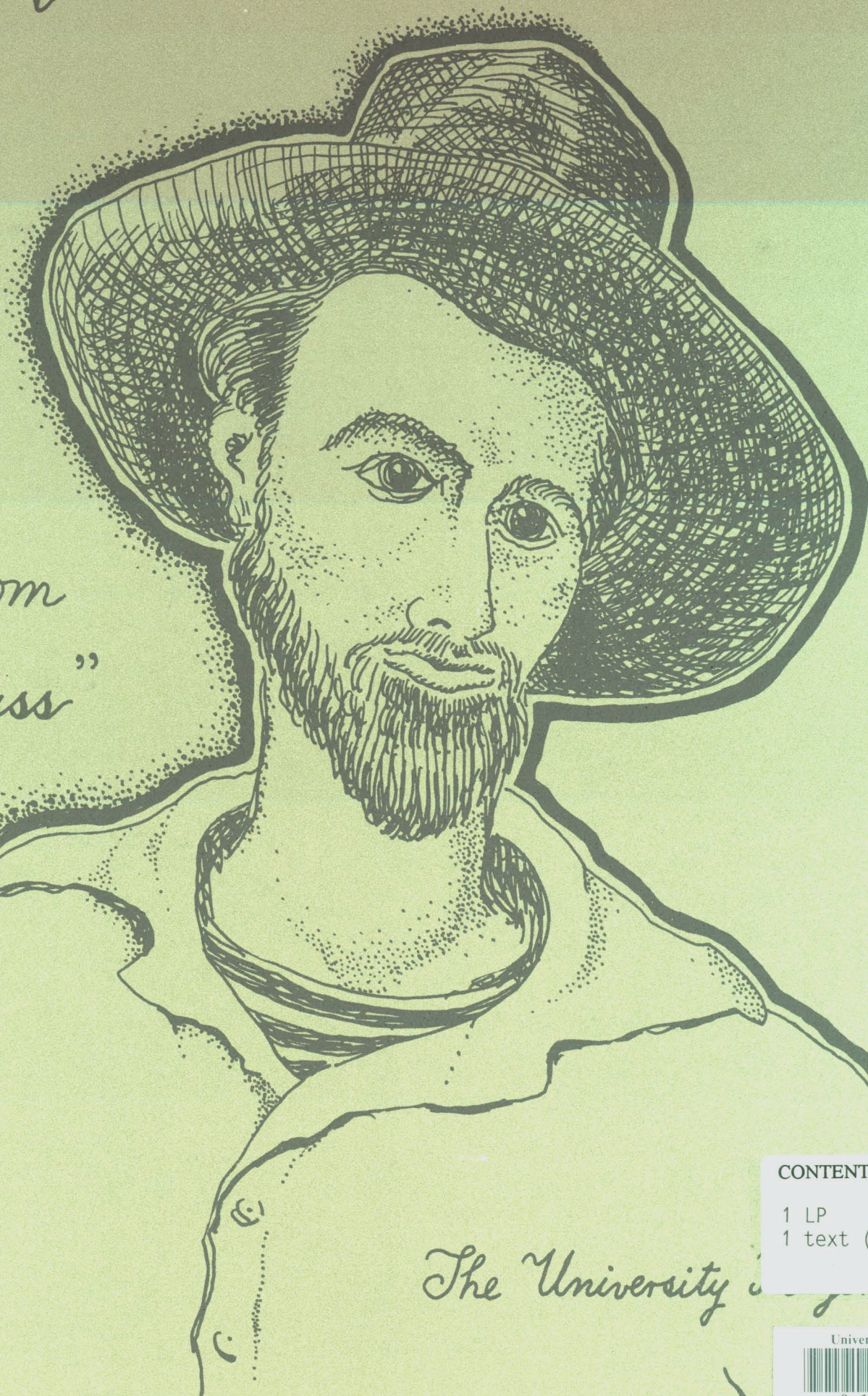


# Readings from Walt Whitman

FL 9750 Folkways Records, New York A Phonotape Reading

Excerpts from  
"Leaves of Grass"



The University of Alberta

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1 LP  
1 text (6 p.)

