

## QUOTES:

### Of Eugénies:

“Possessive,” over-caring, big-sister Eugénie de Guérin - letter to Maurice:

- For sheer force of emotion roused (‘Omer owage, the roused!);

the following short burst from one of the greatest poets of modern times in

my opinion; (may it do to you, half what it did initially to/for me) who,

I don’t think, ever saw herself as one (poet), instead, her brother Maurice.

Who did indeed do well. But she, produced one of the greatest pieces of writing,

vis-à-vis love for the common man, as I’m saying, that I have come across...

(I know, I’ve played that tune before, but...) - **To her brother Maurice, January 1832**

“... Really you are leading the most charmed life in the world. Our amusements

are not like yours. One of these past days, when it was exceedingly cold,

Mimi and I went to take a walk in the woods and pay a visit to the crows;

but though very well clothed and well hooded, the cold was too much for us,

and fortunately we fell in with a fire made by some young shepherds, who

very graciously gave us up the place of honour, a stone larger than the rest,

in front of the fire. These children told us all they knew;

one had just been eating some *fry*, the other had fresh eggs at home

laid by a yellow hen; and from time to time they threw a few handfuls of

brouquills (little branches) into the blaze with a look of such satisfaction

that there is no king but would have said, “Why am I not one of you?”

If I knew how to write verses I should sing the ‘Shepherds’ Fire.’”

- And so, her knowing was then unknown to her.? But not to we?

And bonus: “You would never guess what work I got for a New Year’s gift;

it was an author who did not I believe, write to be read by women –

accordingly I shall not read him – ‘tis Montaigne.”

**FRANCIS RABELAIS** (In Translation)

To The Soul Of

THE DECEASED QUEEN OF NAVARRE

ABSTRACTED soul, ravished with ecstasies,  
Gone back, and now familiar in the skies;  
Thy former host, thy body, leaving quite,  
Which to obey thee always took delight,  
Obsequious, ready : now from motion free,  
Senseless, and as it were, in apathy.  
Deign now to issue forth, for a short space,  
From that divine, eternal heavenly place,  
To see the third part, in this earthly cell,  
Of the brave acts of good Pamtegruel.

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“...”Tell us what it is to be a woman so that we may know what it is to be a man.  
What moves at the margin. What it is to have no home in this place. To be set  
adrift from the one you knew. What it is to live at the edge of towns that  
cannot bear your company...”

From: Toni Morrison Nobel Lecture 1993

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“...Improve your privileges while they stay,  
Ye pupils, and each hour redeem, that bears  
Or good or bad report of you to heav'n.  
Let sin, that baneful evil to the soul,  
By you be shun'd, nor once remit your guard;  
Suppress the deadly serpent in its egg.  
Ye blooming plants of human race divine,  
An Ethiop tells you 'tis your greatest foe;

Its transient sweetness turns to endless pain,  
And in immense perdition sinks the soul.”

- Phillis Wheatly, from: *To The University of Cambridge, New-England*

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In S. T. Coleridge’s “Biographia Literaria. Ch. II, he profuses on the injustice of the charge of irritability of men of genius. After suggesting that it would be instructive and not “unamusing to analyze the complex feeling with which readers take part against the author, in favor of the critic,” he says something I think applies to the general run of these times.

“A debility and dimness of the imaginative power, and a consequent necessity of reliance on the immediate impressions of the senses, do, we know well, render the mind liable to superstition and fanaticism. Having a deficient portion of internal and proper warmth, minds of this class seek in the crowd circum fana” (lit. near sanctuary – crowd safety) “for a warmth in common, which they do not possess singly. Cold and phlegmatic in their own nature, like damp hay, they heat and inflame by co-acervation; or like bees they become restless and irritable through the increased temperature of collected multitudes.

Hence the German word for fanaticism, (such at least was its original import,) is derived from the swarming of bees, namely, schwaermen, schwaermerey.

The passion being in an inverse proportion to the insight,-- that the more vivid, as this the less distinct-- anger is the inevitable consequence.

The absence of all foundation within their own minds for that, which they yet believe both true and indispensable to their safety and happiness, cannot but produce an uneasy state of feeling, an involuntary sense of fear from which nature has no means of rescuing herself but by anger.”

