**VOLUNTARIES**

**by Ralph Waldo Emerson**

I.

Low and mournful be the strain,  
Haughty thought be far from me;  
Tones of penitence and pain,  
Moanings of the Tropic sea;  
Low and tender in the cell  
Where a captive sits in chains,  
Crooning ditties treasured well  
From his Afric's torrid plains.  
Sole estate his sire bequeathed --  
Hapless sire to hapless son --  
Was the wailing song he breathed,  
And his chain when life was done.

What his fault, or what his crime?  
Or what ill planet crossed his prime?  
Heart too soft and will too weak  
To front the fate that fetches near, --  
Dove beneath the vulture's beak; --  
Will song dissuade the thirsty spear?  
Dragged from his mother's arms and breast,  
Displaced, disfurnished here,  
His wistful toil to do his best   
Chilled by a ribald jeer.  
Great men in the Senate sate,  
Sage and hero, side by side,  
Building for their sons the State  
Which they shall rule with pride.  
They forebore to break the chain  
Which bound the dusky tribe,  
Checked by the owners' fierce disdain,  
Lured by "Union" as the bribe.  
Destiny sat by, and said,  
"Pang for pang your seed shall pay,  
Hide in false peace your coward head,  
I bring round the harvest-day."

II.

Freedom all winged expands,  
Nor perches in a narrow place,  
Her broad van seeks unplanted lands,  
She loves a poor and virtuous race.  
Clinging to the colder zone  
Whose dark sky sheds the snow-flake down,  
The snow-flake is her banner's star,  
Her stripes the boreal streamers are.  
Long she loved the Northman well;  
Now the iron age is done,  
She will not refuse to dwell  
With the offspring of the Sun  
Foundling of the desert far,  
Where palms plume and siroccos blaze,  
He roves unhurt the burning ways  
In climates of the summer star.  
He has avenues to God  
Hid from men of northern brain,  
Far beholding, without cloud,  
What these with slowest steps attain.  
If once the generous chief arrive  
To lead him willing to be led,  
For freedom he will strike and strive,  
And drain his heart till he be dead.

III.

In an age of fops and toys,  
Wanting wisdom, void of right,  
Who shall nerve heroic boys  
To hazard all in Freedom's fight, --  
Break sharply off their jolly games,  
Forsake their comrades gay,  
And quit proud homes and youthful dames,  
For famine, toil, and fray?  
Yet on the nimble air benign  
Speed nimbler messages,  
That waft the breath of grace divine  
To hearts in sloth and ease.  
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*  
The youth replies, *I can.*

IV.

Oh, well for the fortunate soul  
Which Music's wings infold,  
Stealing away the memory  
Of sorrows new and old!  
Yet happier he whose inward sight,  
Stayed on his subtile thought,  
Shuts his sense on toys of time,  
To vacant bosoms brought.  
But best befriended of the God  
He who, in evil times,  
Warned by an inward voice,  
Heeds not the darkness and the dread,  
Biding by his rule and choice,  
Feeling only the fiery thread  
Leading over heroic ground,  
Walled with mortal terror round,  
To the aim which him allures,  
And the sweet heaven his deed secures.

Stainless soldier on the walls,  
Knowing this, -- and knows no more, --  
Whoever fights, whoever falls,  
Justice conquers evermore,  
Justice after as before, --  
And he who battles on her side,  
-- God -- though he were ten times slain --  
Crowns him victor glorified,  
Victor over death and pain;  
Forever: but his erring foe,  
Self-assured that he prevails,  
Looks from his victim lying low,  
And sees aloft the red right arm  
Redress the eternal scales.  
He, the poor foe, whom angels foil,  
Blind with pride, and fooled by hate,  
Writhes within the dragon coil,  
Reserved to a speechless fate.

V.

Blooms the laurel which belongs  
To the valiant chief who fights;  
I see the wreath, I hear the songs  
Lauding the Eternal Rights,  
Victors over daily wrongs:  
Awful victors, they misguide  
Whom they will destroy,  
And their coming triumph hide  
In our downfall, or our joy:  
Speak it firmly, -- these are gods,  
All are ghosts beside.