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MUSIC LP

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AL 9750

FOR YOU O DEMOCRACY  
HEAR AMERICA SINGING  
PIONEERS: O PIONEERS!  
SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

THIS DUST WAS ONCE A MAN  
HUSH'D BE THE CAMPS TODAY  
O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

A BOSTON BALLAD - 1854  
OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING  
CROSSING BROOKLYN FERRY

*Readings from Walt Whitman*

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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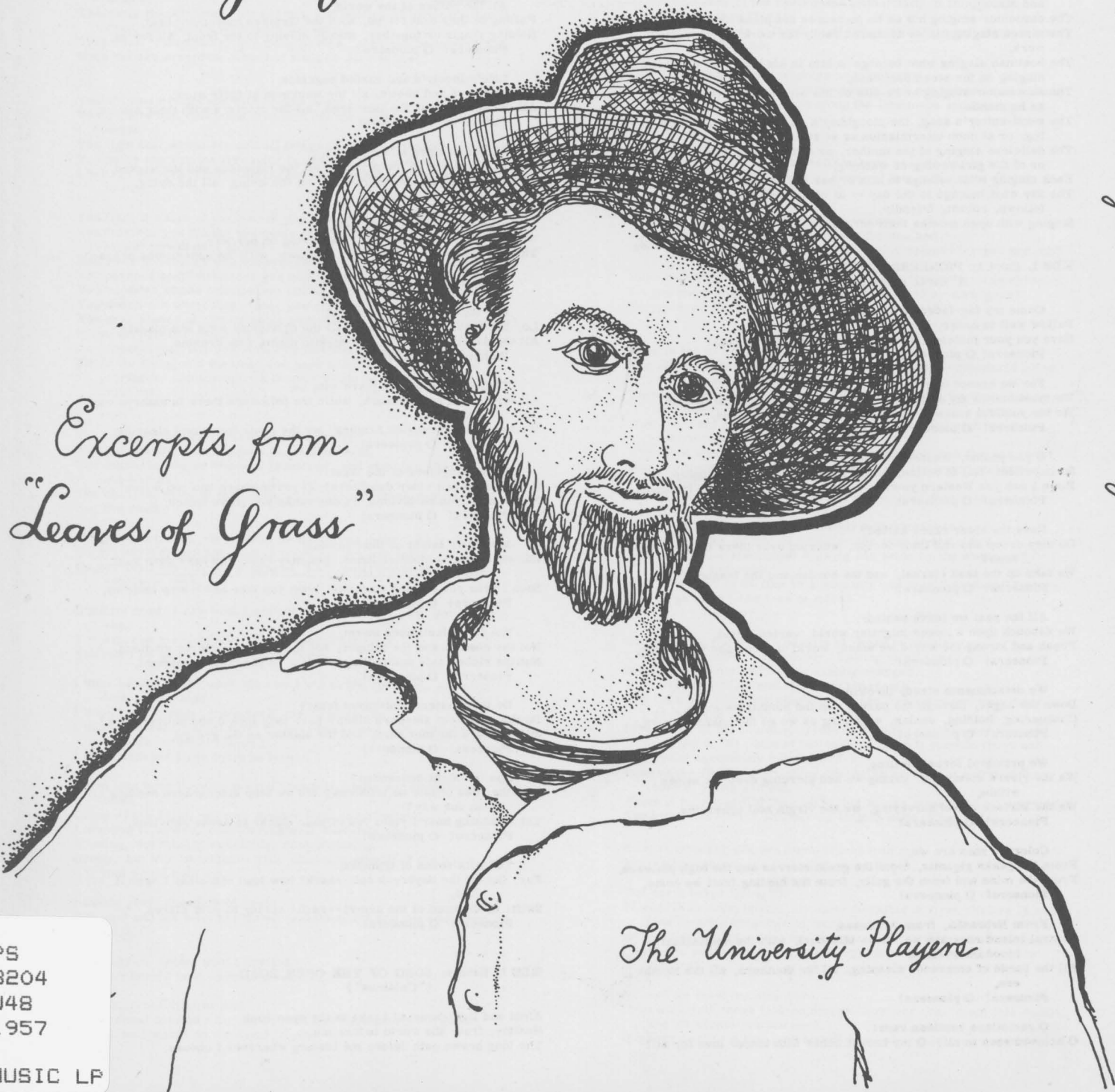
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# Readings from Walt Whitman

SL 9750 Folkways Records, New York

Excerpts from  
"Leaves of Grass"



The University Players

PS  
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MUSIC LP

SIDE I, Band 1: FOR YOU O DEMOCRACY  
("Calamus")

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,  
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,  
I will make divine magnetic lands,  
With the love of comrades,  
With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of  
America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over  
the prairies,  
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's  
necks,  
By the love of comrades,  
By the manly love of comrades.

For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you ma femme!  
For you, for you I am trilling these songs.

SIDE I, Band 2: I HEAR AMERICA SINGING  
("Inscriptions")

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe  
and strong,  
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,  
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off  
work,  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand  
singing on the steamboat deck,  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing  
as he stands,  
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morn-  
ing, or at noon intermission or at sundown,  
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work,  
or of the girl sewing or washing,  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,  
The day what belongs to the day -- at night the party of young  
fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

SIDE I, Band 3: PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!  
("Birds of Passage")

Come my tan-faced children,  
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,  
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,  
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,  
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,  
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,  
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?  
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the  
seas?  
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,  
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,  
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,  
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,  
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,  
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines  
within,  
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,  
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,  
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,  
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental  
blood intervein'd,  
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the North-  
ern,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O restless restless race!  
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!