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A flippant Julien Sorel in Stendhal's “Le Rouge et le Noir” is open-field running to point out the duplicities and faults of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, which men, being men, cannot easily refrain from (neither faults nor complaint) and that he, Rousseau himself, mentions in that statement about paradox in “Emile”; I nevertheless, in what little read and understand of his work (Rousseau’s) I have done, find his thought enlighteningly refreshing, prescient in that way established truths have of them when rediscovered, and worth every mention I might muster. Observe (in translation): From his (1754) study “Discours sur l’Origine et les Fondements de l’Inegalite parma les Hommes”.

“The civil law being thus become the common rule of citizens, the law of nature no longer obtained except between the different societies, where under the name of the law of nations, it was modified by some tacit conventions to render commerce possible, and supply the place of natural compassion, which, losing by degrees all that influence over societies which it originally had over individuals, no longer exists but in some great souls, who consider themselves as citizens of the world, force the

imaginary barriers that separate people from people, after the example of the sovereign being from whom we all derive our existence, and include the whole human race in their benevolence.”

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"...The sayings of the wise are like goads; like fixed pegs are the topics given by one collector. As to more than these, my son, beware. Of the making of books there is no end, and in much study there is weariness for the flesh..."

Cohemoth or Ecclesiastes in the Greek trans. of the Hebrew  
(one who convokes an assembly) Chapter 12. Epilogue vs. 11-12

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"...HOB

Curse on these taxes - one succeeds another - Our ministers - panders of a king's will -  
Drain our wealth away - waste it in revels - And lure, or force away our boys (and girls),  
who should be The props of our old age! - to fill their armies And feed the crows of France!  
year follows year, And still we madly prosecute the war; - Draining our wealth - distressing  
our poor peasants - Slaughtering our youths - and all to crown our chiefs With glory! -  
I detest the hell-sprung name..."

From: Robert Southey's (1774-1843) "Wat Tyler" Act 1

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"Meet us under these cypresses, which turn their solemn tops to heaven;  
visit us among those espaliers where the citrons and pomegranates bloom  
beside us, where the graceful myrtle stretches out its flowers to us;  
and then venture to disturb us with your dreary, paltry nets which men  
have spun!" - Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship'

T. Carlyle trans.

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"Perhaps your family and friends  
Knew a merry flash cracking the gloom  
We see in pictures but I prefer  
And will keep the darker legend.  
For I have seen how  
Half a millennium of alien rape

And murder can stamp a smile  
On the vacant face of the fool,  
The sinister grin of Africa's idiot-kings  
Who oversee in obscene palaces of gold  
The butchery of their people..." - Chinua Achebe

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"Treat the earth well: it was not given to you by your parents,  
it was loaned to you by your children. We do not inherit the Earth from our Ancestors,  
we borrow it from our Children."

Ancient Indian Proverb

"...I am poor and naked, but I am the chief of the nation. We do not want riches  
but we do want to train our children right. Riches would do us no good.  
We could not take them with us to the other world. We do not want riches.  
We want peace and love."

Red Cloud (Makhpiya-luta) , April, 1870

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BOILED DOWN

It's not  
about us.

It's what  
we're about.

William Bronk

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"Night is no longer amazed at the shutter a man closes.  
A speck of dust falling on the hand absorbed in the poem  
blasts poem and poet."

From: 'TIME AND RISK'

Rene Char

"Have you learn'd lessons only of those who admired you,  
and were tender with you, and stood aside for you?  
Have you not learn'd great lessons from those who reject you,  
and brace themselves against you?"

- From: 'STRONGER LESSONS'

Walt Whitman

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"Belief in God is an inclination to listen,  
but as we grow older and our freedom hardens,  
we hardly even want to hear ourselves,  
the silent universe is auditor...  
I am to myself, my trouble sings,"

- From: SUMMER, '14 - No Hearing'

Robert Traill Spence Lowell

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DEREK WALCOTT - From : 'The Star-Apple Kingdom', 'The Schooner Flight'

"...As I worked, watching the rotting waves come  
past the bow that scissor the sea like milk,  
I swear to you all, by my mother's milk,  
by the stars that shall fly from tonight's furnace,  
that I loved them, my children, my wife, my home;  
I loved them as poets love the poetry  
that kills them, as drowned sailors the sea.

