

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER.

WHEN I heard the learn'd astronomer;
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns
before me;
When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add,
divide, and measure them;
When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he
lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick;
Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

The hurt and the wounded I pacify with soothing hand,
I sit by the restless all the dark night — some are so
 young;
Some suffer so much — I recall the experience sweet
 and sad;
(Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have
 cross'd and rested,
Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips.)

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