

"Heirs of Time," Inscribed to Edward Bellamy

From street and square, from hill and glen
Of this vast world beyond my door,
I hear the tread of marching men
The patient armies of the poor.

The halo of the city's lamps
Hangs, a vast torchlight, in the air;
I watch it through the evening damps,
The masters of the world are there.

Not ermine-clad or clothed in state,
Their title-deeds not yet made plain;
But waking early, toiling late,
The heirs of all the earth remain.

Some day, by laws as fixed and fair
As guide the planets in their sweep,
The children of each outcast heir
The harvest-fruits of time shall reap.

The peasant brain shall yet be wise,
The untamed pulse grow calm and still;
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,
And work in peace Time's wondrous will.

Some day, without a trumpet's call
This news will o'er the world be blown;
"The heritage comes back to all!
The myriad monarchs take their own!"

"Memorial Ode," Read before the Grand Army Posts
of Boston in 1881.