O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Raise the mighty mother mistress,  
Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry mistress, (bend  
your heads all,)  
Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive, weapon'd  
mistress,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

See my children, resolute children,  
By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield or falter,  
Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind us urging,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,  
With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead quickly  
fill'd,  
Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!  
Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?  
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,  
Falling in they beat for us, with the Western movement beat,  
Holding single or together, steady moving to the front, all for us,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,  
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,  
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with their slaves,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,  
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,  
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

I too with my soul and body,  
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,  
Through these shores amid the shadows, with the apparitions press-  
ing,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!  
Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering suns and planets,  
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,  
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait  
behind,  
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!  
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!  
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!  
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may rest, you have done your  
work,)  
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,  
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,  
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?  
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and bolted doors?  
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?  
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged nodding  
on our way?  
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,  
Far, far off the daybreak call--hark! how loud and clear I hear it  
wind,  
Swift! to the head of the army!--swift! spring to your places,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

SIDE I, Band 4: SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD  
("Calamus")

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before me,  
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,  
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,  
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,  
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,  
I do not want the constellations any nearer,  
I know they are very well where they are,  
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens,  
I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever I go,  
I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them,  
I am fill'd with them, and I will fill them in return.)

You road I enter upon and look around, I believe you are not all  
that is here,  
I believe that much unseen is also here.

Here the profound lesson of reception, nor preference nor denial,  
The black with his woolly head, the felon, the disease'd, the illiterate  
person, are not denied;  
The birth, the hastening after the physician, the beggar's tramp, the  
drunkard's stagger, the laughing party of mechanics,  
The escaped youth, the rich person's carriage, the fop, the eloping  
couple,  
The early market-man, the hearse, the moving of furniture into the  
town, the return back from the town,  
They pass, I also pass, any thing passes, none can be interdicted,  
None but are accepted, none but shall be dear to me.

You air that serves me with breath to speak!  
You objects that call from diffusion my meanings and give them  
shape!  
You light that wraps me and all things in delicate equable showers!  
You paths worn in the irregular hollows by the roadsides!  
I believe you are latent with unseen existences, you are so dear  
to me.

You flagg'd walks of the cities! you strong curbs at the edges!  
You ferries! you planks and posts of wharves! you timber-lined  
sides! you distant ships!  
You rows of houses! you window-pierc'd facades! you roofs!  
You porches and entrances! you copings and iron guards!  
You windows whose transparent shells might expose so much!  
You doors and ascending steps! you arches!  
You gay stones of interminable pavements! you trodden crossings!  
From all that has touch'd you I believe you have imparted to  
yourselves, and now would impart the same secretly to me,  
From the living and the dead you have peopled your impassive  
surfaces, and the spirits thereof would be evident and amicable  
with me.

The earth expanding right hand and left hand,  
The picture alive, every part in its best light,  
The music falling in where it is wanted, and stopping where it is  
not wanted,  
The cheerful voice of the public road, the gay fresh sentiment of  
the road.

O highway I travel, do you say to me Do not leave me?  
Do you say Venture not--if you leave me you are lost?  
Do you say I am already prepared, I am well-beaten and undenied,  
adhere to me?

O public road, I say back I am not afraid to leave you, yet I love  
you,  
You express me better than I can express myself,  
You shall be more to me than my poem.

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and all  
free poems also,  
I think I could stop here myself and do miracles,  
I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and whoever  
beholds me shall like me,  
I think whoever I see must be happy.

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary  
lines,  
Going where I list, my own master total and absolute,  
Listening to others, considering well what they say,  
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,  
Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds  
that would hold me.

I inhale great draughts of space,  
The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south are  
mine.

I am larger, better than I thought,  
I did not know I held so much goodness.

All seems beautiful to me,  
I can repeat over to men and women You have done such good  
to me I would do the same to you,

I will recruit for myself and you as I go,  
I will scatter myself among men and women as I go,  
I will toss a new gladness and roughness among them,  
Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me,  
Whoever accepts me he or she shall be blessed and shall bless me.

Now if a thousand perfect men were to appear it would not amaze  
me,  
Now if a thousand beautiful forms of women appear'd it would  
not astonish me.

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,  
It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth.

Here a great personal deed has room,  
(Such a deed seizes upon the hearts of the whole race of men,  
Its effusion of strength and will overwhelms law and mocks all  
authority and all argument against it.)

Here is the test of wisdom,  
Wisdom is not finally tested in schools,  
Wisdom cannot be pass'd from one having it to another not having  
it,  
Wisdom is of the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof,  
Applies to all stages and objects and qualities and is content,  
Is the certainty of the reality and immortality of things, and the  
excellence of things;  
Something there is in the float of the sight of things that provokes  
it out of the soul.

