fewer ligations: some combinations still linked in 1869 now separated in half the number of examples. Manuscripts in pencil have fewer ligations than those in ink.

e: closed form now predominates in pen writing.

th: about one third separated.

1872

Occasional vowel combinations still linked. As separation increases, spaces between become wider and alignment more irregular.

d: the two stroke form reappears in some initial letters.

th: more examples separated than linked.

1873

Size and irregularity increasing. Extreme slant in pen writing, less in pencil, which is beginning to appear like purposeful use of printing forms. A few ligated combinations, such as *be*, *bl*, occasional *th*.

d: one stroke and two stroke forms about equal.

e: closed form now used in pencil as well as ink.

f: in ink still double hook; in pencil ascender a single straight line, descender looped. This does not apply to *of* symbol.

1874

Writing in ink reaches maximum size — sometimes only one word on a line.

f: form described above now used in pencil as well as ink.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HANDWRITING

1875

Still large; very wide spaces between letters. Only an occasional ligation, except in *th*, which is about equally linked and separated. Marked difference between pen and pencil writing, the latter being smaller and more compact, less slanting.

d: single stroke form used more often than double in ink; the reverse in pencil.

f: new form now habitual.

y: more curved than straight in ink; the reverse in pencil.

1876

Pencil writing smaller, clearer, better aligned than ink, with wide spaces between lines. A new form of *W* appears, and *of* symbol begins to change.

of: a few examples of separated letters, using *f* introduced in 1873.

t: crossings show tendency to fall left of upright, especially with pencil.

W: in preceding years sprawling, rounded at base, now occasionally pointed at base.

1877

No ligations except occasional *th*. Pencil writing gives effect of exceptional neatness and careful spacing. A new form of *H* appears, used occasionally.

H: hitherto made with two strokes by continuing upward from base to form cross stroke, now three separate strokes.

1878

No noticeable changes in pen writing; pencil writing a little freer and less precise as it becomes more habitual.

t: cross strokes about half to left of ascender.

W: pointed form well established.

1879

References from now on are to pencil writing, since beginning in

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this year the pen is almost entirely discarded. Appearance compact, letters rounded, slightly slanted.

d: two stroke form, except for occasional final letter.

y: usually curved, but short straight form also in use.

1880

Still small; ascenders and descenders short. A new form of *V* appears.

y: straight, except as initial letter.

V: formerly rounded at base, now pointed.

1881

Little change from 1880, but effect slightly sharper, more slanting.

t: cross strokes mostly to left.

1882

Slightly larger, more slanting.

y: some curved back to right. Some initial letters have hook at upper end.

1883

Letters more elongated; sharper.

a and *o*: curled up toward center.

g: curved sharply back to right — a peculiarity lasting only a few months.

1884

Early part of year similar to 1883. After June slant and irregularity increase as result of illness. Long and short letters often appear equal in size.

f: ascender curled over at top.

t: cross strokes erratic — right, left, above.

D: noticeable lengthening of first stroke.

1885

Further exaggeration of all characteristics described in 1884; letters

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HANDWRITING

farther apart and irregular. Some capitals so loosely formed as to be almost undecipherable.

1886

Large, loose, and badly formed, showing physical weakness.

NOTES ON THE PRESENT TEXT

At the time of her death in 1886, Emily Dickinson left in manuscript a body of verse far more extensive than anyone imagined. Of the seven poems known to have been published in her lifetime, all were anonymous and most were issued surreptitiously. Today seventeen hundred seventy-five poems may be attributed to her. All except forty-one have been previously published. Of those unpublished, nineteen are holograph copies; the larger part survive in transcripts for the most part made by Susan Gilbert Dickinson, presumably of copies which Emily sent her, now lost.

There are one hundred twenty-three published poems for which no autograph is known. Some were incorporated in letters that have been destroyed. Some may yet be recovered, though patient search has not yet located them. Nothing at all is known about the rest, which survive in the fifty-three transcripts made by Mabel Loomis Todd, and the sixty-one transcripts made by Susan Dickinson. Mrs. Todd made transcripts of many hundreds of poems at the time she was editing them. Since it was her practice to return the autographs to Lavinia Dickinson when her transcriptions had been made, one must assume that those fifty-three missing autographs disappeared after they were returned. Throughout her life, Emily sent copies of her poems to Susan, and a very large number of those autographs are extant. One supposes that the missing originals of Susan's sixty-one transcripts were at one time in her possession. The fact remains that all trace of these one hundred eleven holograph copies has vanished.²⁰

²⁰ There is some reason to suspect that the copies sent to Susan Dickinson were missing before her death in 1913. Her daughter Martha Dickinson Bianchi published *The Single Hound* (1914), a volume of 143 poems, from copies in her possession. Holographs of 40 are missing today, but the texts of all but two of the 40 can be collated with surviving transcripts made by her mother. The reason for thinking the text of those 38 poems derived from Susan Dickinson's transcripts lies in the nature of certain printed errors. Susan's stylized handwriting is especially difficult to decipher. The following misreadings bear a striking resemblance to the form of the letters misread:

NOTES ON THE PRESENT TEXT

The purpose of this edition is to establish an accurate text of the poems and to give them as far as possible a chronology. Such of course can be done when holographs survive. The date (but not the literatim text) can be established when missing poems have been published in letters that can be dated from internal evidence. In all instances where holographs are wanting, the text derives from the most authentic source.²¹ When no other source is known, the earliest published text is reproduced together with a record of later alterations if such were made.²² The poems have been given a chronological arrangement even though at best it is but an approximation. Since very few poems can be given exact dates, any chronology must be considered relative.

Where there is choice among texts for principal representation, the earliest fair copy is selected. Such a rule has exceptions. Within a given year the arrangement is in the following order:

- (a) fair copies to recipients
- (b) other fair copies
- (c) semifinal drafts—but where the packet priority can be reasonably determined, the order of both (b) and (c) is subdivided in conformity with such priority
- (d) worksheet drafts

If a poem seems to achieve its final version at a date later than that of earlier fair copies, it is placed among poems written during the later

no. 1677:	acre] area
	rocks] reeks
no. 1682:	At <i>most</i>] <i>Almost</i>
no. 1684:	in] to
	there] <i>Then</i>
no. 1701:	their] this
	Untumbled] Untroubled
no. 1703:	more] mere

²¹ There are instances where the absence of holographs requires speculation whether the text of a published poem reproduces a lost variant or is merely a misreading. A case in point is discussed in the notes to "Away from home are some and I" (no. 821).

²² Transcripts made by Mabel Loomis Todd (referred to as TT) supply the text for 53 poems; transcripts made by Susan Gilbert Dickinson (referred to as ST) do so for 61. A detailed identification of all missing poems is in Appendix 11: "Distribution of Missing Autographs."

INTRODUCTION

year. Texts which derive from undatable transcripts or published sources are perforce grouped together following all chronologically arranged poems and their order is alphabetical by first lines. Such are the final one hundred twenty-seven poems, numbered 1649–1775.

Except in instances where direct evidence in letters can be used to date a poem — and they are relatively few — all assigned dates are tentative and will always remain so. At the same time the quantity of manuscripts, both letters and poems, is great enough to provide opportunity for a detailed study of handwriting changes. Such a study has been made, and the results are set forth, with facsimile illustration, in the section preceding. Manuscripts of known date have been a major factor in furnishing clues to the handwriting characteristics, from year to year, of poems and letters that cannot otherwise be dated. Taken together, the clues to dates furnished by direct evidence is fairly extensive and has been used constantly as a check against the evidence of handwriting which, therefore, has a fairly high degree of reliability. In general the evidence of handwriting is sufficient to limit a date within a given year, and thus poems are identified as having been written “about 1860” or whatever the year may be. It must be assumed of course that such identification, in default of corroborative evidence, is only a calculated guess which may sometime be proved somewhat incorrect.

Close study also was given to the stationery. The result of dividing and subdividing the paper according to manufacture and millimeter measurement led to no pattern that could be independently trusted. On occasion the evidence gave priority for a date to one batch of paper over another, but not enough to establish a conclusion. The use of evidence from stationery is ancillary and has always been explicitly stated when it is adduced.

Spelling is always exactly rendered. Some misspellings the author carried through life with conscious relish for the sound of local idiom: *Febuary*, *boquet*, *bretheren*. Others she corrected over the years: *Bethleem*, *etherial*, *exhilaration*, *extasy*, *independant*, *vail* (*veil*), *witheld*. Others appear only in the early manuscripts: *boddice*, *necessary*, *visiter*. She constantly and correctly used the forms *hight*, *nought*, and

NOTES ON THE PRESENT TEXT

wo, which with equal consistency in publication have been regularized to *height*, *naught*, and *woe*. Her contractions are always written *does'nt*, *dont*, *has'nt*, *have'nt*, and *wont*. The possessive of *it* she invariably spelled with an apostrophe: *it's*. She has the authority of the best established nineteenth-century gazetteers for the spelling *Him-maleh*, a word she seemed especially to like.

The problem of reproducing her capital letters is complicated by the manner in which she formed them. Most are easily distinguishable because they do not resemble lower case letters. Others, especially A, C, M, N, U, and W, are simply enlargements, and decisions about them often have to be made on the basis of probability and familiarity with the text. She herself was arbitrary and inconsistent in her use of capitals; some poems use none within a line except for proper nouns; others are freighted heavily with them. Her mood dictated her choice.

Her use of the dash is especially capricious. Often it substitutes for a period and may in fact have been a hasty, lengthened dot intended for one. On occasion her dashes and commas are indistinguishable. Within lines she uses dashes with no grammatical function whatsoever. They frequently become visual representations of a musical beat. Quite properly such "punctuation" can be omitted in later editions, and the spelling and capitalization regularized, as surely she would have expected had her poems been published in her lifetime. Here however the literal rendering is demanded.

Readers will be struck by the frequency with which her variants show that her line spacings and stanza divisions follow no pattern. Much of the irregularity clearly suggests a conscious experimentation. Some of it is indifference, as when in sending copies of a poem to two or three friends, she suits her punctuation, capitalization, and line arrangement to the mood of the moment. All such differences are noted.

Emily Dickinson was not consistent in her manner of entering the suggested changes on her manuscripts. Sometimes they are placed between the lines, sometimes in the margin, and often at the end of the poem. Generally they are cued into the text by a cross placed against the word or phrase which they propose to supplant. In this edition all such alternative readings are placed at the end of the poem.

INTRODUCTION

She indicated her emphasis on a word by the customary method of underlining it, and thus shows on occasion which of her suggested changes she prefers. All such words are here represented by italics.

Her suggested changes are exactly rendered in this text. For example, in line 1 of poem number 626 she entered "Possess the Secret—" as a possible alternative for "detect the Sorrow." This text cues all such words or phrases directly beneath the poem thus:

1. detect the Sorrow] Possess the Secret—

In the same poem the suggested change for line 8 is for the entire line, and therefore does not need to be cued to particular words. In poem number 627 her two suggested changes were intended for full lines, but in both instances she omitted the first word. Such omitted words are for convenience supplied in brackets. On occasions when she offered two or more suggested changes for a particular word, as those for line 4 in poem number 616, this text records their exact form, but separates them by a short slanting stroke.

Attention has already been drawn to the fact that all Emily Dickinson's worksheet drafts are in pencil, and her semifinal drafts and fair copies usually in ink until the late seventies. After 1879 she gave up the pen entirely except to address envelopes. Of the many score of manuscripts written after 1879, only one—a letter to Higginson—is in ink. In the textual notes, unless otherwise specified, the reader may assume that:

- (a) through 1879 all manuscripts are in ink
- (b) after 1879 all manuscripts are in pencil.

Notes to the poems record first the manuscript date and location. Redactions and variants are reproduced and discussed, and allusions explained if they are known. Biographical sketches of recipients of poems, arranged alphabetically, are given in Appendix 1. Publication data include information about first printings and subsequent printings wherever textual differences occur. Unless otherwise noted, poems first issued in a given collection were gathered and identically

NOTES ON THE PRESENT TEXT

printed in all subsequent ones.²³ It is to be assumed that poems published in volumes of letters are not elsewhere collected unless the notes specify otherwise.

The source of a published text is stated, and the variant readings and the misreadings recorded. The absence of such information implies that the published text accurately derived from the manuscript there reproduced, and was printed with the same line and stanza arrangement. Such changes as were made to regularize spelling, punctuation, and capital letters are passed over unless the alterations have affected the meaning of a poem.

Readers can assume that in this edition poems breaking from page to page break at stanza divisions unless they see specified at the bottom of a page: "No stanza break."

It is to be expected that autograph texts of poems, heretofore known only in a published version, from time to time will come to light. Such has happened during the years the present text has been in preparation. In a few instances the information arrived too late to allow the poems to be placed in chronological order. The data for all such have been correctly supplied, but the order of the poems has perforce remained unchanged. Such is true of the following: numbers 330, 331, 687, 688, 1072, 1153, 1218, 1222, 1237, 1314, 1385, 1575, 1760, 1768, 1770-1774.

SYMBOLS USED TO IDENTIFY MANUSCRIPTS

At the present time Dickinson manuscripts are located in sixteen institutions. No fewer than forty individuals are known to possess one

²³ The texts of all published poems have been collated, and variations recorded in the notes. The poems gathered in the three early series (1890), (1891), (1896), together with those in *The Single Hound*, were first collected in *The Complete Poems* (1924), with five new poems added: nos. 9, 310, 1072, 1467, 1545. The contents of *The Complete Poems*, together with those in *Further Poems* (1929), make up the text of the Centenary edition (1930), to which one new poem is added: no. 968. The contents of the Centenary edition plus the poems in *Unpublished Poems* (1935), constitute the text of the current edition of *Poems by Emily Dickinson* (1937).

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autograph or more. Individuals are named in the list of acknowledgments and identified by last name in the notes of the text. Institutions likewise are named in full in the list and briefly identified in the notes. Certain symbols are used throughout. In general the numbering of the manuscripts in the Harvard collection is in regular sequence following the letter H. In six instances it is broken down to indicate the provenance of the autograph or the category to which it belongs.

AAS — The American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

BPL Higg — The Thomas Wentworth Higginson papers in the Galatea Collection, Boston Public Library

H — The Dickinson Collection in the Houghton Library, Harvard University Library

H B — Manuscripts which had special association for Mrs. Bianchi

H H — Manuscripts presented to Harvard by descendants of Dr. and Mrs. Josiah Gilbert Holland

H Higg — Manuscripts presented by Thomas Wentworth Higginson or his heirs

H L — Letters formerly in the possession of Lavinia Norcross Dickinson or Susan Gilbert Dickinson or their heirs

H SH — Holographs in Mrs. Bianchi's own copy of *The Single Hound*

H ST — Transcripts of Emily Dickinson poems made by Susan Gilbert Dickinson

TT — Transcripts of Emily Dickinson poems made by Mabel Loomis Todd and now in the possession of her daughter, Millicent Todd Bingham

The numbering of the manuscripts in the possession of Millicent Todd Bingham is that made many years ago in conformity with the system her mother used in making her transcripts and classifications. It is the arrangement which Mrs. Bingham has retained, and it is followed in this text.

SYMBOLS USED TO IDENTIFY PUBLICATION

The list below, including all collections of poems and letters, is alphabetical. A listing of first publication elsewhere than in collections

NOTES ON THE PRESENT TEXT

is given in Appendixes 9 and 10. Full data in all instances are supplied in the notes to the poems.

AB Ancestors' Brocades. By Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper, 1945.

BM Bolts of Melody. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper, 1945.

CP The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1924.

Centenary edition. *The Poems of Emily Dickinson.* Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1930.

FF Emily Dickinson Face to Face: Unpublished Letters with Notes and Reminiscences. By Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1932.

FP Further Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1929.

LH Emily Dickinson's Letters to Dr. and Mrs. Josiah Gilbert Holland. Edited by Theodora Van Wagenen Ward. Cambridge: Harvard, 1951.

LL The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson. By Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1924.

Letters (1894) Letters of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1894.

Letters (1931) Letters of Emily Dickinson. New and enlarged edition. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. New York: Harper, 1931.

Poems (1890) Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1890.

Poems (1891) Poems by Emily Dickinson, Second Series. Edited by T. W. Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1891.

Poems (1896) Poems by Emily Dickinson, Third Series. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1896.

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Poems (current) *Poems by Emily Dickinson*. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1937.

SH The Single Hound. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Little, Brown, 1914.

UP Unpublished Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1935.

POEMS

1-494

[1850-1862]

Valentine week

Awake ye muses nine, sing me a strain divine,
Unwind the solemn twine, and tie my Valentine!

Oh the Earth was *made* for lovers, for damsel, and hopeless swain,
For sighing, and gentle whispering, and *unity* made of *twain*.
All things do go a courting, in earth, or sea, or air,
God hath made nothing single but *thee* in His world so fair!
The *bride*, and then the *bridegroom*, the *two*, and then the *one*,
Adam, and Eve, his consort, the moon, and then the sun;
The life doth prove the precept, who obey shall happy be,
Who will not serve the sovereign, be hanged on fatal tree.
The high do seek the lowly, the great do seek the small,
None cannot find who *seeketh*, on this terrestrial ball;
The bee doth court the flower, the flower his suit receives,
And they make merry wedding, whose guests are hundred leaves;
The wind doth woo the branches, the branches they are won,
And the father fond demandeth the maiden for his son.
The storm doth walk the seashore humming a mournful tune,
The wave with eye so pensive, looketh to see the moon,
Their spirits meet together, they make them solemn vows,
No more he singeth mournful, her sadness she doth lose.
The *worm* doth woo the *mortal*, death claims a living bride,
Night unto day is married, morn unto eventide;
Earth is a merry damsel, and *heaven* a knight so true,
And Earth is quite coquettish, and beseemeth in vain to sue.
Now to the *application*, to the reading of the roll,
To bringing thee to justice, and marshalling thy soul:
Thou art a *human* solo, a being cold, and lone,
Wilt have no kind companion, thou *reap'st* what thou hast sown.

Hast never silent hours, and minutes all too long,
 And a deal of sad reflection, and *wailing* instead of song?
 There's *Sarah*, and *Eliza*, and *Emeline* so fair,
 And *Harriet*, and *Susan*, and she with *curling hair*!
 Thine eyes are sadly blinded, but yet thou mayest see
Six true, and comely maidens sitting upon the tree;
 Approach that tree with caution, then up it boldly climb,
 And seize the one thou lovest, nor care for *space*, or *time*!
 Then bear her to the greenwood, and build for her a bower,
 And give her what she asketh, jewel, or bird, or flower –
 And bring the fife, and trumpet, and beat upon the drum –
 And bid the world Goodmorrow, and go to glory home!

MANUSCRIPT: This valentine (Bingham 98-3-4), which is dated "March 4th. 1850.," was sent to Elbridge G. Bowdoin, a young bachelor practicing law in the office of Edward Dickinson. The six "comely maidens" who are named were probably Sarah Taylor, Eliza Coleman, Emeline Kellogg, Harriet Merrill, Susan Gilbert (who later married ED's brother Austin), and ED herself – "she with *curling hair*." This is the earliest known poem by Emily Dickinson. It was presented by Bowdoin to Anna M. Kellogg, a sister of Rufus B. Kellogg who was graduated from Amherst in 1858 and served as the first alumni trustee (1875-1885). Miss Kellogg in turn gave it to Lavinia Dickinson (see AB, 205-206). It is now in the possession of Millicent Todd Bingham.

PUBLICATION: *Letters* (1894), 137-139; (1931), 136-138. Some but not all of the italics are reproduced. The name *Sabra* in the 1894 edition is corrected to *Susan* in the 1931 edition. There are a few minor changes in punctuation.

2

There is another sky,
 Ever serene and fair,
 And there is another sunshine,
 Though it be darkness there;
 Never mind faded forests, Austin,
 Never mind silent fields –
Here is a little forest,
 Whose leaf is ever green; [no stanza break]

Here is a brighter garden,
Where not a frost has been;
In its unfading flowers
I hear the bright bee hum;
Prithee, my brother,
Into *my* garden come!

MANUSCRIPT: These lines conclude a letter (Bingham), written on 17 October 1851, to her brother Austin. ED made no line division, and the text does not appear as verse. The line arrangement and capitalization of first letters in the lines are here arbitrarily established.

PUBLICATION: *Letters* (ed. 1894), 97; (ed. 1931), 95–96; also in *LL* (1924), 167. The letter is edited by Millicent Todd Bingham in *Emily Dickinson's Home* (New York, 1955).

3

“Sic transit gloria mundi,”
“How doth the busy bee,”
“Dum vivimus vivamus,”
I stay mine enemy!

Oh “veni, vidi, vici!”
Oh caput cap-a-pie!
And oh “memento mori”
When I am *far* from thee!

Hurrah for Peter Parley!
Hurrah for Daniel Boon!
Three cheers, sir, for the gentleman
Who first observed the moon!

Peter, put up the sunshine;
Pattie, arrange the stars;
Tell Luna, *tea* is waiting,
And call your brother Mars!

Put down the apple, Adam,
And come away with me,
So shalt thou have a *pippin*
From off my father's tree!

I climb the "Hill of Science,"
I "view the landscape o'er;"
Such transcendental prospect,
I ne'er beheld before!

Unto the Legislature
My country bids me go;
I'll take my *india rubbers*,
In case the *wind* should blow!

During my education,
It was announced to me
That *gravitation*, *stumbling*,
Fell from an *apple* tree!

The earth upon an axis
Was once supposed to turn,
By way of a *gymnastic*
In honor of the sun!

It *was* the brave Columbus,
A sailing o'er the tide,
Who notified the nations
Of where I would reside!

Mortality is fatal –
Gentility is fine,
Rascality, heroic,
Insolvency, sublime!

Our Fathers being weary,
Laid down on Bunker Hill;
And tho' full many a morning,
Yet they are sleeping still, –

The trumpet, sir, shall wake them,
In dreams I see them rise,
Each with a solemn musket
A marching to the skies!

A coward will remain, Sir,
Until the fight is done;
But an *immortal hero*
Will take his hat, and run!

Good bye, Sir, I am going;
My country calleth me;
Allow me, Sir, at parting,
To wipe my weeping e'e.

In token of our friendship
Accept this "Bonnie Doon,"
And when the hand that plucked it
Hath passed beyond the moon,

The memory of my ashes
Will consolation be;
Then, farewell, Tuscarora,
And farewell, Sir, to thee!

St. Valentine — '52

No autograph copy of this "valentine" has been located. It is here reproduced from the *Springfield Daily Republican* of 20 February 1852. It is the first of seven poems known to be published in her lifetime. It is one of her earliest verses and certainly the longest. The valentines of the 1850's were successful in proportion to the extravagance and elaborateness of their expression. Those written by ED held a special place in the minds of her contemporaries for their ornate drollery. This valentine was sent to William Howland (1822-1880), a graduate of Amherst College where he had recently been serving as a tutor. Whether he or another sent it to the *Republican*, the purpose of valentine exchanges was carried forward: to surprise the sender by a *riposte* and to keep up the badinage as long as possible. The verses are editorially prefaced thus:

A VALENTINE

The hand that wrote the following amusing medley to a gentleman friend of ours, as "a valentine," is capable of writing very fine things, and there is certainly no presumption in entertaining a private wish

that a correspondence, more direct than this, may be established between it and the Republican.

One of the Monson, Massachusetts, relatives, Eudocia Converse — a first cousin of ED's mother — transcribed it into her 1848–1853 commonplace book, with the notation "Valentine by Miss E Dickinson of Amherst." The knowledge of her authorship clearly was abroad. One word differs:

50. dreams] streams

It could easily have been a misreading of ED's initial "d" as she formed them at that time, and strongly suggests that she transcribed it from a manuscript copy — if not ED's then another's — rather than from the *Republican*.

PUBLICATION: Its initial publication has been discussed. It is also in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 140–142; (ed. 1931), 138–141; and in *LL* (1924), 147–149. The text follows the *Republican* version except for four alterations:

11. gentleman] gentlemen
19. shalt] shall

46. Laid] Lay
50. dreams] dream

4

On this wondrous sea
Sailing silently,
Ho! Pilot, ho!
Knowest thou the shore
Where no breakers roar —
Where the storm is oer?

In the peaceful west
Many the sails at rest —
The anchors fast —
Thither I pilot *thee* —
Land Ho! Eternity!
Ashore at last!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies. That reproduced above (H B 73) was sent as a message to Sue in March 1853, when she was visiting in Manchester, New Hampshire. Headed "Write! Comrade,

write!," it is evidently a note asking for a letter. It is in pencil, addressed "Susie—" and signed "Emilie—." Sue made two transcripts of it. One reproduces the complete text but misread the heading as "Wait Comrade Wait!" (H ST 23e). Sue dated it 1848. Her other transcript (H ST 24) is identical in text except that the heading and the first three lines are wanting; it is not dated. On ED's holograph above Mrs. Bianchi wrote:

The first verse Aunt Emily sent to Mamma — (She *thought* when both were sixteen or so —)

The later copy, written about 1858, ED transcribed into packet 82 (Bingham 15e):

On this wondrous sea — Sailing silently —
Ho! Pilot! Ho!
Knowest thou the shore
Where no breakers roar —
Where the storm is o'er—

In the silent West
Many — the Sails at rest —
The Anchors fast.
Thither I pilot thee —
Land! Ho! Eternity!
Ashore at last!

One word is variant:

7. peaceful] silent

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 200, titled "Eternity." The text derives from the packet copy. Two words are altered:

8. the] omitted

9. The] Their

Though not printed in *LL* (1924), it is referred to (pages 78–79) as a poem "sent to Susan in 1848 when she was but eighteen. . ."

5

I have a Bird in spring
Which for myself doth sing —
The spring decoys.
And as the summer nears —
And as the Rose appears,
Robin is gone.

Yet do I not repine
Knowing that Bird of mine
Though flown –
Learneth beyond the sea
Melody new for me
And will return.

Fast in a safer hand
Held in a truer Land
Are mine –
And though they now depart
Tell I my doubting heart
They're thine.

In a serener Bright,
In a more golden light
I see
Each little doubt and fear
Each little discord here
Removed.

Then will I not repine,
Knowing that Bird of mine
Though flown
Shall in a distant tree
Bright melody for me
Return.

MANUSCRIPT: Early in September 1854, in an unpublished letter to Sue (H L 17) beginning: "Sue – You can go or stay. . ."

PUBLICATION: FF (1932), 181–182 – the poem only, for the letter is omitted. Two words are altered:

3. decoys] always 13. safer] softer

A variant of the second stanza, printed as prose, is in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 162; (ed. 1931), 159; also LL (1924), 188 – a concluding paragraph in a letter to Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Holland. It there reads: "Then will I not repine, knowing that bird of mine, though flown – learneth beyond the sea, melody new for me, and will return." It is dated in these printings "Late

Autumn, 1853." In *LH* (1951), 38, where it has been reprinted among the other Holland letters, the suggested period assigned is early 1854 – a more probable date.

6

Frequently the woods are pink –
Frequently are brown.
Frequently the hills undress
Behind my native town.
Oft a head is crested
I was wont to see –
And as oft a cranny
Where it used to be –
And the Earth – they tell me
On it's Axis turned!
Wonderful Rotation!
By but *twelve* performed!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about ~~1858~~, and both fair copies. The copy evidently sent to Sue (H 255) is reproduced above. The copy in packet 82 (Bingham 12b) is identical in text. It has minor differences in form: there is a comma after "Frequently" (line 2), dashes are at the end of lines 4 and 11, and "rotation" (line 11) is not capitalized. In line 9 of the copy to Sue, ED scratched out "world" and substituted "Earth."

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 157. It derives from the packet copy and is arranged as three quatrains. The italics are not retained.

7

The feet of people walking home
With gayer sandals go –
The Crocus – till she rises
The Vassal of the snow –
The lips at Hallelujah
Long years of practise bore
Till bye and bye these Bargemen
Walked singing on the shore.

Pearls are the Diver's farthings
 Extorted from the Sea –
 Pinions – the Seraph's wagon
 Pedestrian once – as we –
 Night is the morning's Canvas
 Larceny – legacy –
 Death, but our rapt attentior
 To Immortality.

My figures fail to tell me
 How far the Village lies –
 Whose peasants are the Angels –
 Whose Cantons dot the skies –
 My Classics veil their faces –
 My faith that Dark adores –
 Which from it's solemn abbeys
 Such resurrection pours.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are three autograph copies of this poem, all written about 1858. The copy reproduced above is in packet 10 (H 45). The second is in packet 82 (Bingham 14b). The third (H 334), possibly sent to Sue, is on a half-sheet roughly torn at the spine and is without address or signature, but it has been folded as if enclosed in an envelope. All three copies are identical in text. The second and third copies have dashes at the end of lines 9, 11, 13, and exclamation points at the end of line 24; in both, "immortality" (line 16) is not capitalized. In the second copy there is a dash at the end of lines 3 and 6, a comma after "bye and bye" (line 7), and a dash after "Death" (line 15). In the third copy, "legacy" (line 14) is underlined. In the second copy line 8 reads: "Walked – singing – on the shore"; in the third copy it reads: "Walked singing, on the shore!"

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 90–91. Two words are altered:

2. With] In 12. Pedestrian] Pedestrians

The text is so reproduced in *CP* (1924). In the Centenary edition (1930) and later collections a further alteration is made:

5. at] of

There is a word
 Which bears a sword
 Can pierce an armed man –
 It hurls it's barbed syllables
 And is mute again –
 But where it fell
 The saved will tell
 On patriotic day,
 Some epauletted Brother
 Gave his breath away.

 Wherever runs the breathless sun –
 Wherever roams the day –
 There is it's noiseless onset –
 There is it's victory!
 Behold the keenest marksman!
 The most accomplished shot!
 Time's sublimest target
 Is a soul "forgot!"

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, identical in text, both written about 1858. The copy reproduced above is in packet 80 (Bingham 1a). The other copy (H 349) is addressed "Sue –" and signed "Emily –"; line 10 is concluded with an exclamation point, and line 15 with a dash.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 83, titled "Forgotten." One word is altered:

5. And] At once

Through lane it lay ~~≡~~ thro' bramble ~~≡~~
 Through clearing and thro' wood –
 Banditti often passed us
 Upon the lonely road.

 The wolf came peering curious –
 The owl looked puzzled down –
 The serpent's satin figure
 Glid stealthily along –

The tempests touched our garments –
The lightning's poinards gleamed –
Fierce from the Crag above us
The hungry Vulture screamed –

The satyrs fingers beckoned –
The valley murmured "Come" –
These were the mates –
This was the road
These children fluttered home.

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above is in packet 80 (Bingham 1b), written about 1858; it is identical in text with the copy (H 359) addressed "Sue—" and signed "Emily—":

Thro' lane it lay – thro' bramble –
Thro' clearing, and thro' wood –
Banditti often passed us
Upon the lonely road –
The wolf came peering curious –
The owl looked puzzled down –
The Serpent's satin figure
Glid stealthily along –
The tempests touched our garments –
The Lightning's poinards gleamed –
Fierce from the crag above us
The hungry Vulture screamed –
The Satyr's fingers beckoned –
The Valley murmured "Come" –
These were the mates –
This was the road
These Children fluttered home.

PUBLICATION: CP (1924), 297–298. Though the text derives from the copy to Sue, it is arranged as four quatrains. One word is altered:

5. peering] purring

Line 15 reads:

These were the mates – and this the road

My wheel is in the dark!
 I cannot see a spoke
 Yet know it's dripping feet
 Go round and round.

My foot is on the Tide!
 An unfrequented road –
 Yet have all roads
 A clearing at the end –

Some have resigned the Loom –
 Some in the busy tomb
 Find quaint employ –

Some with new – stately feet –
 Pass royal thro' the gate –
 Flinging the problem back
 At you and I!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1858. The text of the copy in packet 80 (Bingham 4a), reproduced above, is identical with that in the copy to Sue (H 291) below. The latter, with a different stanza and line arrangement, has been folded as if enclosed in an envelope.

My wheel is in the dark.
 I cannot see a spoke –
 Yet know it's dripping feet
 Go round and round.

My foot is on the Tide –
 An unfrequented road
 Yet have all roads
 A "Clearing" at the end.

Some have resigned the Loom –
 Some – in the busy tomb
 Find quaint employ.
 Some with new – stately feet
 Pass royal thro' the gate
 Flinging the problem back at you and I.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 19. The text derives from the copy to Sue. In *SH* and in *CP* (1924) the text is accurately rendered. In later collections the last word is altered:

I] me

II

I never told the buried gold
Upon the hill – that lies –
I saw the sun – his plunder done
Crouch low to guard his prize.

He stood as near
As stood you here –
A pace had been between –
Did but a snake bisect the brake
My life had forfeit been.

That was a wondrous booty –
I hope twas honest gained.
Those were the fairest ingots
That ever kissed the spade!

Whether to keep the secret –
Whether to reveal –
Whether as I ponder
“Kidd” will sudden sail –

Could a shrewd advise me
We might e’en divide –
Should a shrewd betray me –
Atropos decide!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1858. The copy reproduced above is in packet 1 (H 3a). The copy below (H 273), without address or signature, presumably was sent to Sue.

I never told the buried gold
Upon the hill that lies –
I saw the sun, his plunder done –
Crouch low to guard his prize –

He stood as near
As stood you here –
A pace had been between –
Did but a snake bisect the brake
My life had forfeit been.

That was a wondrous booty –
I hope 'twas honest gained –
Those were the fairest ingots
That ever kissed the spade.

Whether to keep the secret –
Whether to reveal –
Whether while I ponder
Kidd may sudden sail –

Could a shrewd advise me
We might e'en divide –
Should a shrewd *betray* me –
"Atropos" decide –

It is variant in lines 16, 17, and 20.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 48–49. The second stanza is regularized to four lines. The text follows the copy to Sue; "betray" is not italicized. One word is altered:

12. fairest] finest

12

The morns are meeker than they were –
The nuts are getting brown –
The berry's cheek is plumper –
The Rose is out of town.

The Maple wears a gayer scarf –
The field a scarlet gown –
Lest I sh'd be old fashioned
I'll put a trinket on.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1858. That reproduced above (H 4a) is in packet 1. The other (H 344), signed "Emilie –," was probably sent to Sue. It has been folded as if enclosed in an envelope, and slit and laced with a ribbon knot which once held a flower. The copies

are identical in text and form except that the copy to Sue has a dash at the end of line 4, one after "field" (line 6), and an exclamation point at the end of line 8.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 102, titled "Autumn."

13

Sleep is supposed to be
By souls of sanity
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down wh', on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be
By people of degree
The breaking of the Day.

Morning has not occurred!

That shall Aurora be –
East of Eternity –
One with the banner gay –
One in the red array –
That is the break of Day!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, identical in text, both written about 1858. The copy reproduced above is in packet 1 (H 4d). The copy below (H B 127) was sent to Sue.

Sleep is supposed to be
By souls of sanity –
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down wh' on either hand –
The Hosts of Witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be
By people of degree –
The breaking of the Day!

Morning has not occurred!

That shall Aurora be
East of Eternity!
One with the banner gay,
One in the red array –
That is the Break of Day!

This copy is introduced by a note:

To my Father –
to whose untiring efforts in my behalf, I am indebted for my *morning-hours* – viz – 3. A M. to 12. P M. these grateful lines are inscribed by his aff

Daughter.

Mrs. Bianchi says (FF, 226) that they were addressed to Sue “and sent to her in fun – apropos of her father’s hobby of their early rising. . .”

PUBLICATION: The packet copy furnished the text published in *Poems* (1890), 150. The italics are not retained and the lines are arranged as five three-line stanzas. The copy to Sue is in FF (1932), 226–227, and the lines here also are arranged as five three-line stanzas. In FF one word is altered:

7. Morn] Noon

14

One Sister have I in our house,
And one, a hedge away.
There’s only one recorded,
But both belong to me.

One came the road that I came –
And wore my last year’s gown –
The other, as a bird her nest,
Builided our hearts among.

She did not sing as we did –
It was a different tune –
Herself to her a music
As Bumble bee of June.

Today is far from Childhood –
But up and down the hills
I held her hand the tighter –
Which shortened all the miles –

And still her hum
The years among,
Deceives the Butterfly;
Still in her Eye
The Violets lie
Mouldered this many May.

I spilt the dew –
But took the morn –
I chose this single star
From out the wide night's numbers –
Sue – forevermore!

MANUSCRIPT: Late 1858. It is the copy sent to Sue, signed "Emilie –," and is pasted into Martha D. Bianchi's own copy of *The Single Hound* now in Houghton Library (H SH 1). Austin and Sue were married 1 July 1856 and moved into the house which Edward Dickinson had built for them on adjoining property. The lines were perhaps sent as a birthday greeting, 19 December 1858.

PUBLICATION: SH (1914), 1–2, headed "To Sue" and signed "Emilie." In later collections the heading is deleted and the signature is altered to "Emily." The poem is printed as six quatrains. One word is altered:

5. road] way

15

The Guest is gold and crimson –
An Opal guest and gray –
Of Ermine is his doublet –
His Capuchin gay –

He reaches town at nightfall –
He stops at every door –
Who looks for him at morning

[no stanza break]

I pray him too – explore
The Lark's pure territory –
Or the Lapwing's shore!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two autograph copies, both written about 1858. That reproduced above is in packet 80 (Bingham 1c). A variant addressed "Sue" and signed "Emilie –" is titled "'Navy' Sunset!":

The guest is gold and crimson,
An Opal guest, and gray –
Of Ermine is his doublet,
His Capuchin gay,
He comes to town at nightfall,
He stops at every door –
Who looks for him at *morning*,
I pray him too – explore
The Lark's pure territory,
Or the Lapwing's shore!

One word differs:

5. reaches] comes to

PUBLICATION: *FF* (1932), 185. It derives from the copy to Sue; the italics are not reproduced.

16

I would distil a cup,
And bear to all my friends,
Drinking to her no more astir,
By beck, or burn, or moor!

No autograph copy of this poem is known. It is incorporated in a letter to Samuel Bowles, and the "her" is probably summer.

PUBLICATION: *Letters* (ed. 1894), 192; (ed. 1931), 183; also *LL* (1924), 203, printed as prose. Mrs. Todd conjecturally dates it late August, 1858.

17

Baffled for just a day or two –
Embarrassed – not afraid – [no stanza break]

Encounter in my garden
An unexpected Maid.

She beckons, and the woods start –
She nods, and all begin –
Surely, such a country
I was never in!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, identical in text, both written late in 1858. The copy reproduced above is in packet 80 (Bingham 4f). The other fair copy, signed "Emilie," was sent to Mrs. J. G. Holland (H H 14); a rosebud is still tied to it by a ribbon attached through slits in the paper.

Baffled for just a day or two –
Embarrassed – not afraid –
Encounter in my garden
An unexpected Maid!
She beckons, and the Woods start –
She nods, and all begin –
Surely – such a country
I was never in!

PUBLICATION: The packet copy furnished the text in *BM* (1945), 47. The copy to Mrs. Holland is reproduced in *LH* (1951), 64, where it is provisionally dated 1860.

18

The Gentian weaves her fringes –
The Maple's loom is red –
My departing blossoms
Obviate parade.

A brief, but patient illness –
An hour to prepare,
And one below, this morning
Is where the angels are –
It was a short procession,
The Bobolink was there –
An aged Bee addressed us –
And then we knelt in prayer – [no stanza break]

We trust that she was willing –
We ask that we may be.
Summer – Sister – Seraph!
Let us go with thee!

In the name of the Bee –
And of the Butterfly –
And of the Breeze – Amen!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 12a)

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 170–171, titled “Summer’s Obsequies.”
Lines 5–16 are arranged as three quatrains.

19

A sepal, petal, and a thorn
Upon a common summer’s morn –
A flask of Dew – A Bee or two –
A Breeze – a caper in the trees –
And I’m a Rose!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 12c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 114, titled “A Rose.” The text is arranged as a six-line stanza. One word is altered:

3. flask] flash

20

Distrustful of the Gentian –
And just to turn away,
The fluttering of her fringes
Chid my perfidy –
Weary for my ———
I will singing go –
I shall not feel the sleet – then –
I shall not fear the snow.

Flees so the phantom meadow
Before the breathless Bee – [no stanza break]

So bubble brooks in deserts
On Ears that dying lie –
Burn so the Evening Spires
To Eyes that Closing go –
Hangs so distant Heaven –
To a hand below.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 12d). The dash in the fifth line may suggest that ED intended the packet copy as a prototype, the blank to be filled in with whatever name was appropriate if she enclosed a copy of the poem to a friend.

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 323–324.

21

We lose – because we win –
Gamblers – recollecting which
Toss their dice again!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 12e).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 271. The text is arranged as a quatrain.

22

All these my banners be.
I sow my pageantry
In May –
It rises train by train –
Then sleeps in state again –
My chancel – all the plain
Today.

To lose – if one can find again –
To miss – if one shall meet –
The Burglar cannot rob – then –
The Broker cannot cheat.
So build the hillocks gaily
Thou little spade of mine

[no stanza break]

Leaving nooks for Daisy
And for Columbine –
You and I the secret
Of the Crocus know –
Let us chant it softly –
“*There* is no more snow!”

To him who keeps an Orchis’ heart –
The swamps are pink with June.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 12f).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 45. These three stanzas or sections are printed and indexed as three poems numbered 75, 76, 77. The middle section is arranged into three quatrains. A note accompanying them says that ED may have thought of them “as parts of one poem, since she wrote them all on one page without her usual marks of separation.” Such is probably the case.

23

I had a guinea golden –
I lost it in the sand –
And tho’ the sum was simple
And pounds were in the land –
Still, had it such a value
Unto my frugal eye –
That when I could not find it –
I sat me down to sigh.

I had a crimson Robin –
Who sang full many a day
But when the woods were painted,
He, too, did fly away –
Time brought me other Robins –
Their ballads were the same –
Still, for my missing Troubadour
I kept the “house at hame.”

I had a star in heaven –
One "Pleiad" was it's name –
And when I was not heeding,
It wandered from the same.
And tho' the skies are crowded –
And all the night ashine –
I do not care about it –
Since none of them are mine.

My story has a moral –
I have a missing friend –
"Pleiad" it's name, and Robin,
And guinea in the sand.
And when this mournful ditty
Accompanied with tear –
Shall meet the eye of traitor
In country far from here –
Grant that repentance solemn
May seize upon his mind –
And he no consolation
Beneath the sun may find.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 13a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 32–33, titled "I Had a Guinea Golden."
Mrs. Todd's footnote in the 1896 edition (not retained in later collected editions) conjectures: "This poem may have had, like many others, a personal origin. It is more than probable that it was sent to some friend traveling in Europe, a dainty reminder of letter-writing delinquencies."

24

There is a morn by men unseen –
Whose maids upon remoter green
Keep their Seraphic May –
And all day long, with dance and game,
And gambol I may never name –
Employ their holiday.

Here to light measure, move the feet
Which walk no more the village street –
Nor by the wood are found –
Here are the birds that sought the sun
When last year's distaff idle hung
And summer's brows were bound.

Ne'er saw I such a wondrous scene –
Ne'er such a ring on such a green –
Nor so serene array –
As if the stars some summer night
Should swing their cups of Chrysolite –
And revel till the day –

Like thee to dance – like thee to sing –
People upon that mystic green –
I ask, each new May Morn.
I wait thy far, fantastic bells –
Announcing me in other dells –
Unto the different dawn!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 13b).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 222–223.

25

She slept beneath a tree –
Remembered but by me.
I touched her Cradle mute –
She recognized the foot –
Put on her carmine suit
And see!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 14a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 102, titled "The Tulip."

It's all I have to bring today –
 This, and my heart beside –
 This, and my heart, and all the fields –
 And all the meadows wide –
 Be sure you count – sh'd I forget
 Some one the sum could tell –
 This, and my heart, and all the Bees
 Which in the Clover dwell.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 14c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), v.

Morns like these – we parted –
 Noons like these – she rose –
 Fluttering first – then firmer
 To her fair repose.

Never did she lisp it –
 It was not for me –
 She – was mute from transport.
 I – from agony –

Till – the evening nearing
 One the curtains drew –
 Quick! A Sharper rustling!
 And this linnet flew!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 14d).

PUBLICATION: The first stanza concludes the obituary notice written by Susan Dickinson and printed in the *Springfield Republican*, 18 May 1886, on the day before Emily was buried. The complete poem was published in *Poems* (1891), 186. Two lines show variants, which may indicate that the published version derived from a different copy:

6. It was] And 'twas 10. curtains] shutters

So has a Daisy vanished
 From the fields today –
 So tiptoed many a slipper
 To Paradise away –

Oozed so in crimson bubbles
 Day's departing tide –
 Blooming – tripping – flowing –
 Are ye then with God?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 14e).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 195.

If those I loved were lost
 The Crier's voice w'd tell me –
 If those I loved were found
 The bells of Ghent w'd ring –
 Did those I loved repose
 The Daisy would impel me.
 Philip – when bewildered
 Bore his riddle in!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1858. The copy in packet 82 (Bingham 15a) is reproduced above. There is also the worksheet draft (Bingham 98-4A-2):

If those I loved were lost the criers
 voice would tell me –
 ne'er? ~~would~~
 If those I loved were found the bells of
 Ghent would ring.
 Did those I loved repose, The
 Daisy would impel me – Philip
~~questioned – eager~~
~~I, my riddle bring~~ when bewildered
 bore his riddle in –

It seems possible that this poem owes its inspiration to the very popular

verse play *Philip van Artevelde* (1834), by Sir Henry Taylor. Among the Dickinson books at Harvard is an 1835 edition of it, published in Boston. It was owned by Austin and bears his label: "Wm. A. Dickinson." In the same collection is an 1863 edition inscribed in pencil "Emily." Evidently it was an especially favored piece of literature in the Dickinson family. The story of Philip van Artevelde (c. 1340-1382), who successfully led the men of Ghent against the Count of Flanders only to be slain when his forces later were routed with appalling loss, is told by Froissart whose account Taylor follows. Philip's end, according to Froissart as quoted in Taylor's notes, was inglorious: ". . . it was judged that he fell into a little dyke, and many of them of Ghent upon him, and was so pressed to death." Philip's final speech in the play concludes:

What have I done? — Why such a death? — Why thus? —

Oh! for a wound as wide as famine's mouth

To make a soldier's passage for my soul.

[He is borne along in the route towards the bridge.]

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 119. It follows the packet copy and the text is arranged as two quatrains.

30

Adrift! A little boat adrift!
And night is coming down!
Will *no* one guide a little boat
Unto the nearest town?

So Sailors say — on yesterday —
Just as the dusk was brown
One little boat gave up it's strife
And gurgled down and down.

So angels say — on yesterday —
Just as the dawn was red
One little boat — o'erspent with gales —
Retrimmed it's masts — redecked it's sails —
And shot — exultant on!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 15b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 185. In line 3 *no* is not italicized. These words are altered:

9. So] But 13] Exultant, onward sped!

31

Summer for thee, grant I may be
When Summer days are flown!
Thy music still, when Whippowil
And Oriole—are done!

For thee to bloom, I'll skip the tomb
And row my blossoms o'er!
Pray gather me—
 Anemone—
Thy flower—forevermore!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 15c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 79, titled "Song." The text is arranged as two quatrains. One word is altered:

6. row] sow

32

When Roses cease to bloom, Sir,
And Violets are done—
When Bumblebees in solemn flight
Have passed beyond the Sun—
The hand that paused to gather
Upon this Summer's day
Will idle lie—in Auburn—
Then take my flowers—pray!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 15d). Evidently ED here refers to Mt. Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge. She had visited it in August 1846, when she made a trip to Boston, and she wrote her friend Abiah Root about the deep impression the "City of the Dead" made on her (*Letters*, ed. 1931, page 17).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 78, titled "With a Flower." The text is arranged as two quatrains. Two words are altered:

1. Sir] dear 8. flowers] flower

33

If recollecting were forgetting,
Then I remember not.
And if forgetting, recollecting,
How near I had forgot.
And if to miss, were merry,
And to mourn, were gay,
How very blithe the fingers
That gathered this, Today!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1858. That reproduced above (Bingham), in pencil and signed "Emilie.," was sent to Samuel Bowles. It is a variant of the copy in packet 82 (Bingham 15e) in three lines:

1. Oh if remembering were forgetting –
7. How very blithe the maiden
8. Who gathered these today!

Lines 2 and 4 end with exclamation points; dashes, not commas, are in lines 1, 3, and 5; line 6 is without internal punctuation.

PUBLICATION: *Letters* (ed. 1894), 216; (ed. 1931), 188; also *LL* (1924), 255. It follows the Bowles copy. It is also in *Poems* (1896), 39, titled "With Flowers." In *Poems* "this" (line 8) is rendered "these." In both printings line 6 is altered to read "And if to mourn were gay."

34

Garlands for Queens, may be –
Laurels – for rare degree
Of soul or sword.
Ah – but remembering me –
Ah – but remembering thee –
Nature in chivalry –
Nature in charity –

[no stanza break]

Nature in equity –
The Rose ordained!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 82 (Bingham 15g).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 48.

35

Nobody knows this little Rose –
It might a pilgrim be
Did I not take it from the ways
And lift it up to thee,
Only a Bee will miss it –
Only a Butterfly,
Hastening from far journey –
On it's breast to lie –
Only a Bird will wonder –
Only a Breeze will sigh –
Ah Little Rose – how easy
For such as thee to die!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, identical in text. That reproduced above is in packet 82 (Bingham 15h), written about 1858. A later copy (Bingham 98-4A-10), on embossed stationery, was written about 1860.