You ever look up from some lonely beach  
and see a far schooner? Well, when I write  
this poem, each phrase go be soaked in salt;  
I go draw and knot every line as tight  
as ropes in this rigging; in simple speech  
my common language go be the wind,  
my pages the sails of the schooner Flight.  
But let me tell you how this business begin... "

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DU FU

tr. David Lunde

Chinese text

Meeting Li GuiNian in the South  
At the home of the Prince of Qi  
I have often seen you,  
and in the hall of Cui Jiu,  
I have heard you sing.  
Truly these southlands  
boast unrivalled scenery-  
to see you once again  
when the flowers are falling.

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Chinese text

From: tr. Mike O'connor

Dreaming of Li Bai (2)

You say your return is always harrowing;  
your coming, a hard coming;  
Rivers, lakes, so many waves;  
in your boat you fear overturning.

Going out the door, you scratch your white head  
as if the purpose of your whole life was ruined,  
The rich and high positioned fill the Capital,  
while you, alone, are careworn and dejected.

Who says the net of heaven is cast wide?  
Growing older, you only grow more preyed upon.  
One thousand autumns, ten thousand years of fame,  
are nothing after death.

-----

"Clearheart girth abode alluring. . .

Slow accretion year by year advancing mass, tree-home penultimate dream

In child-heart bower.

Benevolence giant! Sequoia presence.

I thought perhaps some glimpse to steal of spirit tutelard within --

Imagined hamadryad, sylvan nymph; intelligence not faun.

Took more than thought. I stared and stared

Till vexed the glaring nothing! I revealed.

Others had described it, persuaded one the charm. . .  
Why then not I? Imagination? Oh I see.  
Foolish to be angry. . . just love the tree, instead.

Came then softly the miraculous:  
Was loving me the tree and was its spirit! Found!  
Bedraggled Lily of the Roadside:  
Trumpeter Datura Derelitta.  
Think on it. Her blossom is so very pure. . .

Rank the stalk; and prickle leaf already claw gone thistle. Thorn-apple  
Spikings come no surprise. Lethal. Fell. Is witch-wood entered here!  
Choose carefully your gait."

-From: James Joyce 'Striding the Bones of the Coastal Range',  
an excerpt from 'Growing Pains': The Early Poems by James  
Joyce, published by Ladan Reserve Press (c) 2003 James Joyce

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#### JOSEPH TO HIS BROTHERS

They characterize  
their lives, and I  
fill up  
with mine. Fill up  
with what I have, with what  
I see (or  
need. I make  
no distinction. As blind men  
cannot love too quiet beauty.

These philosophers  
rein up  
Their boats. Bring  
their gifts, weapons  
to my door. As if  
that, in itself,  
was courage, or counting  
science.

The story is a long one. Why  
I am here like this. Why you  
should listen, now, so late, and  
weary at the night. Its  
heavy rain



pushing  
the grass flat.

It is here  
somewhere. It grows  
here. Answers. Questions. Noise  
stiff as silence...

- LeRoi Jones (Amiri Baraka)

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We must look after our health, use moderate  
exercise, take just enough food and drink to recruit, but not to  
overload, our strength. Nor is it the body alone that must be  
supported, but the intellect and soul much more."

- Cicero

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O sweet spontaneous  
earth how often have  
the  
doting

fingers of  
prurient philosophers pinched  
and  
poked  
thee

, has the naughty thumb  
of science prodded  
thy  
beauty, how  
often have religions taken  
thee upon their scraggy knees  
squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive  
gods...

- e.e.cummings

## MITHRIDATES

I cannot spare water or wine,  
Tobacco-leaf, or poppy, or rose;  
From the earth-poles to the Line,  
All between that works or grows,  
Every thing is kin of mine...

- R.W.Emerson

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## FROM Paul Celan, THE LAST FLAG

"A baying and clouds! Into bracken they're riding their madness!  
Like fishermen cast their nets into vapour and will-o'-the-wisp!  
They sling a rope round the crests and invite us to dance!  
And wash the horns in the wellspring - so learning the lure-call.

