

At the Circus

A daring athlete, maying to and fro
Matching ~~his~~ motions to the music made
By horns and cornets softly blown, while flow
~~the~~ murmurs of admiration from the crowd
Precursive of the plaudits long and loud
That wait to greet thee like a fusillade, -
Which ^{ye all unconscious &} ~~thou~~ canst not press the spell,
~~While thou dost gaze thyself so far aloft,~~
With which dost whirp
The buried years to rise again, as oft
The unexpected smell
Of well-flower or of hidden asphalt
Nath' nath' made them rise and yell against the flow
They carried from the earth so long ago.

I look upon the sea
Of children's faces upon every side,
And there come back to me
The day and scenes wherein the purple tide
Of joy was at the flood
In every vein through which my beating heart

"What grander tomb" said he "can there ^{be found}
For one who dies as died my son today
Than that whereon his noblest deeds were done?
Now put all grief away,

And every man unto his post return."
Then walked he calmly to his quarter deck
~~And gave his orders with deep purring voice~~
And with unshaken voice the orders gave
That held his foes in check.

As sunk the sun ^{into} ~~beneath~~ the purple sea
His parting beams shone on a lurid scene
Of floating wrecks that Venice long would mourn
With sorrow deep and keen.

Homeward to Genoa ^{the victors took} ~~Down~~ ^{their way}
And there received the loud acclamations that greet
Those who return triumphant from the strife
Where foemen meet defeat.

~~of~~ A stately palace and a monument
To tell in later days his name and deeds
A grateful nation built for Doria
But not while night succeeds

Propelled the eager blood
That flushed my cheeks and set my lips apart.
As horse and rider sped
Within the charmed ring that seemed to me
A better heaven than that to which they said
Good children ~~go~~ went to find their destiny.

But yet another joy I knew
More constant in its magic power
To give the skies a deeper blue blue
And every day the world renew
With glories of a dreamland dower.

I was in my drum ~~song~~ ~~spring~~ that joy!
Its rattle told a tale to me
That never since to man or boy
Was ~~not~~ told again, nor could it be;
For each new soul that wanders down
To this sad earth from realms afar,
To find his fate as lead or clown
Brings with him from his natal star
A memory that is all his own
~~As makes at sights and sounds that are~~
Of glories that for him alone

The day will be gain on land or sea
Lead in the van of battle, or ~~decide~~^{the fate}
~~by total questions~~

Of questions of his country or real decide
In councils of the state.

~~No more for him ^{on the} ~~that~~ same world
~~in which it shone~~
On which it shone the sun again shall shine~~

No more for him on the same world where
In other days it shone the sun shall shine
And ever in his ears the jingling waves
Shall sing - mail a dirge condign

For buried hopes whose places shall be filled
Throughout the long sad years to come and go
By crowding memories that leave no space
For other hopes to grow.

The sights and sounds of earth recall
Hence in the rattle of my drum
I heard sweet sounds that seemed to come
From that ^{far} home beyond the wall
~~Of flesh that starts its course out.~~
What earth and sky ~~combine~~ build day day
~~But draw higher and higher~~
Around me as I learned to stray
Farther and farther from its light;
And when my soul shall take its flight
To find ~~you~~ ^{another} ~~your~~ ^{surface of} ~~its~~ ^{heart}
I shall ask no more to make complete
The ~~the~~ joy I knew when a child on earth
If they give me a drum ^{in that realm} ~~up~~ ~~to~~ ~~beat~~.

~~The trumpets cease to blow~~
~~The city is empty, let us go.~~
The music has ceased, the lights are low,
The city is empty, let us go.