Now I re-examine philosophies and religions,  
They may prove well in lecture-rooms, yet not prove at all under  
the spacious clouds and along the landscape and flowing  
currents.

Here is realization,  
Here is a man tallied--he realizes here what he has in him,  
The past, the future, majesty, love--if they are vacant of you, you  
are vacant of them.

Only the kernel of every object nourishes;  
Where is he who tears off the husks for you and me?  
Where is he that undoes stratagems and envelopes for you and me?

Here is adhesiveness, it is not previously fashion'd, it is apropos;  
Do you know what it is as you pass to be loved by strangers?  
Do you know the talk of those turning eye-balls?

Here is the efflux of the soul,  
The efflux of the soul comes from within through embower'd gates,  
ever provoking questions,  
These yearnings why are they? these thoughts in the darkness why  
are they?  
Why are there men and women that while they are nigh me the  
sunlight expands my blood?  
Why when they leave me do my pennants of joy sink flat and lank?  
Why are there trees I never walk under but large and melodious  
thoughts descend upon me?  
(I think they hang there winter and summer on those trees and  
always drop fruit as I pass;)  
What is it I interchange so suddenly with strangers?  
What with some driver as I ride on the seat by his side?  
What with some fisherman drawing his seine by the shore as I  
walk by and pause?  
What gives me to be free to a woman's and man's good-will? what  
gives them to be free to mine?

The efflux of the soul is happiness, here is happiness,  
I think it pervades the open air, waiting at all times,  
Now it flows unto us, we are rightly charged,  
Here rises the fluid and attaching character,  
The fluid and attaching character is the freshness and sweetness  
of man and woman,  
(The herbs of the morning sprout no fresher and sweeter every  
day out of the roots of themselves, than it sprouts fresh and  
sweet continually out of itself.)  
Toward the fluid and attaching character exudes the sweat of the  
love of young and old,  
From it falls distill'd the charm that mocks beauty and attainments,  
Toward it heaves the shuddering longing ache of contact.

Allons! whoever you are come travel with me!  
Traveling with me you find what never tires.

The earth never tires,  
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first, Nature is rude  
and incomprehensible at first,  
Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well envelop'd,  
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words  
can tell.

Allons! we must not stop here,  
However sweet these laid-up stores, however convenient this dwell-  
ing we cannot remain here,  
However shelter'd this port and however calm these waters we

must not anchor here,  
However welcome the hospitality that surrounds us we are per-  
mitted to receive it but a little while.

Allons! the inducements shall be greater,  
We will sail pathless and wild seas,  
We will go where winds blow, waves dash, and the Yankee clipper  
speeds by under full sail.

Allons! with power, liberty, the earth, the elements,  
Health, defiance, gayety, self-esteem, curiosity;  
Allons! from all formulas!  
From your formulas, O bat-eyed and materialistic priests.  
The stale cadaver blocks up the passage--the burial waits no  
longer.

Allons! yet take warning!  
He traveling with me needs the best blood, thews, endurance,  
None may come to the trial till he or she bring courage and health,  
Come not here if you have already spent the best of yourself,  
Only those may come who come in sweet and determin'd bodies,  
No discas'd person, no rum-drinker or venereal taint is permitted  
here.

(I and mine do not convince by arguments, similes, rhymes,  
We convince by our presence.)

Listen! I will be honest with you,  
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,  
These are the days that must happen to you:  
You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,  
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,  
You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd, you hardly  
settle yourself to satisfaction before you are call'd by an  
irresistible call to depart,  
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those  
who remain behind you,  
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with  
passionate kisses of parting,  
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd  
hands toward you.

Allons! after the great Companions, and to belong to them!  
They too are on the road--they are the swift and majestic men--  
they are the greatest women,  
Enjoyers of calms of seas and storms of seas,  
Sailors of many a ship, walkers of many a mile of land,  
Habitués of many distant countries, habitués of far-distant dwellings,  
Trusters of men and women, observers of cities, solitary toilers,  
Pausers and contemplators of tufts, blossoms, shells of the shore,  
Dancers at wedding-dances, kissers of brides, tender helpers of  
children, bearers of children,  
Soldiers of revolts, standers by gaping graves, lowerers-down of  
coffins,  
Journeyers over consecutive seasons, over the years, the curious  
years each emerging from that which preceded it,  
Journeyers as with companions, namely their own diverse phases,  
Forth-steppers from the latent unrealized baby-days,  
Journeyers gayly with their own youth, journeyers with their  
bearded and well-grain'd manhood,  
Journeyers with their womanhood, ample, unsurpass'd, content,  
Journeyers with their own sublime old age of manhood or woman-  
hood,  
Old age, calm, expanded, broad with the haughty breadth of the  
universe,  
Old age, flowing free with the delicious near-by freedom of death.  
Allons! to that which is endless as it was beginningless,  
To undergo much, tramps of days, rests of nights,  
To merge all in the travel they tend to, and the days and nights  
they tend to,  
Again to merge them in the start of superior journeys,  
To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it,  
To conceive no time, however distant, but what you may reach it  
and pass it,  
To look up or down no road but it stretches and waits for you,  
however long but it stretches and waits for you,  
To see no being, not God's or any, but you also go thither,  
To see no possession but you may possess it, enjoying all without  
labor or purchase, abstracting the feast yet not abstracting  
one particle of it,  
To take the best of the farmer's farm and the rich man's elegant  
villa, and the chaste blessings of the well-married couple, and  
the fruits of orchards and flowers of gardens,  
To take to your use out of the compact cities as you pass through,  
To carry buildings and streets with you afterward wherever you go,  
To gather the minds of men out of their brains as you encounter  
them, to gather the love out of their hearts,  
To take your lovers on the road with joy, for all that you leave  
them behind you,  
To know the universe itself as a road, as many roads, as roads for  
traveling souls.