What you chose for your cloak, is it dense, can it harbour the radiance?  
They creep round the trunks like sleep, as though offering dream.  
High up they hurl hearts, the mossy globes of dementia:  
O water-coloured fleece, our one flag on the tower!"

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"Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain."

-p/o Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "CRISTABEL"

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"Can I my reason to my faith compel,  
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel  
Superior faculties are set aside,  
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?

Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,  
And winking tapers show the sun his way.  
For what my senses can themselves perceive,  
I need no revelation to believe." - From: 'THE HIND AND THE PANTHER'

Part I (excerpts)

- John Dryden

"It is a doctrine of war not to assume the enemy will not come, but rather to rely on one's readiness to meet him: not to presume that he will not attack, but rather to make ones's self invincible. Ho Yen-hsi...The 'Strategies of Wu' says: 'When the world is at peace, a gentleman keeps his sword by his side.'"

'Be not Reckless, cowardly or quick-tempered'  
- Comment/question --- Is hope a fool then?

-From: Sun Tzu, 'THE ART OF WAR'

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"Heaven could not hold Love, it was so heavy in itself. But when it had eaten its fill of earth, and taken flesh and blood, then it was lighter than a leaf on a linden-tree, more subtle and piercing than the point of a needle. The strongest armour was not proof against it, the tallest ramparts could not keep it out."

- From, 'PIERS THE PLOUGHMAN', by William Langland

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"It is called clouded  
when petals dust its surface -  
that stream that becomes  
a mirror for plum blossoms  
year after departing year."

-From: PLUM MIRROR from TWO POEMS ON PLUM TREES' by Lady Ise

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Oh! may I curse my blackness  
that makes me feel hungry  
When the land is full of  
gold and diamond  
When the land is green  
Like the frog blanket  
May I wait then

-From: 'MAY I WAIT' by Simion R. Nkanunu

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"What of seasons, when for ages  
All the sky my lake engages:  
What of years ill or good,  
When the sap mounts in the wood;  
What of years or ill,  
When the Danube rolls on still.  
Only man is always changing,  
O'er the world forever ranging;  
We each do our place retain,  
As we were, so we remain;  
Oceans, rivers, mountains high  
And the stars that light the sky,  
Saturn with its whirling rings,  
And the forest with its springs."

-From 'RETURN' by Mihai Eminescu

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Crossing the Lonely Sea.  
Delving in the Book of Change, I rose through hardship great,  
And desperately fought the foe for four long years;  
Like willow catkin, the war-torn land looks desolate,  
I sink or swim as duckweed in the rain appears.  
For perils on Perilous Beach, I heaved and sighed,  
On Lonely Sea now, I feel dreary and lonely;  
Since olden days, which man has lived and not died?  
I'll leave a loyalist name in history!

-(tr. Xu YuanZhong) - Wen TianZiang

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- From O Sensei !? - "Soft controls hard  
Hard cuts soft  
If pulled, push  
If pushed, turn."

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"Here learn ye Mountains more unjust,  
Which to abrupter greatness thrust,  
That do with your hook-shoulder'd height  
The earth deform and Heaven fright.  
For whose excrescence ill design'd,  
Nature must a new Center find,

Learn here those humble steps to tread,  
Which to secure Glory lead.

See what a soft access and wide  
Lyes open to its grassy side;  
Nor with the rugged path deterrs  
The feet of breathless Travelers.  
See then how courteous it ascends,  
And all the way it rises bends:  
Nor for it self the height does gain,  
But only strives to raise the Plain.

- From: 'Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borow.  
To The Lord Fairfax.' by Andrew Marvell

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1A:1 Mencius went to King Hui of Lang. The King said: "My good man, since you haven't thought one thousand li too far to come and see me, may I presume that you have something with which I can profit my kingdom?" Mencius said: "Why must you speak of profit? What I have for you is jen (the human mind, humanity, doing, intending, being good, etc.) and Righteousness, and that's all. If you always say 'how can I profit my kingdom?' your top officers will ask, 'how can we profit our clans?' The shih (influencers) and the common people will ask: 'how can we profit ourselves?' Superiors and inferiors will struggle against each other for profit, and the country will be in chaos." "In a kingdom of ten thousand chariots, the murderer of the sovereign is usually from a clan of one thousand chariots. In a thousand-chariot kingdom, the murderer of the sovereign is usually from a clan of one hundred chariots. Now, to have a thousand in ten thousand, or one hundred in a thousand is not really all that much. But if you put Righteousness last and profit first, no one will be satisfied unless they can grab something."

