

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Emma Lazarus**

**- poems -**

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## 1492

Thou two-faced year, Mother of Change and Fate,  
Didst weep when Spain cast forth with flaming sword,  
The children of the prophets of the Lord,  
Prince, priest, and people, spurned by zealot hate.  
Hounded from sea to sea, from state to state,  
The West refused them, and the East abhorred.  
No anchorage the known world could afford,  
Close-locked was every port, barred every gate.  
Then smiling, thou unveil'dst, O two-faced year,  
A virgin world where doors of sunset part,  
Saying, "Ho, all who weary, enter here!  
There falls each ancient barrier that the art  
Of race or creed or rank devised, to rear  
Grim bulwarked hatred between heart and heart!"

Emma Lazarus

## Assurance

Last night I slept, and when I woke her kiss  
Still floated on my lips. For we had strayed  
Together in my dream, through some dim glade,  
Where the shy moonbeams scarce dared light our bliss.  
The air was dank with dew, between the trees,  
The hidden glow-worms kindled and were spent.  
Cheek pressed to cheek, the cool, the hot night-breeze  
Mingled our hair, our breath, and came and went,  
As sporting with our passion. Low and deep  
Spoke in mine ear her voice: "And didst thou dream,  
This could be buried? This could be sleep?  
And love be thrall to death! Nay, whatso seem,  
Have faith, dear heart; *this is the thing that is!*"  
Thereon I woke, and on my lips her kiss.

Emma Lazarus

## Chopin

### I

A dream of interlinking hands, of feet  
Tireless to spin the unseen, fairy woof  
Of the entangling waltz. Bright eyebeams meet,  
Gay laughter echoes from the vaulted roof.  
Warm perfumes rise; the soft unflickering glow  
Of branching lights sets off the changeful charms  
Of glancing gems, rich stuffs, the dazzling snow  
Of necks unkerchieft, and bare, clinging arms.  
Hark to the music! How beneath the strain  
Of reckless revelry, vibrates and sobs  
One fundamental chord of constant pain,  
The pulse-beat of the poet's heart that throbs.  
So yearns, though all the dancing waves rejoice,  
The troubled sea's disconsolate, deep voice.

### II

Who shall proclaim the golden fable false  
Of Orpheus' miracles? This subtle strain  
Above our prose-world's sordid loss and gain  
Lightly uplifts us. With the rhythmic waltz,  
The lyric prelude, the nocturnal song  
Of love and languor, varied visions rise,  
That melt and blend to our enchanted eyes.  
The Polish poet who sleeps silenced long,  
The seraph-souled musician, breathes again  
Eternal eloquence, immortal pain.  
Revived the exalted face we know so well,  
The illuminated eyes, the fragile frame,  
Slowly consuming with its inward flame,  
We stir not, speak not, lest we break the spell.

### III

A voice was needed, sweet and true and fine  
As the sad spirit of the evening breeze,  
Throbbing with human passion, yet divine  
As the wild bird's untutored melodies.  
A voice for him 'neath twilight heavens dim,  
Who mourneth for his dead, while round him fall  
The wan and noiseless leaves. A voice for him  
Who sees the first green sprout, who hears the call  
Of the first robin on the first spring day.  
A voice for all whom Fate hath set apart,  
Who, still misprized, must perish by the way,  
Longing with love, for that they lack the art  
Of their own soul's expression. For all these  
Sing the unspoken hope, the vague, sad reveries.

#### IV

Then Nature shaped a poet's heart--a lyre  
From out whose chords the lightest breeze that blows  
Drew trembling music, wakening sweet desire.  
How shall she cherish him? Behold! she throws  
This precious, fragile treasure in the whirl  
Of seething passions; he is scourged and stung,  
Must dive in storm-vest seas, if but one pearl  
Of art or beauty therefrom may be wrung.  
No pure-browed pensive nymph his Muse shall be,  
An amazon of thought with sovereign eyes,  
Whose kiss was poison, man-brained, worldly-wise,  
Inspired that elfin, delicate harmony.  
Rich gain for us! But with him is it well?  
The poet who must sound earth, heaven, and hell!