All parts away for the progress of souls,  
All religion, all solid things, arts, governments--all that was or is  
apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls into niches and

corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads  
of the universe.

Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand  
roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem  
and sustenance.

Forever alive, forever forward,  
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble,  
dissatisfied,  
Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,  
They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where  
they go,  
But I know that they go toward the best--toward something  
great.

Whoever you are, come forth! or man or woman come forth!  
You must not stay sleeping and dallying there in the house, though  
you built it, or though it has been built for you.

Out of the dark confinement! out from behind the screen!  
It is useless to protest, I know all and expose it.

Behold through you as bad as the rest,  
Through the laughter, dancing, dining, supping, of people,  
Inside of dresses and ornaments, inside of those wash'd and  
trimm'd faces,  
Behold a secret silent loathing and despair.

No husband, no wife, no friend, trusted to hear the confession,  
Another self, a duplicate of every one, skulking and hiding it goes,  
Formless and wordless through the streets of the cities, polite and  
bland in the parlors,  
In the cars of railroads, in steamboats, in the public assembly,  
Home to the houses of men and women, at the table, in the bed-  
room, everywhere,  
Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death under  
the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones,  
Under the broadcloth and gloves, under the ribbons and artificial  
flowers,  
Keeping fair with the customs, speaking not a syllable of itself,  
Speaking of any thing else but never of itself.

Allons! through struggles and wars!  
The goal that was named cannot be countermanded.

Have the past struggles succeeded?  
What has succeeded? yourself? your nation? Nature?  
Now understand me well--it is provided in the essence of things  
that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come  
forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

My call is the call of battle, I nourish active rebellion,  
He going with me must go well arm'd,  
He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry ene-  
mies, desertions.

Allons! the road is before us!  
It is safe--I have tried it--my own feet have tried it well--be  
not detain'd!  
Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the  
shelf unopen'd!  
Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain un-  
earn'd!  
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!  
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the  
court, and the judge expound the law.

Camerado, I give you my hand!  
I give you my love more precious than money,  
I give you myself before preaching or law;  
Will you give me yourself? will you come travel with me?  
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

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SIDE II, Band 1: THIS DUST WAS ONCE THE MAN  
("Memories of President Lincoln")

This dust was once the man,  
Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious hand,  
Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age,  
Was saved the Union of these States.

SIDE II, Band 2: HUSH'D BE THE CAMPS TODAY  
(May 4, 1865)

Hush'd be the camps to-day,  
And soldiers let us drape our war-worn weapons,  
And each with musing soul retire to celebrate,  
Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts,  
Nor victory, nor defeat--no more time's dark events,

Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing poet in our name,  
Sing of the love we bore him--because you, dweller in camps,  
know it truly.

As they invault the coffin there,  
Sing--as they close the doors of earth upon him--one verse,  
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

SIDE II, Band 3: O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up--for you the flag is flung--for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths--for you the shores  
a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

SIDE II, Band 4: A BOSTON BALLAD - 1854  
("By The Roadside")

To get betimes in Boston town I rose this morning early  
Here's a good place at the corner, I must stand and see the show.

Clear the way there Jonathan!  
Way for the President's marshal--way for the government cannon!  
Way for the Federal foot and dragoons, (and the apparitions copiously tumbling.)

I love to look on the Stars and Stripes, I hope the fifes will play  
Yankee Doodle.  
How bright shine the cutlasses of the foremost troops!  
Every man holds his revolver, marching stiff through Boston town.

A fog follows, antiques of the same come limping,  
Some appear wooden-legged, and some appear bandaged and bloodless.

