**CITY OF SHIPS.**

City of ships!  
(O the black ships! O the fierce ships!  
O the beautiful sharp-bow'd steam-ships and sail-ships!)  
City of the world! (for all races are here,  
All the lands of the earth make contributions here;)  
City of the sea! city of hurried and glittering tides!  
City whose gleeful tides continually rush or recede, whirling in and  
out with eddies and foam!  
City of wharves and stores—city of tall façades of marble and iron!  
Proud and passionate city—mettlesome, mad, extravagant city!  
Spring up, O city—not for peace alone, but be indeed yourself,  
warlike!  
Fear not—submit to no models but your own O city!  
Behold me—incarnate me as I have incarnated you!  
I have rejected nothing you offer'd me—whom you adopted I have  
adopted,  
Good or bad I never question you—I love all—I do not condemn any  
thing,  
I chant and celebrate all that is yours—yet peace no more,  
In peace I chanted peace, but now the drum of war is mine,  
War, red war is my song through your streets, O city!

**WORLD TAKE GOOD NOTICE.**

World take good notice, silver stars fading,  
Milky hue ript, weft of white detaching,  
Coals thirty-eight, baleful and burning,  
Scarlet, significant, hands off warning,  
Now and henceforth flaunt from these shores.

**O TAN-FACED PRAIRIE-BOY.**

O tan-faced prairie-boy,  
Before you came to camp came many a welcome gift,  
Praises and presents came and nourishing food, till at last among the  
recruits,  
You came, taciturn, with nothing to give-we but look'd on each other,  
When lo; more than all the gifts of the world you gave me.

**LOOK DOWN FAIR MOON.**

Look down fair moon and bathe this scene,  
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods on faces ghastly, swollen,  
purple,  
On the dead on their backs with arms toss'd wide,  
Pour down your unstinted nimbus sacred moon.

**RECONCILIATION.**

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,  
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be  
utterly lost,  
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash  
again, and ever again, this soil'd world;  
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,  
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin-I draw near,  
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the  
coffin.