Emma Lazarus

## City Visions

### I

As the blind Milton's memory of light,  
The deaf Beethoven's phantasy of tone,  
Wrought joys for them surpassing all things known  
In our restricted sphere of sound and sight,--  
So while the glaring streets of brick and stone  
Vix with heat, noise, and dust from morn till night,  
I will give rein to Fancy, taking flight  
From dismal now and here, and dwell alone  
With new-enfranchised senses. All day long,  
Think ye 't is I, who sit 'twixt darkened walls,  
While ye chase beauty over land and sea?  
Uplift on wings of some rare poet's song  
Where the wide billow laughs and leaps and falls,  
I soar cloud-high, free as the winds are free.

### II

Who grasps the substance? who 'mid shadows strays?  
He who within some dark-bright wood reclines,  
'Twixt sleep and waking, where the needled pines  
Have cushioned al his couch with soft brown sprays?  
He notes not how the living water shines,  
Trembling along the cliff, a flickering haze,  
Brimming a wine-bright pool, nor lifts his gaze  
To read the ancient wonders and the signs.  
Does he possess the actual, or do I,  
Who paint on air more than his sense receives,  
The glittering pine-tufts with closed eyes behold,  
Breathe the strong resinous perfume, see the sky  
Quiver like azure flame between the leaves,  
And open unseen gates with key of gold?

Emma Lazarus

## Critic and Poet: an Epilogue

*("Poetry must be simple, sensuous, or impassioned; this man is neither simple, sensuous, nor impassioned; therefore he is not a poet")*

No man had ever heard a nightingale,  
When once a keen-eyed naturalist was stirred  
To study and define--what is a bird,  
To classify by rote and book, nor fail  
To mark its structure and to note the scale  
Whereon its song might possibly be heard.  
Thus far, no farther;--so he spake the word.  
When of a sudden,--hark, the nightingale!

Oh deeper, higher than he could divine  
That all-unearthly, untaught strain! He saw  
The plain, brown warbler, unabashed. "Not mine"  
(He cried) "the error of this fatal flaw.  
No bird is this, it soars beyond my line,  
Were it a bird, 'twould answer to my law."

Emma Lazarus

## Destiny

<i>1856</i>

Paris, from throats of iron, silver, brass,  
Joy-thundering cannon, blent with chiming bells,  
And martial strains, the full-voiced pæan swells.  
The air is starred with flags, the chanted mass  
Throngs all the churches, yet the broad streets swarm  
With glad-eyed groups who chatter, laugh, and pass,  
In holiday confusion, class with class.  
And over all the spring, the sun-floods warm!  
In the Imperial palace that March morn,  
The beautiful young mother lay and smiled;  
For by her side just breathed the Prince, her child,  
Heir to an empire, to the purple born,  
Crowned with the Titan's name that stirs the heart  
Like a blown clarion--one more Bonaparte.

<i>1879</i>

Born to the purple, lying stark and dead,  
Transfixed with poisoned spears, beneath the sun  
Of brazen Africa! Thy grave is one,  
Fore-fated youth (on whom were visited  
Follies and sins not thine), whereat the world,  
Heartless howe'er it be, will pause to sing  
A dirge, to breathe a sigh, a wreath to fling  
Of rosemary and rue with bay-leaves curled.  
Enmeshed in toils ambitious, not thine own,  
Immortal, loved boy-Prince, thou tak'st thy stand  
With early doomed Don Carlos, hand in hand  
With mild-browed Arthur, Geoffrey's murdered son.  
Louis the Dauphin lifts his thorn-ringed head,  
And welcomes thee, his brother, 'mongst the dead.

Emma Lazarus

## Echoes

Late-born and woman-souled I dare not hope,  
The freshness of the elder lays, the might  
Of manly, modern passion shall alight  
Upon my Muse's lips, nor may I cope  
(Who veiled and screened by womanhood must grope)  
With the world's strong-armed warriors and recite  
The dangers, wounds, and triumphs of the fight;  
Twanging the full-stringed lyre through all its scope.  
But if thou ever in some lake-floored cave  
O'erbrowed by rocks, a wild voice wooed and heard,  
Answering at once from heaven and earth and wave,  
Lending elf-music to thy harshest word,  
Misprize thou not these echoes that belong  
To one in love with solitude and song.

Emma Lazarus

## **From One Augur to Another**

So, Calchas, on the sacred Palatine,  
You thought of Mopsus, and o'er wastes of sea  
A flower brought your message. I divine  
(Through my deep art) the kindly mockery  
That played about your lips and in your eyes,  
Plucking the frail leaf, while you dreamed of home.  
Thanks for the silent greeting! I shall prize,  
Beyond June's rose, the scentless flower of Rome.  
All the Campagna spreads before my sight,  
The mouldering wall, the Caesars' tombs unwreathed,  
Rome and the Tiber, and the yellow light,  
Wherein the honey-colored blossom breathed.  
But most I thank it--egoists that we be!  
For proving then and there you thought of me.

