Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching—give me
the sound of the trumpets and drums!
(The soldiers in companies or regiments—some starting
away, flush'd and reckless,
Some, their time up, returning with thinn'd ranks, young,
yet very old, worn, marching, noticing nothing.)
Give me the shores and wharves heavy-fringed with
black ships!
O such for me! O an intense life, full to repletion and var-
ied!
The life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel, for me!
The saloon of the steamer! the crowded excursion for me!
the torchlight procession!
The dense brigade bound for the war, with high piled mil-
itary wagons following;
People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions,
pagants,
Manhattan streets with their powerful throbs, with beat-
ing drums as now,
The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of
muskets, (even the sight of the wounded.)
Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus,
Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

**DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS.**

The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finish'd Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking,
Down a new-made double grave.

**DRUM-TAPS**

Lo, the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-key'd bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring,
And every blow of the great convulsive drums,
 Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans son and father dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them.)

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumin'd,
('Tis some mother's large transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.)
O strong dead-march you please me! 
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial! 
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light, 
And the bugles and the drums give you music, 
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans, 
My heart gives you love.

OVER THE CARNAGE ROSE PROPHETIC A VOICE.

Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice, 
Be not disheartenéd, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet, 
Those who love each other shall become invincible, 
They shall yet make Columbia victorious.

Sons of the Mother of All, you shall yet be victorious, 
You shall yet laugh to scorn the attacks of all the remainder of the earth.

No danger shall balk Columbia's lovers, 
If need be a thousand shall sternly immolate themselves for one.

One from Massachusetts shall be a Missourian's comrade, 
From Maine and from hot Carolina, and another an Oregonese, shall be friends triune, 
More precious to each other than all the riches of the earth.

To Michigan, Florida perfumes shall tenderly come, 
Not the perfumes of flowers, but sweeter, and wafted beyond death.

It shall be customary in the houses and streets to see manly affection, 
The most dauntless and rude shall touch face to face lightly, 
The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers, 
The continuance of Equality shall be comrades.

These shall tie you and band you stronger than hoops of iron, 
I, ecstatic, O partners! O lands! with the love of lovers tie you.

(Were you looking to be held together by lawyers? 
Or by an agreement on a paper? or by arms? 
Nay, nor the world, nor any living thing, will so cohere.)

I SAW OLD GENERAL AT BAY.

I saw old General at bay, 
(Old as he was, his gray eyes yet shone out in battle like stars,) 
His small force was now completely hemm'd in, in his works, 
He call'd for volunteers to run the enemy's lines, a desperate emergency, 
I saw a hundred and more step forth from the ranks, but two or three were selected,