Nobody knows this little Rose –
It might a pilgrim be
Did I not take it from the ways
And lift it up to Thee.
Only a Bee will miss it –
Only a Butterfly,
Hastening from far journey
On it's breast to lie –
Only a Bird – will wonder –
Only a Breeze will sigh,
Ah, little Rose!
How easy – for such as thee, to die!

PUBLICATION: *Youth's Companion*, LXIV (24 December 1891), 672, titled "A Nameless Rose"; BM (1945) 48, without title. In both printings

it is arranged as three quatrains and follows the line arrangement of the packet copy.

36

Snow flakes.

I counted till they danced so
Their slippers leaped the town,
And then I took a pencil
To note the rebels down.
And then they grew so jolly
I did resign the prig,
And ten of my once stately toes
Are marshalled for a jig!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 80 (Bingham 1d). This is one of three packet poems to be given a title.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 95. It is arranged as two quatrains.

37

Before the ice is in the pools —
Before the skaters go,
Or any cheek at nightfall
Is tarnished by the snow —

Before the fields have finished,
Before the Christmas tree,
Wonder upon wonder
Will arrive to me!

What we touch the hems of
On a summer's day —
What is only walking
Just a bridge away —

That which sings so — speaks so —
When there's no one here — [no stanza break]

Will the frock I wept in
Answer me to wear?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 8o (Bingham 1e).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 183.

38

By such and such an offering
To Mr. So and So,
The web of life woven –
So martyrs albums show!

MANUSCRIPT: Late 1858, in packet 8o (Bingham 1f).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 327.

39

It did not surprise me –
So I said – or thought –
She will stir her pinions
And the nest forgot,

Traverse broader forests –
Build in gayer boughs,
Breathe in Ear more modern
God's old fashioned vows –

This was but a Birdling –
What and if it be
One within my bosom
Had departed me?

This was but a story –
What and if indeed
There were just such coffin
In the heart instead?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 8o (Bingham 2a).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 111–112.

When I count the seeds
That are sown beneath,
To bloom so, bye and bye.

When I con the people
Lain so low,
To be received as high—

When I believe the garden
Mortal shall not see—
Pick by faith it's blossom
And avoid it's Bee,
I can spare this summer, unreluctantly.

MANUSCRIPT: Late 1858, in packet 80 (Bingham 2b).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 52. The text is arranged as two six-line stanzas.

I robbed the Woods—
The trusting Woods—
The unsuspecting Trees
Brought out their Burs and mosses
My fantasy to please—
I scanned their trinkets curious—
I grasped—I bore away—
What will the solemn Hemlock—
What will the Oak tree say?

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies. The earlier, written about 1858, is in packet 80 (Bingham 3a). It is now first published. The variant below (Bingham 98–3–34), written about 1861, is on embossed stationery, folded as if enclosed in an envelope.

Who robbed the Woods—
The trusting Woods?
The unsuspecting Trees
Brought out their Burs and Mosses— [no stanza break]

His fantasy to please –
He scanned their trinkets – curious –
He grasped – he bore away –
What will the solemn Hemlock –
What will the Fir tree – say?

PUBLICATION: The variant is in *Poems* (1891), 132.

42

A Day! Help! Help! Another Day!
Your prayers, oh Passer by!
From such a common ball as this
Might date a Victory!
From marshallings as simple
The flags of nations swang.
Steady – my soul: What issues
Upon thine arrow hang!

MANUSCRIPT: Late 1858, in packet 80 (Bingham 3b).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 12.

43

Could live – *did* live –
Could die – *did* die –
Could smile upon the whole
T[h]rough faith in one he met not,
To introduce his soul.

Could go from scene familiar
To an untraversed spot –
Could contemplate the journey
With unpuzzled heart –

Such trust had one among us,
Among us *not* today –
We who saw the launching
Never sailed the Bay!

MANUSCRIPT: Late 1858, in packet 8o (Bingham 3c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 193. Lines 1 and 2 are printed as one line.

44

If she had been the Mistletoe
And I had been the Rose –
How gay upon your table
My velvet life to close –
Since I am of the Druid,
And she is of the dew –
I'll deck Tradition's buttonhole
And send the Rose to you.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, identical in text, written late in 1858. That reproduced above (Bingham 3d) is in packet 8o. The copy to Bowles (Bingham) is signed "E." and endorsed "Mr Bowles." In line 1 "she" is underlined, and line 7 is without punctuation.

PUBLICATION: *Letters* (ed. 1894), 210; (ed. 1931), 199–200; also *LL* (1924), 237, among the messages to Bowles.

45

There's something quieter than sleep
Within this inner room!
It wears a sprig upon it's breast –
And will not tell it's name.

Some touch it, and some kiss it –
Some chafe it's idle hand –
It has a simple gravity
I do not understand!

I would not weep if I were they –
How rude in one to sob!
Might scare the quiet fairy
Back to her native wood!

While simple-hearted neighbors
Chat of the "Early dead" –

[no stanza break]

We—prone to periphrasis,
Remark that Birds have fled!

MANUSCRIPT: Late 1858, in packet 8o (Bingham 4b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 176, titled "Dead," with stanza 3 omitted.
The poem is republished in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 27, with
the missing stanza restored.

46

I keep my pledge.
I was not called—
Death did not notice me.
I bring my Rose.
I plight again,
By every sainted Bee—
By Daisy called from hillside—
By Bobolink from lane.
Blossom and I—
Her oath, and mine—
Will surely come again.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 8o (Bingham 4c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 329. The italics are not retained.

47

Heart! We will forget him!
You and I—tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave—
I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me
That I may straight begin!
Haste! lest while you're lagging
I remember him!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 8o (Bingham 4d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 87. Two lines are altered:

6] That I my thoughts may dim 8] I may remember him

48

Once more, my now bewildered Dove
Bestirs her puzzled wings
Once more her mistress, on the deep
Her troubled question flings —

Thrice to the floating casement
The Patriarch's bird returned,
Courage! My brave Columba!
There may yet be *Land*!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 8o (Bingham 4e).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 234. The italics are not retained.

49

I never lost as much but twice,
And that was in the sod.
Twice have I stood a beggar
Before the door of God!

Angels — twice descending
Reimbursed my store —
Burglar! Banker — Father!
I am poor once more!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 1 (H 3b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 152.

50

I hav'nt told my garden yet —
Lest that should conquer me.
I hav'nt quite the strength now
To break it to the Bee —

I will not name it in the street
For shops w'd stare at me –
That one so shy – so ignorant
Should have the face to die.

The hillsides must not know it –
Where I have rambled so –
Nor tell the loving forests
The day that I shall go –

Nor lisp it at the table –
Nor heedless by the way
Hint that within the Riddle
One will walk today –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 1 (H 3c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 189. The contraction "hav'nt" (lines and 3) is spelled out. Lines 6 and 7 are altered to read:

For shops would stare, that I,
So shy, so very ignorant,

51

I often passed the village
When going home from school –
And wondered what they did there –
And why it was so still –

I did not know the year then –
In which my call would come –
Earlier, by the Dial,
Than the rest have gone.

It's stiller than the sundown.
It's cooler than the dawn –
The Daisies dare to come here –
And birds can flutter down –

So when you are tired –
Or perplexed – or cold –
Trust the loving promise
Underneath the mould,
Cry "it's I", "take Dollie"
And I will enfold!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 1 (H 3d). "Dollie" was a pet name for Sue, to whom a copy, now lost, presumably was sent.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 326. The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd.

52

Whether my bark went down at sea –
Whether she met with gales –
Whether to isles enchanted
She bent her docile sails –

By what mystic mooring
She is held today –
This is the errand of the eye
Out upon the Bay.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 1 (H 4b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 38.

53

Taken from men – this morning –
Carried by men today –
Met by the Gods with banners –
Who marshalled her away –

One little maid – from playmates –
One little mind from school –
There must be guests in Eden –
All the rooms are full –

Far—as the East from Even—
Dim—as the border star—
Courtiers quaint, in Kingdoms
Our departed are.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 1 (H 4c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 220, titled "Requiem."

54

If I should die,
And you should live—
And time sh'd gurgle on—
And morn sh'd beam—
And noon should burn—
As it has usual done—
If Birds should build as early
And Bees as bustling go—
One might depart at option
From enterprise below!
Tis sweet to know that stocks will stand
When we with Daisies lie—
That Commerce will continue—
And Trades as briskly fly—
It makes the parting tranquil
And keeps the soul serene—
That gentlemen so sprightly
Conduct the pleasing scene!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 1 (H 4e).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 212.

55

By Chivalries as tiny,
A Blossom, or a Book,
The seeds of smiles are planted—
Which blossom in the dark.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858, in packet 1 (H 4f).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 326. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

56

If I should cease to bring a Rose
Upon a festal day,
Twill be because *beyond* the Rose
I have been called away –

If I should cease to take the names
My buds commemorate –
Twill be because *Death's* finger
Claps my murmuring lip!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858 (Bingham 105–4).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 333. It concludes the volume.

57

To venerate the simple days
Which lead the seasons by,
Needs but to remember
That from you or I,
They may take the trifle
Termed *mortality*!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1858 (Bingham 105–10). The lines are written on the bottom part of a torn leaf of stationery. The quality of the stationery and the handwriting suggest that the leaf might once have been part of a packet.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 19. One word is altered:

4. I] me

The published text has a second stanza:

To invest existence with a stately air,
Needs but to remember
That the acorn there

[no stanza break]

Is the egg of forests
For the upper air!

It is possible that the leaf was torn after the text was transcribed for publication, and that the missing stanza was on the top part of the verso of the leaf. The italics are not retained.

58

Delayed till she had ceased to know –
Delayed till in it's vest of snow
Her loving bosom lay –
An hour behind the fleeting breath –
Later by just an hour than Death –
Oh lagging Yesterday!

Could she have guessed that it w[oul]d be
Could but a crier of the joy
Have climbed the distant hill –
Had not the bliss so slow a pace
Who knows but this surrendered face
Were undefeated still?

Oh if there may departing be
Any forgot by Victory
In her imperial round –
Show them this meek apparreled thing
That could not stop to be a king –
Doubtful if it be crowned!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. The copy reproduced above is in packet 1 (H 1a). A second fair copy (H 245) is addressed "Sue." One word is variant:

13. departing] remaining

In form the copies are identical except that in the copy to Sue two words are italicized:

7. guessed 18. Doubtful

and "would" (line 7) is spelled out; a period concludes line 3, an exclamation

tion point line 9, a comma follows "Any" (line 14), and line 17 is without punctuation.

PUBLICATION: This was one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393, and there titled "Too Late." Two words are altered, the first to effect rime; the second is evidently a misprint:

8. joy] glee 15. round] sound

It was first collected in *Poems* (1890), 110-111, titled "Too Late." As in Higginson's article, the text derives from the packet copy. The misprint is corrected, but the alteration in line 8 remains.

59

A little East of Jordan,
Evangelists record,
A Gymnast and an Angel
Did wrestle long and hard –

Till morning touching mountain –
And Jacob, waxing strong,
The Angel begged permission
To Breakfast – to return –

Not so, said cunning Jacob!
"I will not let thee go
Except thou bless me" – Stranger!
The which acceded to –

Light swung the silver fleeces
"Peniel" Hills beyond,
And the bewildered Gymnast
Found he had worsted God!

11. Stranger] Signor

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 5a). The story of Jacob wrestling with the angel is told in Genesis 32. Verse 30 explains:

And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

In one of the very latest letters that ED wrote to Higginson, presumably in early spring 1886, shortly before her death, she comments on her increasing illness, concluding with a note of affectionate remembrance for Higginson and his family thus:

Audacity of Bliss, said Jacob to the Angel "I will not let thee go except I bless thee" – Pugilist and Poet, Jacob was correct –

The suggested change for line 11 is entered in pencil, in handwriting of a much later date.

PUBLICATION: SH (1914), 110. There are significant textual differences:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. East of] over | 10] And girt his loins anew |
| 2. Evangelists] As Genesis | 11] "Until thou bless me, stranger!" |
| 3] An Angel and a Wrestler | 14. beyond] among |
| 8. to return] and return | 15. bewildered Gymnast] astonished |
| 9. said cunning] quoth wily | Wrestler |

The nature of the variants suggests that the *Single Hound* version derived from a copy, now lost, probably sent to Sue. The packet copy, published in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 148, derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

60

Like her the Saints retire,
In their Chapeaux of fire,
Martial as she!

Like her the Evenings steal
Purple and Cochineal
After the Day!

"Departed" – both – they say!
i.e. gathered away,
Not found,

Argues the Aster still –
Reasons the Daffodil
Profound!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. The copy reproduced above is in packet 2 (H 7a). The copy below (H 284), in pencil, is addressed "Sue" and signed "Emily –":

Like *her* the Saints retire –
In a Chapeau of fire –
Martial, as she,
Like her, the evenings steal
Purple and Cochineal
Unto the Day.
"Departed both", they say –
i e gathered away!
Not found!
Argues the Aster still –
Reasons the Daffodil
Profound!

Three words are variant:

2. their Chapeaux] a Chapeau 6. After] Unto

PUBLICATION: *FF* (1932), 187. It reproduces the packet copy.

61

Papa above!
Regard a Mouse
O'erpowered by the Cat!
Reserve within thy kingdom
A "Mansion" for the Rat!

Snug in seraphic Cupboards
To nibble all the day,
While unsuspecting Cycles
Wheel solemnly away!

MANUSCRIPTS: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 7b). The photostat of a second (penciled) copy addressed "Sue" and signed "Emilie.," written at

the same time, is at Harvard. The holograph has not been located. It is identical in form and differs in the text in one word only:

9. solemnly] pompously

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 100. The text follows that of the copy to Sue.

62

"Sown in dishonor!"
Ah! Indeed!
May *this* "dishonor" be?
If I were half so fine myself
I'd notice nobody!

"Sown in corruption!"
Not so fast!
Apostle is askew!
Corinthians 1. 15. narrates
A Circumstance or two!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, both written about 1859. The copy reproduced above is in packet 2 (H 7d). The copy below (H 321), in pencil, is addressed "Sue -."

"Sown in dishonor"?
Ah! indeed!
May *this* dishonor be?
If I were *half* so fine, myself,
I'd notice nobody!

"Sown in corruption"?
By no means!
Apostle is askew!
Corinthians 1. 15. narrates
A circumstance, or two!

Line 7 is variant. The reference is to 1 Corinthians 15. 42-43:

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power.

The chapter commonly is interpreted as a demonstration that by Christ's resurrection he proved the necessity of man's resurrection.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 105. The text derives from the copy to Sue. The italics are not reproduced.

63

If pain for peace prepares
Lo, what "Augustan" years
Our feet await!

If springs from winter rise,
Can the Anemones
Be reckoned up?

If night stands first – *then* noon
To gird us for the sun,
What gaze!

When from a thousand skies
On our *developed* eyes
Noons blaze!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. The copy reproduced above (H 7f) is in packet 2. The other copy (H B 136) is in pencil addressed "Sue –"; it is headed "Dear Sue," and signed "Emily –":

If pain for peace prepares –
Lo, the "Augustan" Years
Our feet await!

If springs, from winter rise –
Can the Anemone's
Be reckoned up?

If Night stands 1st – *then* noon –
To gird us for the sun –
What gaze –

When from a thousand skies
On our *developed* eyes
Noons blaze!

A variant is introduced in line 2:

what] the

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 87. The text, without italics, follows the copy to Sue.

64

Some Rainbow – coming from the Fair!
Some Vision of the World Cashmere –
I confidently see!
Or else a Peacock's purple Train
Feather by feather – on the plain
Fritters itself away!

The dreamy Butterflies bestir!
Lethargic pools resume the whirr
Of last year's sundered tune!
From some old Fortress on the sun
Baronial Bees – march – one by one –
In murmuring platoon!

The Robins stand as thick today
As flakes of snow stood yesterday –
On fence – and Roof – and Twig!
The Orchis binds her feather on
For her old lover – Don the Sun!
Revisiting the Bog!

Without Commander! Countless! Still!
The Regiments of Wood and Hill
In bright detachment stand!
Behold! Whose Multitudes are these?
The children of whose turbaned seas –
Or what Circassian Land?

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, both written about 1859. That reproduced above is in packet 2 (H 8a); that below (H 319) is addressed "Sue" and signed "Emily."

Some Rainbow – coming from the Fair!
 Some Vision of the World Cashmere
 I confidently see!
 Or else a *Peacock's* purple train
 Feather by feather – on the plain –
 Fritters itself away!

The dreamy Butterflies bestir!
 Lethargic pools resume the whirr
 Of last year's sundered tune –
 From some old Fortress on the sun
 Baronial Bees march – one by one –
 In murmuring platoon!

The Robins stand as thick today
 As flakes of snow did, yesterday –
 On fence, and roof – and twig –
 The Orchis binds her feather on
 For her old lover – Don the Sun –
 Revisiting the Bog.

Without Commander – countless – still –
 The Regiments of Wood and Hill
 In bright detachments stand!
 Behold! Whose Multitudes are these?
 The Children of whose Turbaned seas –
 Or what Circassian Land!

Two words are variant:

14. stood] did 21. detachment] detachments

Below her signature she wrote:

Dear Sue –

I havnt “paid you an attention” for some time.
 Girl.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 76–77, titled “Summer’s ~~Armies~~.” The text derives from the packet copy. One word is altered:

20. Regiments] regiment

65

I cant tell you – but you feel it –
 Nor can you tell me –

[no stanza break]

[50]

Saints, with ravished slate and pencil
Solve our April Day!

Sweeter than a vanished frolic
From a vanished green!
Swifter than the hoofs of Horsemen
Round a Ledge of dream!

Modest, let us walk among it
With our faces veiled –
As they say polite Archangels
Do in meeting God!

Not for me – to prate about it!
Not for you – to say
To some fashionable Lady
“Charming April Day”!

Rather – Heaven’s “Peter Parley”!
By which Children slow
To sublimer Recitation
Are prepared to go!

MANUSCRIPTS: There two fair copies, both written about 1859. That reproduced above is in packet 2 (H 8c). The other (H 269), identical in text, was sent to Sue and is signed “Emily –”:

I cant tell you, but you feel it –
Nor can you tell me –
Saints, with ravished slate and pencil
Solve our April Day!

Sweeter than a vanished Frolic
From a vanished Green!
Swifter than the Hoofs of Hors[e]men –
Round a Ledge of Dream!

Modest – let us walk among it –
With our “faces veiled” –
As they say, polite ‘Archangels’
Do in meeting God!

Not for *me* to prate about it!
Not for *you* to say
To some fashionable Lady,
"Charming April Day"!

Rather, Heaven's 'Peter Parley',
By which children – slow –
To *sublimar* Recitation
Are prepared to go!

"Peter Parley" was the pseudonym under which the Boston publisher Samuel Griswold Goodrich (1793–1860) issued some one hundred moralistic tales for juvenile instruction.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 41. The text follows the copy to Sue to the extent of reproducing the italics in stanza 4. One word is altered:

3. ravished] vanished

66

So from the mould
Scarlet and Gold
Many a Bulb will rise –
Hidden away, cunningly,
From sagacious eyes.

So from Cocoon
Many a Worm
Leap so Highland gay,
Peasants like me,
Peasants like Thee
Gaze perplexedly!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, identical in text, both written about 1859. The copy in packet 83 (Bingham 16a) is reproduced above. The other copy (H 313), in pencil, is addressed "Sue –" and signed "Emilie." It has a comma at the end of line 1, and a period at the end of line 11, but is otherwise identical in form.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 57. It is without stanza division and the italics are not reproduced.

Success is counted sweetest
 By those who ne'er succeed.
 To comprehend a nectar
 Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple Host
 Who took the Flag today
 Can tell the definition
 So clear of Victory

As he defeated — dying —
 On whose forbidden ear
 The distant strains of triumph
 Burst agonized and clear!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are three autograph copies. That in packet 83 (Bingham 16c), reproduced above, was written in 1859. The penciled copy to Sue (H B 189), written at the same time, is identical in text with the packet copy. In form it is without stanza division, lines 7 and 8 are one, "flag" (line 6) is not capitalized, and a period concludes the last line. The copy to T. W. Higginson (BPL Higg 11) was one of four poems enclosed in a letter (BPL Higg 54) written in July 1862. Its text is identical with that of the other two copies, but the form varies somewhat:

Success — is counted sweetest
 By those who ne'er succeed —
 To Comprehend a Nectar —
 Requires sorest need —
 Not one of all the Purple Host
 Who took the Flag — today —
 Can tell the Definition — so clear — of Victory —
 As He — defeated — dying —
 On whose forbidden ear —
 The distant strains of Triumph
 Burst — agonized — and Clear!

PUBLICATION: The story of how ED allowed Helen Hunt Jackson to include this poem in *A Masque of Poets* (1878) is set forth in detail in the introduction, pages xxx-xxxiii. The volume was issued by Roberts Brothers,

and the editor, Thomas Niles, acknowledged to ED that he had made some editorial alterations. He had in fact made six.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2. who] that | 7. clear] plain |
| 3. a nectar] the nectar | 12] Break, agonizing clear |
| 4. sorest] the sorest | |

When the poem was collected in *Poems* (1890), 13, it was printed as three quatrains and all the alterations made by Niles were corrected except one:

12. Burst] Break

Since the text in *Poems* presumably derives either from the packet copy or the copy to Higginson, and since all three extant copies are identical in text, one infers that "Break" is an editorial substitution.

68

Ambition cannot find him.
Affection doesn't know
How many leagues of nowhere
Lie between them now.

Yesterday, undistinguished!
Eminent Today
For our mutual honor,
Immortality!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. The copy reproduced above is in packet 83 (Bingham 16f). The copy below, in pencil (H 233), was sent to Sue. It is identical in text with the packet copy:

Ambition cannot find him!
Affection doesn't know
How many leagues of Nowhere
Lie between them now!
Yesterday, undistinguished!
Eminent *Today*
For our *mutual* honor,
Immortality!

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 113. The text derives from the copy to Sue, but does not reproduce the italics.

Low at my problem bending,
 Another problem comes –
 Larger than mine – Serener –
 Involving statelier sums.

I check my busy pencil,
 My figures file away.
 Wherefore, my baffled fingers
 Thy perplexity?

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, both written about 1859. That reproduced above (Bingham 17c) is in packet 83. The variant to Sue (H 286) is in pencil:

Low at my problem bending,
Another problem comes –
 Larger than mine – Serener –
 Involving statelier sums –
 I check my busy pencil,
 My ciphers steal away,
 Wherefore my baffled fingers
 Thine extremity?

In line 8 ED began to write “Thy pe,” altered “Thy” to “Thine” and crossed out “pe.” The variants are in lines 6 and 8.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 86. It reproduces the copy to Sue, but without italics. The final three lines are altered to read:

My ciphers slip away,
 Wherefore, my baffled fingers,
 Time Eternity?

‘Arcturus’ is his other name –
 I’d rather call him “Star.”
 It’s very mean of Science
 To go and interfere!

I slew a worm the other day –
 A “Savan” passing by [no stanza break]

Murmured "Resurgam" – "Centipede"!
"Oh Lord – how frail are we"!

I pull a flower from the woods –
A monster with a glass
Computes the stamens in a breath –
And has her in a "class"!

Whereas I took the Butterfly
Aforetime in my hat –
He sits erect in "Cabinets" –
The Clover bells forgot.

What once was "Heaven"
Is "*Zenith*" now –
Where I proposed to go
When Time's brief masquerade was done
Is mapped and charted too.

What if the poles sh'd frisk about
And stand upon their heads!
I hope I'm ready for "the worst" –
Whatever prank betides!

Perhaps the "Kingdom of Heaven's" changed –
I hope the "Children" there
Wont be "new fashioned" when I come –
And laugh at me – and stare –

I hope the Father in the skies
Will lift his little girl –
Old fashioned – naughty – everything –
Over the stile of "Pearl".

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. The copy reproduced above (H 236) was sent to Sue and is signed "Emily –". The other copy in packet 83 (Bingham 18a) is identical in text and line spacing. There are a few differences in form. Exclamation points conclude lines 2, 16, 21, 29, 32. Other changes are:

18. "*Zenith*"] "*Zenith*"
22. sh'd] should

32] "Old fashioned!" naughty! every-
thing!
33. "Pearl"] "pearl"

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 136-137, titled "Old-Fashioned," The second stanza is omitted. Line 3 is altered to read:

It's so unkind of science

The missing stanza is printed in *AB* (1945), 39; and the entire poem printed in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 11-12, with line 3 corrected.

71

A throe upon the features—
A hurry in the breath—
An extasy of parting
Denominated "Death"—

An anguish at the mention
Which when to patience grown,
I've known permission given
To rejoin it's own.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, both written about 1859. That reproduced above (Bingham 19b) is in packet 83. The copy below (H 239), in pencil, is identical in text; it was sent to Sue.

A throe upon the features—
A hurry in the breath—
An extacy of parting
Denominated *Death*.
An anguish at the mention
Which when to patience grown,
I've known permission given
To rejoin it's own.

It is without address or signature.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 226. The text derives from the packet copy.

72

Glowing is her Bonnet,
Glowing is her Cheek,
Glowing is her Kirtle,
Yet she cannot speak.

Better as the Daisy
From the Summer hill
Vanish unrecorded
Save by tearful rill –

Save by loving sunrise
Looking for her face.
Save by feet unnumbered
Pausing at the place.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. The copy reproduced above is in packet 83 (Bingham 19c). A copy to Sue (H 258), signed "Sister –," is identical in text but shows minor differences in form:

Glowing is her Bonnet,
Glowing is her Cheek,
Glowing is her Kirtle,
Yet she cannot speak!

Better as the Daisy
From the "Summer hill"
Vanish unrecorded
Save by tearful Rill –

Save by loving Sunrise
Looking for her face!
Save by feet unnumbered
Pausing at the place!

PUBLICATION: SH (1914), 66.

73

Who never lost, are unprepared
A Coronet to find!
Who never thirsted
Flagons, and Cooling Tamarind!

Who never climbed the weary league –
Can such a foot explore
The purple territories
On Pizarro's shore?

How many Legions overcome –
The Emperor will say?
How many *Colors* taken
On Revolution Day?

How many *Bullets* bearest?
Hast Thou the Royal scar?
Angels! Write "Promoted"
On this Soldier's brow!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. The copy reproduced above (H 9a) is in packet 3. The other (H 377), signed "Emily –," was probably sent to Sue. Its text is slightly variant in lines 1 and 15:

Who never lost, is unprepared
A Coronet – to find.
Who never thirsted,
Flagons, and cooling Tamarind.
Who never climbed the weary league –
Can *such* a foot explore
The purple Territories
On Pizarro's shore?
How many legions overcome –
The Emperor will say?
How many Colors taken
On Revolution Day?
How many *Bullets* bearest?
Hast thou the Royal Scar!
Angels! Mark "promoted"
On this soldier's brow!

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 29, titled "Triumphant." The text derives from the packet copy. The italics are not retained. The first word of line 4 concludes line 3. The word order of line 14 is altered to effect a rhyme:

The royal scar hast thou?

A Lady red – amid the Hill
Her annual secret keeps!

[no stanza break]

A Lady white, within the Field
In placid Lily sleeps!

The tidy Breezes, with their Brooms –
Sweep vale – and hill – and tree!
Prithee, My pretty Housewives!
Who may expected be?

The Neighbors do not yet suspect!
The Woods exchange a smile!
Orchard, and Buttercup, and Bird –
In such a little while!

And yet, how still the Landscape stands!
How nonchalant the Hedge!
As if the "Resurrection"
Were nothing very strange!

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above (H 9b), in packet 3, was written about 1859. The copy addressed "Sue" and signed "Emily –" (H 227), written at the same time, has a variant fourth line:

A Lady red, amid the Hill
Her annual secret keeps.
A Lady white, within the field
In chintz and lily sleeps.

The tidy Breezes, with their Brooms
Sweep vale, and hill, and tree,
Prithee, my pretty Housewives!
Who may expected be?

The neighbors do not yet suspect!
The Woods exchange a smile!
Orchard, and Buttercup, and Bird
In such a little while!

And yet how *still* the Landscape stands!
How nonchalant the Hedge!
As if the *Resurrection*
Were nothing very strange!

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 105, titled "The Waking Year." It derives from the packet copy. Three words are altered:

1. amid] upon 16. strange] odd
14. hedge] wood

75

She died at play,
Gambolled away
Her lease of spotted hours,
Then sank as gaily as a Turk
Upon a Couch of flowers.

Her ghost strolled softly o'er the hill
Yesterday, and Today,
Her vestments as the silver fleece –
Her countenance as spray.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. That reproduced above (H 10b) is in packet 3. The other (H 310), in pencil, was sent to Sue, and is signed "Emily." They are identical in text and form except that in the copy to Sue "Today" (line 7) is not capitalized.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 38. The text is without stanza division. In *CP* (1924) the first five lines are at the bottom of page 269, the last four at the top of 270. In later collections the stanza division therefore is restored.

76

Exultation is the going
Of an inland soul to sea,
Past the houses – past the headlands –
Into deep Eternity –

Bred as we, among the mountains,
Can the sailor understand
The divine intoxication
Of the first league out from land?

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two copies, identical in text, both written about 1859. That reproduced above (H 254) is in pencil and was probably

sent to Sue. The copy below (H 10d) is in packet 3. The right margin of the manuscript has been trimmed:

Exultation is the going
Of an inland soul to sea –
Past the Houses,
Past the Headlands,
Into deep Eternity –

Bred as we, among the mounta[ins]
Can the sailor understand
The divine intoxication
Of the first league out from Lan[d]

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 116, titled "Setting Sail." The text derives from the packet copy and is arranged as two quatrains.

77

I never hear the word "escape"
Without a quicker blood,
A sudden expectation,
A flying attitude!

I never hear of prisons broad
By soldiers battered down,
But I tug childish at my bars
Only to fail again!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, identical in text, both written about 1859. That reproduced above is in packet 3 (H 10e). The other copy (H 272), in pencil, is addressed "Sue –":

I never hear the word "Escape"
Without a quicker blood!
A sudden expectation!
A flying attitude!

I never hear of prisons broad
By soldiers battered down –
But I tug, childish, at my bars
Only to fail again!

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 31, titled "Escape." The text derives from the packet copy.

A poor – torn heart – a tattered heart –
 That sat it down to rest –
 Nor noticed that the Ebbing Day
 Flowed silver to the West –
 Nor noticed Night did soft descend –
 Nor Constellation burn –
 Intent upon the vision
 Of latitudes unknown.

The angels – happening that way
 This dusty heart espied –
 Tenderly took it up from toil
 And carried it to God –
 There – sandals for the Barefoot –
 There – gathered from the gales –
 Do the blue havens by the hand
 Lead the wandering Sails.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. The copy reproduced above (H 11d) is in packet 3. The second copy, in pencil, was probably sent to Sue (H B 175):

A poor – torn Heart – a tattered heart,
 That sat it down to rest –
 Nor noticed that the ebbing Day
 Flowed silver to the West;
 Nor noticed night did soft descend,
 Nor Constellation burn –
 Intent upon a vision
 Of Latitudes unknow –

The Angels, happening that way
 This dusty heart espied –
 Tenderly took it up from toil,
 And carried it to God –
 There – Sandals for the Barefoot –
 There – gathered from the gales
 Do the blue Havens by the hand
 Lead the wandering sails.

Onto this copy ED stitched two pictures clipped from her father's copy of *The Old Curiosity Shop*. It is variant in line 7:

the] a

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 45; the text is derived from the packet copy.

79

Going to Heaven!
I dont know when –
Pray do not ask me how!
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the Shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you sh'd get there first
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost –
The smallest "Robe" will fit me
And just a bit of "Crown" –
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home –

I'm glad I dont believe it
For it w'd stop my breath –
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious Earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty Autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two copies, both written about 1859. The copy in packet 3 (H 12c) is reproduced above; the copy to Sue, signed "Emilie—" (H 259), is in pencil. It is identical in text. In form contractions are spelled out; exclamation points are used at the end of lines 2, 15, 27; commas for lines 3, 17, 21; a dash after line 20; and "Robe" (line 16) is not capitalized.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 182-183.

80

Our lives are Swiss—
So still—so Cool—
Till some odd afternoon
The Alps neglect their Curtains
And we look farther on!

Italy stands the other side!
While like a guard between—
The solemn Alps—
The siren Alps
Forever intervene!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, identical in text, both written about 1859. That reproduced above is in packet 3 (H 12d). The copy below (H 305), in pencil, presumably was sent to Sue.

Our lives are Swiss,
So still—so cool—
Till some odd afternoon
The Alps neglect their curtains
And we look further on.
Italy stands the other side—
While like a guard between—
The solemn Alps—
The siren Alps
Forever intervene

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 55, titled "Alpine Glow." The text follows the packet copy in stanza division and in the spelling "farther" (line 5). The italics are not reproduced.

We should not mind so small a flower –
 Except it quiet bring
 Our little garden that we lost
 Back to the Lawn again.

So spicy her Carnations nod –
 So drunken, reel her Bees –
 So silver steal a hundred flutes
 From out a hundred trees –

That whoso sees this little flower
 By faith may clear behold
 The Bobolinks around the throne
 And Dandelions gold.

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above (H 31b) is in packet 7, written about 1859. Another copy (H 372), written at the same time in pencil, is addressed "Sue –" and signed "Emilie –." It is identical in text with the packet copy; in form, lines 6 and 7 read:

So drunken reel her Bees –
 So silver, steal a hundred Flutes

and there is a comma after "faith" (line 10).

PUBLICATION: SH (1914), 92. The text is arranged without stanza division. One word is altered:

5. nod] red

Whose cheek is this?
 What rosy face
 Has lost a blush today?
 I found her – 'pleiad' – in the woods
 And bore her safe away.

Robins, in the tradition
 Did cover such with leaves, [no stanza break]

But which the cheek –
And which the pall
My scrutiny deceives.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859 (H B 186). It is a penciled note, addressed "Sue." At the head ED has mounted a tiny picture of a bird, clipped from a copy of the *New England Primer*. The thread with which she attached a flower still remains.

PUBLICATION: *FF* (1932), 185–186. The text is arranged as two quatrains.

83

Heart, not so heavy as mine
Wending late home –
As it passed my window
Whistled itself a tune –
A careless snatch – a ballad –
A ditty of the street –
Yet to my irritated Ear
An Anodyne so sweet –
It was as if a Bobolink
Sauntering this way
Carolled, and paused, and carolled –
Then bubbled slow away!
It was as if a chirping brook
Upon a dusty way –
Set bleeding feet to minuets
Without the knowing why!
Tomorrow, night will come again –
Perhaps, weary and sore –
Ah Bugle! By my window
I pray you pass once more.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. That reproduced above (Bingham), sent to an unidentified recipient, is signed "Emily." It is a variant of the copy in packet 7 (H 29a):

Heart not so heavy as mine
Wending late home –
As it passed my window
Whistled itself a tune –

A careless snatch – a ballad –
A Ditty of the street –
Yet to my irritated ear
An anodyne so sweet –

It was as if a Bobolink
Sauntering this way
Carolled, and mused, and carolled –
Then bubbled slow away –

It was as if a chirping brook
Upon a toilsome way
Set bleeding feet to minuets
Without the knowing why –

Tomorrow – night will come again –
Perhaps – tired and sore –
Oh Bugle, by the window
I pray you stroll once more!

The variants in the revised copy are in lines 11, 14, 17–20. A third copy, now lost, was sent to Kate Anthon, whose transcription of it (H B 126) shows its text to have been identical with the revised version, except that it is arranged in quatrains, and in line 14 “a dusty” is rendered “the dusty.” Kate first visited Sue in Amherst in March and again in August 1859. Her version is titled “Whistling under my window.” The nature of the variants in the published text suggests that it may have derived from yet another version.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 71–72. The text follows that of the packet copy with two exceptions:

18. Perhaps – tired] Weary, perhaps, 19] Ah, bugle, by my window

84

Her breast is fit for pearls,
But I was not a “Diver” –
Her brow is fit for thrones
But I have not a crest.

[no stanza break]

Her heart is fit for *home* –
I – a Sparrow – build there
Sweet of twigs and twine
My perennial nest.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. That reproduced above (Bingham), in pencil and signed "Emily," was sent to Samuel Bowles. It is identical in form with the semifinal copy in packet 83 (Bingham 18e), except that it adopts the suggested change "home" (line 5) for the originally written "rest." The spelling of the second word in line 8 is "perennial." One word is variant:

4. have] had

PUBLICATION: The copy to Bowles is in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 215; (ed. 1931), 202–203; also *LL* (1924), 253.

85

"They have not chosen me," he said,
"But I have chosen them!"
Brave – Broken hearted statement –
Uttered in Bethleem!

I could not have told it,
But since *Jesus dared* –
Sovreign! Know a Daisy
Thy dishonor shared!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. That reproduced above (Bingham), in pencil, is addressed "Mrs Bowles –" and signed "Emily." The copy in packet 7 (H 30c) is identical in form except that dashes, not commas, are used in line 1, only "dared" is italicized, and a comma follows "Sovreign" (line 7). Line 5 reads: "I could have not told it," but ED wrote 1 over "not" and 2 over "have." That order she adopted in the copy to Mrs. Bowles.

PUBLICATION: The text of the copy to Mrs. Bowles is in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 217; (ed. 1931), 204; also *LL* (1924), 255. Only "I" is italicized.

South Winds jostle them –
 Bumblebees come –
 Hover – hesitate –
 Drink, and are gone –

Butterflies pause
 On their passage Cashmere –
 I – softly plucking,
 Present them here!

MANUSCRIPTS: This is one of the poems which ED used to accompany a gift of flowers. The copy reproduced above is in packet 83 (Bingham 17b), written about 1859. A second copy (H 320) is in pencil, written at the same time. It is addressed "Mr. Gilbert –" and is headed "Sir –". Sue's brother, Thomas Dwight Gilbert of Michigan, was in Amherst on 25 July 1859. The note evidently was sent with flowers. The text is identical with that of the packet copy. There are two differences in form:

3] Drink – and are gone. 7] I – softly plucking

There is no stanza division. A third copy (Bingham 98–4B–13), written about 1860, is arranged thus:

South Winds jostle them –
 Bumblebees come –
 Hover – hesitate – drink – and are gone –
 Butterflies pause – on their passage Cashmere –
 I – softly plucking –
 Present them here.

The fourth copy (BPL Higg 9) was one of three poems which ED enclosed in the second letter she wrote to T. W. Higginson (BPL Higg 51), postmarked 25 April 1862:

South Winds jostle them –
 Bumblebees come –
 Hover – Hesitate – Drink, and are gone –
 Butterflies pause – on their passage Cashmere –
 I, softly plucking,
 Present them – Here –

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 160, titled "With Flowers." The text derives from the packet copy.

87

A darting fear—a pomp—a tear—
A waking on the morn
to find that what one waked for,
inhales the different dawn.

MANUSCRIPT: The lines, written as prose, conclude a letter (Harvard) written to Mrs. Joseph Haven, about March 1859.

PUBLICATION: Printed as prose, the lines are published in *Indiana Quarterly for Bookmen*, I (1945), 117-118.

88

As by the dead we love to sit,
Become so wondrous dear—
As for the lost we grapple
Tho' all the rest are here—

In broken mathematics
We estimate our prize
Vast—in it's fading ratio
To our penurious eyes!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, identical in text. The copy reproduced above, in packet 1 (H 2f), was written during 1859. The letter to Mrs. J. G. Holland in which the lines are incorporated was written on 2 March of the same year (H H 16):

As by the dead we love to sit—
Become so wondrous dear—
As for the lost we grapple
Though all the rest are here—
In broken Mathematics
We estimate our prize
Vast, in it's *fading* ratio
To our penurious eyes.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 193, from the packet copy. The copy to Mrs. Holland is in *LH* (1951), 62.

89

Some things that fly there be –
Birds – Hours – the Bumblebee –
Of these no Elegy.

Some things that stay there be –
Grief – Hills – Eternity –
Nor this behooveth me.

There are that resting, rise.
Can I expound the skies?
How still the Riddle lies!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 1b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 27, titled "The Secret."

90

Within my reach!
I could have touched!
I might have chanced that way!
Soft sauntered thro' the village –
Sauntered as soft away!
So unsuspected Violets
Within the meadows go –
Too late for striving fingers
That passed, an hour ago!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 1c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 19, titled "Almost!" Two words are altered:

7. meadows go] fields lie low

So bashful when I spied her!
 So pretty – so ashamed!
 So hidden in her leaflets
 Lest anybody find –

So breathless till I passed her –
 So helpless when I turned
 And bore her struggling, blushing,
 Her simple haunts beyond!

For whom I robbed the Dingle –
 For whom betrayed the Dell –
 Many, will doubtless ask me,
 But I shall never tell!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 1d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 91.

My friend must be a Bird –
 Because it flies!
 Mortal, my friend must be,
 Because it dies!
 Barbs has it, like a Bee!
 Ah, curious friend!
 Thou puzzlest me!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 1e).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 91, titled "Who?"

Went up a year this evening!
 I recollect it well!
 Amid no bells nor bravoos
 The bystanders will tell!

[no stanza break]

Cheerful – as to the village –
 Tranquil – as to repose –
 Chastened – as to the Chapel
 This humble Tourist rose!
 Did not talk of returning!
 Alluded to no time
 When, were the gales propitious –
 We might look for him!
 Was grateful for the Roses
 In life's diverse boquet –
 Talked softly of new species
 To pick another day;
 Beguiling thus the wonder
 The *wondrous* nearer drew –
 Hands bustled at the moorings –
 The crowd respectful grew –
 Ascended from our vision
 To Countenances new!
 A Difference – A Daisy –
 Is all the rest I knew!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 1f).

PUBLICATION: It first appeared in the *Independent*, XLIII (5 February 1891), 1, titled "Emigravit." It was collected in *Poems* (1891), 218–219, titled "Gone." The italics are not retained.

94

Angels, in the early morning
 May be seen the Dews among,
 Stooping – plucking – smiling – flying –
 Do the Buds to them belong?

Angels, when the sun is hottest
 May be seen the sands among,
 Stooping – plucking – sighing – flying –
 Parched the flowers they bear along.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 2a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 90.

95

My nosegays are for Captives –
Dim – long expectant eyes,
Fingers denied the plucking,
Patient till Paradise.

To such, if they sh'd whisper
Of morning and the moor,
They bear no other errand,
And I, no other prayer.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 2b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 17.

96

Sexton! My Master's sleeping here.
Pray lead me to his bed!
I came to build the Bird's nest,
And sow the Early seed –

That when the snow creeps slowly
From off his chamber door –
Daisies point the way there –
And the Troubadour.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 2c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 113.

97

The rainbow never tells me
That gust and storm are by,
Yet is she more convincing
Than Philosophy.

My flowers turn from Forums –
Yet eloquent declare
What Cato could'nt prove me
Except the *birds* were here!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 2d).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 56. Line 7 is altered to read:

What Cato couldn't prove to me

The italics are not reproduced.

98

One dignity delays for all –
One mitred Afternoon –
None can avoid this purple –
None evade this Crown!

Coach, it insures, and footmen –
Chamber, and state, and throng –
Bells, also, in the village
As we ride grand along!

What dignified Attendants!
What service when we pause!
How loyally at parting
Their hundred hats they raise!

How pomp surpassing ermine
When simple You, and I,
Present our meek escutcheon
And claim the rank to die!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 2e).

PUBLICATION: This is one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393. The text is identical with that in *Poems* (1890), 109. Both derive from the packet copy, and the spelling of "escutcheon" is regularized.

New feet within my garden go –
 New fingers stir the sod –
 A Troubadour upon the Elm
 Betrays the solitude.

New children play upon the green –
 New Weary sleep below –
 And still the pensive Spring returns –
 And still the punctual snow!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 1 (H 2g).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 69.

A science – so the Savans say,
 “Comparative Anatomy” –
 By which a single bone –
 Is made a secret to unfold
 Of some rare tenant of the mold,
 Else perished in the stone –

So to the eye prospective led,
 This meekest flower of the mead
 Upon a winter’s day,
 Stands representative in gold
 Of Rose and Lily, manifold,
 And countless Butterfly!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 5c).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 26. The text is arranged without stanza division. One word is altered:

11. manifold] marigold

Will there really be a "Morning"?
 Is there such a thing as "Day"?
 Could I see it from the mountains
 If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
 Has it feathers like a Bird?
 Is it brought from famous countries
 Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
 Oh some Wise Man from the skies!
 Please to tell a little Pilgrim
 Where the place called "Morning" lies!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 5d).

PUBLICATION: It first appeared in *St. Nicholas*, XVIII (May 1891), 491, titled "Morning." It was collected in *Poems* (1891), 113, titled "Out of the Morning."

Great Caesar! Condescend
 The Daisy, to receive,
 Gathered by Cato's Daughter,
 With your majestic leave!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 5e).

PUBLICATION: *FF* (1932), 244. It is said to derive from a copy sent to Austin.

I have a King, who does not speak –
 So – wondering – thro' the hours meek
 I trudge the day away –
 Half glad when it is night, and sleep,
 If, haply, thro' a dream, to peep
 In parlors, shut by day.

And if I do – when morning
It is as if a hundred drums
Did round my pillow roll,
And shouts fill all my Childish sky,
And Bells keep saying 'Victory'
From steeples in my soul!

And if I dont – the little Bird
Within the Orchard, is not heard,
And I omit to pray
'Father, thy will be done' today
For my will goes the other way,
And it were perjury!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 6a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 49.

104

Where I have lost, I softer tread –
I sow sweet flower from garden bed –
I pause above that vanished head
And mourn.

Whom I have lost, I pious guard
From accent harsh, or ruthless word –
Feeling as if their pillow heard,
Though stone!

When I have lost, you'll know by this –
A Bonnet black – A dusk surplice –
A little tremor in my voice
Like this!

Why, I have lost, the people know
Who dressed in frocks of purest snow
Went home a century ago
Next Bliss!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 6b).

PUBLICATION: *FF* (1932), 223–224. One word is altered:

8. Though] Through

105

To hang our head—ostensibly—
And subsequent, to find
That such was not the posture
Of our immortal mind—

Affords the sly presumption
That in so dense a fuzz—
You—too—take Cobweb attitudes
Upon a plane of Gauze!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 6d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 57.

106

The Daisy follows soft the Sun—
And when his golden walk is done—
Sits shily at his feet—
He—waking—finds the flower there—
Wherefore—Marauder—art thou here?
Because, Sir, love is sweet!

We are the Flower—Thou the Sun!
Forgive us, if as days decline—
We nearer steal to Thee!
Enamored of the parting West—
The peace—the flight—the Amethyst—
Night's possibility!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 6e).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 146. One word is altered:

4. there] near

'Twas such a little—little boat
 That toddled down the bay!
 'Twas such a gallant—gallant sea
 That beckoned it away!

'Twas such a greedy, greedy wave
 That licked it from the Coast—
 Nor ever guessed the stately sails
 My little craft was *lost*!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 7c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 37, titled "Unreturning." The italics are not retained.

Surgeons must be very careful
 When they take the knife!
 Underneath their fine incisions
 Stirs the Culpit—*Life*!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 7g).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 38. The italics are not reproduced.

By a flower—By a letter—
 By a nimble love—
 If I weld the Rivet faster—
 Final fast—above—

 Never mind my breathless Anvil!
 Never mind Repose!
 Never mind the sooty faces
 Tugging at the Forge!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 8b).

PUBLICATION: *FF* (1932), 227–228.

Artists wrestled here!
 Lo, a tint Cashmere!
 Lo, a Rose!
 Student of the Year!
 For the easel here
 Say Repose!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 16b).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 49.

The Bee is not afraid of me.
 I know the Butterfly.
 The pretty people in the Woods
 Receive me cordially —

The Brooks laugh louder when I come —
 The Breezes madder play;
 Wherefore mine eye thy silver mists,
 Wherefore, Oh Summer's Day?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 16d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 75. One word is altered:

7. eye] eyes

Where bells no more affright the morn —
 Where scrabble never comes —
 Where very nimble Gentlemen
 Are forced to keep their rooms —

Where tired Children placid sleep
 Thro' Centuries of noon
 This place is Bliss — this town is Heaven —
 Please, Pater, pretty soon!

"Oh could we climb where Moses stood,
And view the Landscape o'er"
Not Father's bells – nor Factories,
Could scare us any more!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 16e). It is not possible to know whether this lighthearted plea for early morning quiet followed a series of disruptions. The poem "Sleep is supposed to be," written in the previous year, similarly objects to early rising. The quotation in the third stanza is a free rendering of the fourth stanza of Isaac Watts's hymn "There is a land of pure delight":

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

"Father's bells" would seem to imply that Edward Dickinson roused the family for breakfast. Factory whistles were unwelcome alarms. As a college town, Amherst had more than a small village's customary share of "very nimble Gentlemen."

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 118. The quotation marks in lines 9 and 10 are not retained.

113

Our share of night to bear –
Our share of morning –
Our blank in bliss to fill
Our blank in scorning –

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way!
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards – Day!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 16g).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 14.

Good night, because we must,
 How intricate the dust!
 I would go, to know!
 Oh incognito!
 Saucy, Saucy Seraph
 To elude me so!
 Father! they wont tell me,
 Wont you tell them to?

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. That reproduced above (Bingham), in pencil, was sent to an unidentified recipient. That in packet 83 (Bingham 17a) differs in form only:

"Good night," because we must!
 How intricate the Dust!
 I would go to know –
 Oh Incognito!

Saucy, saucy Seraph,
 To elude me so!
 Father! they wont tell me!
 Wont you tell them to?

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 210. It follows the packet copy.

What Inn is this
 Where for the night
 Peculiar Traveller comes?
 Who is the Landlord?
 Where the maids?
 Behold, what curious rooms!
 No ruddy fires on the hearth –
 No brimming Tankards flow –
 Necromancer! Landlord!
 Who are these below?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 17d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 221.