Emma Lazarus

## **In the Jewish Synagogue at Newport**

Here, where the noises of the busy town,  
The ocean's plunge and roar can enter not,  
We stand and gaze around with tearful awe,  
And muse upon the consecrated spot.

No signs of life are here: the very prayers  
Inscribed around are in a language dead;  
The light of the "perpetual lamp" is spent  
That an undying radiance was to shed.

What prayers were in this temple offered up,  
Wrung from sad hearts that knew no joy on earth,  
By these lone exiles of a thousand years,  
From the fair sunrise land that gave them birth!

How as we gaze, in this new world of light,  
Upon this relic of the days of old,  
The present vanishes, and tropic bloom  
And Eastern towns and temples we behold.

Again we see the patriarch with his flocks,  
The purple seas, the hot blue sky o'erhead,  
The slaves of Egypt, -- omens, mysteries, --  
Dark fleeing hosts by flaming angels led.

A wondrous light upon a sky-kissed mount,  
A man who reads Jehovah's written law,  
'Midst blinding glory and effulgence rare,  
Unto a people prone with reverent awe.

The pride of luxury's barbaric pomp,  
In the rich court of royal Solomon --  
Alas! we wake: one scene alone remains, --  
The exiles by the streams of Babylon.

Our softened voices send us back again  
But mournful echoes through the empty hall:  
Our footsteps have a strange unnatural sound,  
And with unwonted gentleness they fall.

The weary ones, the sad, the suffering,  
All found their comfort in the holy place,  
And children's gladness and men's gratitude  
'Took voice and mingled in the chant of praise.

The funeral and the marriage, now, alas!  
We know not which is sadder to recall;  
For youth and happiness have followed age,  
And green grass lieth gently over all.

Nathless the sacred shrine is holy yet,  
With its lone floors where reverent feet once trod.

Take off your shoes as by the burning bush,  
Before the mystery of death and God.

Emma Lazarus

## **Influence**

The fervent, pale-faced Mother ere she sleep,  
Looks out upon the zigzag-lighted square,  
The beautiful bare trees, the blue night-air,  
The revelation of the star-strewn deep,  
World above world, and heaven over heaven.  
Between the tree-tops and the skies, her sight  
Rests on a steadfast, ruddy-shining light,  
High in the tower, an earthly star of even.  
Hers is the faith in saints' and angels' power,  
And mediating love--she breathes a prayer  
For yon tired watcher in the gray old tower.  
He the shrewd, skeptic poet unaware  
Feels comforted and stilled, and knows not whence  
Falls this unwonted peace on heart and sense.

Emma Lazarus

## Life and Art

Not while the fever of the blood is strong,  
The heart throbs loud, the eyes are veiled, no less  
With passion than with tears, the Muse shall bless  
The poet-sould to help and soothe with song.  
Not then she bids his trembling lips express  
The aching gladness, the voluptuous pain.  
Life is his poem then; flesh, sense, and brain  
One full-stringed lyre attuned to happiness.  
But when the dream is done, the pulses fail,  
The day's illusion, with the day's sun set,  
He, lonely in the twilight, sees the pale  
Divine Consoler, featured like Regret,  
Enter and clasp his hand and kiss his brow.  
Then his lips ope to sing--as mine do now.

Emma Lazarus

## Long Island Sound

I see it as it looked one afternoon  
In August,-by a fresh soft breeze o'erblown.  
The swiftness of the tide, the light thereon,  
A far-off sail, white as a crescent moon.  
The shining waters with pale currents strewn,  
The quiet fishing-smacks, the Eastern cove,  
The semi-circle of its dark, green grove.  
The luminous grasses, and the merry sun  
In the grave sky; the sparkle far and wide,  
Laughter of unseen children, cheerful chirp  
Of crickets, and low lisp of rippling tide,  
Light summer clouds fantastical as sleep  
Changing unnoted while I gazed thereon.  
All these fair sounds and sights I made my own.