Why this is indeed a show--it has called the dead out of the earth!  
The old graveyards of the hills have hurried to see!  
Phantoms! phantoms countless by flank and rear!  
Cock'd hats of mothy mould--crutches made of mist!  
Arms in slings--old men leaning on young men's shoulders.

What troubles you Yankee phantoms? what is all this chattering of  
bare gums?  
Does the ague convulse your limbs? do you mistake your crutches  
for firelocks and level them?

If you blind your eyes with tears you will not see the President's  
marshal,  
If you groan such groans you might balk the government cannon,  
For shame old maniacs--bring down those toss'd arms, and let your  
white hair be,  
Here gape your great-grandsons, their wives gaze at them from the  
windows,  
See how well dress'd, see how orderly they conduct themselves.  
Worse and worse--can't you stand it? are you retreating?  
Is this hour with the living too dead for you?

Retreat then--pell-mell!  
To your graves--back--back to the hills old limpers!  
I do not think you belong here anyhow.

But there is one thing that belongs here--shall I tell you what it is,  
gentlemen of Boston?

I will whisper it to the Mayor, he shall send a committee to England,  
They shall get a grant from the Parliament, go with a cart to the  
royal vault,  
Dig out King George's coffin, unwrap him quick from the grave-  
clothes, box up his bones for a journey,  
Find a swift Yankee clipper--here is freight for you, black-bellied

clipper,  
Up with your anchor--shake out your sails--steer straight toward  
Boston bay.

Now call for the President's marshal again, bring out the govern-  
ment cannon,  
Fetch home the roarers from Congress, make another procession,  
guard it with foot and dragoons.

This centre-piece for them;  
Look, all orderly citizens--look from the windows, women!

The committee open the box, set up the regal ribs, glue those that  
will not stay,  
Clap the skull on top of the ribs, and clap a crown on top of the  
skull.

You have got your revenge, old buster--the crown is come to its  
own, and more than its own.

Stick your hands in your pockets, Jonathan--you are a made man  
from this day,  
You are mighty cute--and here is one of your bargains.

SIDE II, Band 5: OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING  
("Sea-Drift")

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,  
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,  
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,  
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child leaving  
his bed wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot,  
Down from the shower'd halo,  
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if  
they were alive,  
Out from the patches of briers and blackberries,  
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,  
From your memories sad brother, from the fitful risings and fall-  
ings I heard,  
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with  
tears,  
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist,  
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,  
From the myriad thence-arous'd words,  
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,  
From such as now they start the scene revisiting,  
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,  
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,  
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,  
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,  
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,  
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,  
A reminiscence sing.

Once Paumanok,  
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was  
growing,  
Up this seashore in some briers,  
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,  
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,  
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,  
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with bright  
eyes,  
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing  
them,  
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!  
Pour down your warmth, great sun!  
While we bask, we two together.

Two together!  
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,  
Day come white, or night come black,  
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,  
Singing all time, minding no time,  
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,  
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,  
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,  
Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next  
Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,  
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,  
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,  
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,  
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,  
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!  
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;  
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,  
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,  
Down almost amid the slapping waves,  
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He call'd on his mate,  
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes my brother I know,  
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note,  
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,  
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,  
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and  
sights after their sorts,  
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,  
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,  
Listen'd long and long.

Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,  
Following you my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!  
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,  
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one close,  
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,  
It is lagging--O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,  
With love, with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?  
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!  
Loud I call to you, my love!

High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,  
Surely you must know who is here, is here,  
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!  
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?  
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!  
O moon do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!  
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give my mate back  
again if you only would,  
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!  
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!  
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!  
Pierce the woods, the earth,  
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Shake out carols!  
Solitary here, the night's carols!  
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!  
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!  
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!  
O reckless despairing carols.

But soft! sink low!  
Soft! let me just murmur,  
And do you wait a moment you husky-voiced sea,  
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,  
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,  
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.

Hither my love!  
Here I am! here!  
With this just-sustain'd note, I announce myself to you,  
This gentle call is for you my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere,  
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,  
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,  
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!  
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!  
O troubled reflection in the sea!  
O throat! O throbbing heart!  
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!  
In the air, in the woods, over fields,  
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!  
But my mate no more, no more with me!  
We two together no more.

The aria sinking,  
All else continuing, the stars shining,  
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing,  
With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,  
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,

The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face of  
the sea almost touching,  
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the  
atmosphere dallying,  
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously  
bursting,  
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,  
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,  
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,  
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,  
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd secret  
hissing,  
To the outsetting bard.

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul, )  
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me?  
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard  
you,  
Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,  
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer, louder  
and more sorrowful than yours,  
A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me, never  
to die.

O you singer solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,  
O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease perpetuating you,  
Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,  
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,  
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what there  
in the night,  
By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon,  
The messenger there arous'd, the fire, the sweet hell within,  
The unknown want, the destiny of me.