116

I had some things that I called mine—
And God, that he called his,
Till, recently a rival Claim
Disturbed these amities.

The property, my garden,
Which having sown with care,
He claims the pretty acre,
And sends a Bailiff there.

The station of the parties
Forbids publicity,
But Justice is sublimer
Than arms, or pedigree.

I'll institute an "Action"—
I'll vindicate the law—
Jove! Choose your counsel—
I retain "Shaw"!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 17e).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 52-53. A note reads thus:

"A man who used to dig for her—a day laborer." M. L. T.

The Amherst Directory for 1879 lists:

"Shaw Henry, laborer h Main, E.A."

117

In rags mysterious as these
The shining Courtiers go—
Vailing the purple, and the plumes—
Vailing the ermine so.

Smiling, as they request an alms –
At some imposing door!
Smiling when we walk barefoot
Upon their golden floor!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 17f).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 279.

118

My friend attacks my friend!
Oh Battle picturesque!
Then I turn Soldier too,
And he turns Satirist!
How martial is this place!
Had I a mighty gun
I think I'd shoot the human race
And then to glory run!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 17g).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 121-122.

119

Talk with prudence to a Beggar
Of "Potosi," and the mines!
Reverently, to the Hungry
Of your viands, and your wines!

Cautious, hint to any Captive
You have passed enfranchized feet!
Anecdotes of air in Dungeons
Have sometimes proved deadly sweet!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 18b). Potosí, Bolivia, was long famous for the silver mines in its neighboring mountains. ED uses the word frequently as a symbol of fabulous riches. She always accents it on the second syllable.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 62.

If this is "fading"
 Oh let me immediately "fade"!
 If this is "dying"
 Bury me, in such a shroud of red!
 If this is "sleep,"
 On such a night
 How proud to shut the eye!
 Good Evening, gentle Fellow men!
Peacock presumes to die!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 18c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 324-325. The italics are not reproduced.

As Watchers hang upon the East,
 As Beggars revel at a feast
 By savory Fancy spread –
 As brooks in deserts babble sweet
 On ear too far for the delight,
 Heaven beguiles the tired.

 As that same watcher, when the East
 Opens the lid of Amethyst
 And lets the morning go –
 That Beggar, when an honored Guest,
 Those thirsty lips to flagons pressed,
 Heaven to us, if true.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. That reproduced above (Bingham), in pencil, signed "Emilie," was sent to an unidentified recipient. The copy in packet 83 (Bingham 18d) is identical in text; in form dashes conclude lines 1, 5, 10, 11. In line 3 "Fancy" is not capitalized, and in lines 4, 5, and 9, "brooks," "deserts," "ear," and "morning" are capitalized. Line 7 is without punctuation.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 216.

A something in a summer's Day
 As slow her flambeaux burn away
 Which solemnizes me.

A something in a summer's noon –
 A depth – an Azure – a perfume –
 Transcending extasy.

And still within a summer's night
 A something so transporting bright
 I clap my hands to see –

Then veil my too inspecting face
 Lest such a subtle – shimmering grace
 Flutter too far for me –

The wizard fingers never rest –
 The purple brook within the breast
 Still chafes it's narrow bed –

Still rears the East her amber Flag –
 Guides still the Sun along the Crag
 His Caravan of Red –

So looking on – the night – the morn
 Conclude the wonder gay –
 And I meet, coming thro' the dews
 Another summer's Day!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 19a).

PUBLICATION: Stanzas 1–6 were published in *Poems* (1890), 82–83, titled “Psalm of the Day.” Here and in subsequent editions they are printed as the first six stanzas of an 11-stanza poem – the remaining five stanzas beginning “Like flowers that heard the tale of dews.” These latter stanzas constitute in fact a separate poem, written about 1862 and included by ED in packet 85. Mrs. Todd discovered the error in 1891, and her letter to T. W. Higginson calling his attention to it is printed in *AB*, 155–156. A footnote on page 156 prints the missing final stanza. Line 5 has been

altered to read: "An azure depth, a wordless tune." The poem is corrected and published complete in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 10.

123

Many cross the Rhine
In this cup of mine.
Sip old Frankfort air
From my brown Cigar.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 19d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 330.

124

In lands I never saw – they say
Immortal Alps look down –
Whose Bonnets touch the firmament –
Whose Sandals touch the town –

Meek at whose everlasting feet
A Myriad Daisy play –
Which, Sir, are you and which am I
Upon an August day?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 19e).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 103. One word is altered:

6. Daisy] daisies

125

For each extatic instant
We must an anguish pay
In keen and quivering ratio
To the extasy.

For each beloved hour
Sharp pittances of years –
Bitter contested farthings –
And Coffers heaped with Tears!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 83 (Bingham 19f).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 32, titled "Compensation."

126

To fight aloud, is very brave –
But *gallanter*, I know
Who charge within the bosom
The Cavalry of Wo –

Who win, and nations do not see –
Who fall – and none observe –
Whose dying eyes, no Country
Regards with patriot love –

We trust, in plumed procession
For such, the Angels go –
Rank after Rank, with even feet –
And Uniforms of Snow.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 3 (H 9c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 30. The italics are not retained.

127

'Houses' – so the Wise Men tell me –
'Mansions'! Mansions must be warm!
Mansions cannot let the tears in,
Mansions must exclude the storm!

'Many Mansions', by 'his Father',
I dont know him; snugly built!
Could the Children find the way there –
Some, would even trudge tonight!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 3 (H 9d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 217. The italic "I" (line 6) is not retained.
The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

128

Bring me the sunset in a cup,
Reckon the morning's flagon's up
And say how many Dew,
Tell me how far the morning leaps—
Tell me what time the weaver sleeps
Who spun the breadths of blue!

Write me how many notes there be
In the new Robin's extasy
Among astonished boughs—
How many trips the Tortoise makes—
How many cups the Bee partakes,
The Debauchee of Dews!

Also, who laid the Rainbow's piers,
Also, who leads the docile spheres
By withes of supple blue?
Whose fingers string the stalactite—
Who counts the wampum of the night
To see that none is due?

Who built this little Alban House
And shut the windows down so close
My spirit cannot see?
Who'll let me out some gala day
With implements to fly away,
Passing Pomposity?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 3 (H 10a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 164–165, titled "Problems."

Cocoon above! Cocoon below!
 Stealthy Cocoon, why hide you so
 What all the world suspect?
 An hour, and gay on every tree
 Your secret, perched in extasy
 Defies imprisonment!

An hour in Chrysalis to pass,
 Then gay above receding grass
 A Butterfly to go!
 A moment to interrogate,
 Then wiser than a "Surrogate",
 The Universe to know!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 3 (H 10c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 57. The text is reproduced in facsimile facing the title page in the limited edition. One misprint, "hid" for "hide" (line 2), was corrected in the second printing (1936).

These are the days when Birds come back –
 A very few – a Bird or two –
 To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies resume
 The old – old sophistries of June –
 A blue and gold mistake.

Oh fraud that cannot cheat the Bee –
 Almost thy plausibility
 Induces my belief.

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear –
 And softly thro' the altered air
 Hurries a timid leaf.

Oh Sacrament of summer days,
Oh Last Communion in the Haze—
Permit a child to join.

Thy sacred emblems to partake—
Thy consecrated bread to take
And thine immortal wine!

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy in packet 3 (H 11a) reproduced above was written about 1859. A second fair copy (Bingham 109-12), in pencil and written at the same time, has been folded as if enclosed in an envelope. It shows two variant readings:

3. backward] final 11. softly] swiftly

In other respects it is identical with the packet copy except for a comma instead of a dash at the end of line 10, and an exclamation point at the end of line 13.

Many years later, probably in 1883, ED made a third copy of the first two stanzas (Bingham 109-13). This copy also appears to have been folded as if enclosed in an envelope:

These are the Days when Birds come back—
A very few—a Bird or two—
To take a parting look—

These are the Days when Skies resume
The old—old sophistries of June—
A Blue and Gold Mistake—

The fourth word in line 3 is again a variant:

backward] parting

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 100-101, titled "Indian Summer." It derives from the packet copy. Three words are altered:

4. resume] put on 18. And] Taste
17. take] break

131

Besides the Autumn poets sing
A few prosaic days

[no stanza break]

[93]

A little this side of the snow
And that side of the Haze –

A few incisive Mornings –
A few Ascetic Eves –
Gone – Mr Bryant's "Golden Rod" –
And Mr Thomson's "sheaves."

Still, is the bustle in the Brook –
Sealed are the spicy valves –
Mesmeric fingers softly touch
The Eyes of many Elves –

Perhaps a squirrel may remain –
My sentiments to share –
Grant me, Oh Lord, a sunny mind –
Thy windy will to bear!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. That reproduced above (H 11b) is in packet 3. The other (Bingham), in pencil and signed "Emilie –," was sent to an unidentified recipient. It is identical in text with the packet copy. In form it is arranged as two stanzas of 12 and 4 lines. Other differences are these:

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 7. Rod" –] Rod" | 10. Sealed] Sealed, |
| 8. "sheaves"] "Sheaves" | 15. me,] me |
| 9. Brook] brook | 15. Lord,] Lord |

PUBLICATION: Stanzas 1 and 3 are in Frederick H. Hitchcock, *The Handbook of Amherst, Massachusetts*, Amherst, 1891, p. 21, where "in the Brook" (line 9) reads "of the brook." The entire poem, derived from the packet copy, is in *Poems* (1891), 173, titled "November."

I bring an unaccustomed wine
To lips long parching
Next to mine,
And summon them to drink;

Crackling with fever, they Essay,
I turn my brimming eyes away,
And come next hour to look.

The hands still hug the tardy glass –
The lips I w'd have cooled, alas –
Are so superfluous Cold –

I w'd as soon attempt to warm
The bosoms where the frost has lain
Ages beneath the mould –

Some other thirsty there may be
To whom this w'd have pointed me
Had it remained to speak –

And so I always bear the cup
If, haply, mine may be the drop
Some pilgrim thirst to slake –

If, haply, any say to me
"Unto the little, unto me,"
When I at last awake.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1759, in packet 3 (H 12a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 22–23. The first stanza is regularized into three lines.

133

As Children bid the Guest "Good Night"
And then reluctant turn –
My flowers raise their pretty lips –
Then put their nightgowns on.

As children caper when they wake
Merry that it is Morn –
My flowers from a hundred cribs
Will peep, and prance again.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 3 (H 12b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 89.

134

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower,
But I could never sell –
If you would like to *borrow*,
Until the Daffodil

Unties her yellow Bonnet
Beneath the village door,
Until the Bees, from Clover rows
Their Hock, and Sherry, draw,

Why, I will lend until just then,
But not an hour more!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 28a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 72. The italics are not reproduced.

135

Water, is taught by thirst.
Land – by the Oceans passed.
Transport – by throe –
Peace – by it's battles told –
Love, by Memorial Mold –
Birds, by the Snow.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 28b). By "Mold" (line 5) ED means a pictorial representation. In the first months of their correspondence, Higginson had evidently asked her for a photograph. She replied in her letter of July 1862 that she had none:

It often alarms Father – He says Death might occur, and he has
Molds of all the rest – but has no Mold of me. . .

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 190.

Have you got a Brook in your little heart,
 Where bashful flowers blow,
 And blushing birds go down to drink,
 And shadows tremble so –

And nobody knows, so still it flows,
 That any brook is there,
 And yet your little draught of life
 Is daily drunken there –

Why, look out for the little brook in March,
 When the rivers overflow,
 And the snows come hurrying from the hills,
 And the bridges often go –

And *later*, in *August* it may be –
 When the meadows parching lie,
 Beware, lest this little brook of life,
 Some burning noon go dry!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 28c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 52. The italics are not reproduced. One word is altered:

9. Why] Then

Flowers – Well – if anybody
 Can the extasy define –
 Half a transport – half a trouble –
 With which flowers humble men:
 Anybody find the fountain
 From which floods so contra flow –
 I will give him all the Daisies
 Which upon the hillside blow.

Too much pathos in their faces
For a simple breast like mine –
Butterflies from St Domingo
Cruising round the purple line –
Have a system of aesthetics –
Far superior to mine.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 28d).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 47. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

138

Pigmy seraphs – gone astray –
Velvet people from Vevay –
Belles from some lost summer day –
Bees exclusive Coterie –

Paris could not lay the fold
Belted down with Emerald –
Venice could not show a cheek
Of a tint so lustrous meek –
Never such an Ambuscade
As of briar and leaf displayed
For my little damask maid –

I had rather wear her grace
Than an Earl's distinguished face –
I had rather dwell like her
Than be "Duke of Exeter" –
Royalty enough for me
To subdue the Bumblebee.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1859. The copy reproduced above is that in packet 7 (H 28e). The other copy (Bingham 109–8) is signed "Emily." Its text is identical with that in the packet copy. There are minor differences in form: the second copy is without stanza division; "Earl's " (line 13) and "Bumblebee" (line 17) are underlined; "Duke of Exeter" (line 15) is not in quotes; "enough" (line 16) is con-

tracted to "eno'." Periods end lines 8 and 11; an exclamation point ends line 6.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 124, titled "My Rose." The text, which derives from the packet copy, was printed without stanza division until the Centennial Edition was issued (1930), where a break was introduced between lines 13 and 14, probably because in the preceding printing (*CP* [1924], 82-83) the final four lines were printed at the top of page 83.

139

Soul, Wilt thou toss again?
By just such a hazard
Hundreds have lost indeed –
But tens have won an all –

Angels' breathless ballot
Lingers to record thee –
Imps in eager Caucus
Raffle for my Soul!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 29b).

PUBLICATION: This is one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393. The text is identical with that in *Poems* (1890), 15, and is likewise titled "Rouge et Noir."

140

An altered look about the hills –
A Tyrian light the village fills –
A wider sunrise in the morn –
A deeper twilight on the lawn –
A print of a vermillion foot –
A purple finger on the slope –
A flippant fly upon the pane –
A spider at his trade again –
An added strut in Chanticleer –
A flower expected everywhere –
An axe shrill singing in the woods –

Fern odors on untravelled roads –
All this and more I cannot tell –
A furtive look you know as well –
And Nicodemus' Mystery
Receives it's annual reply!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 29c). Nicodemus asked Jesus how regeneration was possible (John 3.4):

Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 121, titled "April." One word is altered:

3. morn] dawn

141

Some, too fragile for winter winds
The thoughtful grave encloses –
Tenderly tucking them in from frost
Before their feet are cold.

Never the treasures in her nest
The cautious grave exposes,
Building where schoolboy dare not look,
And sportsman is not bold.

This covert have all the children
Early aged, and often cold,
Sparrows, unnoticed by the Father –
Lambs for whom time had not a fold.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 29d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 192.

Whose are the little beds, I asked
 Which in the valleys lie?
 Some shook their heads, and others smiled –
 And no one made reply.

Perhaps they did not hear, I said,
 I will inquire again –
 Whose are the beds – the tiny beds
 So thick upon the plain?

'Tis Daisy, in the shortest –
 A little further on –
 Nearest the door – to wake the 1st –
 Little Leontodon.

'Tis Iris, Sir, and Aster –
 Anemone, and Bell –
 Bartsia, in the blanket red –
 And chubby Daffodil.

Meanwhile, at many cradles
 Her busy foot she plied –
 Humming the quaintest lullaby
 That ever rocked a child.

Hush! Epigea wakens!
 The Crocus stirs her lids –
 Rhodora's cheek is crimson,
 She's dreaming of the woods!

Then turning from them reverent –
 Their bedtime 'tis, she said –
 The Bumble bees will wake them
 When April woods are red.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 30a).

PUBLICATION: The poem first appeared in *St. Nicholas*, XVIII (June 1891), 616, titled "The Sleeping Flowers." Lines 18–20 are there rendered:

She rocked and gently smiled,
Humming the quaintest lullaby
That ever soothed a child.

Three other words are altered:

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 15. Bartsia] Batschia | 24. woods] wood |
| 22. lids] hood | |

When Mrs. Todd and Col. Higginson were preparing the text of *Poems*, Second Series, he had before him Mrs. Todd's transcript of the copy reproduced above. On 16 July 1891, he wrote her (AB, 139):

In "The Sleeping Flowers," "Her busy foot she plied" is subst. for "She rocked & gently smiled." Which is E. D. 's.

She replied two days later that she had purposely altered the lines when she submitted copy to *St. Nicholas* "in order to have the rhyme perfect, in a child's magazine." Those lines, as well as the alterations in lines 22 and 24 were corrected in *Poems* (1891), 122-123, where the poem is also titled "The Sleeping Flowers." One word remained altered, as in all subsequent editions:

15. Batschia

Bartsia belongs to the order of flowers including snapdragons and fox-gloves. In *Poems* (1891), and later editions, another alteration is made:

10. further] farther

143

For every Bird a Nest –
Wherefore in timid quest
Some little Wren goes seeking round –

Wherefore when boughs are free –
Households in every tree –
Pilgrim be found?

Perhaps a home too high –
Ah Aristocracy!
The little Wren desires –

Perhaps of twig so fine –
Of twine e'en superfine,
Her pride aspires –

The Lark is not ashamed
To build upon the ground
Her modest house –

Yet who of all the throng
Dancing around the sun
Does so rejoice?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 30b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 79. Stanza 4 is omitted, and one word is altered:

4. when] where

In later collections lines 8 and 9 are reversed. All six stanzas, with word and line corrections, are in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 32–33, derived from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd.

144

She bore it till the simple veins
Traced azure on her hand –
Till pleading, round her quiet eyes
The purple Crayons stand.

Till Daffodils had come and gone
I cannot tell the sum,
And then she ceased to bear it –
And with the Saints sat down.

No more her patient figure
At twilight soft to meet –
No more her timid bonnet
Upon the village street –

But Crowns instead, and Courtiers –
And in the midst so fair,
Whose but her shy – immortal face
Of whom we're whispering here?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 31a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 130. Two words are altered:

3. eyes] eye 11. her] the

145

This heart that broke so long –
These feet that never flagged –
This faith that watched for star in vain,
Give gently to the dead –

Hound cannot overtake the Hare
That fluttered panting, here –
Nor any schoolboy rob the nest
Tenderness builded there.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 31c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 131.

146

On such a night, or such a night,
Would anybody care
If such a little figure
Slipped quiet from it's chair –

So quiet – Oh how quiet,
That nobody might know
But that the little figure
Rocked softer – to and fro –

On such a dawn, or such a dawn –
Would anybody sigh [no stanza break]

That such a little figure
Too sound asleep did lie

For Chanticleer to wake it –
Or stirring house below –
Or giddy bird in orchard –
Or early task to do?

There was a little figure plump
For every little knoll –
Busy needles, and spools of thread –
And trudging feet from school –

Playmates, and holidays, and nuts –
And visions vast and small –
Strange that the feet so precious charged
Should reach so small a goal!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 7 (H 31d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 208–209, titled “Going.”

147

Bless God, he went as soldiers,
His musket on his breast –
Grant God, he charge the bravest
Of all the martial blest!

Please God, might I behold him
In epauletted white –
I should not fear the foe then –
I should not fear the fight!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859 (Bingham 105–2). It is on a torn quarter-sheet, but with a line drawn beneath it in the manner of verses copied into the packets.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 158.

All overgrown by cunning moss,
 All interspersed with weed,
 The little cage of "Currer Bell"
 In quiet "Haworth" laid.

This Bird – observing others
 When frosts too sharp became
 Retire to other latitudes –
 Quietly did the same –

But differed in returning –
 Since Yorkshire hills are green –
 Yet not in all the nests I meet –
 Can Nightingale be seen –

Or –

Gathered from many wanderings –
 Gethsemane can tell
 Thro' what transporting anguish
 She reached the Asphodel!

Soft fall the sounds of Eden
 Upon her puzzled ear –
 Oh what an afternoon for Heaven,
 When "Bronte" entered there!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 5b). The poem may have been composed on the fourth anniversary of the death of Charlotte Brontë, 31 March 1859. Throughout her life ED was especially sensitive to such occasions. One may conjecture that ED intended a three-stanza poem but remained uncertain whether the version she preferred should consist of the first stanza plus the two stanzas preceding her division or the two following. Read as an either-or choice, the poem has a clear unity which she seems by her "Or" to have intended.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 193–194, titled "Charlotte Brontë's Grave." It is arranged as a five-stanza poem with "Or" omitted. One word is altered:

13. many] any

She went as quiet as the Dew
 From an Accustomed flower.
 Not like the Dew, did she return
 At the Accustomed hour!

She dropt as softly as a star
 From out my summer's Eve—
 Less skillful than Le Verriere
 It's sorer to believe!

2. an Accustomed] a familiar [in pencil]

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 6c). The name of Urbain Jean Joseph Leverrier (1811–1877), director of the Paris Observatory for some twenty years after 1854, became a synonym for skilled scientific observation because of his part in the discovery of the planet Neptune in 1846.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 140. The suggested change is adopted.

She died—*this* was the way she died.
 And when her breath was done
 Took up her simple wardrobe
 And started for the sun.
 Her little figure at the gate
 The Angels must have spied,
 Since I could never find her
 Upon the mortal side.

5–6] "Bernardine" Angels, up the hight
 Her trudging feet espied—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859, in packet 2 (H 7e). The suggested change for lines 5 and 6 is written on a separate slip attached by a pin to the packet leaf. Intended for an alternative reading, it is headed "Or."

PUBLICATION: *Youth's Companion*, LXV (25 August 1891), 420, titled "Vanished," and arranged without stanza division; *Poems* (1891), 216, titled "Vanished." The lines are arranged as two quatrains. In both the suggested change and the italics are rejected.

Mute thy Coronation –
 Meek my Vive le roi,
 Fold a tiny courtier
 In thine Ermine, Sir,
 There to rest revering
 Till the pageant by,
 I can murmur broken,
 Master, It was I –

2. Meek] low –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1859 (Bingham 107-49). It is a penciled draft written on a scrap of paper.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 174. The suggested change is rejected. The text is arranged as two quatrains.

The Sun kept stooping – stooping – low!
 The Hills to meet him rose!
 On his side, what Transaction!
 On their side, what Repose!

Deeper and deeper grew the stain
 Upon the window pane –
 Thicker and thicker stood the feet
 Until the Tyrian

Was crowded dense with Armies –
 So gay, so Brigadier –
 That *I* felt martial stirrings
 Who once the Cockade wore –

Charged, from my chimney corner –
 But Nobody was there!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1860. The copy reproduced above is in packet 4 (H 13b). That below (Morgan Library) was sent to Sue; it is in pencil, signed “Emily.”

The sun kept stooping – stooping – low –
The Hills to meet him – rose –
On his part – what Transaction!
On their part – what Repose!

Deeper and deeper grew the stain
Upon the window pane –
Thicker and thicker stood the feet
Until the Tyrian

Was crowded dense with Armies –
So gay – so Brigadier –
That I felt martial stirrings
Who once the Cockade wore –

Charged, from my chimney corner –
But nobody was there!

One word is variant:

3. side] part 4. side] part

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 23. The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd. It is without stanza division and the italic “I” is not retained.

153

Dust is the only Secret –
Death, the only One
You cannot find out all about
In his “native town.”

Nobody knew “his Father” –
Never was a Boy –
Had’nt any playmates,
Or “Early history” –

Industrious! Laconic!
Punctual! Sedate!
Bold as a Brigand!
Stillter than a Fleet!

Builds, like a Bird, too!
Christ robs the Nest—
Robin after Robin
Smuggled to Rest!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1860. The copy reproduced above is in packet 4 (H 16b). The copy below (H 248) is in pencil, addressed "Sue" and signed "Emily—":

Dust is the only secret—
Death—the only one
You cannot find out all about
In his native town—

Nobody knew his Father—
Never was a Boy—
Had'nt any playmates
Nor "Early history"—

Industrious—Laconic—
Punctual—Sedate—
Bolder than a Brigand—
Swifter than a Fleet—

Builds like a Bird—too—
Christ robs the nest—
Robin after Robin
Smuggled to rest—

It is variant in three lines:

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| 8. Or] Nor | 12. Stiller] Swifter |
| 11. Bold as] Bolder than | |

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 111. The text is arranged as two eight-line stanzas. It follows the copy to Sue except that it adopts the reading "Or" from the packet copy.

154

Except to Heaven, she is nought.
Except for Angels—lone.
Except to some wide-wandering Bee
A flower superfluous blown.

Except for winds – provincial.
Except by Butterflies
Unnoticed as a single dew
That on the Acre lies.

The smallest Housewife in the grass,
Yet take her from the Lawn
And somebody has lost the face
That made Existence – Home!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1860. That reproduced above is in packet 4 (H 17a). That below (H 251), in pencil, is addressed “Sue” and signed “Emily”:

Except to Heaven – she is nought.
Except for Angels – lone.
Except to some wide-wandering Bee,
A flower superfluous blown.

Except for winds – provincial –
Except for Butterflies
Unnoticed as a single dew
That on the Acre lies

The smallest Housewife in the grass,
Yet take her from the lawn
And somebody has lost the face
That made *Existence – Home* –

One word is variant:

6. by] for

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 142. The text derives from the packet copy.

155

The Murmur of a Bee
A Witchcraft – yieldeth me –
If any ask me why –
’Twere easier to die –
Than tell –

The Red upon the Hill
Taket away my will –
If anybody sneer –
Take care – for God is here –
That's all.

The Breaking of the Day
Addeth to my Degree –
If any ask me how –
Artist – who drew me so –
Must tell!

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy above in packet 15 (H 80a) was written about 1860. The copy below to Sue (H B 195), addressed "Sue" and signed "Emily." was written somewhat later, about 1861.

The Bumble of a Bee –
A Witchcraft, yieldeth me.
If any ask me "Why" –
'Twere easier to die
Than tell!

The Red upon the Hill
Taket away my will –
If Anybody sneer,
Take care, for God is near –
That's All!

The Breaking of the Day –
Addeth to my Degree –
If any ask me "how" –
Artist who drew me so –
Must tell!

It shows two textual variants:

1. Murmur] Bumble 9. here] near

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 71, titled "Why?" The text derives from the packet copy.

156

You love me – you are sure –
I shall not fear mistake –

[112]

[no stanza break]

I shall not *cheated* wake –
Some grinning morn –
To find the Sunrise left –
And Orchards – unbereft –
And Dollie – gone!

I need not start – you're sure –
That night will never be –
When frightened – home to Thee I run –
To find the windows dark –
And no more Dollie – mark –
Quite none?

Be sure you're sure – you know –
I'll bear it better now –
If you'll just tell me so –
Than when – a little dull Balm grown –
Over this pain of mine –
You sting – again!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 8ob). "Dollie" was a pet name for Sue, to whom a copy now lost was probably sent.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 323. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. The italics are not retained.

157

Musicians wrestle everywhere –
All day – among the crowded air
I hear the silver strife –
And – waking – long before the morn –
Such transport breaks upon the town
I think it that "New life"!

It is not Bird – it has no nest –
Nor "Band" – in brass and scarlet – drest –
Nor Tamborin – nor Man – [no stanza break]

It is not Hymn from pulpit read –
The “Morning Stars” the Treble led
On Time’s first Afternoon!

Some – say – it is “the Spheres” – at play!
Some say – that bright Majority
Of vanished Dames – and Men!
Some – think it service in the place
Where we – with late – celestial face –
Please God – shall Ascertain!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1860. The copy reproduced above is in packet 15 (H 82a); that below (H 289), sent to Sue, is variant in the first line only; it is addressed “Sue” and signed “Emily.”

Musicians wrestling Everywhere!
All day – among the crowded air
I hear the silver strife –
And waking, long before the morn
Such Transport breaks upon the Town
I think it that “New life”!

It is not Bird – it has no Nest –
Nor “Band”, in Brass and Scarlet drest –
Nor Tamborin – nor Man.
It is not Hymn from pulpit read –
The Morning Stars – the Treble led
On Time’s first Afternoon!

Some say – it is the “Spheres” at play!
Some say – that bright Majority
Of vanished Dames – and Men –
Some think it service in the place
Where we – with late – celestial face –
Please God – shall Ascertain!

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 84, titled “Melodies Unheard.” The text derives from the packet copy. One word is altered:

4. morn] dawn

Dying! Dying in the night!
 Wont somebody bring the light
 So I can see which way to go
 Into the everlasting snow?

And "Jesus"! Where is *Jesus* gone?
 They said that Jesus – always came –
 Perhaps he doesn't know the House –
 This way, Jesus, Let him pass!

Somebody run to the great gate
 And see if Dollie's coming! Wait!
 I hear her feet upon the stair!
 Death wont hurt – now Dollie's here!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 83a). "Dollie" was a pet name for Sue, to whom presumably a copy now lost was sent.

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 325. The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd. The italics are not reproduced.

A little Bread – a crust – a crumb –
 A little trust – a demijohn –
 Can keep the soul alive –
 Not portly, mind! but breathing – warm –
 Conscious – as old Napoleon,
 The night before the Crown!

A modest lot – A fame petite –
 A brief Campaign of sting and sweet
 Is plenty! Is enough!
 A *Sailor's* business is *the shore*!
 A *Soldier's* – *balls*! Who asketh more,
 Must seek the neighboring life!

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above (H 202c), in packet 37, was written about 1860. It is identical in text with the penciled copy addressed "Sue—" (H 228), written at the same time. The chief difference in form is that the copy to Sue uses seven-line stanzas:

A little bread, a crust – a crumb,
A little trust, a Demijohn,
Can keep the soul alive,
Not portly – mind!
But breathing – warm –
Conscious, as old Napoleon
The night before the Crown!

A modest lot, a fame petite,
A brief campaign of sting and sweet,
Is plenty! is enough!
A sailor's business is *the Shore*,
A *soldier's – Balls!*
Who asketh more
Must seek the neighboring life!

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 66, the second stanza only, derived from the packet copy; no words are italicized except "petite" (line 7). The first stanza only is in *LL* (1924), 77–78, derived from the copy to Sue. The entire poem is in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 43–44, derived from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd.

160

Just lost, when I was saved!
Just felt the world go by!
Just girt me for the onset with Eternity,
When breath blew back,
And on the other side
I heard recede the disappointed tide!

Therefore, as One returned, I feel,
Odd secrets of the line to tell!
Some Sailor, skirting foreign shores –
Some pale Reporter, from the awful doors
Before the Seal!

Next time, to stay!
 Next time, the things to see
 By Ear unheard,
 Unscrutinized by Eye—

Next time, to tarry,
 While the Ages steal—
 Slow tramp the Centuries,
 And the Cycles wheel!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 37 (H 202d). A second copy now lost is discussed below.

PUBLICATION: This poem was first published in the *Independent*, XLIII (12 March 1891), 1, titled "Called Back." The copy used was an autograph originally sent by ED to Sue, who submitted it in February 1891 to W. H. Ward the editor (see AB, 116). The final eight lines are not separated into quatrains, and the version differs from the text above in several particulars:

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2. felt] heard | 9. foreign] novel |
| 4. blew] drew | 10. Reporter] "reporter" |
| 8. the line] "the Line" | 18] Tramp the slow centuries |

The variants quite probably were in the copy to Sue; the version is reprinted in AB, 145-146.

The text of the packet copy is followed in *Poems* (1891), 85-86, also titled "Called Back."

161

A feather from the Whippowil
 That everlasting—sings!
 Whose galleries—are Sunrise—
 Whose Opera—the Springs—
 Whose Emerald Nest the Ages spin
 Of mellow—murmuring thread—
 Whose Beryl Egg, what School Boys hunt
 In "Recess"—Overhead!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1860. That reproduced above (Bingham) was sent to Samuel Bowles, and is signed "Emily." It is a variant (in lines 4 and 6) of the copy in packet 14 (H 72b), where it is titled by ED "Pine Bough."

A feather from the Whippowil
That everlasting sings –
Whose Galleries are Sunrise –
Whose Stanzas, are the Springs –

Whose Emerald Nest – the Ages spin –
With mellow – murmuring Thread –
Whose Beryl Egg, what School-Boys hunt –
In "Recess," Overhead!

PUBLICATION: *Letters* (ed. 1894), 219; (ed. 1931), 205; also *LL* (1924), 266: the copy to Bowles. The packet copy, lacking the title and stanza division, is in *FP* (1929), 199, with one word altered:

4. Springs] spring

162

My River runs to thee –
Blue Sea! Wilt welcome me?
My River waits reply –
Oh Sea – look graciously –
I'll fetch thee Brooks
From spotted nooks –
Say – Sea – Take Me!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are three, two written about 1860. That reproduced above (Bingham) is incorporated in a letter to Mrs. Bowles, written in August 1861. The copy in packet 15 (H 80c) is identical in text:

My River runs to Thee –
Blue Sea – Wilt welcome me?

My River waits reply –
Oh Sea – look graciously!

I'll fetch thee Brooks
From spotted nooks –

Say Sea – take me?

A second fair copy (Bingham 98-4B-11) is identical in text and form with the first two stanzas in the packet copy; the last two are variant:

I'll bring thee *Brooks* -
From dappled nooks!

Say Sea - take me?

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 54, titled "The Outlet." The text derives from the packet copy, but the italics are not reproduced. In the first three impressions the line arrangement is exactly followed. On 29 December 1890, Mrs. Todd wrote Col. Higginson regarding corrections proposed for the fourth impression (AB, 90): "And on page 54, in the last line, I am sure she intended it to be two lines instead, Say, sea/ Take me!" The alteration was adopted and has since been retained. The poem was omitted from the letter to Mrs. Bowles: *Letters* (ed. 1894), 196-197; (ed. 1931), 185-186; also LL (1924), 219-220.

163

Tho' my destiny be Fustian -
Her's be damask fine -
Tho' she wear a silver apron -
I, a less divine -

Still, my little Gipsy being
I would far prefer,
Still, my little sunburnt bosom
To her Rosier,

For, when Frosts, their punctual fingers
On her forehead lay,
You and I, and Dr Holland,
Bloom Eternally!

Roses of a steadfast summer
In a steadfast land,
Where no Autumn lifts her pencil -
And no Reapers stand!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 37 (H 201a).

PUBLICATION: This poem, which may have accompanied the gift of a rose, evidently was sent to Dr. and Mrs. Holland. The copy sent to them does not survive. It is in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 178–179; (ed. 1931), 172; also *LL* (1924), 261–262. It is reprinted from *Letters* and included in *LH* (1951), 78. There are no textual differences between the packet copy and the copy to the Hollands.

164

Mama never forgets her birds,
Though in another tree –
She looks down just as often
And just as tenderly
As when her little mortal nest
With cunning care she wove –
If either of her “sparrows fall”,
She “notices,” above.

No autograph copy of this poem is known. It is here reproduced from the transcript made by Mrs. Todd. It is said to have been sent to the Norcross cousins on the death of their mother (the favorite sister of ED's mother), 17 April 1860.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 92. The text derives from the transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

165

A *Wounded* Deer – leaps highest –
I've heard the Hunter tell –
'Tis but the Extasy of *death* –
And then the Brake is still!

The *Smitten* Rock that gushes!
The *trampled* Steel that springs!
A Cheek is always redder
Just where the Hectic stings!

Mirth is the Mail of Anguish –
In which it Cautious Arm, [no stanza break]

Lest anybody spy the blood
And "you're hurt" exclaim!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 13a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 20. The italics are not reproduced. One word is altered:

cautions [snooty] .o.i

Mrs. Todd detected the error, which was corrected in the fourth impression printed early in 1891 (see AB, 90). When Mrs. Bianchi printed the poem in CP (1924) and later collections, the word was altered to "caution," and so still remains.

166

I met a King this afternoon!
He had not on a Crown indeed,
A little Palmleaf Hat was all,
And he was barefoot, I'm afraid!

But sure I am he Ermine wore
Beneath his faded Jacket's blue –
And sure I am, the crest he bore
Within that Jacket's pocket too!

For 'twas too stately for an Earl –
A Marquis would not go so grand!
'Twas possibly a Czar petite –
A Pope, or something of that kind!

If I must tell you, of a Horse
My freckled Monarch held the rein –
Doubtless an estimable Beast,
But not at all disposed to run!

And such a wagon! While I live
Dare I presume to see
Another such a vehicle
As then transported me!

Two other ragged Princes
His royal state partook!
Doubtless the first excursion
These sovreigns ever took!

I question if the Royal Coach
Round which the Footmen wait
Has the significance, on high,
Of this Barefoot Estate!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 13c).

PUBLICATION: *Youth's Companion*, LXVI (18 May 1893), 256, titled "My Little King"; BM (1945), 87. The text of both derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

167

To learn the Transport by the Pain –
As Blind Men learn the sun!
To die of thirst –suspecting
That Brooks in Meadows run!

To stay the homesick –homesick feet
Upon a foreign shore –
Haunted by native lands, the while –
And blue –beloved air!

This is the Sovreign Anguish!
This –the signal wo!
These are the patient "Laureates"
Whose voices –trained –below –

Ascend in ceaseless Carol –
Inaudible, indeed,
To us –the duller scholars
Of the Mysterious Bard!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1860. The copy in packet 4 (H 14a) reproduced above and the penciled copy to Sue (H 363), signed "Emily –," are variant throughout:

To learn the transport thro' the pain -
As Blind men learn the Sun -
To die of thirst, *suspecting*
That Brooks in meadows run -

To stay the homesick - homesick feet
Upon a foreign shore -
Haunted by native lands - the while -
And blue - beloved Air -

This is the *sovreign* anguish -
This - the signal wo,
These are the patient "*Laureates*" -
Whose stanza, hushed, below,

Breaks in victorious carol,
Inaudible - indeed -
To *us* - the duller Cornets
Of the mysterious "Band" -

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 79. The text derives from the packet copy.

168

If the foolish, call them "*flowers*" -
Need the wiser, *tell*?
If the Savans "Classify" them
It is just as well!

Those who read the "Revelations"
Must not criticize
Those who read the same Edition -
With beclouded Eyes!

Could we stand with that Old "Moses" -
"Canaan" denied -
Scan like him, the stately landscape
On the other side -

Doubtless, we should deem superfluous
Many Sciences,
Not pursued by learned Angels
In scholastic skies!

Low amid that glad Belles lettres
Grant that we may stand,
Stars, amid profound *Galaxies* –
At that grand “Right hand”!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 14b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 23–24. Two words are italicized:

5. Revelations 17. Belles lettres

ED's spelling “Savans” is so rendered in *Poems* (1896), but in *CP* (1924) and later collections it is regularized to “savants.”

169

In Ebon Box, when years have flown
To reverently peer,
Wiping away the velvet dust
Summers have sprinkled there!

To hold a letter to the light –
Grown Tawny now, with time –
To con the faded syllables
That quickened us like Wine!

Perhaps a Flower's shrivelled cheek
Among it's stores to find –
Plucked far away, some morning –
By gallant – mouldering hand!

A curl, perhaps, from foreheads
Our Constancy forgot –
Perhaps, an Antique trinket –
In vanished fashions set!

And then to lay them quiet back –
And go about it's care –
As if the little Ebon Box
Were none of our affair!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 14c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 67. One word is altered:

14. forgot] forget

170

Portraits are to daily faces
As an Evening West,
To a fine, pedantic sunshine –
In a satin Vest!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1860 and both in packet 4. The copy reproduced above (H 14d) has been published. The copy below (H 17b) is an unpublished variant:

Pictures are to daily faces
As an Evening West
To a fine – pedantic Sun shine
In a satin Vest.

The variant first line may account for the packet duplication.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 55.

171

Wait till the Majesty of Death
Invests so mean a brow!
Almost a powdered Footman
Might dare to touch it now!

Wait till in Everlasting Robes
This Democrat is dressed,
Then prate about "Preferment" –
And "Station", and the rest!

Around this quiet Courtier
Obsequious Angels wait!
Full royal is his Retinue!
Full purple is his state!

A Lord, might dare to lift the Hat
To such a Modest Clay,
Since that My Lord, "the Lord of Lords"
Receives unblushingly!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 15a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 217, titled "Precedence."

172

'Tis so much joy! 'Tis so much joy!
If I should fail, what poverty!
And yet, as poor as I,
Have ventured all upon a throw!
Have gained! Yes! Hesitated so—
This side the Victory!

Life is but Life! And Death, but Death!
Bliss is but Bliss, and Breath but Breath!
And if indeed I fail,
At least, to know the worst, is sweet!
Defeat means nothing *but* Defeat,
No drearier, can befall!

And if I gain! Oh Gun at Sea!
Oh Bells, that in the Steeples be!
At first, repeat it slow!
For Heaven is a different thing,
Conjectured, and waked sudden in—
And might extinguish me!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 15b).

PUBLICATION: This is one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393, titled "Rouge Gagne." There are many alterations:

12. befall] prevail
13. Gun] sun
14. Steeples] steeple

17. waked] worked
18. extinguish me] o'erwhelm me so

When it was issued in *Poems* (1890), 16, it bore the same title and was likewise without italics in line 11. The misprints were corrected, but two alterations, evidently intended, were retained:

12. prevail

18. o'erwhelm me so

173

A fuzzy fellow, without feet,
Yet doth exceeding run!
Of velvet, is his Countenance,
And his Complexion, dun!

Sometime, he dwelleth in the grass!
Sometime, upon a bough,
From which he doth descend in plush
Upon the Passer-by!

All this in summer.
But when winds alarm the Forest Folk,
He taketh *Damask* Residence –
And struts in sewing silk!

Then, finer than a Lady,
Emerges in the spring!
A Feather on each shoulder!
You'd scarce recognize him!

By Men, yclept Caterpillar!
By me! But who am I,
To tell the pretty secret
Of the Butterfly!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 15c).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 62, with the following alterations:

5. Sometime] Sometimes

6. Sometime] Sometimes

16. recognize] accredit

17. yclept Caterpillar] yclept a caterpillar

The italics are not retained.

At last, to be identified!
 At last, the lamps upon thy side
 The rest of Life to see!

Past Midnight! Past the Morning Star!
 Past Sunrise!
 Ah, What leagues there *were*
 Between our feet, and Day!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies. That reproduced above, in packet 4 (H 15d), was written about 1860. The copy below, in packet 34 (H 184b), was written some two years later, about 1862.

At last – to be identified –
 At last – the Lamps upon your side –
 The rest of life – to see –

Past Midnight – past the Morning Star –
 Past Sunrise – Ah, What Leagues there were –
 Between our feet – and Day!

One word is a variant:

2. thy] your

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 141, titled “Resurgam.” The text is that of the 1860 copy, but the line arrangement is that of the 1862 copy, without italics or stanza division. One word is altered:

6. were] are

I have never seen ‘Volcanoes’ –
 But, when Travellers tell
 How those old – phlegmatic mountains
 Usually so still –

Bear within – appalling Ordnance,
 Fire, and smoke, and gun,
 Taking Villages for breakfast,
 And appalling Men –

If the stillness is Volcanic
In the human face
When upon a pain Titanic
Features keep their place –

If at length, the smouldering anguish
Will not overcome –
And the palpitating Vineyard
In the dust, be thrown?

If some loving Antiquary,
On Resumption Morn,
Will not cry with joy "Pompeii!"
To the Hills return!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 16a).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945) 252–253. The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd.

176

I'm the little "Heart's Ease!"
I don't care for pouting skies!
If the Butterfly delay
Can I, therefore, stay away?

If the Coward Bumble Bee
In his chimney corner stay,
I, must resolutely be!
Who'll apologize for me?

Dear, Old fashioned, little flower!
Eden is old fashioned, too!
Birds are antiquated fellows!
Heaven does not change her blue.
Nor will I, the little Heart's Ease –
Ever be induced to do!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 16c).

PUBLICATION: *Youth's Companion*, LXVI (18 May 1893), 256; *FP* (1929), 69. In line 13, "will I" is altered to "may you" in *FP*, though it is correctly rendered in *YC*, from a text supplied by Mrs. Todd.

177

Ah, Necromancy Sweet!
Ah, Wizard erudite!
Teach me the skill,

That I instil the pain
Surgeons assuage in vain,
Nor Herb of all the plain
Can heal!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 16d).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 155. The text is without stanza division.

178

I cautious, scanned my little life –
I winnowed what would fade
From what w'd last till Heads like mine
Should be a-dreaming laid.

I put the latter in a Barn –
The former, blew away.
I went one winter morning
And lo – my priceless Hay

Was not upon the "Scaffold" –
Was not upon the "Beam" –
And from a thriving Farmer –
A Cynic, I became.

Whether a Thief did it –
Whether it was the wind –
Whether Deity's guiltless –
My business is, to find!

So I begin to ransack!
How is it Hearts, with Thee?
Art thou within the little Barn
Love provided Thee?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 17c).

PUBLICATION: *Saturday Review of Literature*, V (9 March 1929), 751;
FP (1929), 19. One word is altered:

18. Hearts] Heart

179

If I could bribe them by a Rose
I'd bring them every flower that grows
From Amherst to Cashmere!
I would not stop for night, or storm –
Or frost, or death, or anyone –
My business were so dear!

If they w'd linger for a Bird
My Tamborin were soonest heard
Among the April Woods!
Unwearied, all the summer long,
Only to break in wilder song
When Winter shook the boughs!

What if they hear me!
Who shall say
That such an importunity
May not at last avail?
That, weary of this Beggar's face –
They may not finally say, Yes –
To drive her from the Hall?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 17d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 114. The third stanza is regularized into six
lines. One word is altered:

19. her] me

As if some little Arctic flower
 Upon the polar hem –
 Went wandering down the Latitudes
 Until it puzzled came
 To continents of summer –
 To firmaments of sun –
 To strange, bright crowds of flowers –
 And birds, of foreign tongue!
 I say, As if this little flower
 To Eden, wandered in –
 What then? Why nothing,
 Only, your inference therefrom!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 4 (H 17e).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 53, titled "Transplanted." On 29 December 1890, Mrs. Todd wrote Col. Higginson to suggest a few changes and corrections which might be made in the fourth impression of the volume, shortly to be printed (AB, 90):

The third suggestion occurring to me is on page 53. Should not the "only", beginning the last line, be instead the final word in the preceding line? If it read

What then? Why nothing, only
 Your inference therefrom!

would not the rhythm be better?

The alteration was adopted in the fourth impression and has so since remained.

I lost a World – the other day!
 Has Anybody found?
 You'll know it by the Row of Stars
 Around it's forehead bound.

A Rich man – might not notice it –
 Yet – to my frugal Eye, [no stanza break]

Of more Esteem than Ducats –
Oh find it – Sir – for me!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 14 (H 72c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 148, titled "Lost."

182

If I should'nt be alive
When the Robins come,
Give the one in Red Cravat,
A Memorial crumb.

If I could'nt thank you,
Being fast asleep,
You will know I'm trying
With my Granite lip!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 14 (H 72d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 149. One word is altered:

6. fast] just

183

I've heard an Organ talk, sometimes -
In a Cathedral Aisle,
And understood no word it said -
Yet held my breath, the while -

And risen up - and gone away,
A more Bernardine Girl -
Yet - know not what was done to me
In that old Chapel Aisle.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 14 (H 72c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 38. One word is altered:

8. Chapel] hallowed

A transport one cannot contain
 May yet, a transport be –
 Though God forbid it lift the lid –
 Unto it's Extasy!

A Diagram – of Rapture!
 A sixpence at a Show –
 With Holy Ghosts in Cages!
 The *Universe* would go!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 14 (H 72f).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 84. The italics are not reproduced. One phrase is altered:

7. Holy Ghosts] Seraphim

"Faith" is a fine invention
 When Gentlemen can see –
 But *Microscopes* are prudent
 In an Emergency.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are three, all written about 1860. That reproduced above (Bingham) is incorporated in a letter to Samuel Bowles. The other two are both in packets. That in packet 14 (H 72g) is without italics in line 3. That in packet 37 (H 201e) italicizes both words, but does not put "Faith" in quotes. In both packet copies line 2 reads: "For Gentlemen who see," the first concluding with an exclamation point, the second with a dash.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 53. The text, without italics, follows that of the packet copies. The version to Bowles is in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 200; (ed. 1931), 191; also *LL* (1924), 227.

What shall I do – it whimpers so –
 This little Hound within the Heart
 All day and night with bark and start –
 And yet, it will not go – [no stanza break]

Would you *untie* it, were you me –
Would it stop whining – if to Thee –
I sent it – even now?

It should not tease you –
By your chair – or, on the mat –
Or if it dare – to climb your dizzy knee –
Or – sometimes at your side to run –
When you were willing –
Shall it come?
Tell Carlo –
He'll tell me!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1860. That reproduced above (Bingham), signed “Emily.,” was sent to an unidentified recipient. It is a variant (in line 13) of the copy in packet 15 (H 78a).

What shall I do – it whimpers so –
This little Hound within the Heart –
All day and night – with bark and start –
And yet – it will not go?

Would you untie it – were you me –
Would it stop whining, if to Thee
I sent it – even now?

It should not tease you – by your chair –
Or on the mat – or if it dare –
To climb your dizzy knee.

Or sometimes – at your side to run –
When you were willing –
May it come –
Tell Carlo – *He'll tell me!*

ED's dog was named Carlo.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 324. The text, arranged as four stanzas of 4, 3, 3, 3 lines, derives from the copy signed “Emily.”

187

How many times these low feet staggered –
Only the soldered mouth can tell – [no stanza break]

Try – can you stir the awful rivet –
Try – can you lift the hasps of steel!

Stroke the cool forehead – hot so often –
Lift – if you care – the listless hair –
Handle the adamantine fingers
Never a thimble – more – shall wear –

Buzz the dull flies – on the chamber window –
Brave – shines the sun through the freckled pane –
Fearless – the cobweb swings from the ceiling –
Indolent Housewife – in Daisies – lain!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 78b).