Emma Lazarus

## Marriage Bells

Music and silver chimes and sunlit air,  
Freighted with the scent of honeyed orange-flower;  
Glad, friendly festal faces everywhere.  
She, rapt from all in this unearthly hour,  
With cloudlike, cast-back veil and faint-flushed cheek,  
In bridal beauty moves as in a trance  
Alone with him, and fears to breathe, to speak,  
Lest the rare, subtle spell dissolve perchance.  
But he upon that floral head looks down,  
Noting the misty eyes, the grave sweet brow--  
Doubts if her bliss be perfect as his own,  
And dedicates anew with inward vow  
His soul unto her service, to repay  
Richly the sacrifice she yields this day.

Emma Lazarus

## **St Michael's Chapel**

When the vexed hubbub of our world of gain  
Roars round about me as I walk the street,  
The myriad noise of Traffic, and the beat  
Of Toil's incessant hammer, the fierce strain  
Of struggle hand to hand and brain to brain,  
Ofttimes a sudden dream my sense will cheat,  
The gaudy shops, the sky-piled roofs retreat,  
And all at once I stand enthralled again  
Within a marble minster over-seas.  
I watch the solemn gold-stained gloom that creeps  
To kiss an alabaster tomb, where sleeps  
A lady 'twixt two knights' stone effigies,  
And every day in dusky glory steeps  
Their sculptured slumber of five centuries.

Emma Lazarus

## Success

Oft have I brooded on defeat and pain,  
The pathos of the stupid, stumbling throng.  
These I ignore to-day and only long  
To pour my soul forth in one trumpet strain,  
One clear, grief-shattering, triumphant song,  
For all the victories of man's high endeavor,  
Palm-bearing, laurel deeds that live forever,  
The splendor clothing him whose will is strong.  
Hast thou beheld the deep, glad eyes of one  
Who has persisted and achieved? Rejoice!  
On naught diviner shines the all-seeing sun.  
Salute him with free heart and choral voice,  
'Midst flippant, feeble crowds of spectres wan,  
The bold, significant, successful man.

Emma Lazarus

## Sympathy

Therefore I dare reveal my private woe,  
The secret blots of my imperfect heart,  
Nor strive to shrink or swell mine own desert,  
Nor beautify nor hide. For this I know,  
That even as I am, thou also art.  
Thou past heroic forms unmoved shalt go,  
To pause and bide with me, to whisper low:  
"Not I alone am weak, not I apart  
Must suffer, struggle, conquer day by day.  
Here is my very cross by strangers borne,  
Here is my bosom-sin wherefrom I pray  
Hourly deliverance--this my rose, my thorn.  
This woman my soul's need can understand,  
Stretching o'er silent gulfs her sister hand."

Emma Lazarus

## Symphonic Studies (After Schumann)

### *Prelude*

Blue storm-clouds in hot heavens of mid-July  
Hung heavy, brooding over land and sea:  
Our hearts, a-tremble, throbbed in harmony  
With the wild, restless tone of air and sky.  
Shall we not call im Prospero who held  
In his enchanted hands the fateful key  
Of that tempestuous hour's mystery,  
And with controlling wand our spirits spelled,  
With him to wander by a sun-bright shore,  
To hear fine, fairy voices, and to fly  
With disembodied Ariel once more  
Above earth's wrack and ruin? Far and nigh  
The laughter of the thunder echoed loud,  
And harmless lightnings leapt from cloud to cloud.

### I

Floating upon a swelling wave of sound,  
We seemed to overlook an endless sea:  
Poised 'twixt clear heavens and glittering surf were we.  
We drank the air in flight: we knew no bound  
To the audacious ventures of desire.  
Nigh us the sun was dropping, drowned in gold;  
Deep, deep below the burning billows rolled;  
And all the sea sang like a smitten lyre.  
Oh, the wild voices of those chanting waves!  
The human faces glimpsed beneath the tide!  
Familiar eyes gazed from profound sea-caves,  
And we, exalted, were as we had died.  
We knew the sea was Life, the harmonious cry  
The blended discords of humanity.

### II

Look deeper yet: mark 'midst the wave-blurred mass,  
In lines distinct, in colors clear defined,  
The typic groups and figures of mankind.  
Behold within the cool and liquid glass  
Bright child-folk sporting with smooth yellow shells,  
Astride of dolphins, leaping up to kiss  
Fair mother-faces. From the vast abyss  
How joyously their thought-free laughter wells!  
Some slumber in grim caverns unafraid,  
Lulled by the overwhelming water's sound,  
And some make mouths at dragons, undismayed.  
Oh dauntless innocence! The gulfs profound  
Reëcho strangely with their ringing glee,  
And with wise mermaids' plaintive melody.

