SONG OF THE UNIVERSAL

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

WALT WHITMAN
Song of the Universal

Walt Whitman, Camden, N. J., June 17, 1876.
Come, aid the Muse,
Sing me a song no poet yet has
That cheerful thought, fresh from the
Primal source, to-day
Of freedom, firm, the restorer,
Singing leading the Universal
Antithetic

Globe
Of this round and the Earth,
Of every planet-star on
Some, all, dividing them
Or clustering, or lesser orb.

True
Spring the measureless progress
The day,

Nestled, enclosed, with its central
Head hidden
Nestled in little by perfection.
Of each humanity of our life
Haply the like seed makes.
In all humanity, let the work (concealed or unconcealed) this seed is waited.

Would will we the scheme and its unfolding question?
Would we doubt God?

Not them alone, therefore.
Come, said the Muse,
Singing she so soft, no poet yet has chanted
Song of the Universal

Thought of the Universal

(must be cantabile)

In human distress,
Dark in the evil shadows
The measureless, the hollow, the hollow
A strain is heard, a distant sound is heard, it is of thin
Content, a sweet, a sweet sound, it enters
From hence, from thence, from some
Great chorus floats,
And in the primal souls of all men,
Comes the glimmer, one ray of
Perfect light
One flash, a particle of perfect light
A welcome proof, though momentous
Of ever. For faith, the recollection
Faint in the young man’s soul
all the vast mass
through the crusty 
lichen

Give me some hope or let me know,

Do you feel a sprinkled tallow
Whenever one withholds and Belief in a life beyond the

Belief in life beyond the

Health

In God's long scheme.
Christ,
Socrates,
Buddha
Confucius

All the savants of the earth
of the mighty known, the countless
unknown mightier yet.

From sin & sorrow
From measureless disease & imperfection
From craft & guile & tears

All shall
Shall yet emerge perfection
Health shall emerge & love
Joy shall emerge!
Joy universal
SONG OF THE UNIVERSAL.
BY WALT WHITMAN.

1. Come, let the Muse,
Singe us a song no poet yet has chanted,
Singe us the Universal.

In this broad Earth of ours,
Awhile the inexhaustible song and the stag,
Beneath the four arms and the sun,
Nestled the soul Perfection.
By every life a share, or more or less,
None born but it is born—conceal'd or unconceal'd, the seed is waiting.

2. Lo! keen-eyed, towering Science!
As from all peaks the Modern overlooking,
Universe, absolute free living.
Yet again, lo! the Soul—above all science;
For it, the History gathered like hawks around the globe;
For it, the wiser one-by-one roll through the sky.
In spirit, made by long duration,
As a wreck-taunting ship upon the sea.
For it, the partial is the permanent flowing,
For it, the Ideal leads.
For it, the apostle resolution;
Not the right only justified—but what we call evil also justified.

Forth from their monads, no matter what,
From the huge, furrowing tree—heroes craft and galilei and tram,
Health to emerge, and joy—joy universal.
Out of the bulk, the world and the shallow,
Out of the bad majority—the varied, various frauds of men and States,
Electric, antipathetic—cleaning, soothing all,
Only the Good is universal.

3. Over the mountain growth of disease and sorrow,
An unknown bird is ever hoarse singing, hoarse singing,
High in the pines, happier air.

From imperfection’s murky cloud,
Dare always forth one ray of perfect light,
The latch of Heaven’s glory.

To fashion’s costume, disdained,
To the real real, in the shocking organs,
Nothing till a strange flood is heard, just heard,
From out far shine, the final chorus sounding.

4. O the blind ye! the happy hearts!
That saw—that knew the golden thread as fine,
Along the mighty labyrinth!

And thou, American!
For the Scheme’s sublimation—its Thought, and its Reality,
For the final, (not for myself), Thou hast arrived.
Thou too surroundest all;
Embracing, moving, welcoming all, Thou too, by pathways broad and new,
To the Ideal tendest.

The answer’d blessings of other lands—the grounds of the past,
Are not for Thine—but grounds of Thine own;
Finite faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All alike to all.

5. All, all for immortality!
Love, in the light, silently wrapping all!
Nature’s sanctioning blessing all!
The disclosures, fruits of ages—ordnance divine and certain:
Power, objects, things, immovable, in spiritual Images ripening.

6. Give us, O God, to sing that thought!
Give us—give us our life—our life the greecian faith,
In Thy eminence—whatever else withheld, withheld not from us,
Belief in plain of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.
Is it a dream?
No, but the very life of a dream.
And, fulfilling in life’s bars and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.
Song of the Universal

Come, said the Muse,
Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,
Sing me the Universal.

In this broad Earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness & the slag,
Enclosed & safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed Perfection.

By every life a share, or more or less,
None born but it is born - concealed or unconcealed, the seed is waiting.

Lo, keen-eyed, towering Science!
As from tall peaks the Modern overlooking,
Successive absolute facts issuing.
Yet again, o! the Soul—above all Science.
For it the Dark has entire History gathered
like husks around the globe;
For it, the star-myriads roll through
the sky.

In spiral waves, by long return,
(As a much-tacking ship upon the sea.)
For it, the Partial to the Permanent flowing,
For it, the Real to the Ideal tends.