PUBLICATION: This was one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393, titled “Requiescat.” The text is identical with that in *Poems* (1890), 120, titled “Troubled About Many Things.” One word is altered:

6. care] can

188

Make me a picture of the sun –
So I can hang it in my room –
And make believe I’m getting warm
When others call it “Day”!

Draw me a Robin – on a stem –
So I am hearing him, I’ll dream,
And when the Orchards stop their tune –
Put my pretense – away –

Say if it’s really – warm at noon –
Whether it’s Buttercups – that “skim”
Or Butterflies – that “bloom”?
Then – skip – the frost – upon the lea –
And skip the Russet – on the tree –
Let’s play those – never come!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 78c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 95. The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd.

189

It's such a little thing to weep –
So short a thing to sigh –
And yet – by Trades – the size of *these*
We men and women die!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 80d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 20, titled "Life's Trades." The italics are not retained.

190

He was weak, and I was strong – then –
So He let me lead him in –
I was weak, and He was strong then –
So I let him lead me – Home.

'Twas'nt far – the door was near –
'Twas'nt dark – for He went – too –
'Twas'nt loud, for He said nought –
That was all I cared to know.

Day knocked – and we must part –
Neither – was strongest – now –
He strove – and I strove – too –
We didn't do it – tho'!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 80e).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 145. The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd.

191

The Skies cant keep their secret!
They tell it to the Hills – [no stanza break]

The Hills just tell the Orchards –
And they – the Daffodils!

A Bird – by chance – that goes that way –
Soft overhears the whole –
If I should bribe the little Bird –
Who knows but *she* would tell?

I think I wont – however –
It's finer – not to know –
If Summer were an *Axiom* –
What sorcery had *Snow*?

So keep your secret – Father!
I would not – if I could,
Know what the Sapphire Fellows, do,
In your new-fashioned world!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 81a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 131, titled "Secrets." The italics are not retained. One word is altered:

6. overhears] overheard

192

Poor little Heart!
Did they forget thee?
Then dinna care! Then dinna care!

Proud little Heart!
Did they forsake thee?
Be debonnaire! Be debonnaire!

Frail little Heart!
I would not break thee –
Could'st credit *me*? Could'st credit me?

Gay little Heart –
Like Morning Glory!
Wind and Sun – wilt thee array!

[138]

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 81b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 82. The spelling of "debonnaire" is regularized and the italics are not reproduced. Line 12 is altered:

"Thou'll wilted be; thou'll wilted be!"

193

I shall know why – when Time is over –
And I have ceased to wonder why –
Christ will explain each separate anguish
In the fair schoolroom of the sky –

He will tell me what "Peter" promised –
And I – for wonder at his woe –
I shall forget the drop of Anguish
That scalds me now – that scalds me now!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 81c).

PUBLICATION: This is one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393. The text is identical with that in *Poems* (1890), 151.

194

On this long storm the Rainbow rose –
On this late Morn – the Sun –
The clouds – like listless Elephants –
Horizons – straggled down –

The Birds rose smiling, in their nests –
The gales – indeed – were done –
Alas, how heedless were the eyes –
On whom the summer shone!

The quiet nonchalance of death –
No Daybreak – can bestir –
The slow – Archangel's syllables
Must awaken *her*!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 81d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 114. The italics are not reproduced.

195

For this – accepted Breath –
Through it – compete with Death –
The fellow cannot touch this Crown –
By it – my title take –
Ah, what a royal sake
To my nescessity – stooped down!

No Wilderness – can be
Where this attendeth me –
No Desert Noon –
No fear of frost to come
Haunt the perennial bloom –
But Certain June!

Get Gabriel – to tell – the royal syllable –
Get Saints – with new – unsteady tongue –
To say what trance below
Most like their glory show –
Fittest the Crown!

MANUSCRIPTS: The text above, written about 1860, is in packet 15 (H 82b). A variant of the second stanza (Bingham), in pencil and signed “Emily,” was sent to Samuel Bowles. The second line reads:

“Where *this* attendeth thee –”

The first line is without punctuation, and the last two words are italicized.

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 27. The text derives from the packet copy, and is arranged as three six-line stanzas. The text to Bowles is in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 216; (ed. 1931), 204; also *LL* (1924), 254–255.

We dont cry – Tim and I,
 We are far too grand –
 But we bolt the door tight
 To prevent a friend –

Then we hide our brave face
 Deep in our hand –
 Not to cry – Tim and I –
 We are far too grand –

Nor to dream – he and me –
 Do we condescend –
 We just shut our brown eye
 To see to the end –

Tim – see Cottages –
 But, Oh, so high!
 Then – we shake – Tim and I –
 And lest I – cry –

Tim – reads a little Hymn –
 And we both pray –
 Please, Sir, I and Tim –
 Always lost the way!

We must die – by and by –
 Clergymen say –
 Tim – shall – if I – do –
 I – too – if he –

How shall we arrange it –
 Tim – was – so – shy?
 Take us simultaneous – Lord –
 I – “Tim” – and – Me!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 82c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 86. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

Morning—is the place for Dew—
 Corn—is made at Noon—
 After dinner light—for flowers—
 Dukes—for Setting Sun!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 83b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 112.

An awful Tempest mashed the air—
 The clouds were gaunt, and few—
 A Black—as of a Spectre's Cloak
 Hid Heaven and Earth from view.

The creatures chuckled on the Roofs—
 And whistled in the air—
 And shook their fists—
 And gnashed their teeth—
 And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit—the Birds arose—
 The Monster's faded eyes
 Turned slowly to his native coast—
 And peace—was Paradise!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 83c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 138, titled "A Tempest." The text of stanza two is arranged as a quatrain.

I'm "wife"—I've finished that—
 That other state—
 I'm Czar—I'm "Woman" now—
 It's safer so—

How odd the Girl's life looks
Behind this soft Eclipse –
I think that Earth feels so
To folks in Heaven – now –

This being comfort – then
That other kind – was pain –
But why compare?
I'm "Wife"! Stop there!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 83d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 63, titled "Apocalypse." Two words are altered:

7. feels] seems 8. folks] those

200

I stole them from a Bee –
Because – Thee –
Sweet plea –
He pardoned me!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, identical in text and form, both written about 1860. The copy in packet 15 (H 83e) is in ink; the other copy (Bingham), in pencil and signed "Emily –," was sent to Samuel Bowles

PUBLICATION: It is among the verses to Bowles in *Letters* (ed. 1894) 211; (ed. 1931), 200; also *LL* (1924), 245.

201

Two swimmers wrestled on the spar –
Until the morning sun –
When One – turned smiling to the land –
Oh God! the Other One!

The stray ships – passing –
Spied a face –
Upon the waters borne –
With eyes in death – still begging raised –
And hands – beseeching – thrown!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 83f).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 137. The text is arranged as two quatrains.

202

My Eye is fuller than my vase –
Her Cargo – is of Dew –
And still – my Heart – my Eye outweighs –
East India – for you!

-----SCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 83g).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 148. "Her" is not italicized. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

203

He forgot – and I – remembered –
'Twas an everyday affair –
Long ago as Christ and Peter –
"Warmed them" at the "Temple fire".

"Thou wert with him" – quoth "the Damsel"?
"No" – said Peter, 'twas'nt me –
Jesus merely "looked" at Peter –
Could I do aught else – to Thee?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 84a).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 162. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

204

A slash of Blue –
A sweep of Gray –
Some scarlet patches on the way,
Compose an Evening Sky –
A little purple – slipped between –

Some Ruby Trowsers hurried on –
A Wave of Gold –
A Bank of Day –
This just makes out the Morning Sky.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1860. That reproduced above, written in pencil, was sent to an unidentified recipient. That below, identical in text, is in packet 15 (H 84b).

A Slash of Blue! A sweep of Gray!
Some scarlet patches – on the way –
Compose an evening sky –

A little Purple – slipped between –
Some Ruby Trowsers – hurried on –
A Wave of Gold – a Bank of Day –
This just makes out the Morning sky!

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 46. The text follows the packet copy, but is without stanza division.

205

I should not dare to leave my friend,
Because – because if he should die
While I was gone – and I – too late –
Should reach the Heart that wanted me –

If I should disappoint the eyes
That hunted – hunted so – to see –
And could not bear to shut until
They “noticed” me – they noticed me –

If I should stab the patient faith
So sure I’d come – so sure I’d come –
It *listening* – listening – went to sleep –
Telling my tardy name –

My Heart would wish it broke before –
Since breaking then – since breaking then –
Were useless as next morning’s sun –
Where midnight frosts – had lain!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 84c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 224, titled "Till the End." The italics are not reproduced.

206

The Flower must not blame the Bee –
That seeketh his felicity
Too often at her door –

But teach the Footman from Vevay –
Mistress is "not at home" – to say –
To people – any more!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 84d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 64. The text is arranged without stanza division. When Mrs. Todd and Col. Higginson were selecting poems for inclusion in *Poems*, Second Series, this one was rejected. On 18 July 1891, Higginson wrote Mrs. Todd (AB, 141):

I demur about "The flower must not blame the bee," for though the first verse is exquisite, yet the footman from Vevay is so perplexing. She has associated bees & Vevay elsewhere, but here a bee is not a *foot* man & it is the bee who is repelled. What do you make of it.

207

Tho' I get home how late – how late –
So I get home – 'twill compensate –
Better will be the Extasy
That they have done expecting me –
When Night – descending – dumb – and dark –
They hear my unexpected knock –
Transporting must the moment be –
Brewed from decades of Agony!

To think just how the fire will burn –
Just how long-cheated eyes will turn –
To wonder what myself will say,
And what itself, will say to me –
Beguiles the Centuries of way!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 37 (H 201b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 44, titled "The Return."

208

The Rose did caper on her cheek –
Her Boddice rose and fell –
Her pretty speech – like drunken men –
Did stagger pitiful –

Her fingers fumbled at her work –
Her needle would not go –
What ailed so smart a little Maid –
It puzzled me to know –

Till opposite – I spied a cheek
That bore *another* Rose –
Just opposite – Another speech
That like the Drunkard goes –

A Vest that like her Boddice, danced –
To the immortal tune –
Till those two troubled – little Clocks
Ticked softly into one.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 37 (H 201c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 102, titled "The Lovers." The italics are not retained. One word is altered:

13. her] the

209

With thee, in the Desert –
With thee in the thirst –
With thee in the Tamarind wood –
Leopard breathes – at last!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 37 (H 201d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 317. The text derives from a transcript

made by Mrs. Todd and is placed among fragments. In the packet it stands as a complete poem.

210

The thought beneath so slight a film –
Is more distinctly seen –
As laces just reveal the surge –
Or Mists – the Appenine –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 37 (H 201f).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 36. The spelling of *Apennine* is regularized.

211

Come slowly – Eden!
Lips unused to Thee –
Bashful – sip thy Jessamines –
As the fainting Bee –

Reaching late his flower,
Round her chamber hums –
Counts his nectars –
Enters – and is lost in Balms.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 37 (H 202e).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 65, titled "Apotheosis."

The first word of line 8 is arranged as the last of line 7.

212

Least Rivers – docile to some sea.
My Caspian – thee.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 37 (H 202f).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 330. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. It is printed as a three-line poem.

Did the Harebell loose her girdle
 To the lover Bee
 Would the Bee the Harebell *hallow*
 Much as formerly?

Did the "Paradise" – persuaded –
 Yield her moat of pearl –
 Would the Eden *be* an Eden,
 Or the Earl – an *Earl*?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in pencil (Bingham 98-3-7). It is written on a half sheet of stationery.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 100, titled "Possession." The italics are not reproduced.

I taste a liquor never brewed –
 From Tankards scooped in Pearl –
 Not all the Frankfort Berries
 Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of Air – am I –
 And Debauchee of Dew –
 Reeling – thro endless summer days –
 From inns of Molten Blue –

When "Landlords" turn the drunken Bee
 Out of the Foxglove's door –
 When Butterflies – renounce their "drams" –
 I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats –
 And Saints – to windows run –
 To see the little Tippler
 From Manzanilla come!

3. Frankfort Berries] Vats upon the 16] Leaning against the – Sun –
 Rhine

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 14 (H 72a). Evidently ED associated Manzanillo, an important commercial city on the southern coast of Cuba, with the export of rum.

PUBLICATION: In the column of "Original Poetry" of the *Springfield Daily Republican* for 4 May 1861, the following version was anonymously printed:

The May-Wine

I taste a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not Frankfort berries yield the sense
Such a delirious whirl.

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew; –
Reeling through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the Fox-glove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more;

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saint to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Come staggering toward the sun.

One suspects that the alterations in lines 3 and 4 were made editorially to effect an exact rhyme. The change in line 16, in the direction of "sensible" metaphor, is not in the manuscript. It is printed in *Poems* (1890), 34, without title, from the packet copy. Both suggested changes are adopted.

215

What is – "Paradise" –
Who live there –
Are they "Farmers" –
Do they "hoe" –
Do they know that this is "Amherst" –
And that I – am coming – too –

Do they wear "new shoes" – in "Eden" –
Is it always pleasant – there – [no stanza break]

Wont they scold us – when we're hungry –
Or tell God – how cross we are –

You are sure there's such a person
As "a Father" – in the sky –
So if I get lost – there – ever –
Or do what the Nurse calls "die" –
I shant walk the "Jasper" – barefoot –
Ransomed folks – wont laugh at me –
Maybe – "Eden" a'nt so lonesome
As New England used to be!

9. hungry] homesick

MANUSCRIPT: About 1860, in packet 15 (H 79).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 85. The text, arranged as four quatrains, derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. The suggested change is adopted.

216

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers –
Untouched by Morning
And untouched by Noon –
Sleep the meek members of the Resurrection –
Rafter of satin,
And Roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze
In her Castle above them –
Babbles the Bee in a stolid Ear,
Pipe the Sweet Birds in ignorant cadence –
Ah, what sagacity perished here!

version of 1859

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers –
Untouched by Morning –
And untouched by Noon –
Lie the meek members of the Resurrection –
Rafter of Satin – and Roof of Stone!

Grand go the Years – in the Crescent – above them –
Worlds scoop their Arcs –
And Firmaments – row –
Diadems – drop – and Doges – surrender –
Soundless as dots – on a Disc of Snow –

version of 1861

MANUSCRIPTS: It is unlikely that ED ever completed this poem in a version that entirely satisfied her. The earlier version she copied into packet 3 (H 11c) sometime in 1859. The later version she copied into packet 37 (H 203c) in early summer, 1861. The story of how she labored in 1861 to create a finished poem unfolds in an exchange of notes with Sue, who evidently had not approved the earlier version when ED had asked her opinion. The first note (H B 74a), in pencil, reads thus:

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers,
Untouched by Morning –
And untouched by Noon –
Lie the meek members of the Resurrection –
Rafter of Satin – and Roof of Stone –

Grand go the Years – in the Crescent – above them –
Worlds scoop their Arcs –
And Firmaments – row –
Diadems – drop – and Doges – surrender –
Soundless as dots – on a Disc of Snow –

Perhaps this verse would please you better – Sue –
Emily –

This new version at first must have seemed satisfactory to ED, since she copied it into packet 37 (identical in text and form with the above except that the first stanza is concluded with an exclamation point). One conjectures that the transcript she made for Sue was copied down at the same time and dispatched to the house next door. Sue replied (in part): (H B 74b):

I am not suited dear Emily with the second verse – It is remarkable as the chain lightening that blinds us hot nights in the Southern sky but it does not go with the ghostly shimmer of the first verse as well as the other one – It just occurs to me that the first verse is complete in itself it needs no other, and can't be coupled – Strange

things always go alone – as there is only one Gabriel and one Sun –
You never made a peer for that verse, and I *guess* you[r] kingdom
doesn't hold one – I always go to the fire and get warm after think-
ing of it, but I never *can* again – . . .

Sue –

Pony Express

Evidently ED, having received Sue's "Pony Express," again attempted a second stanza, for immediately following the second version, in packet 37, are these variant trial substitutes:

Springs – shake the sills –
But – the Echoes – stiffen –
Hoar – is the window –
And numb the door –
Tribes – of Eclipse – in Tents – of Marble –
Staples – of Ages – have buckled – there –

Springs – shake the Seals –
But the silence – stiffens –
Frosts unhook – in the Northern Zones –
Icicles – crawl from Polar Caverns –
Midnight in Marble – Refutes – the Suns –

Having pondered her choice, she selected the first of the two and dispatched this note to Sue (H B 74c):

Is *this frostier?*

Springs – shake the Sills –
But – the Echoes – stiffen –
Hoar – is the Window – and numb – the Door –
Tribes of Eclipse – in Tents of Marble –
Staples of Ages – have buckled there –

Dear Sue –

Your praise is good – to me – because I *know*
it *knows* – and *suppose* it *means* –

Could I make you and Austin – proud –
sometime – a great way off – 'twould give me
taller feet – . . .

Emily

She "supposes" those from whom she seeks advice mean to help and she yearns to give them reason to respect her art. But here the matter ends.

One conjectures that ED had sought advice from Sue in an attempt

to comply with a request from Samuel Bowles to publish the poem in his newspaper: it is very possible that she had incorporated the original version in a recent letter to him. In any event, it is the original version (with "cadence" altered to "cadences") that appeared anonymously in the *Springfield Daily Republican* on Saturday, 1 March 1862:

The Sleeping
Safe in their alabaster chambers,
Untouched by morning,
And untouched by noon,
Sleep the meek members of the Resurrection,
Rafter of satin, and roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze
In her castle above them,
Babbles the bee in a stolid ear,
Pipe the sweet birds in ignorant cadences:
Ah! what sagacity perished here!

Pelham Hill, June, 1861.

ED had an especial fondness for the Pelham hills, and viewing them she may have remembered a visit to an old burying ground there. A clue to the puzzling dating of the lines perhaps lay in the letter to Bowles which presumably accompanied the copy she sent him.

When ED initiated her correspondence with T. W. Higginson on 15 April, six weeks after "The Sleeping" had appeared in the SDR, she enclosed four poems for his critical assessment. Among them was a copy of the second version of this poem (BPL Higg 4), given a new line arrangement:

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers –
Untouched by Morning –
And untouched by Noon –
Sleep the meek members of the Resurrection,
Rafter of Satin – and Roof of Stone –

Grand go the Years,
In the Crescent above them –
Worlds scoop their Arcs –
And Firmaments – row –
Diadems – drop –
And Doges – surrender –
Soundless as Dots,
On a Disc of Snow.

Higginson's reply does not survive, but from her next letter to him there is no reason to suppose that he singled the poem out for special comment. What ED's final thoughts about these versions may have been are not known. She seems never to have referred to the poem again, and there is no later copy in any version or arrangement.

PUBLICATION: The SDR publication is discussed above. The packet copy version of 1859 was one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393. The text is arranged as two quatrains but is not otherwise altered. Higginson comments on it:

This is the form in which she finally left these lines, but as she sent them to me, years ago, the following took the place of the second verse, and it seems to me that, with all its too daring condensation, it strikes a note too fine to be lost.

He then quotes the second stanza from the copy that ED had sent to him. The text issued in *Poems* (1890), 113, without title, is a reconstruction of the two versions arranged as three stanzas, and in this form has persisted in all editions. The version of 1859 furnished the text for stanzas 1 and 2; the second stanza of the version of 1861 becomes stanza 3, and the lines are arranged as three quatrains. One phrase is altered:

castle above them] castle of sunshine

Portions of the correspondence with Sue and of the unused stanza ("Springs shake. . .") are in *LL* (1924), 78, and *FF* (1932), 164. A facsimile of the copy sent to Higginson is reproduced in T. W. Higginson and H. W. Boynton, *A Reader's History of American Literature*, Boston, 1903, pages 130-131.

217

Savior! I've no one else to tell –
And so I trouble *thee*.
I am the one forgot thee so –
Dost thou remember me?
Nor, for myself, I came so far –
That were the little load –
I brought thee the imperial Heart
I had not strength to hold – [no stanza break]

The Heart I carried in my own –
 Till mine too heavy grew –
 Yet – strangest – *heavier* since it went –
 Is it too large for *you*?

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written in 1861. The copy reproduced above (H 309) is a variant of the copy in packet 20 (H 110a), given below; it was sent to Sue and seems to have been written with the same pen and ink. ED has added four new lines at the beginning and has adapted line 5 to the change. The first of the suggested alternate readings from the packet copy is adopted in the copy to Sue; the second is rejected. Sue has noted in pencil in the upper right margin of her copy:

S.H.D.'s copy –

5–

The packet copy reads thus:

Father – I bring thee – not Myself –
 That were the little load –
 I bring thee the departed Heart
 I had not strength to hold –

The Heart I cherished in my own
 Till mine – too heavy grew –
 Yet – strangest – heavier – since it went –
 Is it too large for you?

3. departed] imperial 4. strength] power

PUBLICATION: The copy to Sue is in *London Mercury*, XIX (February 1929), 358; and *FP* (1929), 188. Only “heavier” is italicized. The text is arranged as three stanzas of 4, 4, 5 lines. Three words are altered:

5. Nor] Not 12. you] Thee
 10. grew] be

The packet copy is in *Poems* (1896), 88, where the suggested change for line 3 is adopted.

218

Is it true, dear Sue?
 Are there *two*?
 I should'nt like to come [no stanza break]

[156]

For fear of joggling Him!
If I could shut him up
In a Coffee Cup,
Or tie him to a pin
Till I got in –
Or make him fast
To "Toby's" fist –
Hist! Whist! I'd come!

MANUSCRIPT: The eldest of the children of Austin and Susan Dickinson was Edward, born 19 June 1861. This letter-poem, signed "Emily –" (H B 140), was evidently dispatched to Sue the moment the news of his birth crossed to the homestead. Sue's note at the bottom of the poem reads:

1860 – written on Ned's birth-day –
Toby was the cat –

PUBLICATION: LL (1924), 53. One word was altered:

10. "Toby's"] Pussy's

219

She sweeps with many-colored Brooms –
And leaves the Shreds behind –
Oh Housewife in the Evening West –
Come back, and dust the Pond!

You dropped a Purple Ravelling in –
You dropped an Amber thread –
And now you've littered all the East
With Duds of Emerald!

And still, she plies her spotted Brooms,
And still the Aprons fly,
Till Brooms fade softly into stars –
And then I come away –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two. The copy reproduced above, in packet 23 (H 74b), was written about 1861; the variant below (H 312), presumably sent Sue and signed "Emily.," was written about 1862:

She sweeps with many-colored Brooms –
And leaves the Shreds behind –
Oh Housewife in the Evening West –
Come back – and dust the Pond –

You dropped a Purple Ravelling in –
You dropped an Amber Thread –
And now you've littered all the East
With Duds of Emerald –

And still She plies Her spotted thrift
And still the scene prevails
Till Dusk obstructs the Diligence –
Or Contemplation fails.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 162. The text follows that of the packet copy. The variant third stanza has not been published.

220

Could I – then – shut the door –
Lest *my* beseeching face – at last –
Rejected – be – of *Her*?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861 (H B 125), in pencil. It is addressed "Sue."
PUBLICATION: *FF* (1932), 255. The text is arranged as prose.

221

It cant be "Summer"!
That – got through!
It's early – yet – for "Spring"!
There's that long town of White – to cross –
Before the Blackbirds sing!
It cant be "Dying"!
It's too Rouge –
The Dead shall go in White –
So Sunset shuts my question down
With Cuffs of Chrysolite!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 36d). Kate Scott Anthon, who visited Sue in late October 1861, made a transcript of a copy that ED sent her (H B 126). Identical in text it reads thus:

Emily sent over this poem, with
three clover heads & some bright autumn leaves

It can't be "summer"
That got through –
Its early yet for "Spring"
Then there's that town of white to cross
Before the Blackbirds sing.
It can't be "dying"
Its too rouge
The *Dead* shall go in white
So Sunset shuts my question down
With cuffs of Chrysolite —

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 169. The text follows the packet copy, though arranged as two quatrains. One word is altered:

10. Cuffs] clasps

222

When Katie walks, this simple pair accompany her side,
When Katie runs unwearied they follow on the road,
When Katie kneels, their loving hands still clasp her pious knee —
Ah! Katie! Smile at Fortune, with *two so knit to thee!*

No autograph copy of these lines is known. They are here reproduced from a transcript made by Kate Scott Anthon (H B 126), with the notation:

Emily knitted a pair of *garters* for me
& *sent them over* with these lines

Kate Scott, whose first husband, C. L. Turner, died in 1857, visited Sue on some four or five occasions during the years 1859–1861; she married John Anthon in 1866.

PUBLICATION: *Letters* (ed. 1931 only), 146. Two words differ from those in the transcript:

2. follow] travel 3. hands] bands

Only "knit" is italicized. It is signed "Emilie." Mrs. Todd remarks that her text derives from a transcript sent to her by Mrs. Anthon.

223

I Came to buy a smile – today –
But just a single smile –
The smallest one upon your face
Will suit me just as well –
The one that no one else would miss
It shone so very small –
I'm pleading at the "counter" – sir –
Could you afford to sell –

I've *Diamonds* – on my fingers –
You know what *Diamonds* are?
I've Rubies – like the Evening Blood –
And Topaz – like the star!
'Twould be "a Bargain" for a *Jew*!
Say – may I have it – Sir?

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1861. The copy reproduced above (Bowles), signed "Emily –," was sent to Samuel Bowles. It is identical in text with the copy in packet 8 (H 34) below, and has adopted the suggested change for line 3.

I came to buy a smile – today –
But just a single smile –
The smallest one upon your cheek –
Will suit me just as well –
The one that no one else would miss
It shone so very small –
I'm pleading at the counter – Sir –
Could you afford to sell?

I've Diamonds – on my fingers!
You know what Diamonds – are!
I've Rubies – like the Evening Blood –
And Topaz – like the Star!
'Twould be a bargain for a Jew!
Say? May I have it – Sir?

3. cheek] face

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 140. The text derives from the packet copy, and the suggested change is rejected. The two final lines are arranged as a separate stanza.

224

I've nothing else – to bring, You know –
So I keep bringing These –
Just as the Night keeps fetching Stars
To our familiar eyes –

Maybe, we should'nt mind them –
Unless they did'nt come –
Then – maybe, it would puzzle us
To find our way Home –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, identical in text, both written about 1861. The copy reproduced above (H 204d) is in packet 37. That below (Bowles), signed "Emily –," was sent to Samuel Bowles and probably accompanied a gift of flowers.

I've nothing else, to bring, you know –
So I keep bringing these –
Just as the Night keeps fetching *stars* –
To our *familiar* Eyes –
Maybe – we should'nt *mind* them –
Unless they did'nt *come* –
Then – maybe it would puzzle us
To find our way Home!

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 68. Though derived from the packet copy, the text is arranged without stanza division.

225

Jesus! thy Crucifix
Enable thee to guess
The smaller size!

Jesus! thy second face
Mind thee in Paradise
Of our's!

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above, in packet 20 (H 110e), was written in 1861. Another copy (Hooker), identical in text, concludes a letter written to Samuel Bowles in the same year:

Jesus! thy Crucifix
Enable thee to guess
The smaller size –

Jesus! thy *second* face
Mind thee – in Paradise –
Of Our's.

The letter is unpublished.

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 124. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. One word is altered:

2. Enable] Enables

226

[Sh]ould you but fail [at] – Sea –
[In] sight of me –
[Or] doomed lie –
[Ne]xt Sun – to die –
[O]r rap – at Paradise – unheard
I'd *harass* God
Until he let [you] in!

This poem is incorporated in a letter written to Samuel Bowles in 1861 (Hooker). Neither the poem nor the letter is published. The edges of the manuscript have been torn away, and the text has been conjecturally supplied. The letter is a note of thanks for some unidentified thought or act. The poem, which concludes it, is introduced by the remark:

To "*thank you*" – [s]hames my thought!

It is signed "Emily."

227

Teach Him – when He makes the *names* –
Such an one – to say –
On his babbling – Berry – lips – [no stanza break]

[162]

As should sound – to me –
Were my Ear – as near his nest –
As my *thought* – today –
As should sound –
“Forbid us not” –
Some like “Emily.”

MANUSCRIPT: Written in late December 1861, this poem (Bingham) was sent to Mrs. Samuel Bowles shortly after the birth on 19 December of their son, Charles Allen Bowles. It is headed by the title “Baby –.”

PUBLICATION: *Letters* (ed. 1894), 196; (ed. 1931), 190; also *LL* (1924), 219.

228

Blazing in Gold and quenching in Purple
Leaping like Leopards to the Sky
Then at the feet of the old Horizon
Laying her spotted Face to die
Stooping as low as the Otter’s Window
Touching the Roof and tinting the Barn
Kissing her Bonnet to the Meadow
And the Juggler of Day is gone

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two copies of this poem. A third, now lost, is known to have been made. That reproduced above (BPL Higg 21) was one of four enclosed in a letter (BPL Higg 60) to T. W. Higginson, postmarked 9 June 1866. The other copy, written some five years earlier, about 1861, is in packet 23 (H 127a):

Blazing in Gold – and
Quenching – in Purple!
Leaping – like Leopards – in the sky –
Then – at the feet of the old Horizon –
Laying it’s spotted face – to die!

Stooping as low as the kitchen window –
Touching the Roof –
And tinting the Barn –
Kissing it’s Bonnet to the Meadow –
And the Juggler of Day – is gone!

In line 3 ED later crossed out "in" and substituted "to." There are three variants in the copy to Higginson:

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 4. her] it's | 7. her] it's. |
| 5. Otter's] kitchen | |

The third (lost) copy evidently was sent to Sue. A footnote in *AB*, 140, reproduces a letter written to Mrs. Todd by ED's cousin, Perez D. Cowan, dated 9 June 1891, wherein he transcribes the poem from memory as one that had been given him by Susan Dickinson when he was an Amherst undergraduate (1862-1866). It is rendered thus:

Blazing in gold, and quenching in purple,
Leaping like leopards in the sky,
At the feet of the old horizon
Laying her spotted face to die,

Bending low at the oriel window
Flooding the steeple, and tinting the barn,
Kissing her bonnet to the meadow —
And the Juggler of Day is gone.

"Then" is omitted from line 3. Other variants are these:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2. to] in | 6. Touching the Roof] Flooding the |
| 5. Stooping as low as] Bending low at | steeple |
| 5. Otter's] oriel | |

A faulty memory might account for some of the differences, but the nature of the changes in lines 5 and 6 suggests that his copy was a variant. The conjecture is somewhat substantiated by the version of the poem which was anonymously published in the *Springfield Daily Republican* on 30 March 1864 in the "Wit and Wisdom" column, titled "Sunset:"

Blazing in gold, and quenching in purple,
Leaping like leopards in the sky,
Then at the feet of the old horizon
Laying her spotted face to die;
Stooping as low as the oriel window,
Touching the roof, and tinting the barn,
Kissing her bonnet to the meadow —
And the Juggler of Day is gone!

It departs from the text of the packet copy thus (counting the line spacings in the *Republican*):

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 4. it's] her | 7. it's] her |
| 5. kitchen] oriel | |

PUBLICATION: There is no way of knowing who supplied the version printed in the *Republican*, discussed above. The copy supplied Cowan by Susan Dickinson also uses the phrase "oriel window," and since it is unlikely that ED herself sent the copy, one conjectures that the lost copy to Sue was the source as well of the text in the *Republican*. The text in *Poems* (1891), 166, titled "The Juggler of Day," reproduced the copy to Higginson, arranged as two quatrains. When Higginson was putting final editorial touches to the volume, he wrote on 18 July 1891 to Mrs. Todd (AB 140):

I have combined the two "Juggler of Day" poems, using the otter's window of course (oriel!!) & making the juggler a woman, as is proper.

By "oriel" he has in mind the Cowan text quoted to him by Mrs. Todd. He obviously distrusted Cowan's memory. ED's variants "kitchen," "oriel," "Otter" all remain in fair copies nevertheless.

When Mrs. Bianchi included the poem in CP (1924), 102, and later collections, she altered line 5 to conform with that in the packet copy, thus restoring "kitchen." In lines 4 and 7 "her" still remains.

229

A Burdock – clawed my Gown –
Not *Burdock's* – blame –
But *mine* –
Who went too near
The Burdock's *Den* –

A *Bog* – affronts my shoe –
What *else* have Bogs – *to do* –
The only Trade they *know* –
The *splashing Men*!
Ah, *pity* – *then*!

*'Tis Minnows can despise!
The Elephant's—calm eyes
Look further on!*

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above (Bingham 85) is incorporated in a note which ED wrote her brother Austin in 1861. It begins:

Austin—
 Father said Frank Conkey—
touched you—

The poem follows and the note is signed "Emily—." Ithamar Francis Conkey, a lifelong resident of Amherst, was some six years older than Austin. He too practiced law, and from 1856 until his death in 1875 he was District Attorney for the Northwestern district of Massachusetts. Though he served in a multitude of town functions and on honorary committees with Edward Dickinson, there was a real political rivalry in their relationship. Edward Dickinson was a "straight" Whig in a period when "republican" Whigs considered "straight" Whigs out-of-date. Edward Dickinson was disturbed that Austin was becoming "touched" by the new republican brand. The poem seems to express ED's political sympathies, certainly to the extent that they line themselves in local or family loyalties. The poem was placed in packet 92 (Bingham 77d) about 1864:

A Burdock twitched my Gown
Not Burdock's blame—but mine
Who went too near the Burdock's Den.

A Bog affronts my shoe.
What else have Bogs to do—
The only art they know
The splashing Men?

'Tis Minnows—should despise—
An Elephant's calm eyes
Look further on.

6. art] Trade

The first line is a variant reading as is the eleventh, and she seems to have thought that "Trade"—as she had originally written—was a better word choice than "art." Note that in the later version she has omitted the personalized plea in the copy to Austin: the last line of the second stanza.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 73. It follows the text of the packet copy; the suggested change is rejected.

230

We – Bee and I – live by the quaffing –
’Tis’nt *all Hock* – with us –
Life has it’s *Ale* –
But it’s many a lay of the Dim Burgundy –
We chant – for cheer – when the Wines – fail –

Do we “get drunk”?
Ask the jolly Clovers!
Do we “beat” our “Wife”?
I – never wed –
Bee – pledges *his* – in minute flagons –
Dainty – as the tress – on her deft Head –

While runs the Rhine –
He and I – revel –
First – at the vat – and latest at the Vine –
Noon – our last Cup –
“Found dead” – “of Nectar” –
By a humming Coroner –
In a By-Thyme!

4] [But it’s] dim chat of Things Burgund, we know –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 37 (H 200a).

PUBLICATION: *Atlantic Monthly*, CXLIII (February 1929), 181; *FP* (1929), 61. The suggested change is rejected. The text is arranged in twenty-two lines, without stanza division. The italics in lines 9 and 10 are retained. Two words are altered:

1. by] in 10. minute] minutest

God permits industrious Angels –
 Afternoons – to play –
 I met one – forgot my Schoolmates –
 All – for Him – straightway –

God calls home – the Angels – promptly –
 At the Setting Sun –
 I missed mine – how *dreary* – *Marbles* –
 After playing *Crown*!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 37 (H 200b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 127, titled "Playmates." The italics are not retained.

The *Sun* – *just touched* the Morning –
 The *Morning* – Happy thing –
 Supposed that He had come to *dwell* –
 And Life would all be *Spring*!

She felt herself *supremer* –
 A *Raised* – *Etherial Thing*!
 Henceforth – for Her – *What Holiday*!
 Meanwhile – Her wheeling King –
 Trailed – slow – along the Orchards –
 His *haughty* – *spangled* Hems –
 Leaving a *new nescesity*!
 The *want* of *Diadems*!

The Morning – *fluttered* – *staggered* –
 Felt *feebly* – for Her *Crown* –
 Her *unannointed forehead* –
 Henceforth – Her *only One*!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 37 (H 200c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 116, titled "The Sun's Wooing." The

text is arranged as four quatrains. No words are italicized. Two words in one line are altered:

4. all be] be all

233

The Lamp burns sure – within –
Tho' Serfs – supply the Oil –
It matters not the busy Wick –
At her phosp[h]oric toil!

The Slave – forgets – to fill –
The Lamp – burns golden – on –
Unconscious that the oil is out –
As that the Slave – is gone.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 37 (H 200d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 17.

234

You're right – "the way is narrow" –
And "difficult the Gate" –
And "few there be" – Correct again –
That "enter in – thereat" –

'Tis Costly – So are *purples*!
'Tis just the price of *Breath* –
With but the "Discount" of the *Grave* –
Termed by the *Brokers* – "Death"!

And after *that* – there's Heaven –
The *Good Man's* – "*Dividend*" –
And *Bad Men* – "go to Jail" –
I guess –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 37 (H 203b).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 307. It is placed among the unfinished poems. Only "is" (line 1) is italicized. The final two words conclude line 11. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

The Court is far away –
 No Umpire – have I –
 My Sovreign is offended –
 To gain his grace – I'd die!

I'll seek his royal feet –
 I'll say – Remember – King –
 Thou shalt – thyself – one day – a Child –
 Implore a *larger* – thing –

That Empire – is of Czars –
 As small – they say – as I –
 Grant *me* – that day – the royalty –
 To *intercede* – for *Thee* –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 37 (H 204a).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 164. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. The italics are not reproduced. Stanza three is enclosed in quotation marks.

If *He dissolve* – then – there is *nothing* – more –
Eclipse – at *Midnight* –
 It was *dark* – *before* –

Sunset – at *Easter* –
Blindness – on the *Dawn* –
Faint Star of Bethlehem –
Gone down!

Would but some *God* – *inform* Him –
 Or it be *too late!*
 Say – that the pulse *just lisps* –
 The *Chariots wait* –

Say – that a *little life* – for *His* –
 Is *leaking* – *red* –

[no stanza break]

His little Spaniel – tell Him!
Will He heed?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 37 (H 204b).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 108 – the first two stanzas only, arranged as couplets. The entire poem, arranged as couplets, is in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 41; it derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. ED's italics are not reproduced in either printing. One word is altered:

11. Chariots] chariot

237

I think just how my shape will rise –
When I shall be "*forgiven*" –
Till Hair – and Eyes – and timid Head –
Are *out of sight* – in Heaven –

I think just how my lips will weigh –
With shapeless – quivering – prayer –
That you – *so late* – "*Consider*" me –
The "*Sparrow*" of your Care –

I mind me that of Anguish – sent –
Some drifts were moved away –
Before my simple bosom – broke –
And why not *this* – if *they*?

And so I con that thing – "*forgiven*" –
Until – delirious – borne –
By my long bright – and *longer* – *trust* –
I *drop* my Heart – *unshriven*!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 37 (H 204c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 228. The italics are not retained. The final stanza is altered thus:

And so, until delirious borne
I con that thing, – "*forgiven*," –
Till with long fright and longer trust
I drop my heart, unshriven!

Kill your Balm – and it's Odors bless you –
 Bare your Jessamine – to the storm –
 And she will fling her maddest perfume –
 Haply – your Summer night to Charm –

Stab the Bird – that built in your bosom –
 Oh, could you catch her last Refrain –
 Bubble! “forgive” – “Some better” – Bubble!
 “Carol for Him – when I am gone”!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 14 (H 71c).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 289. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

“Heaven” – is what I cannot reach!
 The Apple on the Tree –
 Provided it do hopeless – hang –
 That – “Heaven” is – to Me!

The Color, on the Cruising Cloud –
 The interdicted Land –
 Behind the Hill – the House behind –
 There – Paradise – is found!

Her teasing Purples – Afternoons –
 The credulous – decoy –
 Enamored – of the Conjuror –
 That spurned us – Yesterday!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 14 (H 71d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 17 – the first two stanzas only, titled “Forbidden Fruit.” All three stanzas are in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 18, derived from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. In *Poems* one word is altered:

6. Land] ground

In *NEQ land* is restored, but another word is altered:

11. Conjuror] conqueror

240

Ah, Moon – and Star!
You are very far –
But were no one
Farther than you –
Do you think I'd stop
For a Firmament –
Or a Cubit – or so?

I could borrow a Bonnet
Of the Lark –
And a Chamois' Silver Boot –
And a stirrup of an Antelope –
And be with you – Tonight!

But, Moon, and Star,
Though you're very far –
There is one – farther than you –
He – is more than a firmament – from Me –
So I can never go!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1861. The copy reproduced above is in packet 8 (H 36a). The second copy is in packet 14 (H 69c):

Ah, Moon – and Star!
You are very far –
But – were no one farther than you –
Do you think I'd stop for a firmament –
Or a Cubit – or so!

I could borrow a Bonnet – of the Lark –
And a Chamois' silver boot –
And a stirrup of an Antelope –
And leap to you – tonight!

But – Moon – and Star –
Though you're very far –

[no stanza break]

There is one – farther than you –
He – is more than a firmament – from me –
And I cannot go!

The final lines of the second and third stanzas are variants.

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 94. It follows the text of the copy in packet 8 and the line arrangement of the copy in packet 14. Three words are altered:

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 4. farther] further | 16. a] (<i>omitted</i>) |
| 15. farther] further | |

241

I like a look of Agony,
Because I know it's true –
Men do not sham Convulsion,
Nor simulate, a Throe –

The Eyes glaze once – and that is Death –
Impossible to feign
The Beads upon the Forehead
By homely Anguish strung.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 32 (H 53b). Between the two stanzas, ED has crossed out "Death comes."

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 121, titled "Real."

242

When we stand on the tops of Things –
And like the Trees, look down –
The smoke all cleared away from it –
And Mirrors on the scene –

Just laying light – no soul will wink
Except it have the flaw –
The Sound ones, like the Hills – shall stand –
No Lightning, scares away –

The Perfect, nowhere be afraid –
 They bear their dauntless Heads,
 Where others, dare not go at Noon,
 Protected by their deeds –

The Stars dare shine occasionally
 Upon a spotted World –
 And Suns, go surer, for their Proof,
 As if an Axle, held –

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 7. shall stand] stand up – | 11. go at Noon] walk at noon – |
| 8. scares] drives – | 16. an Axle, held] A Muscle – held |
| 10. dauntless] fearless – / tranquil – | |

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 32 (H 54c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 268. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. In line 4 of the transcript Mrs. Todd left a blank where “Mirrors” is written; Mrs. Bingham supplies the word “sunset” in brackets. Two suggested changes are adopted:

- | | |
|-----------|--------------|
| 8. drives | 10. tranquil |
|-----------|--------------|

One word is altered:

- | |
|-----------------|
| 11. Where] When |
|-----------------|

243

I've known a Heaven, like a Tent –
 To wrap it's shining Yards –
 Pluck up it's stakes, and disappear –
 Without the sound of Boards
 Or Rip of Nail – Or Carpenter –
 But just the miles of Stare –
 That signalize a Show's Retreat –
 In North America –

No Trace – no Figment of the Thing
 That dazzled, Yesterday,
 No Ring – no Marvel –
 Men, and Feats –

[no stanza break]

Dissolved as utterly—
As Bird's far Navigation
Discloses just a Hue—
A splash of Oars, a Gaiety—
Then swallowed up, of View.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 32d).

PUBLICATION: *London Mercury*, XIX (February 1929), 350; *FP* (1929), 34. It is without stanza division. One word is altered:

17. of.] to

244

It is easy to work when the soul is at play—
But when the soul is in pain—
The hearing him put his playthings up
Makes work difficult—then—

It is simple, to ache in the Bone, or the Rind—
But Gimblets—among the nerve—
Mangle daintier—terribler—
Like a Panther in the Glove—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 33a).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 246. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

245

I held a Jewel in my fingers—
And went to sleep—
The day was warm, and winds were prosy—
I said "Twill keep"—

I woke—and chid my honest fingers,
The Gem was gone—
And now, an Amethyst remembrance
Is all I own—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 35b).

PUBLICATION: *Independent*, XLIII (5 February 1891), 1; *Poems* (1891), 106, titled in both "The Lost Jewel."

246

Forever at His side to walk
The smaller of the two!
Brain of His Brain –
Blood of His Blood –
Two lives – One Being – now –

Forever of His fate to taste –
If grief – the largest part –
If joy – to put my piece away
For that beloved Heart –

All life – to know each other –
Whom we can never learn –
And bye and bye – a Change –
Called Heaven –
Rapt Neighborhoods of Men –
Just finding out – what puzzled us –
Without the lexicon!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 36c).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 148. The text is arranged as four stanzas of 5, 4, 4, and 4 lines; in later collections, as three stanzas of 4, 4, and 6 lines. One word is altered:

14. Neighborhoods] neighborhood

247

What would I give to see his face?
I'd give – I'd give my life – of course –
But *that* is not enough!
Stop just a minute – let me think! [no stanza break]

I'd give my biggest Bobolink!
 That makes *two* – *Him* – and *Life*!
 You know who "*June*" is –
 I'd give *her* –
 Roses a day from Zenzibar –
 And Lily tubes – like Wells –
 Bees – by the furlong –
 Straits of Blue
 Navies of Butterflies – sailed thro' –
 And dappled Cowslip Dells –

Then I have "shares" in Primrose "Banks" –
 Daffodil Dowries – spicy "Stocks" –
 Dominions – broad as Dew –
 Bags of Doubloons – adventurous Bees
 Brought me – from firmamental seas –
 And Purple – from Peru –

Now – have I bought it –
 "Shylock"? Say!
 Sign me the Bond!
 "I vow to pay
 To Her – who pledges *this* –
One hour – of her Sovereign's face"!.
Extatic Contract!
Niggard Grace!
 My *Kingdom's worth* of Bliss!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 37).

PUBLICATION: *Atlantic Monthly*, CXLIII (March 1929), 326; *FP*
 (1929), 150–151. The text is arranged as a thirty-five-line stanza; in later
 collections the line arrangement is restored but not the stanza division.
 Italics are retained only in lines 21 and 26. One word is altered:

25. Her] him

Why—do they shut Me out of Heaven?
 Did I sing—too loud?
 But—I can say a little “Minor”
 Timid as a Bird!

Would’nt the Angels try me—
 Just—once—more—
 Just—see—if I troubled them—
 But dont—shut the door!

Oh, if I—were the Gentleman
 In the “White Robe”—
 And they—were the little Hand—that knocked—
 Could—I—forbid?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 38a).

PUBLICATION: FP (1929), 174. The text is arranged as three stanzas of 5, 4, 5 lines. In later editions the quatrains are restored. Three words are altered:

3. say] sing 9. Gentleman] gentlemen 10. Robe] robes

Wild Nights—Wild Nights!
 Were I with thee
 Wild Nights should be
 Our luxury!

Futile—the Winds—
 To a Heart in port—
 Done with the Compass—
 Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden—
 Ah, the Sea!
 Might I but moor—Tonight—
 In Thee!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 38b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 97. The last word of line 11 is arranged as the first of line 12. When Mrs. Todd and Col. Higginson were selecting poems for the volume, he evidently felt some reservation about including this one, for he wrote Mrs. Todd on 21 April 1891 (AB, 127):

One poem only I dread a little to print – that wonderful “Wild Nights,” – lest the malignant read into it more than that virgin recluse ever dreamed of putting there. Has Miss Lavinia any shrinking about it? You will understand & pardon my solicitude. Yet what a loss to omit it! Indeed it is not to be omitted.

250

I shall keep singing!
Birds will pass me
On their way to Yellower Climes –
Each – with a Robin’s expectation –
I – with my Redbreast –
And my Rhymes –
Late – when I take my place in summer –
But – I shall bring a fuller tune –
Vespers – are sweeter than Matins – Signor –
Morning – only the seed of Noon –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 38c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 32. The first stanza is regularized as a quatrain. One word is altered:

8. bring] sing

251

Over the fence –
Strawberries – grow –
Over the fence –
I could climb – if I tried, I know –
Berries are nice!

But – if I stained my Apron –
God would certainly scold!
Oh, dear, – I guess if He were a Boy –
He'd – climb – if He could!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 38d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 90. The text, arranged as two quatrains, derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

252

I can wade Grief –
Whole Pools of it –
I'm used to that –
But the least push of Joy
Breaks up my feet –
And I tip – drunken –
Let no Pebble – smile –
'Twas the New Liquor –
That was all!

Power is only Pain –
Stranded, thro' Discipline,
Till Weights – will hang –
Give Balm – to Giants –
And they'll wilt, like Men –
Give Himmaleh –
They'll Carry – Him!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 126b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 30, titled "The Test."

253

You see I cannot see – your lifetime –
I must guess –
How many times it ache for me – today – Confess –
How many times for my far sake [no stanza break]

The brave eyes film –
But I guess guessing hurts –
Mine – get so dim!

Too vague – the face –
My own – so patient – covets –
Too far – the strength –
My timidness enfolds –
Haunting the Heart –
Like her translated faces –
Teazing the want –
It – only – can suffice!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 46a).

PUBLICATION: *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*, 10 March 1929, page 4; *FP* (1929), 162. The text is arranged as three stanzas of 5, 5, and 8 lines; in later collections, as four quatrains. One word is altered:

13. translated] transplanted

254

“Hope” is the thing with feathers –
That perches in the soul –
And sings the tune without the words –
And never stops – at all –

And sweetest – in the Gale – is heard –
And sore must be the storm –
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm –

I’ve heard it in the chilliest land –
And on the strangest Sea –
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb – of Me.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 46b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 27, titled “Hope.”

To die – takes just a little while –
 They say it does'nt hurt –
 It's only fainter – by degrees –
 And then – it's out of sight –

A darker Ribbon – for a Day –
 A Crape upon the Hat –
 And then the pretty sunshine comes –
 And helps us to forget –

The absent – mystic – creature –
 That but for love of us –
 Had gone to sleep – that soundest time –
 Without the weariness –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 46c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 126.

