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Feudal Music in Dakota

By Walt Whitman

"The Seventeenth - the finest Regimental Band I ever heard."

Through the soft every air enwrap'd, ally
Rocks, woods, fort, cannon, faces compact
Ranged in the band, yellow plumes:

The dulcet streams in flute, 'a cornet, notes,
Electric, pensive, turbulent, artificial.
(Yet fitting thee, O Nature, even here—man
we've known before.
Sadder than ever—our harmony—as if born
here—related here.
Not to the city's pressed rooms—not to the
audience of the opera house.
Sounds, songs, trills, wandering strains as
really three we wound here at home;
Sonnambula's innocent love—trials, with
Norma's anguish
And thy ecstatic chorus Polente.
May'd in the simple yellow cloud. Daybreak
Music. Italian, music in Dakota.

While Nature, sovereign of this
nursted realm,
Looking in dark broken frames—
acknowledged, nature, however far around
As some old root or soul of earth; it
true born flower or fruit,
Listens well pleased.)