Mencius said: "The Superior Man concentrates on the cultivation of his own character. The common error of people is that they forget about their own garden and try to cultivate the other man's garden. They expect much from others and little from themselves."

Mencius said: "When someone told Tzu Lu about one of his faults, he was happy. When Yu heard words of goodness, he would bow in respect. The great Shun surpassed even these men.

He regarded the goodness of others to be the same as his.

He let go of his arbitrariness and followed others, happily learning from them in order to develop his goodness. From the time when he was a farmer, a potter and a fisherman, up until he became Emperor, he never stopped learning from others.

" To learn from others to develop one's goodness is also to develop goodness

together with others. Therefore, for the Superior Man, there is nothing greater than to develop goodness together with others."

- From: a new translation by Charles Muller

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"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness: but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing..."

- First lines - 'Endymion' John Keats.

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"Apart from the question of what rights are in themselves, or how human beings come to have them or to own them or to lose them, it may be asked: Why should philosophers have a special claim to the right to express themselves? Why they rather than artists or historians or scientists or ordinary men? Freedom of speech - or of expression by means other than words - may be an absolute end, needing no justification in terms of any other purpose, and worth fighting for, some would add dying for, for its own sake, independently of its value in making people happy or wise or strong. That is what I should wish to say myself. But this is a point of view which has seldom held the field in human affairs; more frequently there has been a tendency to believe in some single ideal - social or political or religious - to which everything was to be sacrificed, and among the first the freedom for individual self-expression, because it was, quite rightly, seen to constitute a grave danger to the kind of social conformity which uncritical service to a single ideal in the end requires."

- From: Philosophy And Government Repression, Studies in Ideas and Their History,  
THE SENSE OF REALITY, Isaiah Berlin (The supposed English Empire apologist)

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One poet on another (W.H. Auden on Rimbaud)

The nights, the railway-arches, the bad sky,  
His horrible companions could not know it;  
But in that child the rhetorician's lie  
Burst like a pipe: the cold had made a poet.

Indeed a self imposed hard life he had! Thanks again!

"Come then to prayers  
And kneel upon the stone,  
For we have tried  
All courages on these despairs,  
And are required lastly to give up pride.  
And the last difficult pride in being humble."  
- Phillip Larkin

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"It was geography which was the cause - political geography. It was nothing else. Nations did not need to have the same kind of leader, any more than the puffins and the quillemons did. They could keep their own civilizations, like the Esquimaux and Hottentots, if they would give each other freedom of trade and free passage and access to the world. Countries would have to become counties - but counties which could keep their own culture and local laws. The imaginary lines on the earth's surface only needed to be unimagined."

- T.H.White's 'The Once And Future King'

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"Patience, hard thing! the hard thing but to pray,  
But bid for, Patience is! Patience who asks  
Wants war, wants wounds: weary his times, his tasks;  
To do without, take tosses, and obey.

Rare patience roots in these, and, these away,  
Nowhere. Natural heart's ivy, Patience masks  
Our ruins of wrecked past purpose. There she basks  
Purple eyes and seas of liquid leaves all day.

We hear our hearts grate on themselves: it kills  
To bruise them dearer. Yet the rebellious wills  
Of us we do bid God bend to him even so."

- From 'PATIENCE' by Gerard Manley Hopkins

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"Some truths there are so near and obvious to the mind that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be, viz., that all the choir of heaven and furniture of earth, in a word all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without a mind;

that their being is to be perceived or known; that consequently so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind or that of any created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some Eternal Spirit:"

- George Berkeley (1685-1753)

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"He sang of life, serenely sweet,  
With, now and then, a deeper note.  
From some high peak, nigh yet remote,  
He voiced the world's absorbing beat."