### III

What do the sea-nymphs in that coral cave?  
With wondering eyes their supple forms they bend  
O'er something rarely beautiful. They lend  
Their lithe white arms, and through the golden wave  
They lift it tenderly. Oh blinding sight!  
A naked, radiant goddess, tranced in sleep,  
Full-limbed, voluptuous, 'neath the mantling sweep  
Of auburn locks that kiss her ankles white!  
Upward they bear her, chanting low and sweet:  
The clinging waters part before their way,  
Jewels of flame are dancing 'neath their feet.  
Up in the sunshine, on soft foam, they lay  
Their precious burden, and return forlorn.  
Oh, bliss! oh, anguish! Mortals, Love is born!

### IV

Hark! from unfathomable deeps a dirge  
Swells sobbing through the melancholy air:  
Where love has entered, Death is also there.  
The wail outrings the chafed, tumultuous surge;  
Ocean and earth, the illimitable skies,  
Prolong one note, a mourning for the dead,  
The cry of souls not to be comforted.  
What piercing music! Funeral visions rise,  
And send the hot tears raining down our cheek.  
We see the silent grave upon the hill  
With its lone lilac-bush. O heart, be still!  
She will not rise, she will not stir nor speak.  
Surely, the unreturning dead are blest.  
Ring on, sweet dirge, and knell us to our rest!

### V

Upon the silver beach the undines dance  
With interlinking arms and flying hair;  
Like polished marble gleam their limbs left bare;  
Upon their virgin rites pale moonbeams glance.  
Softer the music! for their foam-bright feet  
Print not the moist floor where they trip their round:  
Affrighted they will scatter at a sound,  
Leap in their cool sea-chambers, nibly fleet,  
And we shall doubt that we have ever seen,  
While our sane eyes behold stray wreaths of mist,  
Shot with faint colors by the moon-rays kissed,  
Floating snow-soft, snow-white, where these had been.

Already, look! the wave-washed sands are bare,  
And mocking laughter ripples through the air.

## VI

Divided 'twixt the dream-world and the real,  
We heard the waxing passion of the song  
Soar as to scale the heavens on pinions strong.  
Amidst the long-reverberant thunder-peal,  
Against the rain-blurred square of light, the head  
Of the pale poet at the lyric keys  
Stood boldly cut, absorbed in reveries,  
While over it keen-bladed lightnings played.  
"Rage on, wild storm!" the music seemed to sing:  
"Not all the thunders of thy wrath can move  
The soul that's dedicate to worshipping  
Eternal Beauty, everlasting Love."  
No more! the song was ended, and behold,  
A rainbow trembling on a sky of gold!

## <i>Epilogue</i>

Forth in the sunlit, rain-bathed air we stepped,  
Sweet with the dripping grass and flowering vine,  
And saw through irised clouds the pale sun shine.  
Back o'er the hills the rain-mist slowly crept  
Like a transparent curtain's silvery sheen;  
And fronting us the painted bow was arched,  
Whereunder the majestic cloud-shapes marched:  
In the wet, yellow light the dazzling green  
Of lawn and bush and tree seemed stained with blue.  
Our hearts o'erflowed with peace. With smiles we spake  
Of partings in the past, of courage new,  
Of high achievement, of the dreams that make  
A wonder and a glory of our days,  
And all life's music but a hymn of praise.

Emma Lazarus

## **The Cranes of Ibycus**

Here was a man who watched the river flow  
Past the huge town, one gray November day.  
Round him in narrow high-piled streets at play  
The boys made merry as they saw him go,  
Murmuring half-loud, with eyes upon the stream,  
The immortal screed he held within his hand.  
For he was walking in an April land  
With Faust and Helen. Shadowy as a dream  
Was the prose-world, the river and the town.  
Wild joy possessed him; through enchanted skies  
He saw the cranes of Ibycus swoop down.  
He closed the page, he lifted up his eyes,  
Lo--a black line of birds in wavering thread  
Bore him the greetings of the deathless dead!

Emma Lazarus

## **The Crowing of the Red Cock**

Across the Eastern sky has glowed  
The flicker of a blood-red dawn,  
Once more the clarion cock has crowed,  
Once more the sword of Christ is drawn.  
A million burning rooftrees light  
The world-wide path of Israel's flight.