O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here somewhere, )  
O if I am to have so much, let me have more!  
A word then, (for I will conquer it, )  
The word final, superior to all,  
Subtle, sent up--what is it? --I listen;  
Are you whispering it, and have been all the time, you sea-waves?  
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

Whereto answering, the sea,  
Delaying not, hurrying not,  
Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak,  
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death,  
And again death, death, death, death,  
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd child's  
heart,  
But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,  
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,  
Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,  
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,  
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray beach,  
With the thousand responsive songs at random,  
My own songs awaked from that hour,  
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,  
The word of the sweetest song and all songs,  
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,  
(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet gar-  
ments, bending aside, )  
The sea whisper'd me.

SIDE II, Band 6: CROSSING BROOKLYN FERRY  
( "Calamus" )

Flood-tide below me! I see you face to face!  
Clouds of the west--sun there half an hour high--I see you also  
face to face.  
Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes, how  
curious you are to me!  
On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross, return-  
ing home, are more curious to me than you suppose,  
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are more  
to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.

The impalpable sustenance of me from all things at all hours of  
the day,  
The simple, compact, well-join'd scheme, myself disintegrated,  
every one disintegrated yet part of the scheme,  
The similitudes of the past and those of the future,  
The glories strung like beads on my smallest sights and hearings,  
on the walk in the street and the passage over the river,  
The current rushing so swiftly and swimming with me far away,  
The others that are to follow me, the ties between me and them,  
The certainty of others, the life, love, sight, hearing of others.

Others will enter the gates of the ferry and cross from shore to  
shore,  
Others will watch the run of the flood-tide,  
Others will see the shipping of Manhattan north and west, and  
the heights of Brooklyn to the south and east,  
Others will see the islands large and small;  
Fifty years hence, others will see them as they cross, the sun half



an hour high,  
A hundred years hence, or ever so many hundred years hence,  
others will see them,  
Will enjoy the sunset, the pouring-in of the flood-tide, the falling-  
back to the sea of the ebb-tide.

It avails not, time nor place--distance avails not,  
I am with you, you men and women of a generation, or ever so  
many generations hence,  
Just as you feel when you look on the river and sky, so I felt,  
Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I was one of a crowd,  
Just as you are refresh'd by the gladness of the river and the bright  
flow, I was refresh'd,  
Just as you stand and lean on the rail, yet hurry with the swift  
current, I stood yet was hurried,  
Just as you look on the numberless masts of ships and the thick-  
stemm'd pipes of steamboats, I look'd.

I too many and many a time cross'd the river of old,  
Watched the Twelfth-month sea-gulls, saw them high in the air  
floating with motionless wings, oscillating their bodies,  
Saw how the glistening yellow lit up parts of their bodies and left  
the rest in strong shadow,  
Saw the slow-wheeling circles and the gradual edging toward the  
south,  
Saw the reflection of the summer sky in the water,  
Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmering track of beams,  
Look'd at the fine centrifugal spokes of light round the shape of  
my head in the sunlit water,  
Look'd on the haze on the hills southward and south-westward,  
Look'd on the vapor as it flew in fleeces tinged with violet,  
Look'd toward the lower bay to notice the vessels arriving,  
Saw their approach, saw aboard those that were near me,  
Saw the white sails of schooners and sloops, saw the ships at anchor,  
The sailors at work in the rigging or out astride the spars,  
The round masts, the swinging motion of the hulls, the slender  
serpentine pennants,  
The large and small steamers in motion, the pilots in their pilot-  
houses,  
The white wake left by the passage, the quick tremulous whirl of  
the wheels,  
The flags of all nations, the falling of them at sunset,  
The scallop-edged waves in the twilight, the ladled cups, the frolic-  
some crests and glistening,  
The stretch afar growing dimmer and dimmer, the gray walls of  
the granite storehouses by the docks,  
On the river the shadowy group, the big steam-tug closely flank'd  
on each side by the barges, the hay-boat, the belated lighter,  
On the neighboring shore the fires from the foundry chimneys  
burning high and glaringly into the night,  
Casting their flicker of black contrasted with wild red and yellow  
light over the tops of houses, and down into the clefts of  
streets.  
These and all else were to me the same as they are to you,  
I loved well those cities, loved well the stately and rapid river,  
The men and women I saw were all near to me,  
Others the same--others who look back on me because I look'd  
forward to them,  
(The time will come, though I stop here to-day and to-night.)

What is it then between us?  
What is the count of the scores or hundreds of years between us?  
Whatever it is, it avails not--distance avails not, and place avails  
not,  
I too lived, Brooklyn of ample hills was mine,  
I too walk'd the streets of Manhattan island, and bathed in the  
waters around it,  
I too felt the curious abrupt questionings stir within me,  
In the day among crowds of people sometimes they came upon me,  
In my walks home late at night or as I lay in my bed they came  
upon me,  
I too had been struck from the float forever held in solution,  
I too had receiv'd identity by my body,  
That I was I knew was of my body, and what I should be I knew  
I should be of my body.