- Paul Laurence Dunbar's THE POET

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"Why should this flower delay so long  
To show its tremulous plumes?  
Now is the time of plaintive Robin-song  
When flowers are in their tombs.

Through the slow summer, when the sun  
Called to each frond and whorl  
That all he could do for flowers was being done,  
Why did it not uncurl?

It must have felt that fervid call  
Although it took no heed,  
Waking but now, when leaves like corpses fall,  
and saps all retrocede."

- Thomas Hardy's THE LAST CHRYSATHEMUM

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"It is life in slow motion,  
it's the heart in reverse,  
it's a hope-and-a-half:  
too much and too little at once."

- From 'THE WAIT' by Rainer Maria Rilke

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"My aspens dear, whose airy cages quelled,  
Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,  
All felled, felled are all felled;  
Of a fresh & following folded rank  
Not spared, not one  
That dandled a sandalled  
Shadow that swam or sank  
On meadow & river & wind-wandering weed-winding bank.  
O if we but knew what we do  
When we delve or hue --  
Hack & rack the growing green!  
Since country is so tender  
To touch, her being so slender,  
That, like this sleek & seeing ball  
But a prick will make no eye at all,  
Where we, even where we mean  
To mend her we end her,  
When we hew and delve:  
Aftercomers cannot guess the beauty been."

- From 'BINSEY POPLARS felled / (18)79' by Gerard Manley Hopkins

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"The words "ecology, "economics," and "ecumenism" all have their root in the Creek word 'oikos', meaning house or home. Ecology, topmost in the hierarchy of the life sciences, has indeed to do with the economy of the great house of nature, of which it seeks to reveal the structure in space and time and especially the interactions of animals and plants with themselves and each other. Its content is enormous, for ecology enjoys the entire empirical content of the sciences below it in the hierarchy as well as, of course, the concepts contextually peculiar to itself."

- From 'Aristotle to Zoos' by P.B. and J.S. Medawar

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The last lines of John Webster's play, 'The Duchess Of Malfi'---

"As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,  
Both form and matter. I have ever thought  
Nature doth nothing so great for great men (and women),  
As when she's pleased to make them lords of truth:  
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,  
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.

Excerpt from a poem attributed to the Welsh bard Aneurin:

"To Cattræth's vale, in glimring row,  
Twice two hundred warriors go:  
Every warrior's manly neck  
Chains of regal honor deck,  
Wreathed in many a golden link;  
From the golden cup they drink  
Nectar that the bees produce,  
Or the grape's exalted juice.  
Flushed with mirth and hope they burn,  
But none to Cattreath's vale return,  
Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong,  
Bursting through the bloody throng,  
And I, the meanest of them all,  
That live to weep, and sing their fall."

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"Love by ambition  
of definition  
suffers partition  
And cannot go  
From yes to no,  
For no is not love: no is no,  
The shutting of a door,  
The tightening jaw,  
A willful sorrow;  
And saying yes  
Turns love into success,  
Views from the rail  
Of land and happiness;  
Assured of all,  
The sofas creak,  
And were this all, love were  
But cheek to cheek  
And dear to dear."

- W. H. Auden, from "Too Dear, Too Vague"

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"To every man  
His treehouse,  
A green splice in the humping years,

Spartan with narrow cot  
And prickly door.

...To every man  
His house below  
And his house above-  
With perilous stairs  
between."

-James Emanuel, from 'The Treehouse'

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"Devotion to Rama lay like a seed in his heart:  
as he listened to the discourse, it began to sprout."  
- Author 'Rasika, Puttige' describing the Indian poet Goswami Tulsidas.

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Why I am A Liberal - Robert Browning

Contributed to a volume edited by Andrew Reid, in which a number of leaders  
of English thought answered the question, "Why I am a Liberal?"

" Why? " Because all I haply can and do,  
All that I am now, all I hope to be, -  
Whence comes it save from fortune setting free  
Body and soul the purpose to pursue, God traced for both?  
If fetters, not a few, Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,  
These shall I bid men – each in his degree  
Also God-guided – bear, and gayly too?

But little do or can the best of us :  
That little is achieved through Liberty.  
Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,  
His fellow shall continue bound ? Not I,  
Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss  
A brother's right to freedom. That is " Why. "