If I'm lost – now –
 That I was found –
 Shall still my transport be –
 That once – on me – those Jasper Gates
 Blazed open – suddenly –

That in my awkward – gazing – face –
 The Angels – softly peered –
 And touched me with their fleeces,
 Almost as if they cared –
 I'm banished – now – you know it –
 How foreign that can be –
 You'll know – Sir – when the Savior's face
 Turns so – away from you –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 46d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 166. The text, arranged as three quatrains derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

257

Delight is as the flight –
Or in the Ratio of it,
As the Schools would say –
The Rainbow's way –
A Skein
Flung colored, after Rain,
Would suit as bright,
Except that flight
Were Aliment –

"If it would last"
I asked the East,
When that Bent Stripe
Struck up my childish
Firmament –
And I, for glee,
Took Rainbows, as the common way,
And empty Skies
The Eccentricity –

And so with Lives –
And so with Butterflies –
Seen magic – through the fright
That they will cheat the sight –
And Dower latitudes far on –
Some sudden morn –
Our portion – in the fashion –
Done –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 74a).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 77. The text is arranged as three stanzas of 9, 10, and 9 lines; in later collections, as three seven-line stanzas.

There's a certain Slant of light,
 Winter Afternoons –
 That oppresses, like the Heft
 Of Cathedral Tunes –

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us –
 We can find no scar,
 But internal difference,
 Where the Meanings, are –

None may teach it – Any –
 'Tis the Seal Despair –
 An imperial affliction
 Sent us of the Air –

When it comes, the Landscape listens –
 Shadows – hold their breath –
 When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
 On the look of Death –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 74d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 106. Line 2 reads:

On winter afternoons

Two other alterations are:

3. heft] weight 9. Any] anything

Good Night! Which put the Candle out?
 A jealous Zephyr – not a doubt –
 Ah, friend, you little knew
 How long at that celestial wick
 The Angels – labored diligent –
 Extinguished – now – for you!

It might—have been the Light House spark—
Some Sailor—rowing in the Dark—
Had importuned to see!
It might—have been the waning lamp
That lit the Drummer from the Camp
To purer Reveille!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, identical in text, both transcribed into packets. That reproduced above, in packet 23 (H 127b), was written about 1861. The one below, in packet 18 (H 98d), was written about 1863.

Good Night—Which put the Candle out?
A jealous Zephyr—not a doubt—
Ah, friend, You little knew
How long at that celestial wick
The Angels—labored diligent—
Extinguished—now—for You—

It might have been the Light House Spark—
Some Sailor—rowing in the Dark—
Had importuned to see—
It might have been the waning Lamp
That lit the Drummer—from the Camp—
To purer Reveille—

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 64.

260

Read—Sweet—how others—strove—
Till we—are stouter—
What they—renounced—
Till we—are less afraid—
How many times they—bore the faithful witness—
Till we—are helped—
As if a Kingdom—cared!

Read then—of faith—
That shone above the fagot—

[no stanza break]

Clear strains of Hymn
The River could not drown
Brave names of Men –
And Celestial Women –
Passed out – of Record
Into – Renown!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 127c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 32, titled "The Book of Martyrs." The text is arranged as two eight-line stanzas.

261

Put up my lute!
What of – my Music!
Since the sole ear I cared to charm –
Passive – as Granite – laps My Music –
Sobbing – will suit – as well as psalm!

Would but the "Memnon" of the Desert –
Teach me the strain
That vanquished Him –
When He – surrendered to the Sunrise –
Maybe – that – would awaken – them!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 127d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 140. The text is arranged as two quatrains.

262

The lonesome for they know not What –
The Eastern Exiles – be –
Who strayed beyond the Amber line
Some madder Holiday –

And ever since – the purple Moat
They strive to climb – in vain –
As Birds – that tumble from the clouds
Do fumble at the strain –

The Blessed Ether – taught them –
Some Transatlantic Morn –
When Heaven – was too common – to miss –
Too sure – to dote upon!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 128b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 130. The text is arranged as two stanzas of 4 and 8 lines; in later collections the stanza division is abandoned. Two words are altered:

5. Moat] West 7. tumble] tremble

263

A single Screw of Flesh
Is all that pins the Soul
That stands for Deity, to Mine,
Upon my side the Vail –

Once witnessed of the Gauze –
It's name is put away
As far from mine, as if no plight
Had printed yesterday,

In tender – solemn Alphabet,
My eyes just turned to see,
When it was smuggled by my sight
Into Eternity –

More Hands – to hold – These are but Two –
One more new-mailed Nerve
Just granted, for the Peril's sake
Some striding – Giant – Love –

So greater than the Gods can show,
They slink before the Clay,
That not for all their Heaven can boast
Will let it's Keepsake – go

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 109b).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 107. The misprint "screen" for "Screw" (line 1) is corrected in *Poems* (current). Two words are altered:

4. Vail (Veil)] vale 18. slink] shrink

264

A Weight with Needles on the pounds –
To push, and pierce, besides –
That if the Flesh resist the Heft –
The puncture – cool[l]y tries –

That not a pore be overlooked
Of all this Compound Frame –
As manifold for Anguish –
As Species – be – for name –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 109c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 18. Two words are altered:

1. on] in 8. Species] spices

265

Where Ships of Purple – gently toss –
On Seas of Daffodil –
Fantastic Sailors – mingle –
And then – the Wharf is still!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 110b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 161, titled "Sunset."

266

This – is the land – the Sunset washes –
These – are the Banks of the Yellow Sea
Where it rose – or whither it rushes –
These – are the Western Mystery!

Night after Night
Her purple traffic
Strews the landing with Opal Bales –
Merchantmen – poise upon Horizons –
Dip – and vanish like Orioles!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 110c). There is a verbal echo in the second stanza of these lines from Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*:

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilot of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

PUBLICATION: This is one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393, titled "The Sea of Sunset." Two words are altered:

8. like Orioles] with airy sails

It was issued in *Poems* (1890), 84, with the same title, likewise arranged as two quatrains. The altered words were again altered:

with fairy sails

All later editions follow the text in *Poems* (1890).

267

Did we disobey Him?
Just one time!
Charged us to forget Him –
But we could'nt learn!

Were Himself – such a Dunce –
What would we – do?
Love the dull lad – best –
Oh, wouldn't you?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 110f).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 163. The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd.

Me, change! Me, alter!
 Then I will, when on the Everlasting Hill
 A Smaller Purple grows –
 At sunset, or a lesser glow
 Flickers upon Cordillera –
 At Day's superior close!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861 (Bingham 102–32). It is written on a half-page of stationery.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 147. "Then I will" (line 2) concludes line 1.

Bound – a trouble –
 And lives can bear it!
 Limit – how deep a bleeding go!
 So – many – drops – of vital scarlet –
 Deal with the soul
 As with Algebra!

Tell it the Ages – to a cypher –
 And it will ache – contented – on –
 Sing – at it's pain – as any Workman –
 Notching the fall of the Even Sun!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two. The copy reproduced above is the earlier, written about 1861. Both versions are in packets; the earlier in packet 15 (H 78d), the later in packet 18 (H 97c), written about 1863. ED transcribed the earlier version onto the last page of a sheet on which the other three poems were entered about 1860. The first stanzas of the two versions are markedly different. The later version, below, was set down in a semifinal state.

Bound a Trouble – and Lives will bear it –
 Circumscription – enables Wo –
 Still to anticipate – Were no limit –
 Who were sufficient to Misery?

State it the Ages – to a cipher –
And it will ache – contented on –
Sing, at it's pain, as any Workman –
Notching the fall of the Even Sun –

3. anticipate] conjecture 4. were sufficient to] could begin on –

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 22. It follows the text of the later version, adopting the suggested change for line 3. Two words are altered:

2. enables] enable 7. as] like

The first stanza of the earlier version arranged as a quatrain, is in *AB* (1945), 392, derived from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

270

One Life of so much Consequence!
Yet I – for it – would pay –
My Soul's *entire income* –
In ceaseless – salary –

One Pearl – to me – so signal –
That I would instant dive –
Although – I *knew* – to *take* it –
Would cost me – *just a life*!

The Sea is full – I know it!
That – does not blur *my Gem*!
It burns – distinct from all the row –
Intact – in *Diadem*!

The life is thick – I know it!
Yet – not so dense a crowd –
But *Monarchs* – are *perceptible* –
Far down the dustiest Road!

5. to me – so signal] of such proportion

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 37 (H 203a).

PUBLICATION: *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*, 10 March

1929, page 4; *FP* (1929), 142. The suggested change is adopted. The text is printed without stanza division, and only *knew* (line 7) is italicized. Two words are altered:

2. Yet] That 13. The] Oh

271

A solemn thing – it was – I said –
A Woman – white – to be –
And wear – if God should count me fit –
Her blameless mystery –

A timid thing – to drop a life
Into the mystic well –
Too plummetless – that it come back –
Eternity – until –

I pondered how the bliss would look –
And would it feel as big –
When I could take it in my hand –
As hovering – seen – through fog –

And then – the size of this “small” life –
The Sages – call it small –
Swelled – like Horizons – in my breast –
And I sneered – softly – “small”!

5. timid] *hallowed*
6. mystic] *purple*
7. come back] *return*

12. hovering] *glimmering*
15. breast] *vest*

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 14 (H 71a). ED underlined four suggested changes.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 97, titled “Wedded.” The first two stanzas only are there printed. In attempting to adopt the first two suggested changes, Mrs. Todd mistook the alternate for “timid” as one for “blameless” in the line preceding. Lines 4 and 5 therefore read:

Her *hallowed* mystery.
A timid thing to drop a life

The suggested change for line 6 is adopted. The entire poem was first published in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 23, with the missing stanzas supplied from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. One word is omitted:

16. softly

272

I breathed enough to take the Trick –
And now, removed from Air –
I simulate the Breath, so well –
That One, to be quite sure –

The Lungs are stirless – must descend
Among the Cunning Cells –
And touch the Pantomime – Himself,
How numb, the Bellows feels!

8. numb] cool –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 14 (H 71b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 179. The suggested change is adopted.
One word is altered:

1. take] learn

273

He put the Belt around my life –
I heard the Buckle snap –
And turned away, imperial,
My Lifetime folding up –
Deliberate, as a Duke would do
A Kingdom's Title Deed –
Henceforth, a Dedicated sort –
A Member of the Cloud.

Yet not too far to come at call –
And do the little Toils
That make the Circuit of the Rest –

[no stanza
break]

And deal occasional smiles
 To lives that stoop to notice mine –
 And kindly ask it in –
 Whose invitation, know you not
 For Whom I must decline?

3] And left his process – satisfied –
 9. Yet not too far] Yet, near enough –

13. that stoop] As stoop –
 15. know you not] For this world –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 14 (H 75a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 105. All suggested changes are rejected.
 One word is altered:

15. know] knew

274

The only Ghost I ever saw
 Was dressed in Mechlin – so –
 He had no sandal on his foot –
 And stepped like flakes of snow –

 His Mien, was soundless, like the Bird –
 But rapid – like the Roe –
 His fashions, quaint, Mosaic –
 Or haply, Mistletoe –

 His conversation – seldom –
 His laughter, like the Breeze
 That dies away in Dimples
 Among the pensive Trees –

 Our interview – was transient –
 Of me, himself was shy –
 And God forbid I look behind –
 Since that appalling Day!

3. had] wore –
 5. Mien] Gait –

5. the] a –
 12. pensive] smiling –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 14 (H 75b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 191. The suggested changes in lines 3 and 5 are adopted. The text is arranged as two eight-line stanzas.

275

Doubt Me! My Dim Companion! ¹
Why, God, would be content
With but a fraction of the Life –
Poured thee, without a stint –
The whole of me – forever –
What more the Woman can,
Say quick, that I may dower thee
With last Delight I own!

It cannot be my Spirit –
For that was thine, before –
I ceded all of Dust I knew –
What Opulence the more
Had I – a freckled Maiden,
Whose farthest of Degree,
Was – that she might –
Some distant Heaven,
Dwell timidly, with thee!

Sift her, from Brow to Barefoot! ⁷
Strain till your last Surmise –
Drop, like a Tapestry, away,
Before the Fire's Eyes –
Winnow her finest fondness –
But hallow just the snow
Intact, in Everlasting flake –
Oh, Caviler, for you!

1. Dim Companion] faint Companion –
3. of the Life] of the love –

7. that I may] so I can –
8. last Delight] least Delight –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 14 (H 76a). In line 19 “your” replaces “her” which ED had first written, then crossed out.

PUBLICATION: Stanzas 1 and 2 are in *Poems* (1890), 47, titled “Sur-

render." The suggested change for line 3 is adopted. One word is altered:

13. freckled] humble

Stanza 3 is in *BM* (1945), 168. It derives from a typescript made by Mrs. Todd. The text is arranged as two quatrains. One word is altered:

25. Caviler] cavalier

276

Many a phrase has the English language –
I have heard but one –
Low as the laughter of the Cricket,
Loud, as the Thunder's Tongue –

Murmuring, like old Caspian Choirs,
When the Tide's a' lull –
Saying itself in new inflection –
Like a Whippowil –

Breaking in bright Orthography
On my simple sleep –
Thundering it's Prospective –
Till I stir, and weep –

Not for the Sorrow, done me –
But the push of Joy –
Say it again, Saxon!
Hush – Only to me!

12. stir] Grope – / start –

14. push of Joy] Pain of joy –

15. Saxon] English language –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 14 (H 76b).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 89. All suggested changes are rejected.
Alterations are made in two lines:

11. Prospective] perspective

14. But the push] But for the push

What if I say I shall not wait!
 What if I burst the fleshly Gate –
 And pass escaped – to thee!
 What if I file this Mortal – off –
 See where it hurt me – That's enough –
 And step in Liberty!
 They cannot take me – any more!
 Dungeons can call – and Guns implore –
 Unmeaning – now – to me –
 As laughter – was – an hour ago –
 Or Laces – or a Travelling Show –
 Or who died – yesterday!

6. step] *wade* 8. can] *may*
 7. me] *us*

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 14 (H 69b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 107. The suggested changes are adopted. The text is arranged as two six-line stanzas.

A Shady friend – for Torrid days –
 Is easier to find –
 Than one of higher temperature
 For Frigid – hour of Mind –
 The Vane a little to the East –
 Scares Muslin souls – away –
 If Broadcloth Hearts are firmer –
 Than those of Organdy –
 Who is to blame? The Weaver?
 Ah, the bewildering thread!
 The Tapestries of Paradise
 So notelessly – are made!

7. Hearts] *Breasts*

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 14 (H 69d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 57. The suggested change is adopted.

279

Tie the Strings to my Life, My Lord,
Then, I am ready to go!
Just a look at the Horses –
Rapid! That will do!

Put me in on the firmest side –
So I shall never fall –
For we must ride to the Judgment –
And it's partly, down Hill –

But never I mind the steepest –
And never I mind the Sea –
Held fast in Everlasting Race –
By my own Choice, and Thee –

Goodbye to the Life I used to live –
And the World I used to know –
And kiss the Hills, for me, just once
Then – I am ready to go!

5. firmest] tightest / highest –

8. And it's partly] And it's many a
mile –

9. steepest] Bridges

15] Here's a keepsake for the Hills

16. Then] Now

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 32 (H 53a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 174, titled "Farewell." The suggested changes for lines 9 and 16 are adopted. In line 5 "in" is omitted.

280

[felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading – treading – till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through –

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum –
Kept beating – beating – till I thought
My Mind was going numb –

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space – began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here –

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down –
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing – then –

19. plunge] Crash – 20. Finished] Got through –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 32 (H 53c). In line 10 ED first wrote "Brain," then crossed it out and substituted "Soul."

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 168. Stanza 5 is omitted. The entire poem, derived from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd, is in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 26–27; the suggested changes are rejected.

281

'Tis so appalling – it exhilarates –
So over Horror, it half Captivates –
The Soul stares after it, secure –
To know the worst, leaves no dread more –

To scan a Ghost, is faint –
But grappling, conquers it
How easy, Torment, now –
Suspense kept sawing so –

[200]

The Truth, is Bald, and Cold
But that will hold –
If any are not sure –
We show them – prayer –
But we, who know,
Stop hoping, now –

Looking at Death, is Dying –
Just let go the Breath –
And not the pillow at your Cheek
So Slumbereth –

Others, Can wrestle –
Your's, is done –
And so of Wo, bleak dreaded – come,
It sets the Fright at liberty –
And Terror's free –
Gay, Ghastly, Holiday!

2. it half Captivates] it dumb fascinates – 4] A Sepulchre, fears frost, no more –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 32 (H 54a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 146. The suggested changes are rejected.
The text is arranged without stanza division.

282

How noteless Men, and Pleiads, stand,
Until a sudden sky
Reveals the fact that One is rapt
Forever from the Eye –

Members of the Invisible,
Existing, while we stare,
In Leagueless Opportunity,
O'ertakeless, as the Air –

Why did'nt we detain Them?
The Heavens with a smile,

[no stanza break]

Sweep by our disappointed Heads
Without a syllable—

9. detain Them] retain them — / [detain] it 12] But deign no syllable

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 32 (H 54b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 90. The text, arranged as three stanzas of 5, 4, and 5 lines, in later collections is restored as quatrains. The suggested change for line 12 is adopted. One word is altered:

3. rapt] wrapt

283

A Mien to move a Queen —
Half Child — Half Heroine —
An Orleans in the Eye
That puts it's manner by
For humbler Company
When none are near
Even a Tear —
It's frequent Visitor —

A Bonnet like a Duke —
And yet a Wren's Peruke
Were not so shy
Of Goer by —
And Hands — so slight —
They would elate a Sprite
With Merriment —

A Voice that Alters — Low
And on the Ear can go
Like Let of Snow —
Or shift supreme —
As tone of Realm
On Subjects Diadem —

Too small — to fear —
Too distant — to endear — [no stanza break]

And so Men Compromise –
And just – revere –

17. can] doth 24] And Men – too Brigadier –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 32a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 41. It is without stanza division and the suggested changes are rejected. One word is altered:

18. Let] set

284

The Drop, that wrestles in the Sea –
Forgets her own locality –
As I – toward Thee –

She knows herself an incense small –
Yet *small* – she sighs – if *All* – is *All* –
How *larger* – be?

The Ocean – smiles – at her Conceit
But *she*, forgetting Amphitrite –
Pleads – “Me”?

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1861. That reproduced above (Bingham) is a final draft sent to an unidentified recipient. It is a redaction of the semifinal draft in packet 8 (H 32b); it adopts the suggested change in line 4 and incorporates one not previously suggested, in line 3:

The Drop, that wrestles in the Sea –
Forgets her own locality
As I, in Thee –

She knows herself an Offering small –
Yet small she sighs, if All, is All,
How larger – be?

The Ocean, smiles at her conceit –
But she, forgetting Amphitrite –
Pleads “Me”?

4. Offering] incense

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 146. The text derives from a transcript Mrs. Todd made of the packet copy. The suggested change is rejected.

285

The Robin's my Criterion for Tune
Because I grow – where Robins do –
But, were I Cuckoo born –
I'd swear by him –
The ode familiar – rules the Noon –
The Buttercup's, my Whim for Bloom –
Because, we're Orchard sprung –
But, were I Britain born,
I'd Daisies spurn –
None but the Nut – October fit –
Because, through dropping it,
The Seasons flit – I'm taught –
Without the Snow's Tableau
Winter, were lie – to me –
Because I see – New Englandly –
The Queen, discerns like me –
Provincially –

9. Daisies spurn] Clovers – scorn –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 32c).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 60. The suggested change is rejected. The last two words of line 6, printed as a separate line, are restored to the line in later collections. Three words are altered:

1. for] of

5. Noon] morn

10. fit] fits

286

That after Horror – that 'twas *us* –
That passed the mouldering Pier –
Just as the Granite Crumb let go –
Our Savior, by a Hair –

A second more, had dropped too deep
For Fisherman to plumb –
The very profile of the Thought
Puts Recollection numb –

The possibility – to pass
Without a Moment's Bell –
Into Conjecture's presence –
Is like a Face of Steel –
That suddenly looks into our's
With a metallic grin –
The Cordiality of Death –
Who drills his Welcome in –

16. drills] nails

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above, in packet 8 (H 33b), entered there about 1861, is a poem of 16 lines, arranged as two quatrains and an 8-line conclusion, with an alternate reading suggested for "drills." The copy to T. W. Higginson (BPL Higg 58), below, concludes a letter written early in 1863, signed "Barabbas" because ED fancies she owes an apology: ". . . might I be the one you tonight, forgave, 'tis a Better Honor – Mine is but just the Thief's Request –." The word "nails" suggested as an alternate for "drills" in the packet copy is not adopted:

The possibility to pass
Without a Moment's Bell –
Into Conjecture's presence –
Is like a face of steel
That suddenly looks into our's
With a Metallic Grin –
The Cordiality of Death
Who Drills his welcome – in –

PUBLICATION: The text to Higginson is in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 312; (ed. 1931), 281; also *LL* (1924), 268. The packet copy furnished the text in *UP* (1935), 145, where it is arranged as four quatrains. The suggested change is rejected. The first line reads: "That after horror that was Us –."

A Clock stopped –
 Not the Mantel's –
 Geneva's farthest skill
 Cant put the puppet bowing –
 That just now dangled still –

An awe came on the Trinket!
 The Figures hunched, with pain –
 Then quivered out of Decimals –
 Into Degreeless Noon –

It will not stir for Doctor's –
 This Pendulum of snow –
 The Shopman importunes it –
 While cool – concernless No –

Nods from the Gilded pointers –
 Nods from the Seconds slim –
 Decades of Arrogance between
 The Dial life –
 And Him –

14. Nods] stares

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 220).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 192. The suggested change is rejected and the stanzas are regularized into four quatrains.

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
 Are you – Nobody – too?
 Then there's a pair of us!
 Dont tell! they'd banish us – you know!

How dreary – to be – Somebody!
 How public – like a Frog – [no stanza break]

To tell your name – the livelong June –
To an admiring Bog!

4. banish us] *advertise* 7. your] *one's*

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 8 (H 35a). The *Springfield Daily Republican* for 23 January 1858 published a poem by Charles Mackay titled "Little Nobody," containing the lines:

Who would be a Somebody? – Nobody am I.

It is possible that ED's poem owes its inspiration to the earlier verse. Bowles's *Republican* was the standard newspaper in the Dickinson household.

PUBLICATION: *Life*, XVII (5 March 1891), 146, titled "Nobody"; *Poems* (1891), 21, without title. Though ED underlined both suggested changes, neither is adopted. One word is altered:

7. June] day

289

I know some lonely Houses off the Road
A Robber'd like the look of –
Wooden barred,
And Windows hanging low,
Inviting to –
A Portico,
Where two could creep –
One – hand the Tools –
The other peep –
To make sure All's Asleep –
Old fashioned eyes –
Not easy to surprise!

How orderly the Kitchen'd look, by night,
With just a Clock –
But they could gag the Tick –
And Mice wont bark –
And so the Walls – dont tell –
None – will –

A pair of Spectacles ajar just stir –
An Almanac's aware –
Was it the Mat – winked,
Or a Nervous Star?
The Moon – slides down the stair,
To see who's there!

There's plunder – where –
Tankard, or Spoon –
Earring – or Stone –
A Watch – Some Ancient Brooch
To match the Grandmama –
Staid sleeping – there –

Day – rattles – too
Stealth's – slow –
The Sun has got as far
As the third Sycamore –
Screams Chanticleer
"Who's there"?

And Echoes – Trains away,
Sneer – "Where"!
While the old Couple, just astir,
Fancy the Sunrise – left the door ajar!

10. make sure All's Asleep] Guage the
sleep –

28. Ancient] Antique –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 126a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 28–29, titled "The Lonely House." Both suggested changes are rejected. In line 19 "ajar," rendered "afar" in the first three impressions, was corrected in the fourth. When Mrs. Bianchi issued the poem in *CP* (1924), she made one alteration in the last line which has been retained in all later collections:

Fancy] Think that

Of Bronze – and Blaze –
 The North – Tonight –
 So adequate – it forms –
 So preconcerted with itself
 So distant – to alarms –
 An Unconcern so sovrein
 To Universe, or me –
 Infects my simple spirit
 With Taints of Majesty –
 Till I take vaster attitudes –
 And strut upon my stem –
 Disdaining Men, and Oxygen,
 For Arrogance of them –

My Splendors, are Menagerie-
 But their Competeless Show
 Will entertain the Centuries
 When I, am long ago,
 An Island in dishonored Grass –
 Whom none but Daisies, know.

10. attitudes] manners

19. Daisies] Beetles –

18. An] Some –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 74c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 133, titled "Aurora." All suggested changes are rejected. Three words are altered:

3. it] its

9. taints] tints

8. Infects] It paints

In current editions the text appears as three stanzas of 7, 6, 6 lines because in the Centenary edition (1930) the first seven lines are at the bottom of page 121 and the rest on page 122.

How the old Mountains drip with Sunset
 How the Hemlocks burn –
 How the Dun Brake is draped in Cinder
 By the Wizard Sun –

How the old Steeples hand the Scarlet
 Till the Ball is full –
 Have I the lip of the Flamingo
 That I dare to tell?

Then, how the Fire ebbs like Billows –
 Touching all the Grass
 With a departing – Sapphire – feature –
 As a Duchess passed –

How a small Dusk crawls on the Village
 Till the Houses blot
 And the odd Flambeau, no men carry
 Glimmer on the Street –

How it is Night – in Nest and Kennel –
 And where was the Wood –
 Just a Dome of Abyss is Bowing
 Into Solitude –

These are the Visions flitted Guido –
 Titian – never told –
 Domenichino dropped his pencil –
 Paralyzed, with Gold –

3. is draped in Cinder] Is tipped in
 Tinsel
 4] By the Setting Sun –
 19. Bowing] nodding
 19] Acres of Masts are standing

- 20] back of Solitude
 At the
 After –
 Unto
 next to –
 21. Visions flitted] Fashions – baffled –
 24] Powerless to unfold –

.MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 129a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 134-135. Three suggested changes are adopted:

19. Bowing] nodding
21. flitted] baffled

24] Powerless to unfold

There are many alterations:

2-3] And the brake of dun!
How the hemlocks are tipped in
tinsel

12] As if a duchess pass
16. Street] spot
17. How] Now

292

If your Nerve, deny you –
Go above your Nerve –
He can lean against the Grave,
If he fear to swerve –

That's a steady posture –
Never any bend
Held of those Brass arms –
Best Giant made –

If your Soul seesaw –
Lift the Flesh door –
The Poltroon wants Oxygen –
Nothing more –

6. any] one – 9. seesaw] stagger

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 23 (H 129c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 12. Both suggested changes are rejected.
One word is altered:

3. He] You

293

I got so I could hear his name –
Without – Tremendous gain –
That Stop-sensation – on my Soul –
And Thunder – in the Room –

I got so I could walk across
 That Angle in the floor,
 Where he turned so, and I turned – how –
 And all our Sinew tore –

I got so I could stir the Box –
 In which his letters grew
 Without that forcing, in my breath –
 As Staples – driven through –

Could dimly recollect a Grace –
 I think, they call it “God” –
 Renowned to ease Extremity –
 When Formula, had failed –

And shape my Hands –
 Petition’s way,
 Tho’ ignorant of a word
 That Ordination – utters –

My Business, with the Cloud,
 If any Power behind it, be,
 Not subject to Despair –
 It care, in some remoter way,
 For so minute affair
 As Misery –
 Itself, too great, for interrupting – more –

1. hear] think – / take –
 7. turned – how] let go –

13. Grace] Force
 15. to ease Extremity] to stir – Extrem-
 ity –

16. Formula, had failed] Filament –
 had failed –

23. Not subject to] Supremer than –
 Superior to –

27. great] vast

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 109a).

PUBLICATION: *London Mercury*, XIX (February 1929), 357; *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*, 10 March 1929, page 4; *FP* (1929), 183–184. The text is arranged as six stanzas of 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, and 9 lines; in later collections, as six stanzas of 5, 4, 4, 4, 4, and 8 lines. Only the suggested change for line 27 is adopted. Two words are altered:

3. on] in 19. of a] of

The serious misreading in the final stanza may in part be accounted for by the fact that in this poem ED placed her alternative readings marginally beside the lines without specific markers. The printed version of the final stanza reads:

If any Power behind it be
Not subject to despair,
It care
In some remoter way
For so minute affair
As misery –
Itself too vast for interrupting more,
Supremer than –
Superior to –

In the Centenary edition (1930) and later collections another word is altered:

24. It] To

294

The Doomed – regard the Sunrise
With different Delight –
Because – when next it burns abroad
They doubt to witness it –

The Man – to die – tomorrow –
Harks for the Meadow Bird –
Because it's Music stirs the Axe
That clamors for his head –

Joyful – to whom the Sunrise
Precedes Enamored – Day –
Joyful – for whom the Meadow Bird
Has ought but Elegy!

6. Harks for] Detects

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 110d).

PUBLICATION: *Atlantic Monthly*, CXLIII (March 1929), 332; *FP* (1929), 95. The suggested change is adopted.

Unto like Story—Trouble has enticed me—
 How Kinsmen fell—
 Brothers and Sisters—who preferred the Glory—
 And their young will
 Bent to the Scaffold, or in Dungeons—chanted—
 Till God's full time—
 When they let go the ignominy—smiling—
 And Shame went still—

Unto guessed Crests, my moaning fancy, leads me,
 Worn fair
 By Heads rejected—in the lower country—
 Of honors there—
 Such spirit makes her perpetual mention,
 That I—grown bold—
 Step martial—at my Crucifixion—
 As Trumpets—rolled—

Feet, small as mine—have marched in Revolution
 Firm to the Drum—
 Hands—not so stout—hoisted them—in witness—
 When Speech went numb—
 Let me not shame their sublime deportments—
 Drilled bright—
 Beckoning—Etruscan invitation—
 Toward Light—

5. chanted] waited—

6. full time] whole—will—

8. Shame] Scorn

8. still] dumb.

9. leads] lures

13. Such] Some

24. Toward] to—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 111). Another suggested change, "tell," is offered for some word in line 12 or 13, but none is marked.

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1945), 9. The suggested change for line 9 is adopted. One word is altered:

14. bold] cold

In line 13 "her" is omitted.

One Year ago – jots what?
 God – spell the word! I – cant –
 Was't Grace? Not that –
 Was't Glory? That – will do –
 Spell slower – Glory –

Such Anniversary shall be –
 Sometimes – not often – in Eternity –
 When farther Parted, than the Common Wo –
 Look – feed upon each other's faces – so –
 In doubtful meal, if it be possible
 Their Banquet's real –

I tasted – careless – then –
 I did not know the Wine
 Came once a World – Did you?
 Oh, had you told me so –
 This Thirst would blister – easier – now –
 You said it hurt you – most –
 Mine – was an Acorn's Breast –
 And could not know how fondness grew
 In Shaggier Vest –
 Perhaps – I could'nt –
 But, had you looked in –
 A Giant – eye to eye with you, had been –
 No Acorn – then –

So – Twelve months ago –
 We breathed –
 Then dropped the Air –
 Which bore it best?
 Was this – the patientest –
 Because it was a Child, you know –
 And could not value – Air?

If to be "Elder" – mean most pain –
 I'm old enough, today, I'm certain – then –
 As old as thee – how soon?
 One – Birthday more – or Ten?
 Let me – choose!
 Ah, Sir, None!

4. That – will do] 'Twas just you –
 8. farther] sharper

11. real] True
 27. dropped] lost

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 112a). Four expressions are marked for change, but none is given:

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| 1. jots what? | 16. would blister |
| 12. tasted – | 18. was an Acorn's Breast |

The suggested change for line 4 is tucked into the conclusion of line 5, but clearly marked; that for line 11 is placed beside "real" and beneath "possible."

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 159–160. The printed text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. Because the manuscript arrangement of the suggested changes offers some difficulties, the change offered for line 4 has been adopted into the text of line 5, which reads: "Spell slower! Glory, 'twas just you!" The alternate suggestion for line 8 is rejected. That for line 11 was thought to go in line 10, so that the text of 10–11 reads:

In doubtful meal, if it be true
 Their banquet's real.

The alternate suggestion for line 27 is rejected. The poem is arranged into seven stanzas of 5, 6, 5, 4, 4, 7, 6 lines.

297

It's like the Light –
 A fashionless Delight –
 It's like the Bee –
 A dateless – Melody –

It's like the Woods –
Private – Like the Breeze –
Phraseless – yet it stirs
The proudest Trees –

It's like the Morning –
Best – when it's done –
And the Everlasting Clocks –
Chime – Noon!

12. Chime] Strike

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 112b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 120, titled "The Wind." The suggested change is rejected. Two words are omitted:

6. the 11. And

298

Alone, I cannot be –
The Hosts – do visit me –
Recordless Company –
Who baffle Key –

They have no Robes, nor Names –
No Almanacs – nor Climes –
But general Homes
Like Gnomes –

Their Coming, may be known
By Couriers within –
Their going – is not –
For they're never gone –

2. The] for –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861, in packet 20 (H 112c).

PUBLICATION: *FF* (1932), 255–256. The suggested change is rejected.

Your Riches – taught me – Poverty.
 Myself – a Millionaire
 In little Wealths, as Girls could boast
 Till broad as Buenos Ayre –

You drifted your Dominions –
 A Different Peru –
 And I esteemed All Poverty
 For Life's Estate with you –

Of Mines, I little know – myself –
 But just the names, of Gems –
 The Colors of the Commonest –
 And scarce of Diadems –

So much, that did I meet the Queen –
 Her Glory I should know –
 But this, must be a different Wealth –
 To miss it – beggars so –

I'm sure 'tis India – all Day –
 To those who look on You –
 Without a stint – without a blame,
 Might I – but be the Jew –

I'm sure it is Golconda –
 Beyond my power to deem –
 To have a smile for Mine – each Day,
 How better, than a Gem!

At least, it solaces to know
 That there exists – a Gold –
 Altho' I prove it, just in time
 It's distance – to behold –

It's far – far Treasure to surmise –
 And estimate the Pearl –

[no stanza break]

That slipped my simple fingers through –
While just a Girl at School.

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above (H 47a), in packet 26, was written about July, 1862. The handwriting and the text are identical with a copy (BPL Higg 6) enclosed with three other poems in a letter to T. W. Higginson (BPL Higg 54) in July 1862:

Your Riches – taught me – poverty –
Myself a Millionaire –
In little wealths – as Girls could boast –
Till broad as Buenos – Ayre –
You drifted your Dominions
A different Peru –
And I esteemed all poverty –
For Life's Estate, with you –

Of Mines, I little know, myself –
But just the names – of Gems –
The Colors – of the Commonest –
And scarce of Diadems –
So much – that did I meet the Queen –
Her glory – I should know –
But this, must be a different wealth –
To miss it, beggars so –

I'm sure 'tis India – all day –
To those who look on you –
Without a stint – without a blame –
Might I – but be the Jew!
I'm sure it is Golconda –
Beyond my power to deem –
To have a smile for mine, each day –
How better, than a Gem!

At least, it solaces to know –
That there exists – a Gold –
Although I prove it just in time
It's distance – to behold!
It's far – far Treasure to surmise –
And estimate the Pearl –
That slipped my simple fingers through –
While just a Girl at School!

The third copy (H B 44) seems to have been written somewhat earlier, perhaps in March of the same year. Four words in the text differ from

words used in the later copies. It is headed, "Dear Sue.," and concludes with the note:

Dear Sue –
You see I remember –
Emily.

It has been plausibly suggested that this poem was written in memory of Benjamin Franklin Newton, ED's "earliest friend" (see George Frisbie Whicher, *This Was a Poet* [Scribner's, 1939], 92). Newton had been a law student in the office of Edward Dickinson during the years 1847–1848. He removed to Worcester in 1850, was married in the following year, and died of consumption on 24 March 1853, in the thirty-third year of his life. It was he who introduced Emily to the writings of the Brontë sisters, presented her with a copy of Emerson's poems, and awakened in her the delight in literature which later made her call him the "friend who taught me Immortality." ED's memory of anniversaries was unfailing and so often demonstrated that there is a real probability, especially in the light of ED's note accompanying the copy to Sue, that this poem was composed for the ninth anniversary of Newton's death.

Your – Riches – taught me – poverty!
Myself, a "Millionaire"
In little – wealths – as Girls can boast –
Till broad as "Buenos Ayre"
You drifted your Dominions –
A Different – Peru –
And I esteemed – all – poverty –
For Life's Estate – with you!

Of "Mines" – I little know – myself –
But just the *names* – of *Gems* –
The *Colors* – of the *Commonest* –
And scarce of Diadems –
So much – that did I meet the *Queen* –
Her glory – I should know –
But *this* – must be a *different Wealth* –
To miss it – beggars – so!

I'm sure 'tis "*India*" – all day –
To those who look on you –
Without a stint – without a blame –
Might I – but be the Jew!
I know it is "*Golconda*" –
Beyond my power to dream –

[no stanza break]

To have a smile – for mine – each day –
How *better* – than a *Gem*!

At least – it solaces – to know –
That there *exists* – a *Gold* –
Altho' I prove it, just in time –
It's distance – to behold!
It's far – far – Treasure – to surmise –
And estimate – the Pearl –
That slipped – my simple fingers – thro'
While yet a Girl – at School!

The four variant readings are:

3. can] could	22. dream] deem
21. I know] I'm sure	32. yet] just

This poem seems to have verbal echoes of Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* (Part 2, section 13):

I was not born unto riches, neither is it I think my Star to be wealthy
. . . I have not *Peru* in my desires, but a competence, and ability to
perform those good works to which he hath inclined my nature. He
is rich, who hath enough to be charitable . . .

PUBLICATION: The copy to Higginson was the source of the first publication of the poem in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXVIII (October 1891), 446, and is there incorporated in an article which Higginson wrote dealing with the letters and poems he had received from ED. It was collected later in the year in *Poems* (1891), 91–92. This later printing follows the stanza division of the packet copy and may have derived from it, though Mrs. Todd wrote Col. Higginson on 18 May 1891 that she did not at that time have a copy of it (AB, 130).

300

“Morning” – means “Milking” – to the Farmer –
Dawn – to the Teneriffe –
Dice – to the Maid –
Morning means just Risk – to the Lover –
Just revelation – to the Beloved –

Epicures – date a Breakfast – by it –
 Brides – an Apocalypse –
 Worlds – a Flood –
 Faint-going Lives – Their lapse from Sighing –
 Faith – The Experiment of Our Lord –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. The copy reproduced above is in packet 5 (H 382b). A variant copy in pencil (H 288) is addressed and headed "Sue," and signed "Emily":

"Morning" – means "Milking"
 To the Farmer –
 Dawn – to the Appenine –
 Dice – to the Maid.
 "Morning" means, just – Chance
 To the Lover,
 Just – Revelation –
 To the Beloved –

Epicures – date a Breakfast, by it!
 Heroes – a Battle –
 The Miller – A Flood –
 Faint going Eyes – *their* lapse – from sighing –
 Faith – the Experiment
 Of our Lord!

Both in form and text the changes are many.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 39. The text follows the copy to Sue; it is arranged as an eleven-line stanza.

301

I reason, Earth is short –
 And Anguish – absolute –
 And many hurt,
 But, what of that?

I reason, we could die –
 The best Vitality
 Cannot excel Decay,
 But, what of that?

I reason, that in Heaven –
Somehow, it will be even –
Some new Equation, given –
But, what of that?

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. The copy reproduced above is in packet 13 (H 63d). The copy below (H 274), though without address or signature, presumably was sent to Sue. Lines 5 and 7 are variants.

I reason –
Earth is short –
And Anguish – absolute –
And many – hurt –
But, *What of that?*

I reason –
We should *die* –
The *best* – Vitality
Could not *excel Decay* –
But – *What of that?*

I reason –
That in “Heaven” –
Somehow – it will be *even* –
Some *new Equation* – given –
But – *What of that!*

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 134. The text derives from the packet copy.

302

Like Some Old fashioned Miracle
When Summertime is done –
Seems Summer's Recollection
And the Affairs of June

As infinite Tradition
As Cinderella's Bays –
Or Little John – of Lincoln Green –
Or Blue Beard's Galleries –

Her Bees have a fictitious Hum –
 Her Blossoms, like a Dream –
 Elate us – till we almost weep –
 So plausible – they seem –

Her Memories like Strains – Review –
 When Orchestra is dumb –
 The Violin in Baize replaced –
 And Ear – and Heaven – numb –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. The fair copy reproduced above (H B 178), sent to Sue, is addressed "Combined Girl." and signed "Emily-." The copy below is a semifinal draft in packet 13 (H 65b):

Like Some Old fashioned Miracle –
 When Summertime is done –
 Seems Summer's Recollection –
 And the Affairs of June –

As infinite Tradition – as
 Cinderella's Bays –
 Or little John – of Lincoln-Green –
 Or Blue Beard's Galleries –

Her Bees – have an illusive Hum –
 Her Blossoms – like a Dream
 Elate us – till we almost weep –
 So plausible – they seem –

Her Memory – like Strains – enchant –
 Tho' Orchestra – be dumb –
 The Violin – in Baize – replaced –
 And Ear, and Heaven – numb –

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 5. infinite] Bagatelles – | 13. enchant] Review – |
| 12. plausible] exquisite | 14. be] is |
| 13. Memory] Memories | |

Of the five suggested changes in the packet copy, ED adopted only the last three in her fair copy. She made two further changes:

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| 9. an illusive] a fictitious | 14. Tho'] When |
|------------------------------|----------------|

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 65. The text derives from the copy to Sue.
One line is altered:

11] Elate — until we almost weep

303

The Soul selects her own Society —
Then — shuts the Door —
To her divine Majority —
Present no more —

Unmoved — she notes the Chariots — pausing —
At her low Gate —
Unmoved — an Emperor be kneeling
Upon her Mat —

I've known her — from an ample nation —
Choose One —
Then — close the Valves of her attention —
Like Stone —

3. To] On

4. Present] Obtrude

8] On [her] Rush mat

11. Valves] lids —

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy above in packet 13 (H 65c) was written about 1862. A fair copy of the first stanza only (H B 163b), written somewhat later, about 1864, was sent to Sue. In it ED rejects both suggested changes:

The Soul selects her own Society
Then shuts the Door
To her divine Majority
Present no more —

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 26, titled "Exclusion." The text derives from the packet copy. The suggested changes for lines 3 and 4 are adopted. Two words are altered:

5. Chariots] chariot's

7. be] is

The Day came slow – till Five o'clock –
 Then sprang before the Hills
 Like Hindered Rubies – or the Light
 A Sudden Musket – spills –

The Purple could not keep the East –
 The Sunrise shook abroad
 Like Breadths of Topaz – packed a Night –
 The Lady just unrolled –

The Happy Winds – their Timbrels took –
 The Birds – in docile Rows
 Arranged themselves around their Prince
 The Wind – is Prince of Those –

The Orchard sparkled like a Jew –
 How mighty 'twas – to be
 A Guest in this stupendous place –
 The Parlor – of the Day –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two autograph copies, both written about 1862. The copy in packet 16 (H 86b), reproduced above, is identical with the copy to Sue (H 326) in text and capitalization. The latter is addressed "Sue," signed "Emily –," and has these differences in punctuation:

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 11. Prince] Prince – | 15. Guest] Guest – |
| 14. 'twas –] 'twas | 16. Day –] Day! |

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 115, titled "Day's Parlor." Line 12 is enclosed in a parenthesis. Two words are altered:

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------|
| 6. abroad] from fold | 14. be] stay |
|----------------------|--------------|

The difference between Despair
 And Fear – is like the One
 Between the instant of a Wreck –
 And when the Wreck has been –

The Mind is smooth – no Motion –
Contented as the Eye
Upon the Forehead of a Bust –
That knows – it cannot see –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, identical in text. That reproduced above, in packet 16 (H 87b), was written about 1862. The copy below in pencil (H 330), addressed "Sue" and signed "Emily –," was written about 1865.

The difference between Despair
And Fear, is like the One
Between the instant of a Wreck
And when the Wreck has been.
The Mind is smooth –
No motion – Contented as the Eye
Upon the Forehead of a Bust –
That knows it cannot see.

There is a difference in the spacing in lines 5 and 6.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 26; *LL* (1924), 195–196. Both texts follow the stanza division and line spacing of the packet copy.

306

The Soul's Superior instants
Occur to Her – alone –
When friend – and Earth's occasion
Have infinite withdrawn –

Or She – Herself – ascended
To too remote a Hight
For lower Recognition
Than Her Omnipotent –

This Mortal Abolition
Is seldom – but as fair
As Apparition – subject
To Autocratic Air –

Eternity's disclosure
To favorites – a few –
Of the Colossal substance
Of Immortality

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two. The fair copy reproduced above (H 350), addressed "Sue –" and signed "Emily.," was written about 1863. It is a redaction of a semifinal copy in packet 17 (H 90a), written about 1862, which offers two alternative readings:

7. Recognition] Interruption 14] To a Revering – Eye

In the fair copy ED rejects the first suggested change and adopts the second. Otherwise, the two copies are identical in text and form, except that the last line of the packet copy concludes with a dash.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 35. It follows the text of the fair copy.

307

The One who could repeat the Summer day –
Were greater than itself – though He
Minutest of Mankind should be –

And He – could reproduce the Sun –
At period of going down –
The Lingering – and the Stain – I mean –

When Orient have been outgrown –
And Occident – become Unknown –
His Name – remain –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written in 1862. That reproduced above (H 346) is a fair copy addressed "Sue." and signed "Emily." It is a redaction of the semi-finished copy in packet 21 (H 113c):

The One that could repeat the Summer Day –
Were Greater than Itself – though He –
Minutest of Mankind – should be –

And He – could reproduce the Sun –
At Period of Going down –
The Lingering – and the Stain – I mean –

When Orient – have been outgrown –
And Occident – become Unknown –
His Name – Remain –

3. should] might – / could –

ED did not adopt either suggested change in the fair copy, and she altered “that” (line 1) to “who.”

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 149. It derives from the packet copy and adopts “might” in line 3. It is without stanza division. Three words are altered:

4. He] who
7. have] has

8. become] becomes

308

I send Two Sunsets –
Day and I – in competition ran –
I finished Two – and several Stars –
While He – was making One –

His own was ampler – but as I
Was saying to a friend –
Mine – is the more convenient
To Carry in the Hand –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, both written about 1862. That reproduced above (H 115b) is in packet 21. The copy below (H B 154), signed “Emily –,” was sent to Sue.

I send two Sunsets –
Day and I – in competition – ran –
I finished Two, and several Stars
While He – was making One –
His Own is ampler – but as I
Was saying to a friend –
Mine – is the more convenient
To carry in the Hand –

The texts are identical except for one word:

5. was] is

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 60. The text, arranged as two quatrains, derives from the copy to Sue. The last three words of line 5 begin line 6.

309

For largest Woman's Heart I knew –
'Tis little I can do –
And yet the largest Woman's Heart
Could hold an Arrow – too –
And so, instructed by my own,
I tenderer, turn Me to.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. The copy reproduced above (H B 28) is addressed "Sue" and signed "Emily – ." It is a variant (in line 4) of the copy in packet 25 (H 139b):

For Largest Woman's Heart I knew –
'Tis little I can do –
And yet the Largest Woman's Heart
Can hold an Arrow, too,
And so, instructed by my own –
I tenderer – turn me to –

PUBLICATION: *FF* (1932), 263. It follows the text of the copy to Sue. One word is altered:

1. knew] know

310

Give little Anguish –
Lives will fret –
Give Avalanches –
And they'll slant –
Straighten – look cautious for their Breath –
But make no syllable – like Death – [no stanza break]

[230]

Who only shows his Marble Disc –
Sublimer sort – than Speech –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. The copy reproduced above (H 256) is headed “Sue –” and signed “Emily –.” A semifinal draft is in packet 26 (H 49b):

Give little Anguish,
Lives will fret –
Give Avalanches,
And they’ll slant,

Straighten – look cautious for their breath –
But make no syllable, like Death –
Who only shows his Granite face –
Sublimer thing – than Speech –

8. thing] Way –

Presumably the variant fair copy to Sue derived from or was written after the packet copy had been set down. It is worth noting, as typical of ED’s method of composition, that the words selected for the two final lines in the fair copy are not even suggested as alternate readings in the packet copy.

PUBLICATION: CP (1924), 313. It follows the copy to Sue, with some alteration of line spacings.

311

It sifts from Leaden Sieves –
It powders all the Wood.
It fills with Alabaster Wool
The Wrinkles of the Road –

It makes an Even Face
Of Mountain, and of Plain –
Unbroken Forehead from the East
Unto the East again –

It reaches to the Fence –
It wraps it Rail by Rail

[no stanza break]

Till it is lost in Fleeces –
It deals Celestial Vail

To Stump, and Stack – and Stem –
A Summer's empty Room –
Acres of Joints, where Harvests were,
Recordless, but for them –

It Ruffles Wrists of Posts
As Ankles of a Queen –
Then stills it's Artisans – like Ghosts –
Denying they have been –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are four. The copy reproduced above (H 278), signed "Emily –" and presumably sent to Sue, was written during 1862. It is a redaction of the copy in packet 29 (H 155a) from which it derives, written earlier in the same year:

It sifts from Leaden Sieves –
It powders all the Field –
It fills with Alabaster Wool
The Wrinkles of the Road –

It makes an even face
Of Mountain – and of Plain –
Unbroken Forehead from the East
Unto the East – again –

It reaches to the Fence –
It wraps it, Rail by Rail,
Till it is lost in Fleeces –
It flings a Crystal Vail

On Stump – and Stack – and Stem –
The Summers empty Room –
Acres of Joints – where Harvests were –
Recordless – but for them –

It Ruffles Wrists of Posts –
As Ancles of a Queen –
Then stills it's Artisans – like Swans –
Denying they have been –

12] [It] deals celestial Vail –

15. Acres of Joints] Acres of Seams –

19. Artisans] Myrmidons

19. Swans] Ghosts –

ED first wrote "of" at the end of line 5, then crossed it out. In the fair copy to Sue, ED adopted two of the changes suggested in the packet copy, the first and the last. At the same time she introduced three changes not previously indicated:

- | | |
|----------------|------------|
| 2. Field] Wood | 14. The] A |
| 13. On] To | |

The correction of the spelling "Ancles" (line 18) in the packet copy to "Ankles" in the copy to Sue may warrant the conjecture that the latter was written after July. In that month ED enclosed a copy of her poem "Of Tribulation, these are They" in a letter to Higginson. The word "Ancle" appears in the poem, at the bottom of which she wrote: "I spelled Ankle—wrong." There is no later instance of "Ancle."

