




Ralph Waldo Emerson  
(1803-1882)

# Hamatreya

from: Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Early Poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson. New York, Boston,  
Thomas Y. Crowell & Company: 1899. Introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole.

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Minott, Lee, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint,  
Possessed the land, which rendered to their toil  
Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and wood.  
Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,  
Saying, "'Tis mine, my children's, and my name's.  
How sweet the west wind sounds in my own trees;  
How graceful climb those shadows on my hill;  
I fancy those pure waters and the flags  
Know me as does my dog: we sympathize,  
And, I affirm, my actions smack of the soil."  
Where are those men? Asleep beneath their grounds,  
And strangers, fond as they, their furrows plough.

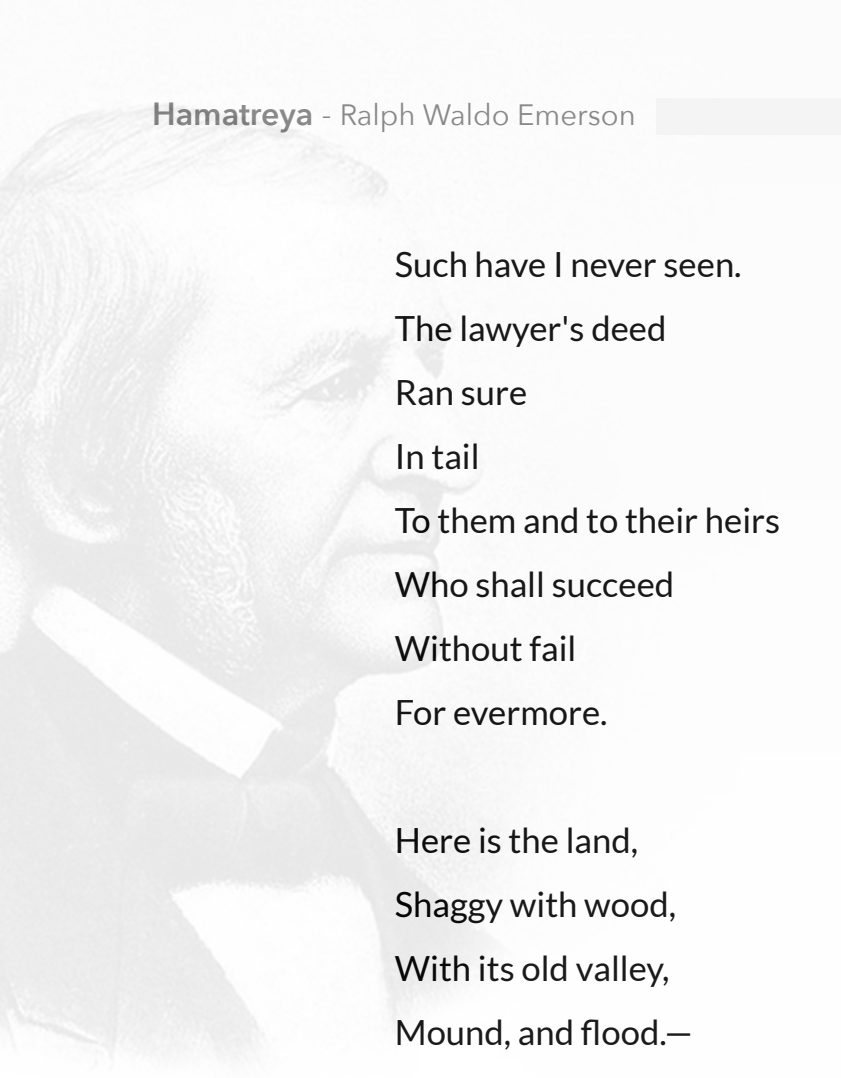


Earth laughs in flowers to see her boastful boys  
Earth proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs;  
Who steer the plough, but cannot steer their feet  
Clear of the grave.—  
They added ridge to valley, brook to pond,  
And sighed for all that bounded their domain,  
"This suits me for a pasture; that's my park,  
We must have clay, lime, gravel, granite-ledge,  
And misty lowland where to go for peat.  
The land is well, —lies fairly to the south.  
'Tis good, when you have crossed the sea and back,  
To find the sitfast acres where you left them."  
Ah! the hot owner sees not Death, who adds  
Him to his land, a lump of mould the more.

Hear what the Earth says:

#### EARTH-SONG.

Mine and yours,  
Mine not yours.  
Earth endures,  
Stars abide,  
Shine down in the old sea,  
Old are the shores,  
But where are old men?  
I who have seen much,



Such have I never seen.  
The lawyer's deed  
Ran sure  
In tail  
To them and to their heirs  
Who shall succeed  
Without fail  
For evermore.

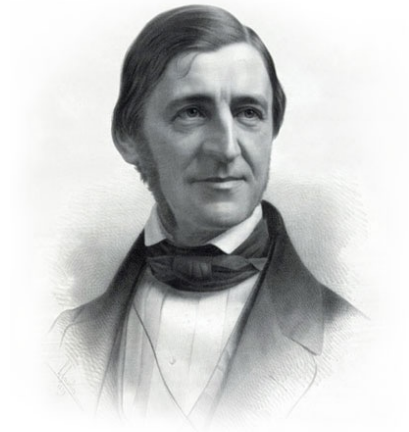
Here is the land,  
Shaggy with wood,  
With its old valley,  
Mound, and flood.—  
But the heritors—  
Fled like the flood's foam;  
The lawyer, and the laws,  
And the kingdom,  
Clean swept herefrom.

They called me theirs,  
Who so controlled me;

Yet every one  
Wished to stay, and is gone.  
How am I theirs,  
If they cannot hold me,  
But I hold them?

When I heard the Earth-song,  
I was no longer brave;  
My avarice cooled  
Like lust in the chill of the grave..

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