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| Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood | Brood: children |
| 6Land tolerating all, accepting all, not for the good alone,for thee,Land in the realms of God to be a realm unto thyself,Under the rule of God to be a rule unto thyself.(Lo, where arise three peerless stars,To be thy natal stars my country, Ensemble, Evolution, Freedom,Set in the sky of Law.)Land of unprecedented faith, God's faith,Thy soil, thy very subsoil, all upheav'd,The general inner earth so long so sedulously draped over, now hencefor what it is boldly laid bare,Open'd by thee to heaven's light for benefit or bale.Not for success alone,Not to fair-sail unintermitted always,The storm shall dash thy face, the murk of war and worse than warshall cover thee all over,(Wert capable of war, its tug and trials? be capable of peace, its trials,For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in prosperouspeace, not war;)In many a smiling mask death shall approach beguiling thee, thou indisease shalt swelter,The livid cancer spread its hideous claws, clinging upon thybreasts, seeking to strike thee deep within,Consumption of the worst, moral consumption, shall rouge thy facewith hectic,But thou shalt face thy fortunes, thy diseases, and surmount them all,Whatever they are to-day and whatever through time they may be,They each and all shall lift and pass away and cease from thee,While thou, Time's spirals rounding, out of thyself, thyself stillextricating, fusing,Equable, natural, mystical Union thou, (the mortal with immortal blent,)Shalt soar toward the fulfilment of the future, the spirit of thebody and the mind,The soul, its destinies.The soul, its destinies, the real real,(Purport of all these apparitions of the real;)In thee America, the soul, its destinies,Thou globe of globes! thou wonder nebulous!By many a throe of heat and cold convuls'd, (by these thyself solidifying,)Thou mental, moral orb--thou New, indeed new, Spiritual World!The Present holds thee not--for such vast growth as thine,For such unparallel'd flight as thine, such brood as thine,The FUTURE only holds thee and can hold thee. | Realm: kingdomPeerless: without equal, unrivalled Never seen beforeEarth, carefully coveredSorrowFair: niceUnintermitted: un-interruptedMurk: darkness |