At a somewhat later date, about 1864, she wrote a variant twelve-line version (Bingham 98-4B-3). It is in pencil and has been folded as if enclosed in an envelope:

It sifts from Leaden sieves
 It powders all the Wood
 It fills with Alabaster Wool
 The wrinkles of the Road.
 It scatters like the Birds
 Condenses like a Flock
 Like Juggler's Flowers situates
 Upon a Baseless Arc—
 It traverses—yet halts—
 Disperses, while it stays
 Then curls itself in Capricorn
 Denying that it was—

The text of the first four lines is identical with that of the copy to Sue; the remaining eight constitute an entirely new version. Many years later, in mid-March 1883, she enclosed a copy of this version in a letter (Bingham 106-32) written to Thomas Niles, editor of the publishing house of Roberts Brothers. In the letter she titles it "Snow."

It sifts from Leaden Sieves—
 It powders all the Wood—
 It fills with Alabaster Wool
 The Wrinkles of the Road—

It scatters like the Birds—
 Condenses like a Flock—

[no stanza break]

Like Juggler's Figures situates
Upon a baseless Arc –

It traverses yet halts –
Disperses as it stays –
Then curls itself in Capricorn,
Denying that it was –

This copy to Niles differs in two places from the 1864 pencil copy:

7. Flowers] Figures 10. while] as

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 174–175, titled “The Snow.” It derives from the packet copy, adopting the suggested changes “seams” and “ghosts.” The editors had access to the variant copies and from them adopted “wood” (line 2). The variant version is in *BM* (1945), 41. It is a composite of both, adopting “Figures” from the copy to Niles, and “while” from the pencil copy.

312

Her – “last Poems” –
Poets – ended –
Silver – perished – with her Tongue –
Not on Record – bubbled other,
Flute – or Woman –
So divine –
Not unto it's Summer – Morning
Robin – uttered Half the Tune –
Gushed too free for the Adoring –
From the Anglo-Florentine –
Late – the Praise –
'Tis dull – conferring
On the Head too High to Crown –
Diadem – or Ducal Showing –
Be it's Grave – sufficient sign –
Nought – that We – No Poet's Kinsman –
Suffocate – with easy wo –
What, and if, Ourselves a Bridegroom –
Put Her down – in Italy?

MANUSCRIPTS: Three holograph copies of this poem are known to have been made, all in the handwriting of 1862. Two have been located; the third has not been traced. The fair copy reproduced above (Bingham 109-7), signed "Emily-," has been folded as if enclosed in an envelope. The second fair copy, also signed "Emily-," was sent to Sue. It was extant in 1935 when Mrs. Bianchi made a photostatic reproduction of it before she offered it for sale. The text here derives from the photostat, now at Harvard:

Her - "last Poems" -
Poets ended -
Silver perished with her Tongue -
Not on Record bubbled Other -
Flute, or Woman, so divine -
Not unto it's Summer - Morning
Robin - uttered - half - the tune -
Gushed too free for the adoring,
From the Anglo-Florentine -
Late - the Praise -
'Tis dull - conferring
On a Head too high to crown -
Diadem - or Ducal Showing -
Be it's Grave - sufficient Sign -
Yet, if We - No Poet's Kinsman -
Suffocate - with easy Wo -
What and if Ourselves a Bridegroom -
Put Her down - in Italy?

Though the fair copies show variant readings in lines 11 and 14, they are both redactions of the semifinal draft in packet 84 (Bingham 25a):

Her - last Poems -
Poets ended -
Silver - perished - with her Tongue -
Not on Record - bubbled Other -
Flute - or Woman - so divine -

Not unto it's Summer Morning -
Robin - uttered half the Tune
Gushed too full for the adoring -
From the Anglo-Florentine -

Late - the Praise - 'Tis dull - Conferring
On the Head too High - to Crown -
Diadem - or Ducal symbol -
Be it's Grave - sufficient Sign -

Nought – that We – No Poet's Kinsman –
 Suffocate – with easy Wo –
 What – and if Ourself a Bridegroom –
 Put Her down – in Italy?

6. unto] upon

7. uttered] published / lavished

12. symbol] showing – / Token –

In the fair copies ED adopted only the suggested change for line 12.
 Reckoning line countings from the packet copy, variants appear thus:

<i>packet copy</i>	<i>first fair copy</i>	<i>copy to Sue</i>
8. full	free	free
11. the	the	a
12. symbol	showing	showing
14. Nought – that	Nought – that	Yet, if

Elizabeth Barrett Browning died 30 June 1861, and her *Last Poems* were posthumously issued in 1862. For two other verse tributes, see the poems beginning “I think I was enchanted” and “I went to thank Her.”

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 94. The text derives from the copy to Sue.

313

I should have been too glad, I see –
 Too lifted – for the scant degree
 Of Life's penurious Round –
 My little Circuit would have shamed
 This new Circumference – have blamed –
 The homelier time behind.

I should have been too saved – I see –
 Too rescued – Fear too dim to me
 That I could spell the Prayer
 I knew so perfect – yesterday –
 That Scalding One – Sabacthini –
 Recited fluent – here –

Earth would have been too much – I see –
 And Heaven – not enough for me –
 I should have had the Joy

[no stanza break]

Without the Fear – to justify –
The Palm – without the Calvary –
So Savior – Crucify –

Defeat whets Victory – they say –
The Reefs in Old Gethsemane
Endear the Shore beyond –
’Tis Beggars – Banquets best define –
’Tis Thirsting – vitalizes Wine –
Faith bleats to understand –

21. Shore] Coast

24. bleats] faints –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. The copy reproduced above, in packet 9 (H 43a), suggests two changes in the final stanza, a copy of which (H 246) is addressed “Sue” and signed “Emily –”:

Defeat – whets Victory – they say –
The Reefs – in old Gethsemane –
Endear the Coast – beyond!
’Tis Beggars – Banquets – can define –
’Tis Parching – vitalizes Wine –
“Faith” bleats – to understand!

She adopted “Coast” but rejected “faints.” She has made further alterations in lines 4 and 5 which are not suggested in the packet copy. One may infer that this version of stanza 4 represents its final form.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 46–47, titled “Too Much.” The editors probably had not seen the copy of the stanza sent to Sue. The text therefore follows the packet copy and adopts “faints” in the last line. The spelling “Sabachthani” is regularized.

314

Nature – sometimes sears a Sapling –
Sometimes – scalps a Tree –
Her Green People recollect it
When they do not die –

Fainter Leaves – to Further Seasons –
Dumbly testify – [no stanza break]

We – who have the Souls –
Die oftener – Not so vitally –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. One is in packet 19 (H 103b), here reproduced; the other (H 292) was presumably sent to Sue and is signed “Emily.” The latter is written as a single eight-line stanza, with these minor differences:

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 3. it] it – | 7. Souls –] Souls |
| 5. Further Seasons –] further Seasons | 8. Not] not |

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 245. The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd. It follows the stanza division of the packet copy, but arranges the last two lines thus:

We who have the souls die oftener,
Not so vitally.

315

He fumbles at your Soul
As Players at the Keys
Before they drop full Music on –
He stuns you by degrees – f f f –
Prepares your brittle Nature
For the Etherial Blow
By fainter Hammers – further heard –
Then nearer – Then so slow
Your Breath has time to straighten –
Your Brain – to bubble Cool –
Deals – One – imperial – Thunderbolt –
That scalps your naked Soul –

When Winds take Forests in their Paws –
The Universe – is still –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. The copy reproduced above (H 262) is addressed “Sue” and signed “Emily.” It is a redaction of a semifinal draft in packet 19 (H 108c):

He fumbles at your Soul
As Players at the Keys –
Before they drop full Music on –
He stuns you by Degrees –

Prepares your brittle substance
For the etherial Blow
By fainter Hammers – further heard –
Then nearer – then so – slow –

Your Breath – has chance to straighten –
Your Brain – to bubble Cool –
Deals One – imperial Thunderbolt –
That peels your naked Soul –

When Winds hold Forests in their Paws –
The Firmaments – are still –

5. substance] nature

12. peels] scalps

9. chance] time

14] The Universe – is still

In the fair copy ED adopted all the changes suggested in the packet copy,
and made one more:

13. hold] take

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 86, titled “The Master.” The text derives
from the packet copy, and adopts the suggested changes for lines 9 and
12. The final couplet is omitted. One word is altered:

1. Soul] spirit

316

The Wind did’nt come from the Orchard – today –
Further than that –
Nor stop to play with the Hay –
Nor threaten a Hat –
He’s a transitive fellow – very –
Rely on that –

If He leave a Bur at the door
We know He has climbed a Fir –
But the Fir is Where – Declare –
Were you ever there?

If He bring Odors of Clovers –
And that is His business – not Our's –
Then He has been with the Mowers –
Whetting away the Hours
To sweet pauses of Hay –
His Way – of a June Day –

If He fling Sand, and Pebble –
Little Boys Hats – and Stubble –
With an occasional Steeple –
And a hoarse "Get out of the way, I say,"
Who'd be the fool to stay?
Would you – Say –
Would you be the fool to stay?

4. threaten] joggle –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two copies. That reproduced above is in packet 31 (H 169b) written late in 1862 or early 1863. It is clearly later than the copy (H 357) addressed "Sue." and signed "Emily.", written in the spring or summer of 1862, which shows several readings that ED altered in the later copy:

The Wind did'nt *come* from the *Orchard* – today!
Farther than *that*!
Nor stop to play with the Hay –
Nor ogle a Hat
He's a *transitive* fellow – very –
Rely on *that*!

When he leave a *Burr* at the door –
We say he has Climbed a *Fir*!
But – the *Fir* is *where* – ?
Declare! Were you ever *there*?

If he bring Odors of Clovers –
And that is *his* business – not *our's* –
Then he has been with the Mowers –
Whetting away the Hours
To sweet pauses of Hay –
A way he *has*
Of a June day!

If he fling Dust – and pebble –
 Little Boy's Hats – and stubble –
 With an occasional *steeple* –
 And a hoarse 'Get out of the way – I say' –
 Who'd be the fool to *stay*?
 Would *you!* Say! Would *you* be the fool – to stay?

A note in Sue's hand on her copy says "Printed 1860," but no printed text before that in *FF* is known.

PUBLICATION: *FF* (1932), 248–249. The text follows that of the packet copy. The suggested change is rejected. Two lines are altered:

1. did'nt] did not 13. Then (*omitted*)

There is considerable alteration of line arrangement.

317

Just so – Jesus – raps –
 He – does'nt weary –
 Last – at the Knocker –
 And first – at the Bell.
 Then – on divinest tiptoe – standing –
 Might He but spy the lady's soul –
 When He – retires –
 Chilled – or weary –
 It will be ample time for – me –
 Patient – upon the steps – *until* then –
 Heart! I am knocking – low at thee.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two. That reproduced above 282) addressed "Sue," was written about 1862. It is a variant version of the copy in packet 8 (H 36b), written somewhat earlier, about 1861:

Just so – Christ – raps –
 He – does'nt weary –
 First at the Knocker –
 And then – at the Bell –
 Then – on Divinest Tiptoe standing –
 Might he but spy the hiding soul?

When he – retires –
 Chilled – or weary –
 It will be ample time for me –
 Patient – upon the steps – until then –
 Heart – I am knocking low
 At thee!

10. steps] *mat*

Although ED has underlined “mat” as though she had intended it for adoption, she rejected it in the copy to Sue. She made alterations in lines 1, 3, 4, and 6.

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 142. The text is arranged as a single eight-line stanza. It follows the copy to Sue except that the italics are not retained and “hiding” (line 6) is adopted from the packet copy. Three words are altered:

- | | |
|----------------------|------------|
| 2. does'nt] does not | 8. or] and |
| 6. but spy] out-spy | |

318

I'll tell you how the Sun rose –
 A Ribbon at a time –
 The Steeples swam in Amethys
 The news, like Squirrels, ran –
 The Hills untied their Bonnets –
 The Bobolinks – begun –
 Then I said softly to myself –
 “That must have been the Sun”!
 But how he set – I know not –
 There seemed a purple stile
 That little Yellow boys and girls
 Were climbing all the while –
 Till when they reached the other side,
 A Dominie in Gray –
 Put gently up the evening Bars –
 And led the flock away –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies. That reproduced above (BPL Higg 5) was one of the four poems ED enclosed in her first letter

(BPL Higg 50) to T. W. Higginson, posted on 15 April 1862. The other copy, written about 1860, is in packet 37 (H 202a).

I'll tell you how the Sun rose –
A Ribbon at a time!
The Steeples swam in Amethyst!
The news like squirrels ran!

The hills untied their Bonnets!
The Bobolinks begun!
Then I said softly to myself
"That must have been the Sun!"

.....

But how he *set*, I know not!
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while –

Till when they reached the other side –
A Dominic in gray
Put gently up the evening bars
And led the flock away!

Ed drew a horizontal line between the second and third stanzas. The texts are identical except for one word:

11. Which] That

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 94, titled "A Day." The text derives from the packet copy. The horizontal line is represented by a series of dots; the italics are not retained.

319

The nearest Dream recedes – unrealized –
The Heaven we chase,
Like the June Bee – before the School Boy,
Invites the Race –
Stoops – to an easy Clover –
Dips – evades – teases – deploys –
Then – to the Royal Clouds
Lifts his light Pinnacle –

[no stanza break]

Heedless of the Boy –
Staring – bewildered – at the mocking sky –

Homesick for steadfast Honey –
Ah, the Bee flies not
That brews that rare variety!

MANUSCRIPTS: The text above is reproduced from the copy that ED enclosed with three other poems in her first letter to T. W. Higginson, mailed 15 April 1862. It is a fair copy redacted from the semifinal draft in packet 14 (H 69a), written sometime in 1861:

The maddest dream – recedes – unrealized –
The Heaven we chase –
Like the June Bee – before the Schoolboy –
Invites the Race –

Stoops to an Easy Clover –
Dips – Evades –
Teazes – deploys –
Then – to the Royal Clouds –

Spreads his light pinnacle –
Heedless of the Boy –
Staring – defrauded – at the
Mocking sky –

Homesick for steadfast Honey –
Ah, the Bee
Flies not – that brews
That rare variety!

1. maddest] nearest 11. defrauded] bewildered
9. Spreads] Lifts

ED adopted all suggested changes in the copy to Higginson.

PUBLICATION: The poem was first published in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXVIII (October 1891), 445, in an article which Higginson wrote dealing with the letters and poems he had received from ED, and it there reproduces his copy. The same text was used when the poem was collected later that year in *Poems* (1891), 24. In both printings line 3 is divided as two lines.

We play at Paste –
 Till qualified, for Pearl –
 Then, drop the Paste –
 And deem ourself a fool –

The Shapes – though – were similar –
 And our new Hands
 Learned *Gem*-Tactics –
 Practicing *Sands* –

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above (Jones Library) was one of four poems which ED enclosed in her first letter to T. W. Higginson, postmarked, 15 April 1862. A second fair copy in pencil (Bingham 98–3–33), headed “Emily.” and signed “Emily.”, is identical in text:

We play at Paste –
 Till qualified for Pearl –
 Then, drop the Paste –
 And deem Ourself a fool –
 The Shapes, tho', were similar,
 And our new Hands
 Learned Gem Tactics
 Practicing Sands –

It is in the handwriting of 1864, and may have been sent to Emily Fowler Ford.

PUBLICATION: The poem was first published in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXVIII (October 1891), 445, in an article which Higginson wrote dealing with the letters and poems he had received from ED. The same text was followed when the poem was first collected later in the year in *Poems* (1891), 25, where it is printed without stanza division. The italics are not retained.

Of all the Sounds despatched abroad,
 There's not a Charge to me
 Like that old measure in the Boughs –
 That phraseless Melody – [no stanza break]

The Wind does – working like a Hand,
Whose fingers Comb the Sky –
Then quiver down – with tufts of Tune –
Permitted Gods, and me –

Inheritance, it is, to us –
Beyond the Art to Earn –
Beyond the trait to take away
By Robber, since the Gain
Is gotten not of fingers –
And inner than the Bone –
Hid golden, for the whole of Days,
And even in the Urn,
I cannot vouch the merry Dust
Do not arise and play
In some odd fashion of it's own,
Some quainter Holiday,
When Winds go round and round in Bands –
And thrum upon the door,
And Birds take places, overhead,
To bear them Orchestra.

I crave Him grace of Summer Boughs,
If such an Outcast be –
Who never heard that fleshless Chant –
Rise – solemn – on the Tree,
As if some Caravan of Sound
Off Deserts, in the Sky,
Had parted Rank,
Then knit, and swept –
In Seamless Company –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are three. The copy to T. W. Higginson (BPL Higg 8), reproduced above, was enclosed in the second letter ED wrote him (BPL Higg 51), postmarked 25 April 1862. A second fair copy (H 301), signed “Emily –,” was sent to Sue about the same time:

Of all the Sounds despatched abroad
There's not a Charge to me

[no stanza break]

Like that old measure in the Boughs –
That Phraseless Melody –
The Wind does – working like a Hand –
Whose fingers Comb the Sky –
Then quiver down, with tufts of tune –
Permitted Gods – and me –

Inheritance it is to Us
Beyond the Art to Earn –
Beyond the trait to take away
By Robber – since the Gain
Is gotten not of fingers –
And inner than the Bone
Hid golden, for the Whole of days –
And even in the Urn –
I cannot vouch the merry Dust
Do not arise and play,
In some odd Pattern of it's own –
Some quainter Holiday –
When Winds go round and round in Bands –
And thrum upon the Door –
And Birds take places – overhead –
To bear them Orchestra –

I crave Him Grace of Summer Boughs –
If such an Outcast be –
Who never heard that Fleshless Chant –
Rise solemn on the Tree –
As if some Caravan of Sound –
Off Deserts in the Sky –
Had parted Rank –
Then knit and swept
In Seamless Company –

It is identical in text with the copy to Higginson, except for one word:

19. fashion] Pattern

The copy in packet 14 (H 77a) from which the fair copies derive is a semifinal draft, written at the same time:

Of all the Sounds despatched abroad –
There's not a Charge to me
Like that old measure in the Boughs
That phraseless Melody –
The Wind does – working like a Hand
Whose fingers brush the sky –

[no stanza break]

Then quiver down – with Tufts of Tune –
Permitted Men – and Me –

Inheritance it is – to Us –
Beyond the Art to Earn –
Beyond the trait to take away –
By Robber – Since the Gain
Is gotten, not with fingers,
And inner than the Bone –
Hid golden – for the whole of Days –
And even in the Urn –
I cannot vouch the merry Dust
Do not arise and play –
In some odd fashion of it's own –
Some quainter Holiday.

When Winds go round and round, in Bands –
And thrum upon the Door –
And Birds take places – Overhead –
To bear them Orchestra –

I crave him grace – of Summer Boughs –
If such an Outcast be –
He never heard that fleshless Chant
Rise solemn, in the Tree –
As if some Caravan of Sound
On Deserts, in the Sky
Had broken Rank –
Then knit – and passed –
In Seamless Company –

6. brush] *comb* 32. passed] *swept*
8. Men] *Gods*

All three suggested changes are underlined and are adopted in the fair copies. The fair copies both show the following variants:

13. with] of 30. On] Off
27. He] Who 31. broken] parted
28. in] on

PUBLICATION: This is one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393, titled "The Wind." It is here printed

in part only. The text, which is a composite of the copy to Higginson and the packet copy, is arranged as two eight-line stanzas. It omits lines 9–24. From the packet copy it adopts only the suggested change for line 8, and selects the following words which have variants in his copy:

28. in 31. broken
30. On

From his copy it selects one variant:

27. Who

It alters one word:

5. does] makes

The packet copy furnished the text for *Poems* (1890), 96–97, titled “The Wind.” The text is arranged as a series of four quatrains with a concluding five-line stanza. It omits lines 9–20, and adopts only the suggested change for line 8. No words are altered. Its next printing in *CP* (1924) reproduces the text of *Poems* (1890). A major change occurs in the Centenary edition (1930) and subsequent collections. Here the copy to Sue furnishes the text, with wording exactly rendered. The twelve lines missing in the previous collections are incorporated as stanzas 3, 4, and 5, with this note (page 105):

This poem, published on page 122 of the Complete Poems, appears now with the three missing stanzas restored as in the original manuscript sent to Susan Gilbert Dickinson, and also as written to Colonel Higginson.

322

There came a Day at Summer’s full,
Entirely for me—
I thought that such were for the Saints,
Where Resurrections—be—

The Sun, as common, went abroad,
The flowers, accustomed, blew,
As if no soul the solstice passed
That maketh all things new—

The time was scarce profaned, by speech –
The symbol of a word
Was needless, as at Sacrament,
The Wardrobe – of our Lord –

Each was to each The Sealed Church,
Permitted to commune this – time –
Lest we too awkward show
At Supper of the Lamb.

The Hours slid fast – as Hours will,
Clutched tight, by greedy hands –
So faces on two Decks, look back,
Bound to opposing lands –

And so when all the time had leaked,
Without external sound
Each bound the Other's Crucifix –
We gave no other Bond –

Sufficient troth, that we shall rise –
Deposed – at length, the Grave –
To that new Marriage,
Justified – through Calvaries of Love –

MANUSCRIPTS: The fair copy reproduced above (BPL Higg 7) was enclosed with two other poems in the second letter that ED wrote to T. W. Higginson (BPL Higg 51), postmarked 25 April 1862. The semifinal copy in packet 23 (H 128a) was written late in 1861:

There came a Day – at Summer's full –
Entirely for me –
I thought that such – were for the Saints –
Where Resurrections – be –

The Sun – as Common – went abroad
The Flowers – accustomed – blew –
~~While our two Souls that~~ Solstice passed –
~~Which~~ maketh all things new.

The time was scarce profaned – by speech –
 The ~~falling~~ of a word
 Was needless – as at Sacrament –
 The wardrobe – of Our Lord –

Each was to each – the sealed church –
 Permitted to commune – this time –
 Lest we too awkward – show –
 At “Supper of the Lamb.”

The hours slid fast – as hours will –
 Clutched tight – by greedy hands –
 So – faces on two Decks – look back –
 Bound to opposing Lands –

And so – when all the time had ~~leaked~~ –
 Without external sound –
 Each – bound the other’s Crucifix –
 We gave no other bond –

Sufficient troth – that we shall rise –
 Deposed – at length – the Grave –
 To *that* New Marriage –
 Justified – through Calvaries of Love!

4. Resurrections] Revelations

7. ~~While our two Souls that~~] As if no
 Soul the

8. ~~Which~~] That

10. ~~falling~~] figure / symbol
 21. ~~leaked~~] failed

All deletions and suggested changes are in ink and entered at the time the poem was set down except “Revelations,” which is in pencil in the handwriting of about 1878.

A second fair copy, now lost, is reproduced in facsimile on two pages preceding the title page of *Poems* (1891). The handwriting is so nearly identical with that of the copy to Higginson that one concludes it was almost certainly written during the spring of 1862:

There came a day – at Summer’s full –
 Entirely for me –
 I thought that such were for the Saints –
 Where Resurrections – be –

The Sun – as common – went abroad –
 The Flowers – accustomed – blew –
 As if no soul – that solstice passed –
 Which maketh all things – new –

The time was scarce profaned – by speech –
The falling of a word
Was needless – as at Sacrament –
The *Wardrobe* – of Our Lord!

Each was to each – the sealed Church –
Permitted to commune – *this* time –
Lest we too awkward show –
At supper of “the Lamb.”

The hours slid fast – as hours will –
Clutched tight – by greedy hands –
So – faces on two Decks look back –
Bound to *opposing* – lands.

And so when all the time had leaked –
Without external sound –
Each bound the other's Crucifix –
We gave no other Bond –

Sufficient Troth – that we shall *rise* –
Deposed – at length the Grave –
To that new – Marriage –
Justified – through Calvaries – of love!

There are three textual differences in the two fair copies:

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| 7. the] that | 10. symbol] falling |
| 8. That] Which | |

In each case ED has used in the fair copy above the original reading of the packet copy, even though those readings had been presumably canceled. One surmises it was made prior to the cancellations. The evidence for believing that the packet copy may have been set down early in January is derived from an unpublished letter (now owned by Miss Julia S. E. Dwight) written to the Reverend Edward S. Dwight, her former pastor. The letter can be dated early January 1862, and in it ED has adapted the final stanza to honor the memory of Mrs. Dwight who had died the preceding September:

Sufficient troth – that she will rise –
Deposed – at last – the Grave –
To that *new* fondness – Justified –
by Calvaries of love –

PUBLICATION: The poem was first published, with stanza four omitted, in *Scribner's Magazine*, VIII (August 1890), 240, titled "Renunciation." It derives from a copy supplied by Sue. Lavinia possessed the packet copy and protested its publication by Sue, though Sue mistakenly believed she had the right to publish such poems in her possession as Emily had sent her. It seems almost certain, therefore, that the text published in *Scribner's* derived from a copy, now lost, which had been sent to Sue. Textually it differs from the copy to Higginson in four places:

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 3. were] was | 17. fast] past |
| 7. soul] sail | 25. shall] should |

Though the three holographs discussed above show variant readings, they do so by way of selection from among the suggested changes in the packet copy. All four of the altered readings in *Scribner's* are unique in that one printing. The poem, by permission of E. L. Burlingame, the *Scribner's* editor, was included among *Poems* (1890), 58-59, titled "Renunciation," when the volume was issued in November (see AB, 59). The missing stanza was restored. The text derives from the packet copy, with all the suggested changes adopted. When the poem next appeared in CP (1924), 152-153, it reproduced the same text with one exception: "soul" reverted to "sail" as it had been printed in *Scribner's*. Mrs. Bianchi, who prepared that edition and the subsequent ones, in which that reading obtains, had the packet copy for her use. It is true that in that copy the word "soul" bears a superficial resemblance to "sail."

323

As if I asked a common Alms,
 And in my wondering hand
 A Stranger pressed a Kingdom,
 And I, bewildered, stand—
 As if I asked the Orient
 Had it for me a Morn—
 And it should lift it's purple Dikes,
 And shatter me with Dawn!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are three. The copy reproduced above is incorporated in a letter written to T. W. Higginson (BPL Higg 52), post-

marked 7 June 1862. The text is identical, except for a variant last line, with the copy in packet 82 (Bingham 13c), written about 1858:

As if I asked a common alms –
And in my wondering hand,
A stranger pressed a kingdom –
And I – bewildered stand –
As if I asked the Orient
Had it for me a Morn?
And it sh'd lift it's purple dikes
And flood me with the Dawn!

A third copy (Bingham), written about 1884, is in a letter to an unidentified recipient. The text, identical with that in the copy to Higginson, is arranged as prose:

As if I asked a Common Alms and in my wondering Hand A stranger pressed a Kingdom, and I bewildered stand. As if I asked the Orient had it for me a Morn, And it should lift it's Purple Dikes, and shatter me with Dawn –

PUBLICATION: The letter to Higginson was first published in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXVIII (October 1891), 447, in an article which Higginson wrote dealing with the letters and poems he had received from ED. Although Mrs. Todd had the packet copy version, she never included it in any of the poetry collections. The letter to Higginson is also in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 304; (ed. 1931), 275; also *LL* (1924), 241.

324

Some keep the Sabbath going to Church –
I keep it, staying at Home –
With a Bobolink for a Chorister –
And an Orchard, for a Dome –

Some keep the Sabbath in Surplice –
I just wear my Wings –

[no stanza break]

And instead of tolling the Bell, for Church,
Our little Sexton – sings.

God preaches, a noted Clergyman –
And the sermon is never long,
So instead of getting to Heaven, at last –
I'm going, all along.

MANUSCRIPTS: Two fair copies are extant, identical in text. Two others, now lost, are discussed below. The copy reproduced above (BPL Higg 10) was enclosed with three other poems in a letter to T. W. Higginson (BPL Higg 54), written in July 1862, in which she tells him that she is happy to be his "scholar": "If you truly consent, I recite, now –" (*Letters*, ed. 1931, 276). The poem was written not later than 1860, in which year it was incorporated in packet 15 (H 84e):

Some – keep the Sabbath – going to church –
I – keep it – staying at Home –
With a Bobolink – for a Chorister –
And an Orchard – for a Dome –

Some – keep the Sabbath, in Surplice –
I – just wear my wings.
And instead of tolling the bell, for church –
Our little Sexton – sings.

"God" – preaches – a *noted* Clergyman –
And the sermon is never long,
So – instead of getting to Heaven – at last –
I'm – going – all along!

One of the lost copies was sent to Gordon L. Ford. His wife, Emily Fowler Ford, a girlhood friend of ED's, is quoted as saying:

The first poem I ever read was the robin chorister . . . which she gave my husband years ago. (*Letters*, ed. 1931, 132.)

Presumably the other lost copy was sent to some member of the Sweetser family and was the source of the version published in 1864.

PUBLICATION: The fifth of seven poems known to have been published in ED's lifetime, this poem appeared on 12 March 1864 in *The Round Table* (I, 195), a weekly review and record published in New York by ED's cousin by marriage, Henry E. Sweetser, and his cousin, Charles H.

Sweetser. It is unsigned and is titled "My Sabbath." It is possible that ED herself supplied the title, as she frequently did when she sent poems to friends. But whether she sent it with the intent that it should be published, or whether it appeared without her knowledge, is not known. In this text one word differs:

11. getting] going

It probably is a variant reading; it could be an editorial alteration. It was first collected in *Poems* (1890), 74, titled "A Service of Song," where it follows the text of the packet copy.

325

Of Tribulation – these are They,
Denoted by the White.
The Spangled Gowns, a lesser Rank
Of Victors, designate –

All these – did conquer –
But the Ones who overcame most times –
Wear nothing commoner than Snow –
No Ornament – but Palms –

"Surrender" – is a sort unknown
On this Superior soil –
"Defeat", an Outgrown Anguish,
Remembered – as the Mile

Our panting Ankle barely passed,
When Night devoured the Road –
But we – stood – whispering in the House –
And all we said – was

SAVED!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two drafts of this paraphrase of Revelations 7. The fair copy reproduced above (BPL Higg 15) was enclosed with three other poems in a letter (BPL Higg 54) to T. W. Higginson, written in July 1862. The last word is spelled out in large letters, and below it at

the bottom of the sheet ED has written: "I spelled Ankle – wrong." The text is identical with that of the semifinal draft in packet 28 (H 129b), written late in 1861:

Of Tribulation, these are They,
Denoted by the White –
The Spangled Gowns, a lesser Rank
Of Victors – designate –

All these – did Conquer –
But the ones who overcame most times –
Wear nothing commoner than snow –
No Ornament, but Palms –

Surrender – is a sort unknown –
On this superior soil –
Defeat – an outgrown Anguish –
Remembered, as the Mile

Our panting Ankle barely passed –
When Night devoured the Road –
But we – stood whispering in the House –
And all we said – was "Saved"!

13. passed] gained

The suggested change is not adopted in the fair copy.

PUBLICATION: The poem was first published in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXVIII (October 1891), 448, in an article which Higginson wrote dealing with the letters and poems he had received from ED. It there reproduces the copy to him, and bears the title "The Saint's Rest," which he supplied. He reproduces the misspelling, "ankle," and adds a note:

[Note by the writer of the verses.] I spelled ankle wrong.

It was first collected later in the year in *Poems* (1891), 227, titled "Saved!" The text derives from the packet copy, and the suggested change (which ED rejected in her copy to Higginson) is adopted. In both printings the first three words of line 6 conclude line 5. In the collected edition the note is omitted and the spelling of *ankle* corrected. In *Atlantic Monthly*, but not in *Poems*, one word is altered:

8. Ornament] ornaments

I cannot dance upon my Toes –
 No Man instructed me –
 But oftentimes, among my mind,
 A Glee possesseth me,

That had I Ballet knowledge –
 Would put itself abroad
 In Pirouette to blanch a Troupe –
 Or lay a Prima, mad,

And though I had no Gown of Gauze –
 No Ringlet, to my Hair,
 Nor hopped for Audiences – like Birds,
 One Claw upon the Air,

Nor tossed my shape in Eider Balls,
 Nor rolled on wheels of snow
 Till I was out of sight, in sound,
 The House encore me so –

Nor any know I know the Art
 I mention – easy – Here –
 Nor any Placard boast me –
 It's full as Opera –

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above is in packet 14 (H 73c), written during 1862. The copy below (H Higg 4) was one of two poems enclosed in a letter (BPL Higg 55) written to T. W. Higginson in August 1862. One word is variant:

11. for] to

I cannot dance upon my Toes –
 No Man instructed me –
 But oftentimes, among my mind
 A Glee possesseth me
 That had I Ballet – Knowledge –
 Would put itself abroad
 In Pirouette to blanch a Troupe –
 Or lay a Prima – mad –

And though I had no Gown of Gauze –
No Ringlet, to my Hair –
Nor hopped to Audiences – like Birds –
One Claw upon the Air –
Nor tossed my shape in Eider Balls –
Nor rolled on Wheels of Snow
Till I was out of sight in sound –
The House encore me so –

Nor any know I know the Art
I mention easy – Here –
Nor any Placard boast me
It's full as Opera –

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 8. The text, which derives from the packet copy, is arranged without stanza division. One word is altered:

17. know I know] knew I know

327

Before I got my eye put out
I liked as well to see –
As other Creatures, that have Eyes
And know no other way –

But were it told to me – Today –
That I might have the sky
For mine – I tell you that my Heart
Would split, for size of me –

The Meadows – mine –
The Mountains – mine –
All Forests – Stintless Stars –
As much of Noon as I could take
Between my finite eyes –

The Motions of The Dipping Birds –
The Morning's Amber Road –
For mine – to look at when I liked –
The News would strike me dead –

So safer Guess—with just my soul
Upon the Window pane—
Where other Creatures put their eyes—
Incautious—of the Sun—

MANUSCRIPTS: The fair copy reproduced above (H Am 58) was one of the two poems enclosed in a letter (BPL Higg 55) to T. W. Higginson, written in August 1862. The semifinal draft (H 171a), in packet 32, was written at the same time:

Before I got my eye put out—
I liked as well to see
As other creatures, that have eyes—
And know no other way—

But were it told to me, Today,
That I might have the Sky
For mine, I tell you that my Heart
Would split, for size of me—

The Meadows—mine—
The Mountains—mine—
All Forests—Stintless Stars—
As much of noon, as I could take—
Between my finite eyes—

The Motions of the Dipping Birds—
The Lightning's jointed Road—
For mine—to look at when I liked—
The news would strike me dead—

So safer—guess—with just my soul
Upon the window pane
Where other creatures put their eyes—
Incautious—of the Sun—

15. Lightning's jointed Road] Morning's Amber Road—

The suggested change is adopted in the fair copy; otherwise the texts are identical.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 60–61, titled "Sight." The text, arranged as five quatrains, derives from the packet copy; the suggested change is rejected.

A Bird came down the Walk –
 He did not know I saw –
 He bit an Angeworm in halves
 And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew
 From a convenient Grass –
 And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
 To let a Beetle pass –

He glanced with rapid eyes
 That hurried all around –
 They looked like frightened Beads, I thought –
 He stirred his Velvet Head

Like one in danger, Cautious,
 I offered him a Crumb
 And he unrolled his feathers
 And rowed him softer home –

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
 Too silver for a seam –
 Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon
 Leap, plashless as they swim.

MANUSCRIPTS: The fair copy reproduced above (Bingham 98-4B-1) was written in 1862. It is a redaction of the semifinal draft in packet 85 (Bingham 32c) made somewhat earlier in the same year, and offers a suggested change which ED rejected in the fair copy:

A Bird, came down the Walk –
 He did not know I saw –
 He bit an Angle Worm in halves
 And ate the fellow, raw,

And then, he drank a Dew
 From a convenient Grass –
 And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
 To let a Beetle pass –

He glanced with rapid eyes,
That hurried all abroad –
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought,
He stirred his Velvet Head –

Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers,
And rowed him softer Home –

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a Seam –
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon,
Leap, plashless as they swim.

3. bit] shook –

ED altered one word in the fair copy:

10. abroad] around

The copy of this poem listed by Mrs. Todd (*Letters*, 443) among those which ED enclosed in letters to Higginson has not been located. It is listed in Higginson's inventory of poems that ED sent to him which he compiled and included in a letter to Mrs. Todd, dated 13 May 1891 (*AB*, 129).

PUBLICATION: The copy to Higginson was the source of the first publication of the poem in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXVIII (October 1891), 446–447, and is there incorporated in an article which Higginson wrote dealing with the letters and poems he had received from ED. It is identical with the text of the fair copy above, but there is no reason to suppose that it is the same copy, since Mrs. Todd indicates in her reply to Higginson's letter of 13 May that she already had a copy of the poem (*AB*, 130). Whether she then had both the fair copy and the packet copy is not clear. The poem was first collected in *Poems* (1891), 140–141, titled "In the Garden." The text derives from the packet copy, and rejects the suggested change. In *Atlantic Monthly*, but not in *Poems*, one word is altered:

7. the] a

So glad we are – a Stranger'd deem
 'Twas sorry, that we were –
 For where the Holiday should be
 There publishes a Tear –
 Nor how Ourselves be justified –
 Since Grief and Joy are done
 So similar – An Optizan
 Could not decide between –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. That reproduced above (Bingham), signed "Emily –," was sent to Samuel Bowles. It is a redaction of the semifinal draft in packet 84 (Bingham 27c).

So glad we are – a stranger'd deem
 'Twas sorry – that we were –
 For where the Holiday – should be –
 There publishes – a Tear.

Nor how Ourselves be justified –
 Since Grief and Joy are done
 So similar – an Optizan
 Could not discern between –

4. publishes] Bustles but 8. discern] conclude – / decide –

One of the changes suggested for line 8 ("decide") is adopted. "Optizan" is evidently a "made word," presumably meaning one skilled in the science of optics.

PUBLICATION: The copy to Bowles is in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 209; (ed. 1931), 198; also *LL* (1924), 236.

The Juggler's *Hat* her Country is –
 The Mountain Gorse – the *Bee's*!

MANUSCRIPT: These lines (Bingham), addressed "Mr Bowles –," were sent to Samuel Bowles about 1861.

PUBLICATION: *Letters* (ed. 1894), 211; (ed. 1931), 200; also *LL* (1924), 245. The italics are not retained.

While Asters –
 On the Hill –
 Their Everlasting fashions – set –
 And Covenant Gentians – Frill!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1861 (Bingham). The lines, signed "Emily.," are addressed "Mr Bowles." At a somewhat later date, in 1862, ED adapted these lines to create the fourth stanza of poem number 342.

PUBLICATION: *Letters* (ed. 1894), 209; (ed. 1931), 198; also *LL* (1924), 236.

There are two Ripenings – one – of sight –
 Whose forces Spheric wind
 Until the Velvet product
 Drop spicy to the ground –
 A homelier maturing –
 A process in the Bur –
 That teeth of Frosts alone disclose
 In far October Air.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. The fair copy reproduced above (Bingham 98-4B-22) is a redaction of the copy in packet 26 (H 47c):

There are two Ripenings –
 One – of Sight – whose Forces spheric round
 Until the Velvet Product
 Drop, spicy, to the Ground –

A Homelier – maturing –
 A Process in the Bur –
 Which Teeth of Frosts – alone disclose –
 In still October Air –

2. round] *wind*

7. Which Teeth] that Teeth

8. In] on far –

8. still] far –

The fair copy adopts all but one of the suggested changes. ED sent another fair copy, now lost, to Mrs. Kate Scott Turner (later Mrs. John Anthon). Katie visited Sue in Amherst several times and the poem may have been sent across to her during one of the visits. Katie made a transcript of it (H B 126) which shows the text to be identical with that of the fair copy above except for one word:

8. In] On

PUBLICATION: The copy to Mrs. Turner is in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 147; (ed. 1931), 145; also *LL* (1924), 207. The same text, printed as two five-line stanzas with an altered line arrangement, is in *FP* (1929), 200, and in later collections of the poems. All printings follow the text of the Turner (Anthon) transcript except *Letters* (1931), which substitutes "In" for "On" (line 8).

333

The Grass so little has to do –
A Sphere of simple Green –
With only Butterflies to brood
And Bees to entertain –

And stir all day to pretty Tunes
The Breezes fetch along –
And hold the Sunshine in it's lap
And bow to everything –

And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearls –
And make itself so fine
A Duchess were too common
For such a noticing –

And even when it dies – to pass
In Odors so divine –
Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep –
Or Spikenards, perishing –

And then, in Sovreign Barns to dwell –
And dream the Days away,
The Grass so little has to do
I wish I were a Hay –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written early in 1862. The fair copy reproduced above (Bingham 109-10) is addressed "Austin-." It is a redaction of the text in packet 14 (H 73a):

The Grass so little has to do,
A Sphere of simple Green -
With only Butterflies, to brood,
And Bees, to entertain -

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The Breezes fetch along,
And hold the Sunshine, in it's lap
And bow to everything,

And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearl,
And make itself so fine
A Duchess, were too Common
For such a noticing,

And even when it die, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices, gone to sleep -
Or Amulets of Pine -

And then to dwell in Sovereign Barns,
And dream the Days away,
The Grass so little has to do,
I wish I were a Hay -

15. gone to sleep] laid asleep / [laid] to sleep -

16. Amulets of Pine] Spikenards
perishing.

The suggested change for line 16 is adopted in the copy to Austin, the word order in line 17 is altered, and the suggested changes for line 15 are rejected in favor of another: "lain to sleep." (ED generally preferred the past participle of the verb *lay*.) She made three further textual alterations:

9. Pearl] Pearls
13. die] dies

15. As] Like

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 78-79, titled "The Grass." The text derives from the packet copy to the extent that both suggested changes are rejected. It appears to adopt two words from the copy to Austin:

9. pearls

13. dies

These changes, however, are of the nature that Higginson might independently have made. Although Mrs. Todd ultimately came to have the copy to Austin, there is no reason to believe she had it at the time she was transcribing the packet copy for the printer. In *Poems* (1890) the last line reads:

I wish I were the hay!

Mrs. Bingham quotes her mother in *AB*, 58, on the reason for this alteration:

The quaintness of the [indefinite] article really appealed to me, but my trusted collaborator was decided on that line. "It cannot go in so," he exclaimed, "everybody would say that *hay* is a collective noun requiring the definite article. Nobody can call it *a* hay!" So I retired, feeling that of course he was right with regard to the public. But I have always had a sneaking desire to see a change back to the original version!

When Mrs. Bianchi included the poem in *CP* (1924), the packet copy was in her possession. There and in later collections the text is identical with that in *Poems* (1890) except for the last line, which is correctly rendered.

334

All the letters I can write
Are not fair as this—
Syllables of Velvet—
Sentences of Plush,
Depths of Ruby, undrained,
Hid, Lip, for Thee—
Play it were a Humming Bird—
And just sipped—me—

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written in 1862. The copy reproduced above is in packet 14 (H 73b). A variant is incorporated in a letter (Yale) to ED's cousin Eudocia (Converse) Flynt, of Monson. The letter, which enclosed a flower, reached Mrs. Flynt according to her diary on 21 July 1862:

All the letters I could write,
Were not fair as this –
Syllables of Velvet –
Sentences of Plush –
Depths of Ruby, undrained –
Hid, Lip, for Thee,
Play it were a Humming Bird
And sipped just Me –

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 80. The text follows that of the packet copy.

335

'Tis not that Dying hurts us so –
'Tis Living – hurts us more –
But Dying – is a different way –
A Kind behind the Door –

The Southern Custom – of the Bird –
That ere the Frosts are due –
Accepts a better Latitude –
We – are the Birds – that stay.

The Shiverers round Farmer's doors –
For whose reluctant Crumb –
We stipulate – till pitying Snows
Persuade our Feathers Home

MANUSCRIPT: Late 1862, in packet 25 (H 134d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 201. It derives from a transcript made from the packet copy by Mrs. Todd. The word "Bird" (line 5) in the packet copy is written "birds" in Mrs. Todd's transcript, and is so rendered in *BM*. A variant of this poem, without stanza division, is incorporated in a letter now lost, sent to the Norcross cousins on the occasion of the death of their father, Loring Norcross, 7 January 1863. It is published in *Letters* (ed. 1894), 251; (ed. 1931), 229; also *LL* (1924), 253. The variants are in three lines:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1] It is not dying hurts us so | 7. Accepts] Adopts |
| 6. ere the] soon as | |

The face I carry with me – last –
 When I go out of Time –
 To take my Rank – by – in the West –
 That face – will just be thine –

I'll hand it to the Angel –
 That – Sir – was my Degree –
 In Kingdoms – you have heard the Raised –
 Refer to – possibly.

He'll take it – scan it – step aside –
 Return – with such a crown
 As Gabriel – never capered at –
 And beg me put it on –

And then – he'll turn me round and round –
 To an admiring sky –
 As one that bore her Master's name –
 Sufficient Royalty!

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 80 (Bingham 5).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 177.

I know a place where Summer strives
 With such a practised Frost –
 She – each year – leads her Daisies back –
 Recording briefly – “Lost” –

But when the South Wind stirs the Pools
 And struggles in the lanes –
 Her Heart misgives Her, for Her Vow –
 And she pours soft Refrains

Into the lap of Adamant –
 And spices – and the Dew –

[*no stanza break*]

That stiffens quietly to Quartz –
Upon her Amber Shoe –

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 6 (H 23b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 148.

338

I know that He exists.
Somewhere – in Silence –
He has hid his rare life
From our gross eyes.

'Tis an instant's play.
'Tis a fond Ambush –
Just to make Bliss
Earn her own surprise

But – should the play
Prove piercing earnest –
Should the glee – glaze –
In Death's – stiff – stare –

Would not the fun
Look too expensive!
Would not the jest –
Have crawled too far!

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 6 (H 24a). In line 13 ED crossed out "Joke" and substituted "fun."

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 83. When the poem was included in CP (1924) and later collections, one word was altered:

5. an] in

339

I tend my flowers for thee –
Bright Absentee!
My Fuschzia's Coral Seams
Rip – while the Sower – dreams –

[270]

Geraniums – tint – and spot –
Low Daisies – dot –
My Cactus – splits her Beard
To show her throat –

Carnations – tip their spice –
And Bees – pick up –
A Hyacinth – I hid –
Puts out a Ruffled Head –
And odors fall
From flasks – so small –
You marvel how they held –

Globe Roses – break their satin flake –
Upon my Garden floor –
Yet – thou – not there –
I had as lief they bore
No Crimson – more –

Thy flower – be gay –
Her Lord – away!
It ill becometh me –
I'll dwell in Calyx – Gray –
How modestly – alway –
Thy Daisy –
Draped for thee!

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 6 (H 24c).

PUBLICATION: *London Mercury*, XIX (February 1929), 353–354; *FP* (1929), 141. The text is arranged as five stanzas of 4, 4, 7, 8, and 5 lines; in later collections, as four stanzas of 4, 4, 7, and 13 lines. Two words are altered:

7. her] a 8. her] its

340

Is Bliss then, such Abyss,
I must not put my foot amiss
For fear I spoil my shoe?

[271]

I'd rather suit my foot
Than save my Boot –
For yet to buy another Pair
Is possible,
At any store –

But Bliss, is sold just once.
The Patent lost
None buy it any more –
Say, Foot, decide the point –
The Lady cross, or not?
Verdict for Boot!

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 6 (H 26b). ED first wrote “at” at the end of line 7, then deleted it.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 67. The final three lines are omitted and one word is altered:

8. store] fair

The complete text, derived from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd, is in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 20, with line 8 corrected.

34¹

After great pain, a formal feeling comes –
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs –
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round –
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought –
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone –

This is the Hour of Lead –
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow –
First – Chill – then Stupor – then the letting go –

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 6 (H 26c). In the second stanza ED has placed 1, 3, 2, 4, respectively before lines 1, 2, 3, and 4, as though she intended the stanza to read:

The Feet, mechanical, go round –
A Wooden way
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought –
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone –

PUBLICATION: *Atlantic Monthly*, CXLIII (February 1929), 184; *FP* (1929), 175. In later collections the text is arranged as three quatrains. The second stanza reads:

The feet mechanical
Go round a wooden way
Of ground or air or Ought, regardless grown,
A quartz contentment like a stone.

342

It will be Summer – eventually.
Ladies – with parasols –
Sauntering Gentlemen – with Canes –
And little Girls – with Dolls –

Will tint the pallid landscape –
As 'twere a bright Boquet –
Tho' drifted deep, in Parian –
The Village lies – today –

The Lilacs – bending many a year –
Will sway with purple load –
The Bees – will not despise the tune –
Their Forefathers – have hummed –

The Wild Rose – redden in the Bog –
The Aster – on the Hill
Her everlasting fashion – set –
And Covenant Gentians – frill –

Till Summer folds her miracle –
As Women – do – their Gown –
Or Priests – adjust the Symbols –
When Sacrament – is done –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 6 (H 381a). The fourth stanza has been altered to make poem number 331.