Where is the Hebrew's fatherland?  
The folk of Christ is sore bestead;  
The Son of Man is bruised and banned,  
Nor finds whereon to lay his head.  
His cup is gall, his meat is tears,  
His passion lasts a thousand years.

Each crime that wakes in man the beast,  
Is visited upon his kind.  
The lust of mobs, the greed of priest,  
The tyranny of kings, combined  
To root his seed from earth again,  
His record is one cry of pain.

When the long roll of Christian guilt  
Against his sires and kin is known,  
The flood of tears, the life-blood spilt,  
The agony of ages shown,  
What oceans can the stain remove,  
From Christian law and Christian love?

Nay, close the book; not now, not here,  
The hideous tale of sin narrate,  
Reëchoing in the martyr's ear,  
Even he might nurse revengeful hate,  
Even he might turn in wrath sublime,  
With blood for blood and crime for crime.

Coward? Not he, who faces death,  
Who singly against worlds has fought,  
For what? A name he may not breathe,  
For liberty of prayer and thought.  
The angry sword he will not whet,  
His nobler task is -- to forget.

Emma Lazarus

## **The New Colossus**

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she  
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Emma Lazarus

## The New Ezekiel

What, can these dead bones live, whose sap is dried  
By twenty scorching centuries of wrong?  
Is this the House of Israel, whose pride  
Is as a tale that's told, an ancient song?  
Are these ignoble relics all that live  
Of psalmist, priest, and prophet? Can the breath  
Of very heaven bid these bones revive,  
Open the graves and clothe the ribs of death?

Yea, Prophecy, the Lord hath said. Again  
Say to the wind, Come forth and breathe afresh,  
Even that they may live upon these slain,  
And bone to bone shall leap, and flesh to flesh.  
The Spirit is not dead, proclaim the word,  
Where lay dead bones, a host of armed men stand!  
I ope your graves, my people, saith the Lord,  
And I shall place you living in your land.

Emma Lazarus

## **The Supreme Sacrifice**

Well-nigh two thousand years hath Israel  
Suffered the scorn of man for love of God;  
Endured the outlaw's ban, the yoke, the rod,  
With perfect patience. Empires rose and fell,  
Around him Nebo was adored and Bel;  
Edom was drunk with victory, and trod  
On his high places, while the sacred sod  
Was desecrated by the infidel.  
His faith proved steadfast, without breach or flaw,  
But now the last renouncement is required.  
His truth prevails, his God is God, his Law  
Is found the wisdom most to be desired.  
Not his the glory! He, maligned, misknown,  
Bows his meek head, and says, "Thy will be done!"

Emma Lazarus

## **The Taming of the Falcon**

The bird sits spelled upon the lithe brown wrist  
Of yonder turbaned fowler, who had lamed  
No feather limb, but the winged spirit tamed  
With his compelling eye. He need not trust  
The silken coil, not set the thick-limed snare;  
He lures the wanderer with his steadfast gaze,  
It shrinks, it quails, it trembles yet obeys.  
And, lo! he has enslaved the thing of air.  
The fixed, insistent human will is lord  
Of all the earth;--but in the awful sky  
Reigns absolute, unreached by deed or word  
Above creation; through eternity,  
Outshining the sun's shield, the lightning's sword,  
The might of Allah's unaverted eye.

Emma Lazarus

## **To R.W.E.**

As when a father dies, his children draw  
About the empty hearth, their loss to cheat  
With uttered praise & love, & oft repeat  
His all-familiar words with whispered awe.  
The honored habit of his daily law,  
Not for his sake, but theirs whose feeble feet  
Need still that guiding lamp, whose faith, less sweet,  
Misses that tempered patience without flaw,  
So do we gather round thy vacant chair,  
In thine own elm-roofed, amber-rivered town,  
Master & Father! For the love we bear,  
Not for thy fame's sake, do we weave this crown,  
And feel thy presence in the sacred air,  
Forbidding us to weep that thou art gone.

Emma Lazarus

## Venus of the Louvre

Down the long hall she glistens like a star,  
The foam-born mother of Love, transfixed to stone,  
Yet none the less immortal, breathing on.  
Time's brutal hand hath maimed but could not mar.  
When first the enthralled enchantress from afar  
Dazzled mine eyes, I saw not her alone,  
Serenely poised on her world-worshipped throne,  
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car,--  
But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,  
Her life adorer, sobbed farewell to love.  
Here Heine wept! Here still he weeps anew,  
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move,  
While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,  
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic plain.

Emma Lazarus