

But, ere the eye could take it in,
or mind could comprehension win,

It sunk!—and at our feet.

So, then, Solidity's a crust—

The core of fire below;

All may go well for many a year,

But who can think without a fear

Of horrors that happen so?

MAGNANIMITY BAFLED

(1866)

"Sharp words we had before the fight;

But—now the fight is done—

Look, here's my hand," said the Victor bold,

"Take it—an honest one!

What, holding back? I mean you well;

Though worsted, you strove stoutly, man;

The odds were great; I honor you;

Man honors man.

"Still silent, friend? can grudges be?

Yet am I held a foe?—

Turned to the wall, on his cot he lies—

Never I'll leave him so!

Brave one! I here implore your hand;

Dumb still? all fellowship fled?

Nay, then, I'll have this stubborn hand!"

He snatched it—it was dead.

ON THE SLAIN COLLEGIANS^t

Youth is the time when hearts are large,

And stirring wars

Appeal to the spirit which appeals in turn

To the blade it draws.

If woman incite, and duty show

(Though made the mask of Cain),

The Poems of
Herman Melville,

Edited by Douglas Robillard

The Kent State University Press

Kent, Ohio, & London

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