For it the mystic evolution;
Not the right only justified—what we call evil
also justified.

Forth from this miasms, no matter what,
From the huge, festering trunk—from Craft and
guile & tears,
Health to emerge, joy—joy universal.
Out of the bulk, the marked & the shallow
Out of the bad majority—The varied, countless
bands of men and states.
Electric, antiseptic yet—clearing, suffusing all.
Only the little Good is universal.

3

Over the mountain grows of them,
An uncaught bird is ever hovering, hovering,
High in the pure and happy air.

From imperfections, shouting cloud,
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light
One flush of heaven's glory.

To fashion, customs discard,
To the mad Babel—where, the deceiving office.
Soothing each dull a strain is held, just heard
From some far there, the final chimes sounding.
O the blest eyes! the happy hearts!
That see— that know the guiding thread so fine,
Along the mighty labyrinth.

And Thou, America!
For the Scheme’s culmination—its Thought &
it’s Reality,
For these, (not for thyself) Thou hast arrived.

Thou too surroundest all;
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all. I too too, by
paths, broad & new,
To the Ideal tendest.

The measured faiths of other lands— the grandeur
of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeur of Thine own,
Deity’s faiths & amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending
all
All eligible to all.
All, all for Immortality!
Love, like the light, silently wrapping all,
Natures amelioration blessing all.
The blossoms, fruits of many ages, doing - odors, divine & certain;
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to Spiritual Imm.
ages ripening.

Give me, O God, to sing that thought!
Give me - give him or her I love this Queenless faith,
In Thy ensemble - whatever doe withhold with thee,
not from us,
Belief in plan essential of Thee enclosed in Time & Space
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay, but the luck of it the dream,
And, failing it, life's love & wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.
Song of the Universal.

Come, said the Muse,
Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,
Sing me the Universal.

In this great Earth of ours,
Find the measureless greatness of the flag,
Every life, with its central heart,
Nestles the seed, perfection.

Hold our banners high,
Regions like a sheen, we burn.
In each life, none born, but it is born,
Concealed? or unconscious?, the seed is waiting.

So! keen-eyed, towering Science!
From the tall peaks the modern overlooking,

Yet again, Go! The soul, whose secret essence, things of the Soul!

The stars, they keep up, as fast as the ever old, the new, or ever new, - unrest in forgotten sheets.

Yet for them, their momentary gathers, like a husk with round the globe.

For them, the star myriads, come entire, roll through the sky.
In 8 April 202, (as a much-tackling ship upon the
sea) Went to the Point, to the Land of
Island of the Brae, to the Hebrides.
So absolute beauty, land,
For to the Dean to the Dean lands.

Mystic evolution!
Not the good only justified—what we call evil also
justified.

North from their shores, no matter what,
In plains of God—from craft, guile, and tears,
From the sea, disease, and imperfection.
Necessity to emerge & joy, lurking lingering joy,
Joy universal.

They are the universal,
Out of the book, the morbid & the shallow.
Out of the bad majority, the varied, countless lands
of men & states.

Eternal struggle, since the electric sparks & cleaving, breaking, &c.
The good alone is universal.

Over the mountain-glows of sin & labor,
The sounding bird is ever hovering, hovering,
High in the prouder air.
From such murkiest cloud of evil, 
Darts in at least one ray of perfect light, one 
flash of Heaven's glory.

To fashion custom's discord, 
To the mad Babel, din, the intoxicating orgies, 
At each brief ball a storm is heard, just heard, 
From some far shore, of a grand chorus sounding.

C'Mis the custom's hearing! 4
Of the blest eyes! Of happy hearts! 
That see, that know the guiding thread as plain, 
Along the mighty labyrinth!

For thee, America! not for thyself, 
For the weak scheme's blindness, its thought, is to reality, 
For thee, America! not for thyself, 
For the weak scheme's blindness, its thought, is to reality.

And then the coming of the breath arrived, 
For the ungodly, then hast arrived!

Then too surroundest all! 
Embracing, west, carrying, welcoming all, Then too by
Pathway new, 
To the bleak twentieth,

With thy fierce Wentworth, thy shining, further circling arm, 
With thy fierce Wentworth, thy shining, further circling arm.

The grandeur of the earth, The grandeur of the earth, 
The grandeur of the earth, The grandeur of the earth.
Are not for thee - but grandeur of thee own.
Befie faith and amplitude, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.

All, all for Immortality -
Love like the light silently wrapping all!
Nature's amenorrhea blessing all!
By throstles, brays, at last green, orchardly vigorous & content!
All objects, forms, instruments, to Spiritual Images rising.

Give me. O grant to bring them of thee;
Give me - give him or her I love, this greenness with
Water, peace, salvation universal;
Nature, that withheld not from us,
Belief in life beyond the distant of life.
Belief in plan eventual of thee, enclosed in Time,
Containing all explained or unexplained.
Belief in thy ensemble.

Is it a dream?
May, but the want of it the dream,
And, lacking it, life's love & wealth a dream.
And all the world a dream.
H. M. O.

This is unique in all odds
the best thing (cents, only) for

When in Whitman, the don't

can use a

his fiction. For all the good

he has one with tales.

I don't

lincoln would have

be a miniature copy on the

sent for one miniature? 

E. A. 8.

Do be careful

M. Stues