

The Poems of
Herman Melville

Edited by Douglas Robillard

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Many a true heart—true to the Cause,
Though the blaze of his wrath lies cold.

May his grave be green—still green
While happy years shall run;
May none come nigh to disinter
The—*Buried Gun*.

"FORMERLY A SLAVE"
*an idealized portrait, by E. Vedder, in the spring exhibition of the
National Academy, 1865*

The sufferance of her race is shown,
And retrospect of life,
Which now too late deliverance dawns upon;
Yet is she not at strife.

Her children's children they shall know
The good withheld from her;
And so her reverie takes prophetic cheer—
In spirit she sees the stir

Far down the depth of thousand years,
And marks the revel shine;
Her dusky face is lit with sober light,
Sibylline, yet benign.

THE APPARITION
(a retrospect)

Convulsions came; and, where the field
Long slept in pastoral green,
A goblin-mountain was upheaved
(Sure the scared sense was all deceived),
Marl-glen and slag-ravine.

The unreserve of Ill was there,
The clinkers in her last retreat;

(1866)