PUBLICATION: The first attempt to publish this poem was made in *Poems* (1896), 101, where it appeared, titled "Nature's Changes," with stanza 1 omitted, and stanzas 2 and 3 thus altered:

The springtime's pallid landscape
Will glow like bright bouquet,
Though drifted deep in parian
The village lies to-day.

The lilacs, bending many a year,
With purple load will hang;
The bees will not forget the tune
Their old forefathers sang.

The only further change is in line 13, where "Wild Rose" is rendered "rose will." The poem was next issued in *CP* (1924), 126–127, in the text of *Poems* (1896), but without title. In the first printing of *FP* (1929), 195–196, it appeared with stanza 1 restored and the text of the other stanzas corrected, but with the five stanzas of the poem "I'm sorry for the Dead – Today" appended to it. An accompanying note reads: "Published in the 'Complete Poems' on page 126 with the first stanza omitted; now given as originally written." Later printings of *FP* separated the two poems, and in subsequent collections this poem has been correctly rendered.

343

My Reward for Being, was This.
My premium – My Bliss –
An Admiralty, less –
A Sceptre – penniless –
And Realms – just Dross –

When Thrones accost my Hands –
With "Me, Miss, Me" –

[no stanza break]

I'll unroll Thee –
 Dominions dowerless – beside this Grace –
 Election – Vote –
 The Ballots of Eternity, will show just that.

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two fair copies, both transcribed into packets. That reproduced above, in packet 6 (H 381b), was written early in 1862. The variant below, in packet 29 (H 70d), was written later in the same year:

My Reward for Being – was This –
 My Premium – My Bliss –
 An Admiralty, less –
 A Sceptre – penniless –
 And Realms – just Dross.

When Thrones – accost My Hands –
 With “Me – Miss – Me” –
 I'll unroll – Thee –
 Sufficient Dynasty –
 Creation – powerless –
 To Peer this Grace –
 Empire – State –
 Too little – Dust –
 To Dower – so Great –

PUBLICATION: Both versions are in *BM* (1945), 308–309, derived from transcripts made by Mrs. Todd. They are placed among unfinished poems because of an uncertainty, as a note explains, whether the holograph copies would reveal two versions.

344

'Twas the old – road – through pain –
 That unfrequented – one –
 With many a turn – and thorn –
 That stops – at Heaven –

This – was the Town – she passed –
 There – where she – rested – last –
 Then – stepped more fast –
 The little tracks – close prest –

[*no stanza break*]

Then – not so swift –
Slow – slow – as feet did weary – grow –
Then – stopped – no other track!

Wait! Look! Her little Book –
The leaf – at love – turned back –
Her very Hat –
And this worn shoe just fits the track –
Herself – though – fled!

Another bed – a short one –
Women make – tonight –
In Chambers bright –
Too out of sight – though —
For our hoarse Good Night –
To touch her Head!

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 6 (H 381c).

PUBLICATION: *Atlantic Monthly*, CXLIII (March 1929), 331; *FP* (1929), 102. The text is arranged as five stanzas of 5, 5, 4, 6, and 6 lines; in later collections, as five stanzas of 4, 4, 4, 6, and 6 lines. Three words are altered:

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 10. grow] go | 22. Head] hand |
| 14. Her] The | |

345

Funny – to be a Century –
And see the People – going by –
I – should die of the Oddity –
But then – I'm not so staid – as He –

He keeps His Secrets safely – very –
Were He to tell – extremely sorry
This Bashful Globe of Our's would be –
So dainty of Publicity –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 33 (H 179b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 7. The text, arranged as two five-line stanzas, in later collections is restored as quatrains.

346

Not probable – The barest Chance –
A smile too few – a word too much
And far from Heaven as the Rest –
The Soul so close on Paradise –

What if the Bird from journey far –
Confused by Sweets – as Mortals – are –
Forget the secret of His wing
And perish – but a Bough between –
Oh, Groping feet –
Oh Phantom Queen!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 33 (H 179c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 93. The last two lines are arranged as one.
One word is altered:

1. barest] merest

347

When Night is almost done –
And Sunrise grows so near
That we can touch the Spaces –
It's time to smooth the Hair –

And get the Dimples ready –
And wonder we could care
For that old – faded Midnight –
That frightened – but an Hour –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 33 (H 179d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 31, titled "Dawn."

I dreaded that first Robin, so,
 But He is mastered, now,
 I'm some accustomed to Him grown,
 He hurts a little, though –

I thought if I could only live
 Till that first Shout got by –
 Not all Pianos in the Woods
 Had power to mangle me –

I dared not meet the Daffodils –
 For fear their Yellow Gown
 Would pierce me with a fashion
 So foreign to my own –

I wished the Grass would hurry –
 So – when 'twas time to see –
 He'd be too tall, the tallest one
 Could stretch – to look at me –

I could not bear the Bees should come,
 I wished they'd stay away
 In those dim countries where they go,
 What word had they, for me?

They're here, though; not a creature failed –
 No Blossom stayed away
 In gentle deference to me –
 The Queen of Calvary –

Each one salutes me, as he goes,
 And I, my childish Plumes,
 Lift, in bereaved acknowledgement
 Of their unthinking Drums –

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 85 (Bingham 28a). On 11 January 1862, the *Daily News* of Philadelphia reported Charles Wadsworth's call to Calvary Church in San Francisco, where he arrived on 28

May. The handwriting of this poem somewhat antedates that of ED's first letter to T. W. Higginson written on 15 April, where she indicates that she is immersing herself in her verse and seeking an outlet by way of professional advice.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 128–129, titled "In Shadow." One word is altered:

3. I'm some] And I'm

349

I had the Glory – that will do –
An Honor, Thought can turn her to
When lesser Fames invite –
With one long "Nay" –
Bliss' early shape
Deforming – Dwindling – Gulphing up –
Time's possibility.

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 85 (Bingham 29b).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 116. Lines 4 and 5 are printed as one line.

350

They leave us with the Infinite.
But He – is not a man –
His fingers are the size of fists –
His fists, the size of men –

And whom he foundeth, with his Arm
As Himmaleh, shall stand –
Gibraltar's Everlasting Shoe
Poised lightly on his Hand,

So trust him, Comrade –
You for you, and I, for you and me
Eternity is ample,
And quick enough, if true.

MANUSCRIPTS: The copy reproduced above, written early in 1862, is in packet 85 (Bingham 29d). A second fair copy (Bingham 98-4A-17), identical in text and without address or signature, is folded as if enclosed in an envelope. It was written somewhat later, probably in 1863:

They leave us with the Infinite –
But He is not a man,
His Fingers are the size of Fists –
His Fists, the size of Men.
And whom he foundeth with his Arm
As Himmaleh, shall stand –
Gibraltar's everlasting shoe
Poised lightly on his Hand –
So trust Him, Comrade!
You for you, and I
For you and me –
Eternity is ample –
And quick enough,
If true –

The texts are identical.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 217-218. The text follows the line and stanza arrangement of the packet copy except that the first three words of line 10 conclude line 9.

351

I felt my life with both my hands
To see if it was there –
I held my spirit to the Glass,
To prove it possibler –

I turned my Being round and round
And paused at every pound
To ask the Owner's name –
For doubt, that I should know the Sound –

I judged my features – jarred my hair –
I pushed my dimples by, and waited –
If they – twinkled back –
Conviction might, of me –

I told myself, "Take Courage, Friend –
That – was a former time –
But we might learn to like the Heaven,
As well as our Old Home!"

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 85 (Bingham 32a).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 145–146. The metrical irregularities of lines 7, 8 and 10, 11 are smoothed by realignment.

352

Perhaps I asked too large –
I take – no less than skies –
For Earths, grow thick as
Berries, in my native town –

My Basket holds – just – Firmaments –
Those – dangle easy – on my arm,
But smaller bundles – Cram.

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 85 (Bingham 32b). The poem is complete and the customary horizontal line is drawn neatly after line 7.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 306. "Berries" (line 4) concludes line 3. The poem is placed among the unfinished poems.

353

A happy lip – breaks sudden –
It does'nt state you how
It contemplated – smiling –
Just consummated – now –
But this one, wears it's merriment
So patient – like a pain –
Fresh gilded – to elude the eyes
Unqualified, to scan –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 14 (H 77c).

PUBLICATION: This poem has a confused publishing history. In *UP* (1935), 123, the last four lines only were published, and there appear

as a third (and final) stanza of "Her smile was shaped like other smiles." In *AB* (1945), 393, all eight lines are published, and there appear as the third and fourth stanzas of "Her smile was shaped like other smiles." In the packet sheet, however, the two poems are clearly separated by a horizontal line, ED's invariable method of indicating the end of one poem and the beginning of another when two poems are copied, as these are, onto one sheet. In the packet they are without stanza division. Why Mrs. Bianchi omitted the first four lines in compiling *Unpublished Poems* is not clear. Mrs. Bingham, in restoring them in *AB*, worked from a typescript prepared by Mrs. Todd. On the typescript both appear on the same sheet, but they are separated by a line of asterisks. Observed separately, they clearly express quite different ideas about the motive and quality of "smiles." In *UP* the phrase "it's merriment" is altered to "a merriment."

354

From Cocoon forth a Butterfly
As Lady from her Door
Emerged – a Summer Afternoon –
Repairing Everywhere –

Without Design – that I could trace
Except to stray abroad
On Miscellaneous Enterprise
The Clovers – understood –

Her pretty Parasol be seen
Contracting in a Field
Where Men made Hay –
Then struggling hard
With an opposing Cloud –

Where Parties – Phantom as Herself
To Nowhere – seemed to go
In purposeless Circumference –
As 'twere a Tropic Show –

And notwithstanding Bee – that worked –
And Flower – that zealous blew – [no stanza break]

This Audience of Idleness
Disdained them, from the Sky –

Till Sundown crept – a steady Tide –
And Men that made the Hay –
And Afternoon – and Butterfly –
Extinguished – in the Sea –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 5 (H 149a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 118–119, titled “The Butterfly’s Day.”
The third stanza is regularized. Two words are altered:

9. be] was 25. the] its

355

’Tis Opposites – entice –
Deformed Men – ponder Grace –
Bright fires – the Blanketless –
The Lost – Day’s face –

The Blind – esteem it be
Enough Estate – to see –
The Captive – strangles new –
For deeming – Beggars – play –

To lack – enamor Thee –
Tho’ the Divinity –
Be only
Me –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 5 (H 149c).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 9.

356

The Day that I was crowned
Was like the other Days –
Until the Coronation came –
And then – ’twas Otherwise –

'As Carbon in the Coal
And Carbon in the Gem
Are One – and yet the former
Were dull for Diadem –

I rose, and all was plain –
But when the Day declined
Myself and It, in Majesty
Were equally – adorned –

The Grace that I – was chose –
To Me – surpassed the Crown
That was the Witness for the Grace –
'Twas even that 'twas Mine –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 5 (H 150a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 96.

357

God is a distant – stately Lover –
Woos, as He states us – by His Son –
Verily, a Vicarious Courtship –
“Miles”, and “Priscilla”, were such an One –

But, lest the Soul – like fair “Priscilla”
Choose the Envoy – and spurn the Groom –
Vouches, with hyperbolic archness –
“Miles”, and “John Alden” were Synonyme –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 5 (H 150c).

PUBLICATION: This poem has an unusual publishing history. While the second series of *Poems* (1891) was being assembled, Mrs. Todd, who intended to include the lines there, sent them to S. J. Barrows, editor of a Boston weekly religious journal, *The Christian Register*. She evidently hoped their pre-publication would give a foretaste of ED's wit and unconventionality in treating sacrosanct themes. Barrows was delighted with the poem and shared her reasons for submitting it: “Would that we might always think that genius had its Easter,” he comments in thanking her,

"and was not buried in the tomb." He published it in the issue of 2 April (LXX, 1891, 202). His position, however creditable intellectually, proved editorially unsound. "I have had two letters," he wrote Mrs. Todd on 22 April, "from readers who have been greatly shocked by the poem of Emily Dickinson which I published, and Rev. Brooke Herford who forwarded one of them says: 'It is one of the most offensive bits of contemptuous Unitarianism that I have met with.'" Herford was the Unitarian minister of the Arlington Street Church in Boston. Barrows, seeing nothing more irreverent in it than in the metaphors of the Song of Solomon or in the representation of the Church as the Bride of Christ in the Apocalypse, continues: "But it makes some difference whether such a poem has the stamp of traditional authority upon it or not." To soothe offended readers Barrows carried an editorial in the last April issue of the *Register* stoutly defending ED's position and incidentally his own. (The letters from Barrows to Mrs. Todd, and a discussion of the early publishing history of the poem, are in AB, 124-125.) Mrs. Todd decided to omit the poem from the forthcoming volumes of *Poems*, issued in November 1891. After the passage of nearly forty years Mrs. Bianchi, who was not aware that the poem had been published in the *Register*, issued it in *FP* (1929), 198, with a note stating: "First four lines only before published in a paper by her niece." The indignant letters and notices which followed led her to omit it from the Centenary edition issued in the following year, and from subsequent collections. The poem was not issued again until it appeared in AB, 124. The text in the *Register* and in AB derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. One word is altered:

2. states] tells

In *FP* three alterations are made:

2. as He states] so He tells

4] Miles' and Priscilla's such a one

3. Verily] Surely

ED uses the older spelling "synonyme" which is not retained in any printed text.

358

If any sink, assure that this, now standing –
 Failed like Themselves – and conscious that it rose –
 Grew by the Fact, and not the Understanding
 How Weakness passed – or Force – arose –

[285]

Tell that the Worst, is easy in a Moment –
Dread, but the Whizzing, before the Ball –
When the Ball enters, enters Silence –
Dying – annuls the power to kill.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 5 (H 150d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 10.

359

I gained it so –
By Climbing slow –
By Catching at the Twigs that grow
Between the Bliss – and me –
It hung so high
As well the Sky
Attempt by Strategy –

I said I gained it –
This – was all –
Look, how I clutch it
Lest it fall –
And I a Pauper go –
Unfitted by an instant's Grace
For the Contented – Beggar's face
I wore – an hour ago –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 5 (H 20b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 78.

360

Death sets a Thing significant
The Eye had hurried by
Except a perished Creature
Entreat us tenderly

To ponder little Workmanships
In Crayon, or in Wool,
With "This was last Her fingers did" –
Industrious until –

The Thimble weighed too heavy –
The stitches stopped – themselves –
And then 'twas put among the Dust
Upon the Closet shelves –

A Book I have – a friend gave –
Whose Pencil – here and there –
Had notched the place that pleased Him –
At Rest – His fingers are –

Now – when I read – I read not –
For interrupting Tears –
Obliterate the Etchings
Too Costly for Repairs.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 5 (H 20c). The copy of Emerson's *Poems*, which Benjamin Newton sent ED in 1850, was a cherished possession.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 194–195, titled "Memorials."

361

What I can do – I will –
Though it be little as a Daffodil –
That I cannot – must be
Unknown to possibility –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 5 (H 20d).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 71. The last word of line 2, printed as a separate line, is restored in later collections. One word is altered:

3. That] What

It struck me – every Day –
 The Lightning was as new
 As if the Cloud that instant slit
 And let the Fire through –

It burned Me – in the Night –
 It Blistered to My Dream –
 It sickened fresh upon my sight –
 With every Morn that came –

I thought that Storm – was brief –
 The Maddest – quickest by –
 But Nature lost the Date of This –
 And left it in the Sky –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 5 (H 22c).

PUBLICATION: The first stanza only was printed in the *Amherst Literary Monthly*, June 1891, among "Suggestions from the Poems of Emily Dickinson" by Henry Park Schauffler. All three stanzas are in *Poems* (1896), 189, titled "The Soul's Storm." There are two alterations:

6. to] in 8. Morn that came] morning's beam

I went to thank Her –
 But She Slept –
 Her Bed – a funneled Stone –
 With Nosegays at the Head and Foot –
 That Travellers – had thrown –

Who went to thank Her –
 But She Slept –
 'Twas Short – to cross the Sea –
 To look upon Her like – alive –
 But turning back – 'twas slow –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 5 (H 22d). This is one of three poems ED wrote in memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning who died 30 June 1861. See also the poem beginning "Her 'Last Poems' – Poets ended," and "I think I was enchanted."

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 123.

364

The Morning after Wo –
'Tis frequently the Way –
Surpasses all that rose before –
For utter Jubilee –

As Nature did not care –
And piled her Blossoms on –
And further to parade a Joy
Her Victim stared upon –

The Birds declaim their Tunes –
Pronouncing every word
Like Hammers – Did they know they fell
Like Litanies of Lead –

On here and there – a creature –
They'd modify the Glee
To fit some Crucifixal Clef –
Some Key of Calvary –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 13 (H 62a). In line 3 "rose" is marked for an alternative, but none is given.

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 134. The spelling of "Crucifixal" (line 15) is rendered "Crucifixial" in *UP*; "Crucifical" in *Poems* (current).

365

Dare you see a Soul *at the White Heat*?
Then crouch within the door –
Red – is the Fire's common tint –
But when the vivid Ore [no stanza break]

Has vanquished Flame's conditions,
 It quivers from the Forge
 Without a color, but the light
 Of unannointed Blaze.
 Least Village has it's Blacksmith
 Whose Anvil's even ring
 Stands symbol for the finer Forge
 That soundless tugs – within –
 Refining these impatient Ores
 With Hammer, and with Blaze
 Until the Designated Light
 Repudiate the Forge –

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. The fair copy reproduced above (Bingham 98-4B-7) is a redaction of the semifinal draft in packet 13 (H 63b) below. It adopts all the suggested changes and presents a variant in line 9: boasts] has

Dare you see a soul at the "White Heat?"
 Then crouch within the door –
 Red – is the Fire's common tint –
 But when the quickened Ore

Has sated Flame's conditions –
 She quivers from the Forge
 Without a color, but the Light
 Of unannointed Blaze –

Least Village, boasts it's Blacksmith –
 Whose Anvil's even ring
 Stands symbol for the finer Forge
 That soundless tugs – within –

Refining these impatient Ores
 With Hammer, and with Blaze
 Until the designated Light
 Repudiate the Forge –

4. quickened] vivid 6. She] It
 5. sated] vanquished

A second fair copy, now missing, is listed by T. W. Higginson as one of the poems that ED had sent to him. His list was enclosed in a letter he wrote Mrs. Todd on 13 May 1891 (AB, 129) to tell her exactly which

poems he had in the event she lacked a copy and needed one in order to prepare the text of the Second Series of *Poems* on which they were then working. It is unlikely that the fair copy reproduced above was Higginson's. The list he enclosed specifically notes that she already has a copy, presumably the packet copy, which is the source of the published text in *Poems*.

PUBLICATION: The poem, titled "The White Heat," was first published in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXVIII (October 1891), 454, incorporated in an article which Higginson wrote dealing with the letters and poems that he had received from ED. Unless the copy she sent him is found, it will be impossible to know certainly whether his copy was the source of the text. Oddly, it probably was not, for the version in the *Atlantic* is identical in text and form with that in *Poems* (1891), 28, titled "The White Heat." This version, published later in the same year, almost certainly derives from the packet copy. It is arranged as four quatrains and adopts only the suggested change for line 4. There are two alterations, both made to effect rhymes:

6] Its quivering substance plays 10. ringl din

Writing to Col. Higginson on 13 July 1891, Mrs. Todd says (AB, 137):

I suppose you will not wish to change the line in the "White Heat"
— only as she makes *blaze* and *forge* as rhymes in the last stanza,
I thought it might be good not to have them in that relation twice.
Few changes seem necessary anywhere.

Higginson evidently approved, for the changes were made in his article as well as in the collected edition of *Poems*.

366

Although I put away his life—
An Ornament too grand
For Forehead low as mine, to wear,
This might have been the Hand

That sowed the flower, he preferred—
Or smoothed a homely pain,
Or pushed the pebble from his path—
Or played his chosen tune—

On Lute the least – the latest –
But just his Ear could know
That whatsoe'er delighted it,
I never would let go –

The foot to bear his errand –
A little Boot I know –
Would leap abroad like Antelope –
With just the grant to do –

His weariest Commandment –
A sweeter to obey,
Than "Hide and Seek" –
Or skip to Flutes –
Or All Day, chase the Bee –

Your Servant, Sir, will weary –
The Surgeon, will not come –
The World, will have it's own – to do –
The Dust, will vex your Fame –

The Cold will force your tightest door
Some Febuary Day,
But say my apron bring the sticks
To make your Cottage gay –

That I may take that promise
To Paradise, with me –
To teach the Angels, avarice,
You, Sir, taught first – to me.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 13 (H 64b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 160–161. The text is arranged as eight quatrains. The last line is rendered:

Your kiss first taught to me.

One other word is altered:

5. flower] flowers

Over and over, like a Tune –
 The Recollection plays –
 Drums off the Phantom Battlements
 Cornets of Paradise –

Snatches, from Baptized Generations –
 Cadences too grand
 But for the Justified Processions
 At the Lord's Right hand.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 13 (H 64c).

PUBLICATION: FP (1929), 112. Stanza 2, arranged in five lines, in later collections is restored to a quatrain. One word is altered:

3. off] of

How sick – to wait – in any place – but thine –
 I knew last night – when someone tried to twine –
 Thinking – perhaps – that I looked tired – or alone –
 Or breaking – almost – with unspoken pain –

And I turned – ducal –
That right – was thine –
One port – suffices – for a Brig – like *mine* –

Our's be the tossing – wild though the sea –
 Rather than a Mooring – unshared by thee.
 Our's be the Cargo – *unladen* – *here* –
 Rather than the "*spicy isles* –"
 And thou – not there –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 13 (H 66a).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 158. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. The italics are not reproduced and the stanzas are regularized into five quatrains.

She lay as if at play
 Her life had leaped away –
 Intending to return –
 But not so soon –

Her merry Arms, half dropt –
 As if for lull of sport –
 An instant had forgot
 The Trick to start –

Her dancing Eyes – ajar –
 As if their Owner were
 Still sparkling through
 For fun – at you –

Her Morning at the door –
 Devising, I am sure –
 To force her sleep –
 So light – so deep –

*

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 13 (H 66c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 129.

Heaven is so far of the Mind
 That were the Mind dissolved –
 The Site – of it – by Architect
 Could not again be proved –

'Tis vast – as our Capacity –
 As fair – as our idea –
 To Him of adequate desire
 No further 'tis, than Here –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 13 (H 66d).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 108.

A precious—mouldering pleasure—'tis—
 To meet an Antique Book—
 In just the Dress his Century wore—
 A privilege—I think—

His venerable Hand to take—
 And warming in our own—
 A passage back—or two—to make—
 To Times when he—was young—

His quaint opinions—to inspect—
 His thought to ascertain
 On Them[e]s concern our mutual mind—
 The Literature of Man—

What interested Scholars—most—
 What Competitions ran—
 When Plato—was a Certainty—
 And Sophocles—a Man—

When Sappho—was a living Girl—
 And Beatrice wore
 The Gown that Dante—deified—
 Facts Centuries before

He traverses—familiar—
 As One should come to Town—
 And tell you all your Dreams—were true—
 He lived—where Dreams were born—

His presence is Enchantment—
 You beg him not to go—
 Old Volumes shake their Vellum Heads
 And tantalize—just so—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 16 (H 85).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 22–23, titled: “In a Library.” Stanza three is altered to read:

His quaint opinions to inspect,
His knowledge to unfold
On what concerns our mutual mind,
The literature of old;

In line 24 a further alteration was made to effect a rhyme:

born] sown

When the poem was collected in *CP* (1924), stanza three was printed as in *Poems* (1890), but the alteration in line 24 was corrected; and thus the text stands in current editions.

372

I know lives, I could miss
Without a Misery –
Others – whose instant's wanting –
Would be Eternity –

The last – a scanty Number –
'Twould scarcely fill a Two –
The first – a Gnat's Horizon
Could easily outgrow –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 16 (H 86d).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 163. Line 2 is altered to read: "Without misery."

373

I'm saying every day
"If I should be a Queen, tomorrow" –
I'd do this way –
And so I deck, a litt[l]e,

If it be, I wake a Bourbon,
None on me, bend supercilious –
With "This was she –
Begged in the Market place –
Yesterday."

Court is a stately place –
I've heard men say –
So I loop my apron, against the Majesty
With bright Pins of Buttercup –
That not too plain –
Rank – overtake me –

And perch my Tongue
On Twigs of singing – rather high –
But this, might be my brief Term
To qualify –

Put from my simple speech all plain word –
Take other accents, as such I heard
Though but for the Cricket – just,
And but for the Bee –
Not in all the Meadow –
One accost me –

Better to be ready –
Than did next morn
Meet me in Arragon –
My old Gown – on –

And the surprised Air
Rustics – wear –
Summoned – unexpectedly –
To Exeter –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 16 (H 87a). In line 6 "bend" is marked for an alternative, but none is given.

PUBLICATION: *Atlantic Monthly*, CLVI (November 1935), 560, titled "If I Should Be a Queen"; *UP* (1935), 35–36, without title. The text is arranged without stanza division, and many of the line spacings are changed. One phrase is altered:

26. to be] be

I went to Heaven –
 'Twas a small Town –
 Lit – with a Ruby –
 Lathed – with Down –

Still – than the fields
 At the full Dew –
 Beautiful – as Pictures –
 No Man drew.
 People – like the Moth –
 Of Mechlin – frames –
 Duties – of Gossamer –
 And Eider – names –
 Almost – contented –
 I – could be –
 'Mong such unique
 Society –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 16 (H 87c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 196. It is without stanza division.

The Angle of a Landscape –
 That every time I wake –
 Between my Curtain and the Wall
 Upon an ample Crack –

Like a Venetian – waiting –
 Accosts my open eye –
 Is just a Bough of Apples –
 Held slanting, in the Sky –

The Pattern of a Chimney –
 The Forehead of a Hill –
 Sometimes – a Vane's Forefinger –
 But that's – Occasional –

The Seasons—shift—my Picture—
Upon my Emerald Bough,
I wake—to find no—Emeralds—
Then—Diamonds—which the Snow

From Polar Caskets—fetched me—
The Chimney—and the Hill—
And just the Steeple's finger—
These—never stir at all—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 16 (H 88a).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 84–85. It derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

376

Of Course—I prayed—
And did God Care?
He cared as much as on the Air
A Bird—had stamped her foot—
And cried "Give Me"—
My Reason—Life—
I had not had—but for Yourself—
'Twere better Charity
To leave me in the Atom's Tomb—
Merry, and Nought, and gay, and numb—
Than this smart Misery.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 16 (H 88d).

PUBLICATION: *Saturday Review of Literature*, V (9 March 1929), 751;
FP (1929), 44. The text is arranged as two stanzas of 6 and 9 lines.

377

To lose one's faith—surpass
The loss of an Estate—
Because Estates can be
Replenished—faith cannot—

Inherited with Life –
Belief – but once – can be –
Annihilate a single clause –
And Being's – Beggary –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 90c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 51, titled "Lost Faith." One word is altered:

1. surpass] surpasses

378

I saw no Way – The Heavens were stitched –
I felt the Columns close –
The Earth reversed her Hemispheres –
I touched the Universe –

And back it slid – and I alone –
A Speck upon a Ball –
Went out upon Circumference –
Beyond the Dip of Bell –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 90d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 23.

379

Rehearsal to Ourselves
Of a Withdrawn Delight –
Affords a Bliss like Murder –
Omnipotent – Acute –

We will not drop the Dirk –
Because We love the Wound
The Dirk Commemorate – Itself
Remind Us that we died.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 93c).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 179. Stanza 2, arranged in five lines, in later collections is restored as a quatrain, with the last word in line 7 beginning line 8. The misprint "did" for "died" (line 8) is corrected in *Poems* (current).

380

There is a flower that Bees prefer –
And Butterflies – desire –
To gain the Purple Democrat
The Humming Bird – aspire –

And Whatsoever Insect pass –
A Honey bear away
Proportioned to his several dearth
And her – capacity –

Her face be rounder than the Moon
And ruddier than the Gown
Of Orchis in the Pasture –
Or Rhododendron – worn –

She doth not wait for June –
Before the World be Green –
Her sturdy little Countenance
Against the Wind – be seen –

Contending with the Grass –
Near Kinsman to Herself –
For Privilege of Sod and Sun –
Sweet Litigants for Life –

And when the Hills be full –
And newer fashions blow –
Doth not retract a single spice
For pang of jealousy –

Her Public – be the Noon –
Her Providence – the Sun –

[no stanza break]

Her Progress – by the Bee – proclaimed –
In sov'reign – Swerveless Tune –

The Bravest – of the Host –
Surrendering – the last –
Nor even of Defeat – aware –
When cancelled by the Frost –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 94a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 85–86, titled "Purple Clover." Seven words are altered:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------|
| 4. Humming Bird] humming-birds | 16. be] is |
| 6. bear] bears | 21. be] is |
| 9. be] is | 25. be] is |
| 14. be] is | |

381

A Secret told –
Ceases to be a Secret – then –
A Secret – kept –
That – can appal but One –

Better of it – continual be afraid –
Than it –
And Whom you told it to – beside –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 94b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 29. The text is arranged in eight lines without stanza division.

382

For Death – or rather
For the Things 'twould buy –
This – put away
Life's Opportunity –

The Things that Death will buy
Are Room –
Escape from Circumstances –
And a Name –

With Gifts of Life
How Death's Gifts may compare –
We know not –
For the Rates – lie Here –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 94c).

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 78. The text is printed without stanza division. Five words differ:

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 2. 'twould] 'twill | 10. How] With |
| 3. This] These | 12. lie] stop |
| 9. With] How | |

The alterations are of such a nature as to suggest that the printed text derived from a variant copy, now lost.

383

Exhilaration – is within –
There can no Outer Wine
So royally intoxicate
As that diviner Brand

The Soul achieves – Herself –
To drink – or set away
For Visiter – Or Sacrament –
'Tis not of Holiday

To stimulate a Man
Who hath the Ample Rhine
Within his Closet – Best you can
Exhale in offering.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 67a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 21. A misprint, "May" for "Man" (line 9), is corrected in *Poems* (current).

No Rack can torture me –
 My Soul – at Liberty –
 Behind this mortal Bone
 There knits a bolder One.

You Cannot prick with saw –
 Nor pierce with Cimitar –
 Two Bodies – therefore be –
 Bind One – The Other fly –

The Eagle of his Nest
 No easier divest –
 And gain the Sky
 Than mayest Thou –

Except Thyself may be
 Thine Enemy –
 Captivity is Consciousness –
 So's Liberty.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 68a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 147, titled "Emancipation." There are three alterations:

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------------------|
| 2. Soul] soul's | 8. The Other fly] and one will flee |
| 6. pierce] rend | |

Smiling back from Coronation
 May be Luxury –
 On the Heads that started with us –
 Being's Peasantry –

Recognizing in Procession
 Ones We former knew –
 When Ourselves were also dusty –
 Centuries ago –

Had the Triumph no Conviction
Of how many be –
Stimulated – by the Contrast –
Unto Misery –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 68c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 275–276. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

386

Answer July –
Where is the Bee –
Where is the Blush –
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July –
Where is the Seed –
Where is the Bud –
Where is the May –
Answer Thee – Me –

Nay – said the May –
Show me the Snow –
Show me the Bells –
Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay –
Where be the Maize –
Where be the Haze –
Where be the Bur?
Here – said the Year –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 95b).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 55.

The Sweetest Heresy recieved
 That Man and Woman know –
 Each Other's Convert –
 Though the Faith accommodate but Two –

The Churches are so frequent –
 The Ritual – so small –
 The Grace so unavoidable –
 To fail – is Infidel –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 96c).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 42. The misspelling in line 1 is corrected.

Take Your Heaven further on –
 This – to Heaven divine Has gone –
 Had You earlier blundered in
 Possibly, e'en You had seen
 An Eternity – put on –
 Now – to ring a Door beyond
 Is the utmost of Your Hand –
 To the Skies – apologize –
 Nearer to Your Courtesies
 Than this Sufferer polite –
 Dressed to meet You –
 See – in White!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 17 (H 96d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 121. The last two lines are printed as one.

There's been a Death, in the Opposite House,
 As lately as Today –
 I know it, by the numb look
 Such Houses have – alway –

The Neighbors rustle in and out –
The Doctor – drives away –
A Window opens like a Pod –
Abrupt – mechanically –

Somebody flings a Mattrass out –
The Children hurry by –
They wonder if it died – on that –
I used to – when a Boy –

The Minister – goes stiffly in –
As if the House were His –
And He owned all the Mourners – now –
And little Boys – besides –

And then the Milliner – and the Man
Of the Appalling Trade –
To take the measure of the House –

There'll be that Dark Parade –

Of Tassels – and of Coaches – soon –
It's easy as a Sign –
The Intuition of the News –
In just a Country Town –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 113a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 186–187. Lines 17–20 are arranged as
a quatrain.

390

It's Coming – the postponeless Creature –
It gains the Block – and now – it gains the Door –
Chooses it's latch, from all the other fastenings –
Enters – with a "You know Me – Sir"?

Simple Salute – and Certain Recognition –
Bold – were it Enemy – Brief – were it friend –

Dresses each House in Crape, and Icicle –
And Carries one – out of it – to God –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 115a).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 110. The text is arranged in fourteen lines without stanza division; in later collections the eight lines are restored but printed without stanza division.

391

A Visitor in Marl –
Who influences Flowers –
Till they are orderly as Busts –
And Elegant – as Glass –

Who visits in the Night –
And just before the Sun –
Concludes his glistening interview –
Caresses – and is gone –

But whom his fingers touched –
And where his feet have run –
And whatsoever Mouth he kissed –
Is as it had not been –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 115c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 47. One word is altered:

1. Marl] March

392

Through the Dark Sod – as Education –
The Lily passes sure –
Feels her white foot – no trepidation –
Her faith – no fear –

Afterward – in the Meadow –
Swinging her Beryl Bell – [no stanza break]

The Mold-life – all forgotten – now –
In Extasy – and Dell –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 115d).

PUBLICATION: *Atlantic Monthly*, CXLIII (February 1929), 183; *FP* (1929), 76. The text is arranged as two stanzas of six and five lines; in later collections, as two of six and four lines.

393

Did Our Best Moment last –
’Twould supersede the Heaven –
A few – and they by Risk – procure –
So this Sort – are not given –

Except as stimulants – in
Cases of Despair –
Or Stupor – The Reserve –
These Heavenly Moments are –

A Grant of the Divine –
That Certain as it Comes –
Withdraws – and leaves the dazzled Soul
In her unfurnished Rooms –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 116a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 20. The last word of line 5 is placed as the first of line 6. One word is altered:

12. Rooms] room

394

’Twas Love – not me –
Oh punish – pray –
The Real one died for Thee –
Just Him – not me –

Such Guilt—to love Thee—most!
Doom it beyond the Rest—
Forgive it—last—
'Twas base as Jesus—most!

Let Justice not mistake—
We Two—looked so alike—
Which was the Guilty Sake—
'Twas Love's—Now Strike!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 116c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 163. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. Three words are altered:

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 4. Just] Trust | 8. Jesus] Jesus' |
| 5. Thee] the | |

395

Reverse cannot befall
That fine Prosperity
Whose Sources are interior—
As soon—Adversity

A Diamond—overtake
In far—Bolivian Ground—
Misfortune hath no implement
Could mar it—if it found—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 117b).

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 10. The text is arranged as a seven-line stanza.

396

There is a Languor of the Life
More imminent than Pain—
'Tis Pain's Successor—When the Soul
Has suffered all it can—

A Drowsiness—diffuses—
A Dimness like a Fog
Envelopes Consciousness—
As Mists—obliterate a Crag.

The Surgeon—does not blanch—at pain—
His Habit—is severe—
But tell him that it ceased to feel—
The Creature lying there—

And he will tell you—skill is late—
A Mightier than He—
Has ministered before Him—
There's no Vitality

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 114a).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 176. Three words are altered:

8. Mists] mist

12. lying] going

8. obliterate] obliterates

397

When Diamonds are a Legend,
And Diadems—a Tale—
I Brooch and Earrings for Myself,
Do sow, and Raise for sale—

And tho' I'm scarce accounted,
My Art, a Summer Day—had Patrons—
Once—it was a Queen—
And once—a Butterfly—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 114b).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 54. The last two words of line 6 are printed
as the first two of line 7.

I had not minded – Walls –
 Were Universe – one Rock –
 And far I heard his silver Call
 The other side the Block –

I'd tunnel – till my Groove
 Pushed sudden thro' to his –
 Then my face take her Recompense –
 The looking in his Eyes –

But 'tis a single Hair –
 A filament – a law –
 A Cobweb – wove in Adamant –
 A Battlement – of Straw –

A limit like the Vail
 Unto the Lady's face –
 But every Mesh – a Citadel –
 And Dragons – in the Crease –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 114c).

PUBLICATION: *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*, 10 March 1929, page 1; *FP* (1929), 166. Words in two lines are altered:

5. till] until 7. her recompense] recompense

A House upon the Hight –
 That Wagon never reached –
 No Dead, were ever carried down –
 No Peddler's Cart – approached –

Whose Chimney never smoked –
 Whose Windows – Night and Morn –
 Caught Sunrise first – and Sunset – last –
 Then – held an Empty Pane –

Whose fate – Conjecture knew –
No other neighbor – did –
And what it was – we never lisped –
Because He – never told –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 21 (H 114d). In line 11 “it” is an editorial correction for ED’s slip of “is.”

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 279. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

400

A Tongue – to tell Him I am true!
It’s fee – to be of Gold –
Had Nature – in Her monstrous House
A single Ragged Child –

To earn a Mine – would run
That Interdicted Way,
And tell Him – Charge thee speak it plain –
That so far – Truth is True?

And answer What I do –
Beginning with the Day
That Night – begun –
Nay – Midnight – ’twas –
Since Midnight – happened – say –

If once more – Pardon – Boy –
The Magnitude thou may
Enlarge my Message – If too vast
Another Lad – help thee –

Thy Pay – in Diamonds – be –
And His – in solid Gold –
Say Rubies – if He hesitate –
My Message – must be told –

Say – last I said – was This –
That when the Hills – come down –
And hold no higher than the Plain –
My Bond – have just begun –

And when the Heavens – disband –
And Deity conclude –
Then – look for me. Be sure you say –
Least Figure – on the Road –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 91 (Bingham 74a).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 147–148.

401

What Soft – Cherubic Creatures –
These Gentlewomen are –
One would as soon assault a Plush –
Or violate a Star –

Such Dimity Convictions –
A Horror so refined
Of freckled Human Nature –
Of Deity – ashamed –

It's such a common – Glory –
A Fisherman's – Degree –
Redemption – Brittle Lady –
Be so – ashamed of Thee –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 91 (Bingham 74c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 62.

402

I pay – in Satin Cash –
You did not state – your price –
A Petal, for a Paragraph
Is near as I can guess –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 25 (H 134b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 70.

403

The Winters are so short –
I'm hardly justified
In sending all the Birds away –
And moving into Pod –

Myself – for scarcely settled –
The Phebes have begun –
And then – it's time to strike my Tent –
And open House – again –

It's mostly, interruptions –
My Summer – is despoiled –
Because there was a Winter – once –
And all the Cattle – starved –

And so there was a Deluge –
And swept the World away –
But Ararat's a Legend – now –
And no one credits Noah –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 25 (H 135d–136).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 42.

404

How many Flowers fail in Wood –
Or perish from the Hill –
Without the privilege to know
That they are Beautiful –

How many cast a nameless Pod
Upon the nearest Breeze –
Unconscious of the Scarlet Freight –
It bear to Other Eyes –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 25 (H 137b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 82. One word is altered:

8. bear] bears

405

It might be lonelier
Without the Loneliness –
I'm so accustomed to my Fate –
Perhaps the Other – Peace –

Would interrupt the Dark –
And crowd the little Room –
Too scant – by Cubits – to contain
The Sacrament – of Him –

I am not used to Hope –
It might intrude upon –
It's sweet parade – blaspheme the place –
Ordained to Suffering –

It might be easier
To fail – with Land in Sight –
Than gain – My Blue Peninsula –
To perish – of Delight –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 25 (H 137c).

PUBLICATION: The final stanza was published as a separate poem in *Poems* (1896), 64, titled "Philosophy." It has been thus separately included in all later collections. All four stanzas were published in *UP* (1935), 102, with line 1 rendered: "It might have been lonelier."

406

Some – Work for Immortality –
The Chiefer part, for Time –
He – Compensates – immediately –
The former – Checks – on Fame –

[316]

Slow Gold – but Everlasting –
The Bullion of Today –
Contrasted with the Currency
Of Immortality –

A Beggar – Here and There –
Is gifted to discern
Beyond the Broker's insight –
One's – Money – One's – the Mine –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 25 (H 137d).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 5. Three words are italicized:

2. Time 12. Mine
12. Money

The misprint in line 2 (*of* for *for*) was corrected in the Centenary edition (1930).

407

If What we Could – were what we would –
Criterion – be small –
It is the Ultimate of Talk –
The Impotence to Tell –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 25 (H 138d).

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 15.

408

Unit, like Death, for Whom?
True, like the Tomb,
Who tells no secret
Told to Him –
The Grave is strict –
Tickets admit
Just two – the Bearer –
And the Borne –

[no stanza break]

And seat – just One –
 The Living – tell –
 The Dying – but a Syllable –
 The Coy Dead – None –
 No Chatter – here – no tea –
 So Babbler, and Bohea – stay there –
 But Gravity – and Expectation – and Fear –
 A tremor just, that All's not sure.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 25 (H 139c).

PUBLICATION: The first twelve lines only are in *UP* (1935), 135, and the text is arranged as three quatrains. The whole poem, derived from Mrs. Todd's transcript of the packet copy, is in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 42; it is without stanza division and has an altered line arrangement.

409

They dropped like Flakes –
 They dropped like Stars –
 Like Petals from a Rose –
 When suddenly across the June
 A Wind with fingers – goes –
 They perished in the Seamless Grass –
 No eye could find the place –
 But God can summon every face
 On his Repealless – List.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 25 (H 140b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 190, titled "The Battle-Field." The transcript, made by Mrs. Todd, from which the published version derives, is among the T. W. Higginson papers at BPL. It is an accurate script, but penciled editing in the handwriting of Higginson regularizes the first stanza into a quatrain by combining lines 1 and 2, and effects a rhyme for lines 6 and 8 by altering the word order of the last two lines to read:

But God on his repealless list
 Can summon every face.

The text is so printed.

The first Day's Night had come—
And grateful that a thing
So terrible—had been endured—
I told my Soul to sing—

She said her Strings were snapt –
Her Bow – to Atoms blown –
And so to mend her – gave me work
Until another Morn –

And then – a Day as huge
As Yesterdays in pairs,
Unrolled it's horror in my face –
Until it blocked my eyes –

My Brain – begun to laugh –
I mumbled – like a fool –
And tho' 'tis Years ago – that Day –
My Brain keeps giggling – still.

And Something's odd – within –
That person that I was –
And this One – do not feel the same –
Could it be Madness – this?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 141a).

PUBLICATION: The first three stanzas only are published in *UP* (1935), 13. The entire poem is printed in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 40-41, from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd; here the two final stanzas are first published. There are alterations as follows:

10. Yesterdays Yesterday [UP]; yes-terday [NEQ] 11. in] on [UP only; corrected in NEQ]
13. begun] began [NEQ]

The Color of the Grave is Green –
 The Outer Grave – I mean –
 You would not know it from the Field –
 Except it own a Stone –

To help the fond – to find it –
 Too infinite asleep
 To stop and tell them where it is –
 But just a Daisy – deep –

The Color of the Grave is white –
 The outer Grave – I mean –
 You would not know it from the Drifts –
 In Winter – till the Sun –

Has furrowed out the Aisles –
 Then – higher than the Land
 The little Dwelling Houses rise
 Where each – has left a friend –

The Color of the Grave within –
 The Duplicate – I mean –
 Not all the Snows c'd make it white –
 Not all the Summers – Green –

You've seen the Color – maybe –
 Upon a Bonnet bound –
 When that you met it with before –
 The Ferret – Cannot find –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 141b).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 138. Two words are altered:

5. To help] It helps 10. outer] Winter

I read my sentence — steadily —
 Reviewed it with my eyes,
 To see that I made no mistake
 In it's extremest clause —
 The Date, and manner, of the shame —
 And then the Pious Form
 That "God have mercy" on the Soul
 The Jury voted Him —
 I made my soul familiar — with her extremity —
 That at the last, it should not be a novel Agony —
 But she, and Death, acquainted —
 Meet tranquilly, as friends —
 Salute, and pass, without a Hint —
 And there, the Matter ends —

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 142b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 188. The text is arranged as four quatrains.

I never felt at Home — Below —
 And in the Handsome Skies
 I shall not feel at Home — I know —
 I dont like Paradise —

Because it's Sunday — all the time —
 And Recess — never comes —
 And Eden'll be so lonesome
 Bright Wednesday Afternoons —

If God could make a visit —
 Or ever took a Nap —
 So not to see us — but they say
 Himself — a Telescope

Perennial beholds us –
Myself would run away
From Him – and Holy Ghost – and All –
But there's the "Judgment Day"!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 143a).

PUBLICATION: *Saturday Review of Literature*, V (9 March 1929), 751;
FP (1929), 43. The text of stanza 1, arranged as five lines, in later collections is arranged as a quatrain.

414

'Twas like a Maelstrom, with a notch,
That nearer, every Day,
Kept narrowing it's boiling Wheel
Until the Agony

Toyed coolly with the final inch
Of your delirious Hem –
And you dropt, lost,
When something broke –
And let you from a Dream –

As if a Goblin with a Guage –
Kept measuring the Hours –
Until you felt your Second
Weigh, helpless, in his Paws –

And not a Sinew – stirred – could help,
And sense was setting numb –
When God – remembered – and the Fiend
Let go, then, Overcome –

As if your Sentence stood – pronounced –
And you were frozen led
From Dungeon's luxury of Doubt
To Gibbets, and the Dead –

And when the Film had stitched your eyes
A Creature gasped "Repreive"!
Which Anguish was the utterest – then –
To perish, or to live?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 172a). The second line of the last stanza is marked for an alternative reading, but none is given.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 183. The text, arranged as six quatrains, derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. The first word of line 12 is printed as the last of line 11.

415

Sunset at Night – is natural –
But Sunset on the Dawn
Reverses Nature – Master –
So Midnight's – due – at Noon.

Eclipses be – predicted –
And Science bows them in –
But do one face us suddenly –
Jehovah's Watch – is wrong.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 172c).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 75. One word altered in line 4 (*midnight* for *midnight's*) was corrected in *Poems* (current). Two other alterations remain:

2. on] in 7. do] so

416

A Murmur in the Trees – to note –
Not loud enough – for Wind –
A Star – not far enough to seek –
Nor near enough – to find –

A long – long Yellow – on the Lawn –
A Hubbub – as of feet – [no stanza break]

Not audible—as Our's—to Us—
But dapperer—More Sweet—

A Hurrying Home of little Men
To Houses unperceived—
All this—and more—if I should tell—
Would never be believed—

Of Robins in the Trundle bed
How many I espy
Whose Nightgowns could not hide the Wings—
Although I heard them try—

But then I promised ne'er to tell—
How could I break My Word?
So go your Way—and I'll go Mine—
No fear you'll miss the Road.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 173a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 110–111.

417

It is dead—Find it—
Out of sound—Out of sight—
“Happy”? Which is wiser—
You, or the Wind?
“Conscious”? Wont you ask that—
Of the low Ground?

“Homesick”? Many met it—
Even through them—This
Cannot testify—
Themselves—as dumb—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 173b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 96. A misreading of *Sun* for *You* (line 4)
was corrected in *Poems* (current). The last line is altered to read:

Themselves dumb.

Not in this World to see his face –
 Sounds long – until I read the place
 Where this – is said to be
 But just the Primer – to a life –
 Unopened – rare – Upon the Shelf –
 Clasped yet – to Him – and me –

And yet – My Primer suits me so
 I would not choose – a Book to know
 Than that – be sweeter wise –
 Might some one else – so learned – be –
 And leave me – just my A – B – C –
 Himself – could have the Skies –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 173c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 132, titled "The First Lesson."

We grow accustomed to the Dark –
 When Light is put away –
 As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp
 To witness her Goodbye –

A Moment – We uncertain step
 For newness of the night –
 Then – fit our Vision to the Dark –
 And meet the Road – erect –

And so of larger – Darknesses –
 Those Evenings of the Brain –
 When not a Moon disclose a sign –
 Or Star – come out – within –

The B[r]avest – grope a little –
 And sometimes hit a Tree
 Directly in the Forehead –
 But as they learn to see –

Either the Darkness alters –
Or something in the sight
Adjusts itself to Midnight –
And Life steps almost straight.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 174a).

PUBLICATION: *Commonweal*, XXIII (29 November 1935), 124; *UP* (1935), 16. One word is altered:

3. holds] hold

420

You'll know it – as you know 'tis Noon –
By Glory –
As you do the Sun –
By Glory –
As you will in Heaven –
Know God the Father – and the Son.

By intuition, Mightiest Things
Assert themselves – and not by terms –
“I'm Midnight” – need the Midnight say –
“I'm Sunrise” – Need the Majesty?

