

**LAST POEMS,
PP. 1 - 43**

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Last Poems, pp. 1 - 43 by James Russell Lowell

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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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PP. 1 - 43**

LAST POEMS

OF

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



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THIS little volume contains those of the poems which Mr. Lowell wrote in his last years which, I believe, he might have wished to preserve. Three of them were published before his death. Of the rest, two appear here for the first time.

C. E. N.

September, 1895.

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LAST POEMS

HOW I CONSULTED THE ORACLE OF THE GOLDFISHES

WHAT know we of the world immense

Beyond the narrow ring of sense?
What should we know, who lounge about
The house we dwell in, nor find out,
Masked by a wall, the secret cell
Where the soul's priests in hiding dwell?
The winding stair that steals aloof
To chapel-mysteries 'neath the roof?

It lies about us, yet as far
From sense sequestered as a star
New launched its wake of fire to trace
In secretcies of unprobed space,
Whose beacon's lightning-pinioned spears