It is not upon you alone the dark patches fall,  
The dark threw its patches down upon me also,  
The best I had done seem'd to me blank and suspicious,  
My great thoughts as I supposed them, were they not in reality  
meagre?  
Nor is it you alone who know what it is to be evil,  
I am he who knew what it was to be evil,  
I too knitted the old knot of contrariety,  
Blabb'd, blush'd, resented, lied, stole, grudg'd,  
Had guile, anger, lust, hot wishes I dared not speak,  
Was wayward, vain, greedy, shallow, sly, cowardly, malignant,  
The wolf, the snake, the hog, not wanting in me,  
The cheating look, the frivolous word, the adulterous wish, not  
wanting,  
Refusals, hates, postponements, meanness, laziness, none of these  
wanting,  
Was one with the rest, the days and haps of the rest,  
Was call'd by my highest name by clear loud voices of young men

as they saw me approaching or passing,  
Felt their arms on my neck as I stood, or the negligent leaning of  
their flesh against me as I sat,  
Saw many I loved in the street or ferry-boat or public assembly,  
yet never told them a word,  
Lived the same life with the rest, the same old laughing, gnawing,  
sleeping,  
Play'd the part that still looks back on the actor or actress,  
The same old role, the role that is what we make it, as great as we  
like,  
Or as small as we like, or both great and small.

Closer yet I approach you,  
What thought you have of me now, I had as much of you--I laid  
in my stores in advance,  
I consider'd long and seriously of you before you were born.

Who was to know what should come home to me?  
Who know's but I am enjoying this?  
Who knows, for all the distance, but I am as good as looking at  
you now, for all you cannot see me?

Ah, what can ever be more stately and admirable to me than mast-  
hemm'd Manhattan?  
River and sunset and scallop-edg'd waves of flood-tide?  
The sea-gulls oscillating their bodies, the hay-boat in the twilight,  
and the belated lighter?

What gods can exceed these that clasp me by the hand, and with  
voices I love call me promptly and loudly by my highest name  
as I approach?  
What is more subtle than this which ties me to the woman or man  
that looks in my face?  
Which fuses me into you now, and pours my meaning into you?

We understand then do we not?  
What I promis'd without mentioning it, have you not accepted?  
What the study could not teach--what the preaching could not  
accomplish is accomplish'd, is it not?

Flow on, river! flow with the flood-tide, and ebb with the ebb-tide!  
Frolic on, crested and scallop-edg'd waves!  
Gorgeous clouds of the sunset! drench with your splendor me, or  
the men and women generations after me!  
Cross from shore to shore, countless crowds of passengers!  
Stand up, tall masts of Mannahatta! stand up, beautiful hills of  
Brooklyn!  
Throb, baffled and curious brain! throw out questions and answers!  
Suspend here and everywhere, eternal float of solution!  
Gaze, loving and thirsting eyes, in the house or street or public  
assembly!  
Sound out, voices of young men! loudly and musically call me by  
my highest name!  
Live, old life! play the part that looks back on the actor or actress!  
Play the old role, the role that is great or small according as one  
makes it!  
Consider, you who peruse me, whether I may not in unknown  
ways be looking upon you;  
Be firm, rail over the river, to support those who lean idly, yet  
haste with the hasting current;  
Fly on, sea-birds! fly sideways, or wheel in large circles high in  
the air;  
Receive the summer sky, you water, and faithfully hold it till all  
downcast eyes have time to take it from you!  
Diverge, fine spokes of light, from the shape of my head, or any  
one's head, in the sunlit water!  
Come on, ships from the lower bay! pass up or down, white-sail'd  
schooners, sloops, lighters!  
Flaunt away, flags of all nations! be duly lower'd at sunset!  
Burn high your fires, foundry chimneys! cast black shadows at  
nightfall! cast red and yellow light over the tops of the houses!  
Appearances, now or henceforth, indicate what you are,  
You necessary film, continue to envelop the soul,  
About my body for me, and your body for you, be hung our di-  
vinest aromas,  
Thrive, cities--bring your freight, bring your shows, ample and  
sufficient rivers,  
Expand, being than which none else is perhaps more spiritual,  
Keep your places, objects than which none else is more lasting.

You have waited, you always wait, you dumb, beautiful ministers,  
We receive you with free sense at last, and are insatiate hence-  
forward,  
Not you any more shall be able to foil us, or withhold yourselves  
from us,  
We use you, and do not cast you aside--we plant you perma-  
nently within us,  
We fathom you not--we love you--there is perfection in you also,  
You furnish your parts toward eternity,  
Great or small, you furnish your parts toward the soul.