Omnipotence – had not a Tongue –
His lisp – is Lightning – and the Sun –
His Conversation – with the Sea –
“How shall you know”?
Consult your Eye!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 174b).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 83. The text is arranged as three quatrains.

421

A Charm invests a face
Imperfectly beheld –
The Lady dare not lift her Vail
For fear it be dispelled –

[326]

But peers beyond her mesh –
And wishes – and denies –
Lest Interview – annul a want
That Image – satisfies –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 174c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 101.

422

More Life – went out – when He went
Than Ordinary Breath –
Lit with a finer Phosphor –
Requiring in the Quench –

A Power of Renowned Cold,
The Climate of the Grave
A Temperature just adequate
So Anthracite, to live –

For some – an Ampler Zero –
A Frost more needle keen
Is necessary, to reduce
The Ethiop within.

Others – extinguish easier –
A Gnat's minutest Fan
Sufficient to obliterate
A Tract of Citizen –

Whose Peat life – amply vivid –
Ignores the solemn News
That Popocatapel exists –
Or Etna's Scarlets, Choose –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 48b). There has been much speculation upon the meaning of "Anthracite." In her youth ED greatly enjoyed *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850) by Donald Grant Mitchell ("Ik Marvel"). Mr. Richard Chase has pointed out in *Emily Dickinson*

(1951), 48, that in his second "revery," "By a City Grate," Mitchell makes a psychological distinction between "sea-coal" and "anthracite" types of people. The former he characterizes as "mercurial, shallow, unsteady, brilliant"; the latter as stable, devoted, profound. ED has in mind by her phrase "So Anthracite, to live" the idea that the temperature of the grave is just adequate to quench the "finer Phosphor" of the more stable, profound type.

PUBLICATION: The first four stanzas only are in *Yale Review*, XXV (September 1935), 36; *UP* (1935), 4, and later collections. The entire poem is in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 39-40, derived from a transcription of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd.

423

The Months have ends—the Years—a knot—
No Power can untie
To stretch a little further
A Skein of Misery—

The Earth lays back these tired lives
In her mysterious Drawers—
Too tenderly, that any doubt
An ultimate Repose—

The manner of the Children—
Who weary of the Day—
Themselves—the noisy Plaything
They cannot put away—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 48c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 117. Two words are altered:

1. ends] end 11. Themselves] Themselves

424

Removed from Accident of Loss
By Accident of Gain
Befalling not my simple Days—
Myself had just to earn—

Of Riches – as unconscious
As is the Brown Malay
Of Pearls in Eastern Waters,
Marked His – What Holiday

Would stir his slow conception –
Had he the power to dream
That but the Dower's fraction –
Awaited even – Him –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 26 (H 48d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 73.

425

Good Morning – Midnight –
I'm coming Home –
Day – got tired of Me –
How could I – of Him?

Sunshine was a sweet place –
I liked to stay –
But Morn – didn't want me – now –
So – Goodnight – Day!

I can look – cant I –
When the East is Red?
The Hills – have a way – then –
That puts the Heart – abroad.

You – are not so fair – Midnight
I chose – Day –
But – please take a little Girl –
He turned away!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 27 (H 144a).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 164.

It dont sound so terrible – quite – as it did –
 I run it over – “Dead”, Brain, “Dead.”
 Put it in Latin – left of my school –
 Seems it dont shriek so – under rule.

Turn it, a little – full in the face
 A Trouble looks bitterest –
 Shift it – just –
 Say “When Tomorrow comes this way –
 I shall have waded down one Day”.

I suppose it will interrupt me some
 Till I get accustomed – but then the Tomb
 Like other new Things – shows largest – then –
 And smaller, by Habit –

It’s shrewder then
 Put the Thought in advance – a Year –
 How like “a fit” – then –
 Murder – wear!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 27 (H 144c). The poem was written almost certainly on the occasion of the death of Lieutenant Frazer A. Stearns, the promising twenty-one-year-old son of President Stearns of Amherst. The first student to enlist, Frazer was killed in action, 14 March 1862. His funeral in Amherst on 22 March was especially solemn. Writing to Samuel Bowles at the time (*Letters*, ed. 1931, 193–194), ED speaks of his death in words which she echoes in the poem:

Austin is chilled by Frazer’s murder. He says his brain keeps saying over “Frazer is killed” – “Frazer is killed,” just as father told it to him.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 306. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. It is arranged as three stanzas of 4, 4, and 6 lines.

I'll clutch – and clutch –
 Next – One – Might be the golden touch –
 Could take it –
 Diamonds – Wait –
 I'm diving – just a little late –
 But stars – go slow – for night –

I'll string you – in fine Necklace –
 Tiaras – make – of some –
 Wear you on Hem –
 Loop up a Countess – with you –
 Make – a Diadem – and mend my old One –
 Count – Hoard – then lose –
 And doubt that you are mine –
 To have the joy of feeling it – again –

I'll show you at the Court –
 Bear you – for Ornament
 Where Women breathe –
 That every sigh – may lift you
 Just as high – as I –

And – when I die –
 In meek array – display you –
 Still to show – how rich I go –
 Lest Skies impeach a wealth so wonderful –
 And banish me –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 27 (H 145a).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 110–111. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

Taking up the fair Ideal,
 Just to cast her down
 When a fracture – we discover –
 Or a splintered Crown –

[no stanza break]

Makes the Heavens portable –
And the Gods – a lie –
Doubtless – “Adam” – scowled at Eden –
For *his* perjury!

Cherishing – our poor Ideal –
Till in purer dress –
We behold her – glorified –
Comforts – search – like this –
Till the broken creatures –
We adored – for whole –
Stains – all washed –
Transfigured – mended –
Meet us – with a smile –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 27 (H 145b).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 221. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd. It is arranged as four quatrains.

429

The Moon is distant from the Sea –
And yet, with Amber Hands –
She leads Him – docile as a Boy –
Along appointed Sands –

He never misses a Degree –
Obedient to Her Eye
He comes just so far – toward the Town –
Just so far – goes away –

Oh, Signor, Thine, the Amber Hand –
And mine – the distant Sea –
Obedient to the least command
Thine eye impose on me –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 27 (H 145c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 104. One word is altered:

12. eye] eyes

It would never be Common – more – I said –
 Difference – had begun –
 Many a bitterness – had been –
 But that old sort – was done –

Or – if it sometime – showed – as 'twill –
 Upon the Downiest – Morn –
 Such bliss – had I – for all the years –
 'Twould give an Easier – pain –

I'd so much joy – I told it – Red –
 Upon my simple Cheek –
 I felt it publish – in my Eye –
 'Twas needless – any speak –

I walked – as wings – my body bore –
 The feet – I former used –
 Unnecessarry – now to me –
 As boots – would be – to Birds –

I put my pleasure all abroad –
 I dealt a word of Gold
 To every Creature – that I met –
 And Dowered – all the World –

When – suddenly – my Riches shrank –
 A Goblin – drank my Dew –
 My Palaces – dropped tenantless –
 Myself – was beggared – too –

I clutched at sounds –
 I groped at shapes –
 I touched the tops of Films –
 I felt the Wilderness roll back
 Along my Golden lines –

The Sackcloth – hangs upon the nail –
 The Frock I used to wear –
 But where my moment of Brocade –
 My – drop – of India?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 27 (H 146a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 98–99. The text is arranged as eight quatrains. Four words are altered:

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 5. sometime] sometimes | 19. To] For |
| 13. my] of | 25. sounds] sands |

431

Me – come! My dazzled face
 In such a shining place!
 Me – hear! My foreign Ear
 The sounds of Welcome – there!

The Saints forget
 Our bashful feet –

My Holiday, shall be
 That They – remember me –
 My Paradise – the fame
 That They – pronounce my name –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 27 (H 146b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 164. It is printed as five two-line stanzas. Two alterations are made:

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| 4. there] near | 5. forget] shall meet |
|----------------|-----------------------|

432

Do People moulder equally,
 They bury, in the Grave?
 I do believe a Species
 As positively live

As I, who testify it
Deny that I—am dead—
And fill my Lungs, for Witness—
From Tanks—above my Head—

I say to you, said Jesus—
That there be standing here—
A Sort, that shall not taste of Death—
If Jesus was sincere—

I need no further Argue—
The statement of the Lord
Is not a controvertible—
He told me, Death was dead—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 27 (H 146c).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 207. The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd.

433

Knows how to forget!
But—could she teach—it?
'Tis the Art, most of all,
I should like to know—

Long, at it's Greek—
I—who pored—patient
Rise—still the Dunce—
Gods used to know—

Mould my slow mind to this Comprehension—
Oddest of sciences—Book ever bore—

How to forget!
Ah, to attain it—
I would give *you*—
All other Lore—

earlier version

Knows how to forget!
But could It teach it?
Easiest of Arts, they say
When one learn how

Dull Hearts have died
In the Acquisition
Sacrifice for Science
Is common, though, now –

I went to School
But was not wiser
Globe did not teach it
Nor Logarithm Show

“How to forget”!
Say – some – Philosopher!
Ah, to be erudite
Enough to know!

Is it in a Book?
So, I could buy it –
Is it like a Planet?
Telescopes would know –

If it be invention
It must have a Patent.
Rabbi of the Wise Book
Dont you know?

later version

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two. The earlier version, written about 1862, is in packet 27 (H 147). The later version, written about 1865, is in packet 90 (Bingham 63b). Both versions are fair copies of completed poems.

PUBLICATION: The earlier version is in *BM* (1945), 305, among unfinished poems. It reproduces a transcript made by a copyist for Mrs. Todd in the late 1880's of the copy in packet 27. The third stanza is printed as a quatrain. Three words are altered:

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 8. Gods] God | 14. Lore] love |
| 10. bore] con | |

The later version is in *BM*, 116–117. It reproduces the text of the copy in packet 90.

434

To love thee Year by Year –
May less appear
Than sacrifice, and cease –
However, dear,
Forever might be short, I thought to show –
And so I pieced it, with a flower, now.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 28 (H 151b).

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 131. The last four words of line 5 are printed as a separate line.

435

Much Madness is divinest Sense –
To a discerning Eye –
Much Sense – the starkest Madness –
'Tis the Majority
In this, as All, prevail –
Assent – and you are sane –
Demur – you're straightway dangerous –
And handled with a Chain –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 28 (H 151d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 24. One word is altered:

5. prevail] prevails

436

The Wind – tapped like a tired Man –
And like a Host – “Come in”
I boldly answered – entered then
My Residence within

A Rapid – footless Guest –
To offer whom a Chair
Were as impossible as hand
A Sofa to the Air –

No Bone had He to bind Him –
His Speech was like the Push
Of numerous Humming Birds at once
From a superior Bush –

His Countenance – a Billow
His Fingers, as He passed
Let go a music – as of tunes
Blown tremulous in Glass –

He visited – still flitting –
Then like a timid Man
Again, He tapped – 'twas flurriedly –
And I became alone –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 28 (H 152a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 150–151, titled “The Wind’s Visit.”
One line is altered:

14. as he passed] if he pass

437

Prayer is the little implement
Through which Men reach
Where Presence – is denied them.
They fling their Speech

By means of it – in God’s Ear –
If then He hear –
This sums the Apparatus
Comprised in Prayer –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 18 (H 152c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 82, titled “Prayer.”

Forget! The lady with the Amulet
 Forgot she wore it at her Heart
 Because she breathed against
 Was Treason twixt?

Deny! Did Rose her Bee –
 For Privilege of Play
 Or Wile of Butterfly
 Or Opportunity – Her Lord away?

The lady with the Amulet – will fade –
 The Bee – in Mausoleum laid –
 Discard his Bride –
 But longer than the little Rill –
 That cooled the Forehead of the Hill –
 While Other – went the Sea to fill –
 And Other – went to turn the Mill –
 I'll do thy Will –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 28 (H 153b).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 103. The text is arranged as four quatrains.
 Two words are altered:

2. Forgot] Forget 7. Wile] will

Undue Significance a starving man attaches
 To Food –
 Far off – He sighs – and therefore – Hopeless –
 And therefore – Good –

Partaken – it relieves – indeed –
 But proves us
 That Spices fly
 In the Receipt – It was the Distance –
 Was Savory –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 28 (H 153c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 70. The text is arranged as two quatrains.

440

'Tis customary as we part
A trinket – to confer –
It helps to stimulate the faith
When Lovers be afar –

'Tis various – as the various taste –
Clematis – journeying far –
Presents me with a single Curl
Of her Electric Hair –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 28 (H 154b). One name for clematis is "Traveler's Joy." It is possible this poem was composed to accompany the gift of a clematis blossom for a departing friend.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 78. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

441

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me –
The simple News that Nature told –
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see –
For love of Her – Sweet – countrymen –
Judge tenderly – of Me

MANUSCRIPT: Early 1862, in packet 29 (H 70b).

PUBLICATION: This is one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393. The text is identical with that in *Poems* (1890), where it occupies a separate leaf placed between the last page of the table of contents and the page that opens the first section.

God made a little Gentian –
 It tried – to be a Rose –
 And failed – and all the Summer laughed –
 But just before the Snows

There rose a Purple Creature –
 That ravished all the Hill –
 And Summer hid her Forehead –
 And Mockery – was still –

The Frosts were her condition –
 The Tyrian would not come
 Until the North – invoke it –
 Creator – Shall I – bloom?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 29 (H 70c).

PUBLICATION: *Independent*, XLIII (5 Feb. 1891), 1, titled "Fringed Gentian"; *Poems* (1891), 172, titled "Fringed Gentian." It is without stanza division. Two words are altered:

5. rose] came 11. invoke] evoked

I tie my Hat – I crease my Shawl –
 Life's little duties do – precisely –
 As the very least
 Were infinite – to me –

I put new Blossoms in the Glass –
 And throw the old – away –
 I push a petal from my Gown
 That anchored there – I weigh
 The time 'twill be till six o'clock
 I have so much to do –
 And yet – Existence – some way back –
 Stopped – struck – my ticking – through –
 We cannot put Ourselves away [no stanza break]

As a completed Man
Or Woman – When the Errand's done
We came to Flesh – upon –
There may be – Miles on Miles of Nought –
Of Action – sicker far –
To simulate – is stinging work –
To cover what we are
From Science – and from Surgery –
Too Telescopic Eyes
To bear on us unshaded –
For their – sake – not for Our's –
"Twould start them –
We – could tremble –
But since we got a Bomb –
And held it in our Bosom –
Nay – Hold it – it is calm –

Therefore – we do life's labor –
Though life's Reward – be done –
With scrupulous exactness –
To hold our Senses – on –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 29 (H 19a). In line 10, over the words "I," "so," and "to," ED has written "2," "1," "3," respectively, as though suggesting the line read: "So much I have to do."

PUBLICATION: Sometime after ED's death the two sheets on which this poem had been written became separated and were assigned to different packets. Thus when the poem was first published in *FP* (1929), 180, it lacked the final nine lines which are on the second sheet. Since the poem is there printed as six quatrains, it might be said that stanzas 7 and 8 are wanting. What happened is that the sheet containing the first six quatrains was moved to packet 5. This transfer left the last two quatrains facing (and apparently concluding) "A still – Volcano – Life." This latter poem was also first published in *FP*, and Mrs. Bianchi concluded it with the final quatrain of "I tie my Hat", at the same time omitting the preceding quatrain. The displaced sheet containing the first six quatrains of "I tie my Hat" clearly belongs in packet 29. The stationery corresponds exactly

in paper type and measurements to the sheets in packet 29. The pinholes in the spine, where the sheets were originally threaded together, also match exactly. These correspondences are all lacking for the sheets that make up packet 5. Corroborative evidence of the transfer is in the fact that Mrs. Bingham published the last nine lines, arranged as two quatrains, as the two final stanzas of "I tie my Hat" in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 34-35, from a transcript made by her mother. Thus at the time Mrs. Todd saw the manuscript, the two sheets were in their correct order in packet 29. To summarize: The first twenty-four lines were first published in FP as the final stanza of "A still - Volcano - Life." The final nine lines, arranged as two quatrains, are in NEQ, with attention drawn to the fact that they conclude "I tie my Hat" and that the first of the two quatrains had not previously been published. The line of separation before the final quatrain is not retained. In FP, line 10 does not adopt the suggested change of word order; in NEQ it does. Two words, altered in FP, are corrected in NEQ:

11. Yet] get 13. Oursel] ourselves

444

It feels a shame to be Alive -
 When Men so brave - are dead -
 One envies the Distinguished Dust -
 Permitted - such a Head -

The Stone - that tells defending Whom
 This Spartan put away
 What little of Him we - possessed
 In Pawn for Liberty -

The price is great - Sublimely paid -
 Do we deserve - a Thing -
 That lives - like Dollars - must be piled
 Before we may obtain?

Are we that wait - sufficient worth -
 That such Enormous Pearl
 As life - dissolved be - for Us -
 In Battle's - horrid Bowl?

It may be—a Renown to live—
I think the Men who die—
Those unsustained—Saviors—
Present Divinity—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 29 (H 158b).

PUBLICATION: FP (1929), 94. Line 15 is altered to read: "As Life should be dissolved for us". The text, originally arranged as stanzas of 6, 6, 6, 6, 5 lines, was restored to quatrains in later collections.

445

'Twas just this time, last year, I died.
I know I heard the Corn,
When I was carried by the Farms—
It had the Tassels on—

I thought how yellow it would look—
When Richard went to mill—
And then, I wanted to get out,
But something held my will.

I thought just how Red—Apples wedged
The Stubble's joints between—
And Carts went stooping round the fields
To take the Pumpkins in—

I wondered which would miss me, least,
And when Thanksgiving, came,
If Father'd multiply the plates—
To make an even Sum—

And would it blur the Christmas glee
My Stocking hang too high
For any Santa Claus to reach
The Altitude of me—

But this sort, grieved myself,
And so, I thought the other way,

How just this time, some perfect year –
Themselves, should come to me –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 32 (H 61a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 198–199, titled “Retrospect.” The last two stanzas are altered to read:

And if my stocking hung too high
Would it blur the Christmas glee,
That not a Santa Claus could reach
The altitude of me?

But this sort grieved myself, and so
I thought how it would be
When just this time, some perfect year,
Themselves should come to me.

446

I showed her Hights she never saw –
“Would’st Climb,” I said?
She said – “Not so” –
“With *me* –” I said – With *me*?
I showed her Secrets – Morning’s Nest –
The Rope the Nights were put across –
And *now* – “Would’st have me for a Guest?”
She could not find her Yes –
And then, I brake my life – And Lo,
A Light, for her, did solemn glow,
The larger, as her face withdrew –
And *could* she, further, “No”?

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written about 1862. The copy reproduced above (H 276), signed “Emily –,” was sent to Sue. It is a variant of the copy below (H 61c) in packet 32, which is incomplete; pin holes at the bottom of the sheet where it breaks off suggest that it was finished on a scrap now missing. The text of the three final lines is a reconstruction.

He showed me Hights I never saw –
“Would’st Climb” – He said?
I said, “Not so.”
“With *me*” – He said – “With *me*?”

He showed me secrets – Morning's nest –
The Rope the Nights were put across –
"And now, Would'st have me for a Guest?"
I could not find my "Yes" –

And then – He brake His Life – and lo,
[A Light, for me, did solemn glow,
The larger, as my face withdrew –
And could I, further, "No"?]

PUBLICATION: *SH* (1914), 132. It derives from the variant to Sue.
Only *now* (line 7) is italicized. One word is altered:

6. the Nights] that Nights

447

Could – I do more – for Thee –
Wert Thou a Bumble Bee –
Since for the Queen, have I –
Nought but Boquet?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 34 (H 182b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 73.

448

This was a Poet – It is That
Distills amazing sense
From ordinary Meanings –
And Attar so immense

From the familiar species
That perished by the Door –
We wonder it was not Ourselves
Arrested it – before –

Of Pictures, the Discloser –
The Poet – it is He –
Entitles Us – by Contrast –
To ceaseless Poverty –

Of Portion – so unconscious –
The Robbing – could not harm –
Himself – to Him – a Fortune –
Exterior – to Time –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 34 (H 183a).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 12. The first eight lines are arranged as an eleven-line stanza. In the Centenary edition (1930) and later collections they are arranged as an eight-line stanza. One word is altered:

4. Attar] attars

449

I died for Beauty – but was scarce
Adjusted in the Tomb
When One who died for Truth, was lain
In an adjoining Room –

He questioned softly “Why I failed”?
“For Beauty”, I replied –
“And I – for Truth – Themselves are One –
We Bretheren, are”, He said –

And so, as Kinsmen, met a Night –
We talked between the Rooms –
Until the Moss had reached our lips –
And covered up – our names –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 34 (H 183c).

PUBLICATION: This was one of fourteen poems selected for publication in an article contributed by T. W. Higginson to the *Christian Union*, XLII (25 September 1890), 393, titled “Two Kinsmen.” The text is identical with that in *Poems* (1890), 119. One word is altered:

7. Themselves] the two

Dreams – are well – but Waking's better,
 If One wake at Morn –
 If One wake at Midnight – better –
 Dreaming – of the Dawn –
 Sweeter – the Surmising Robins –
 Never gladdened Tree –
 Than a Solid Dawn – confronting –
 Leading to no Day –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 34 (H 183d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 77. One word is altered:

2. wake] wakes

The Outer – from the Inner
 Derives it's Magnitude –
 'Tis Duke, or Dwarf, according
 As is the Central Mood –
 The fine – unvarying Axis
 That regulates the Wheel –
 Though Spokes – spin – more conspicuous
 And fling a dust – the while.
 The Inner – paints the Outer –
 The Brush without the Hand –
 It's Picture publishes – precise –
 As is the inner Brand –
 On fine – Arterial Canvas –
 A Cheek – perchance a Brow –
 The Star's whole Secret – in the Lake –
 Eyes were not meant to know.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 34 (H 184a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 69. "Star's" (line 15) is rendered "stars'."

The Malay – took the Pearl –
 Not – I – the Earl –
 I – feared the Sea – too much
 Unsanctified – to touch –

Praying that I might be
 Worthy – the Destiny –
 The Swarthy fellow swam –
 And bore my Jewel – Home –

Home to the Hut! What lot
 Had I – the Jewel – got –
 Borne on a Dusky Breast –
 I had not deemed a Vest
 Of Amber – fit –

The Negro never knew
 I – wooed it – too –
 To gain, or be undone –
 Alike to Him – One –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 34 (H 184c). The poem may have been inspired by Browning's *Paracelsus*. The concluding lines of the protagonist in part one ("Paracelsus Aspires") read:

Are there not, Festus, are there not, dear Michal,
 Two points in the adventure of the diver,
 One – when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
 One – when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
 Festus, I plunge!

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 131. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

Love – thou art high –
 I cannot climb thee –
 But, were it Two –
 Who knows but we –
 Taking turns – at the Chimborazo –
 Ducal – at last – stand up by thee –

Love – thou art deep –
 I cannot cross thee –
 But, were there Two
 Instead of One –
 Rower, and Yacht – some sovereign Summer –
 Who knows – but we'd reach the Sun?

Love – thou art Vailed –
 A few – behold thee –
 Smile – and alter – and prattle – and die –
 Bliss – were an Oddity – without thee –
 Nicknamed by God –
 Eternity –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 34 (H 184d and 185). Chimborazo, in Ecuador, is one of the highest peaks of the Andes.

PUBLICATION: *London Mercury*, XIX (February 1929), 355; *FP* (1929), 145. The text, arranged as three stanzas of 7, 8, and 8 lines, is restored to stanzas of six lines in later collections. The second "and" in line 15 is omitted in later collections.

It was given to me by the Gods –
 When I was a little Girl –
 They give us Presents most – you know –
 When we are new – and small.
 I kept it in my Hand –
 I never put it down –
 I did not dare to eat – or sleep – [no stanza break]

For fear it would be gone –
I heard such words as “Rich” –
When hurrying to school –
From lips at Corners of the Streets –
And wrestled with a smile.
Rich! ’Twas Myself – was rich –
To take the name of Gold –
And Gold to own – in solid Bars –
The Difference – made me bold –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 34 (H 186c and 187).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 83–84. The text, which derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd, is arranged as four quatrains.

455

Triumph – may be of several kinds –
There’s Triumph in the Room
When that Old Emperor – Death –
By Faith – ~~be~~ overcome –

There’s Triumph of the finer Mind
When Truth – affronted long –
Advance unmoved – to Her Supreme –
Her God – Her only Throng –

A Triumph – when Temptation’s Bribe
Be slowly handed back –
One eye upon the Heaven renounced –
And One – upon the Rack –

Severer Triumph – by Himself
Experienced – who pass
Acquitted – from that Naked Bar –
Jehovah’s Countenance –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 40 (H 214a).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 199, titled “Triumph.” Four words are altered:

Line 14 adds a word not in the manuscript:

Experienced, who can pass

The first line of the text is correctly rendered in *Poems* (1891). In subsequent collections it is altered to read:

A triumph may be of several kinds.

456

So well that I can live without –
I love thee – then How well is that?
As well as Jesus?
Prove it me
That He – loved Men –
As I – love thee –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 40 (H 214c).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 168. The text is printed as a seven-line stanza by dividing line 2 into two lines.

457

Sweet – safe – Houses –
Glad – gay – Houses –
Sealed so stately tight –
Lids of Steel – on Lids of Marble –
Locking Bare feet out –

Brooks of Plush – in Banks of Satin
Not so softly fall
As the laughter – and the whisper –
From their People Pearl –

No Bald Death – affront their Parlors –
No Bold Sickness come
To deface their Stately Treasures –
Anguish – and the Tomb –

Hum by – in Muffled Coaches –
Lest they – wonder Why –
Any – for the Press of Smiling –
Interrupt – to die –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 40 (H 215a).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 203. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd, and is arranged as four quatrains.

458

Like Eyes that looked on Wastes –
Incredulous of Ought
But Blank – and steady Wilderness –
Diversified by Night –

Just Infinites of Nought –
As far as it could see –
So looked the face I looked upon –
So looked itself – on Me –

I offered it no Help –
Because the Cause was Mine –
The Misery a Compact
As hopeless – as divine –

Neither – would be absolved –
Neither would be a Queen
Without the Other – Therefore –
We perish – tho' We reign –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 40 (H 217c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 111. The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd. Two words are altered:

3. steady] stead

5. Infinites] infinite

A Tooth upon Our Peace
 The Peace cannot deface –
 Then Wherefore be the Tooth?
 To vitalize the Grace –

The Heaven hath a Hell –
 Itself to signalize –
 And every sign before the Place
 Is Gilt with Sacrifice –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 40 (H 217d). In line 6, “signalize” is marked for an alternate, but none is given.

PUBLICATION: *Saturday Review of Literature*, XIII (9 November 1935), 12; *UP* (1935), 11.

I know where Wells grow – Droughtless Wells –
 Deep dug – for Summer days –
 Where Mosses go no more away –
 And Pebble – safely plays –

It's made of Fathoms – and a Belt –
 A Belt of jagged Stone –
 Inlaid with Emerald – half way down –
 And Diamonds – jumbled on –

It has no Bucket – Were I rich
 A Bucket I would buy –
 I'm often thirsty – but my lips
 Are so high up – You see –

I read in an Old fashioned Book
 That People “thirst no more” –
 The Wells have Buckets to them there –
 It must mean that – I'm sure –

Shall We remember Parching – then?
Those Waters sound so grand –
I think a little Well – like Mine –
Dearer to understand –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 40 (H 218a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 53. There are two alterations:

5. It's] They're 9. It has] They have

461

A Wife – at Daybreak I shall be –
Sunrise – Hast thou a Flag for me?
At Midnight, I am but a Maid,
How short it takes to make it Bride –
Then – Midnight, I have passed from thee
Unto the East, and Victory –

Midnight – Good Night! I hear them call,
The Angels bustle in the Hall –
Softly my Future climbs the Stair,
I fumble at my Childhood's prayer
So soon to be a Child no more –
Eternity, I'm coming – Sir,
Savior – I've seen the face – before!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are three, all written about 1862. The fair copy reproduced above (Bingham 98-4B-4) may have been intended for or sent to a friend. The nature of the variants, discussed below, suggests that it is the latest of the three copies. The copy in packet 40 (H 219a) reads thus:

A Wife – at Daybreak – I shall be –
Sunrise – Hast thou a Flag for me?
At Midnight – I am yet a Maid –
How short it takes to make it Bride –
Then – Midnight – I have passed from Thee –
Unto the East – and Victory.

Midnight – Good Night – I hear them Call –
The Angels bustle in the Hall –

[no stanza break]

Softly – my Future climbs the stair –
I fumble at my Childhood's Prayer –
So soon to be a Child – no more –
Eternity – I'm coming – Sir –
Master – I've seen the Face – before –

Two words differ from those in the later copy:

3. yet] but 13. Master] Savior

The rough penciled draft (Bingham 103-1) from which the other copies derive is identical in text with the packet copy:

A wife – at Daybreak I shall be –
Sunrise – hast thou a flag for me?
At midnight – I am yet a maid –
How short it takes to make it Bride!
Then – Midnight – I have passed from thee
Unto the East – and Victory –
Midnight – Good night – I hear them call –
The Angels bustle in the hall –
Softly – my Future climbs the stair –
I fumble at my Childhood's prayer –
So soon to be a Child – no more –
Eternity – I'm coming – sir –
Master – I've seen the face before –

6. Unto] Over

Although ED underlined her suggested change, she did not adopt it in the later copies. Line 12 was first written "The Vision flutters in the door," but she crossed it out and substituted the present line.

PUBLICATION: *Atlantic Monthly*, CXLIII (March, 1929), 332; *FP* (1929), 190. The text derives from the packet copy. Line 7 is arranged as two lines. One word is altered:

13. the] that

462

Why make it doubt – it hurts it so –
So sick – to guess –
So strong – to know –
So brave – upon it's little Bed

[no stanza break]

To tell the very last They said
Unto Itself – and smile – And shake –
For that dear – distant – dangerous – Sake –
But – the Instead – the Pinching fear
That Something – it did do – or dare –
Offend the Vision – and it flee –
And They no more remember me –
Nor ever turn to tell me why –
Oh, Master, This is Misery –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 40 (H 219b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 107. Line 8 is arranged as two lines.

463

I live with Him – I see His face –
I go no more away
For Visiter – or Sundown –
Death's single privacy

The Only One – forestalling Mine –
And that – by Right that He
Presents a Claim invisible –
No Wedlock – granted Me –

I live with Him – I hear His Voice –
I stand alive – Today –
To witness to the Certainty
Of Immortality –

Taught Me – by Time – the lower Way –
Conviction – Every day –
That Life like This – is stopless –
Be Judgment – what it may –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 40 (H 219c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 94, titled "Numen Lumen." One word
is altered:

15. stopless] endless

The power to be true to You,
 Until upon my face
 The Judgment push His Picture—
 Presumptuous of Your Place—

Of This—Could Man deprive Me—
 Himself—the Heaven excel—
 Whose invitation—Your's reduced
 Until it showed too small—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 40 (H 219d).

PUBLICATION: *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*, 10 March 1929, page 4; FP (1929), 169. The stanza division is not retained. One word is altered:

8. showed] shone

I heard a Fly buzz—when I died—
 The Stillness in the Room
 Was like the Stillness in the Air—
 Between the Heaves of Storm—

The Eyes around—had wrung them dry—
 And Breaths were gathering firm
 For that last Onset—when the King
 Be witnessed—in the Room—

I willed my Keepsakes—Signed away
 What portion of me be
 Assignable—and then it was
 There interposed a Fly—

With Blue—uncertain stumbling Buzz—
 Between the light—and me—
 And then the Windows failed—and then
 I could not see to see—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 84 (Bingham 20c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 184, titled "Dying." Several words are altered:

2. in the Room] round my form

5. around] beside

6. firm] sure

8. the Room] his power

10. be] I

11] Could make assignable, — and then

The poem is correctly printed in *AB* (1945), 336–337.

466

'Tis little I – could care for Pearls –
Who own the ample sea –
'Or Brooches – when the Emperor –
With Rubies – pelteth me –

Or Gold – who am the Prince of Mines –
Or Diamonds – when have I
A Diadem to fit a Dome –
Continual upon me –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 84 (Bingham 24b). "Emperor" (line 3) is marked for an alternate, but none is given.

PUBLICATION: *Outlook*, LIII (25 January 1896), 140, titled "Sufficiency"; and *Poems* (1896), 13, titled "Real Riches." Alterations are made in two lines:

6. have I] I see

8. upon] crowning

467

We do not play on Graves –
Because there is'nt Room –
Besides – it is'nt even – it slants
And People come –

And put a Flower on it –
And hang their faces so –
We're fearing that their Hearts will drop –
And crush our pretty play –

And so we move as far
As Enemies – away –
Just looking round to see how far
It is – Occasionally –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 84 (Bingham 24d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 94. The last two words of line 3 are arranged as the first two of line 4.

468

The Manner of it's Death
When Certain it must die –
'Tis deemed a privilege to choose –
'Twas Major Andre's Way –

When Choice of Life – is past –
There yet remains a Love
It's little Fate to stipulate –

How small in those who live –

'The Miracle to tease
With Babble of the styles –
How "they are Dying mostly – now" –
And Customs at "St. James"!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 84 (Bingham 25c). At the end of the first line ED wrote "to choose," then crossed the words out. She may have intended line 8 to conclude the second stanza, but in the packet copy it is clearly separated.

Major John André's request that he be allowed a soldier's death by shooting was denied by Washington, and he was hanged as a spy.

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 184. The text is arranged as three quatrains.

469

The Red – Blaze – is the Morning –
The Violet – is Noon –
The Yellow – Day – is falling –
And after that – is none –

But Miles of Sparks—at Evening—
Reveal the Width that burned—
The Territory Argent—that
Never yet—consumed—

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 84 (Bingham 25d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 27. The last word of line 7 is printed as the first of line 8.

470

I am alive—I guess—
The Branches on my Hand
Are full of Morning Glory—
And at my finger's end—

The Carmine—tingles warm—
And if I hold a Glass
Across my Mouth—it blurs it—
Physician's—proof of Breath—

I am alive—because
I am not in a Room—
The Parlor—Commonly—it is—
So Visitors may come—

And lean—and view it sidewise—
And add “How cold—it grew”—
And “Was it conscious—when it stepped
In Immortality?”

I am alive—because
I do not own a House—
Entitled to myself—precise—
And fitting no one else—

And marked my Girlhood's name—
So Visitors may know
Which Door is mine—and not mistake—
And try another Key—

How good – to be alive!
How infinite – to be
Alive – two-fold – The Birth I had –
And this – besides, in – Thee!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 84 (Bingham 26b).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 140.

471

A Night – there lay the Days between –
The Day that was Before –
And Day that was Behind – were one –
And now – 'twas Night – was here –

Slow – Night – that must be watched away –
As Grains upon a shore –
Too imperceptible to note –
Till it be night – no more –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 84 (Bingham 27d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 30.

472

Except the Heaven had come so near –
So seemed to choose My Door –
The Distance would not haunt me so –
I had not hoped – before –

But just to hear the Grace depart –
I never thought to see –
Afflicts me with a Double loss –
Tis lost – And lost to me –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 9 (H 39c).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 54.

I am ashamed – I hide –
 What right have I – to be a Bride –
 So late a Dowerless Girl –
 Nowhere to hide my dazzled Face –
 No one to teach me that new Grace –
 Nor introduce – my Soul –

Me to adorn – How – tell –
 Trinket – to make Me beautiful –
 Fabrics of Cashmere –
 Never a Gown of Dun – more –
 Raiment instead – of Pompadour –
 For Me – My soul – to wear –

Fingers – to frame my Round Hair
 Oval – as Feudal Ladies wore –
 Far Fashions – Fair –
 Skill – to hold my Brow like an Earl –
 Plead – like a Whippowil –
 Prove – like a Pearl –
 Then, for Character –

Fashion My Spirit quaint – white –
 Quick – like a Liquor –
 Gay – like Light –
 Bring Me my best Pride –
 No more ashamed –
 No more to hide –
 Meek – let it be – too proud – for Pride –
 Baptized – this Day – A Bride –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 9 (H 40b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 158–159. The text, originally arranged as four stanzas of 9, 6, 6, 11 lines, in later collections is arranged as five stanzas of 6, 6, 6, 6, 5 lines. One word is altered:

20. white] while

They put Us far apart –
 As separate as Sea
 And Her unsown Peninsula –
 We signified “These see” –

They took away our Eyes –
 They thwarted Us with Guns –
 “I see Thee” each responded straight
 Through Telegraphic Signs –

With Dungeons – They devised –
 But through their thickest skill –
 And their opaquest Adamant –
 Our Souls saw – just as well –

They summoned Us to die –
 With sweet alacrity
 We stood upon our stapled feet –
 Condemned – but just – to see –

Permission to recant –
 Permission to forget –
 We turned our backs upon the Sun
 For perjury of that –

Not Either – noticed Death –
 Of Paradise – aware –
 Each other’s Face – was all the Disc
 Each other’s setting – saw –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 9 (H 42a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 100. One word is altered:

16. just] first

Doom is the House without the Door –
 'Tis entered from the Sun –
 And then the Ladder's thrown away,
 Because Escape – is done –

'Tis varied by the Dream
 Of what they do outside –
 Where Squirrels play – and Berries die –
 And Hemlocks – bow – to God –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 9 (H 42c).

PUBLICATION: *Atlantic Monthly*, CXLIII (March 1929), 329; *FP* (1929), 17. Two words are altered:

7. Where] When 8. Hemlocks] hundreds

I meant to have but modest needs –
 Such as Content – and Heaven –
 Within my income – these could lie
 And Life and I – keep even –

But since the last – included both –
 It would suffice my Prayer
 But just for One – to stipulate –
 And Grace would grant the Pair –

And so – upon this wise – I prayed –
 Great Spirit – Give to me
 A Heaven not so large as Your's,
 But large enough – for me –

A Smile suffused Jehovah's face –
 The Cherubim – withdrew –
 Grave Saints stole out to look at me –
 And showed their dimples – too –

I left the Place, with all my might –
 I threw my Prayer away –
 The Quiet Ages picked it up –
 And Judgment – twinkled – too –
 That one so honest – be extant –
 It take the Tale for true –
 That “Whatsoever Ye shall ask –
 Itself be given You” –

But I, grown shrewder – scan the Skies
 With a suspicious Air –
 As Children – swindled for the first
 All Swindlers – be – infer –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 9 (H 43b–44a). Stanza 5 is eight-line.

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1891), 34–35, titled “A Prayer.” The following alterations are made:

18] My prayer away I threw 23. Ye] you
 22. It] As

The text is arranged as seven quatrains.

477

No Man can compass a Despair –
 As round a Goalless Road
 No faster than a Mile at once
 The Traveller proceed –

Unconscious of the Width –
 Unconscious that the Sun
 Be setting on His progress –
 So accurate the One

At estimating Pain –
 Whose own – has just begun –
 His ignorance – the Angel
 That pilot Him along –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 9 (H 44d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 141. It is here arranged as a single eleven-line stanza, with line 5 omitted. In *AB* (1945), 393-394, it is correctly printed as three quatrains, with line 5 restored; it here derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

478

I had no time to Hate –
Because
The Grave would hinder Me –
And Life was not so
Ample I
Could finish – Enmity –

Nor had I time to Love –
But since
Some Industry must be –
The little Toil of Love –
I thought
Be large enough for Me –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 11 (H 51b).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1890), 36. The lines are arranged as two quatrains. One word is altered:

12. Be] Was

479

She dealt her pretty words like Blades –
How glittering they shone –
And every One unbared a Nerve
Or wantoned with a Bone –

She never deemed – she hurt –
That – is not Steel's Affair –
A vulgar grimace in the Flesh –
How ill the Creatures bear –

To Ache is human – not polite –
The Film upon the eye
Mortality's old Custom –
Just locking up – to Die.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 104a).

PUBLICATION: FP (1929), 32. The text, arranged as stanzas of 6, 6, and 5 lines, in later collections is restored as quatrains. One word is altered:

2. How] As

480

"Why do I love" You, Sir?
Because –
The Wind does not require the Grass
To answer – Wherefore when He pass
She cannot keep Her place.

Because He knows – and
Do not You –
And We know not –
Enough for Us
The Wisdom it be so –

The Lightning – never asked an Eye
Wherefore it shut – when He was by –
Because He knows it cannot speak –
And reasons not contained –
– Of Talk –
There be – preferred by Daintier Folk –

The Sunrise – Sir – compelleth Me –
Because He's Sunrise – and I see –
Therefore – Then –
I love Thee –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 104b).

PUBLICATION: *London Mercury*, XIX (February 1929), 355–356; FP

(1929), 153. Stanzas 2 and 4 are omitted. The line spacings are arbitrarily altered. Three words are altered:

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1. You] thee | 13. it] she |
| 12. it] she | |

The four stanzas are in *New England Quarterly*, XX (1947), 34. The text is correctly rendered and derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd; it is arranged in four stanzas of 4, 3, 5, 3 lines.

481

The Himmaleh was known to stoop
Unto the Daisy low –
Transported with Compassion
That such a Doll should grow
Where Tent by Tent – Her Universe
Hung out it's Flags of Snow –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 104c).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 66.

482

We Cover Thee – Sweet Face –
Not that We tire of Thee –
But that Thyself fatigue of Us –
Remember – as Thou go –
We follow Thee until
Thou notice Us – no more –
And then – reluctant – turn away
To Con Thee oer and oer –

And blame the scanty love
We were Content to show –
Augmented – Sweet – a Hundred fold –
If Thou would'st take it – now –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 104d).

PUBLICATION: *Poems* (1896), 142. One word is altered:

4. gol flee

The text is arranged without stanza division.

483

A Solemn thing within the Soul
To feel itself get ripe –
And golden hang – while farther up –
The Maker's Ladders stop –
And in the Orchard far below –
You hear a Being – drop –

A Wonderful – to feel the Sun
Still toiling at the Cheek
You thought was finished –
Cool of eye, and critical of Work –
He shifts the stem – a little –
To give your Core – a look –

But solemnest – to know
Your chance in Harvest moves
A little nearer – Every Sun
The Single – to some lives.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 106b).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 244. "Cool of eye" concludes line 9. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

484

My Garden – like the Beach –
Denotes there be – a Sea –
That's Summer –
Such as These – the Pearls
She fetches – such as Me

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 106d).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 59. It is arranged as a quatrain.

485

To make One's Toilette – after Death
Has made the Toilette cool
Of only Taste we cared to please
Is difficult, and still –

That's easier – than Braid the Hair –
And make the Boddice gay –
When eyes that fondled it are wrenched
By Decalogues – away –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 107a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 101. Line 3 is altered to read:

To only taste we care to please

486

I was the slightest in the House –
I took the smallest Room –
At night, my little Lamp, and Book –
And one Geranium –

So stationed I could catch the Mint
That never ceased to fall –
And just my Basket –
Let me think – I'm sure
That this was all –

I never spoke – unless addressed –
And then, 'twas brief and low –
I could not bear to live – aloud –
The Racket shamed me so –

And if it had not been so far –
And any one I knew
Were going – I had often thought
How noteless – I could die –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 107c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 101. Stanza 2 is regularized into four lines.
The text derives from a transcript of the packet copy made by Mrs. Todd.

487

You love the Lord – you cannot see –
You write Him – every day –
A little note – when you awake –
And further in the Day.

An Ample Letter – How you miss –
And would delight to see –
But then His House – is but a Step –
And Mine's – in Heaven – You see.

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 107d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 219–220. The text derives from a transcript made by Mrs. Todd.

488

Myself was formed – a Carpenter –
An unpretending time
My Plane – and I, together wrought
Before a Builder came –

To measure our attainments –
Had we the Art of Boards
Sufficiently developed – He'd hire us
At Halves –

My Tools took Human – Faces –
The Bench, where we had toiled –
Against the Man – persuaded –
We – Temples build – I said –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 108a).

PUBLICATION: *UP* (1935), 71. The last three words of line 7 are arranged as the first three of line 8. One word is altered:

3. Plane] plans

489

We pray – to Heaven –
We prate – of Heaven –
Relate – when Neighbors die –
At what o'clock to Heaven – they fled –
Who saw them – Wherefore fly?

Is Heaven a Place – a Sky – a Tree?
Location's narrow way is for Ourselves –
Unto the Dead
There's no Geography –

But State – Endowal – Focus –
Where – Omnipresence – fly?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 19 (H 108b).

PUBLICATION: *FP* (1929), 48. The text is arranged as two stanzas of 6 and 5 lines; in later collections, as two stanzas of 5 and 5 lines. The two final lines are omitted. Line 6 is altered to read:

Is Heaven a place, and Sky a face?

490

To One denied to drink
To tell what Water is
Would be acuter, would it not
Than letting Him surmise?

To lead Him to the Well
And let Him hear it drip
Remind Him, would it not, somewhat
Of His condemned lip?

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 88 (Bingham 49d).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 287.

491

While it is alive
Until Death touches it
While it and I lap one Air
Dwell in one Blood
Under one Sacrament
Show me Division can split or pare –

Love is like Life – merely longer
Love is like Death, during the Grave
Love is the Fellow of the Resurrection
Scooping up the Dust and chanting “Live”!

MANUSCRIPTS: There are two, both written early in 1862. The copy reproduced above is in packet 88 (Bingham 49c). The other variant copy, in packet 89 (Bingham 59b), is a semifinal draft:

While “it” is alive –
Until Death – touches it –
While “it” and I – lap one – Air –
Dwell in one Blood –
Under one Firmament –
Show me Division – could split – or pare!
“Faith” – is like – life –
Only, the longer –
Faith – is like Death –
During – the Grave –
Faith – is the Fellow of the Resurrection,
Scooping up the Dust and chanting – *Live!*

5. Firmament] *Sacrament*
6. could] *can*
7. Faith] *Love*
8. Only, the] *Merely*

In the redaction ED adopted all her suggested changes. The fair copy substitutes "Love" for "Faith" likewise in lines 8 and 9.

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 178. The text derives from the fair copy, and is arranged as two quatrains. One word is altered:

8. during] daring

492

Civilization – spurns – the Leopard!
Was the Leopard – bold?
Deserts – never rebuked her Satin –
Ethiop – her Gold –
Tawny – her Customs –
She was Conscious –
Spotted – her Dun Gown –
This was the Leopard's nature – Signor –
Need – a keeper – frown?

Pity – the Pard – that left her Asia –
Memories – of Palm –
Cannot be stifled – with Narcotic –
Nor suppressed – with Balm –

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 89 (Bingham 59a).

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 273. The text is arranged as three quatrains.

493

The World – stands – solemner – to me –
Since I was wed – to Him –
A modesty befits the soul
That bears another's – name –
A doubt – if it be fair – indeed –
To wear that perfect – pearl –
The Man – upon the Woman – binds –
To clasp her soul – for all –
A prayer, that it more angel – prove –

A whiter Gift – within –
To that munificence, that chose –
So unadorned – a Queen –
A Gratitude – that such be true –
It had esteemed the Dream –
Too beautiful – for Shape to prove –
Or posture – to redeem!

MANUSCRIPT: About 1862, in packet 89 (Bingham 59c).

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 150–151.

494

Going to Him! Happy letter!
Tell Him –
Tell Him the page I didn't write –
Tell Him – I only said the Syntax –
And left the Verb and the pronoun out –
Tell Him just how the fingers hurried –
Then – how they waded – slow – slow –
And then you wished you had eyes in your pages –
So you could see what moved them so –

Tell Him – it wasn't a Practised Writer –
You guessed – from the way the sentence toiled –
You could hear the Boddice tug, behind you –
As if it held but the might of a child –
You almost pitied it – you – it worked so –
Tell Him – no – you may quibble there –
For it would split His Heart, to know it –
And then you and I, were silenter.

Tell Him – Night finished – before we finished –
And the Old Clock kept neighing "Day"!
And you – got sleepy – and begged to be ended –
What could it hinder so – to say?
Tell Him – just how she sealed you – Cautious!

But – if He ask where you are hid
Until tomorrow – Happy letter!
Gesture Coquette – and shake your Head!

Version I

Going – to – Her!
Happy – Letter! Tell Her –
Tell Her – the page I never wrote!
Tell Her, I only said – the Syntax –
And left the Verb and the Pronoun – out!
Tell Her just how the fingers – hurried –
Then – how they – stammered – slow – slow –
And then – you wished you had eyes – in your pages –
So you could see – what moved – them – so –

Tell Her – it was'nt a practised writer –
You guessed –
From the way the sentence – toiled –
You could hear the Boddice – tug – behind you –
As if it held but the might of a child!
You almost pitied – it – you – it worked so –
Tell Her – No – you may quibble – there –
For it would split Her Heart – to know it –
And then – you and I – were silenter!

Tell Her – Day – finished – before we – finished –
And the old Clock kept neighing – “Day”!
And you – got sleepy – and begged to be ended –
What could – it hinder so – to say?
Tell Her – just how she sealed – you – Cautious!
But – if she ask “where you are hid” – until the evening –
Ah! Be bashful!
Gesture Coquette –
And shake your Head!

Version II

MANUSCRIPTS: Both these fair copies (Bingham 89–56 and 98–4A–1 respectively) were written about 1862. They are on embossed stationery,

both signed "Emily-," and have been folded as if enclosed in envelopes. There are variants in the text in addition to the change of pronouns:

- | | | | |
|------------------|-------------|---------------|----------------|
| 3. did'nt write] | never wrote | 24. tomorrow] | the evening |
| 7. waded] | stammered | 25] | Ah! Be bashful |
| 18. Night] | Day | | |

PUBLICATION: Version I is in *Poems* (1891), 94-95, titled "The Letter." A third "slow" is added in line 6 (line 7 of the manuscript). The text is arranged as three eight-line stanzas.

