

50  
"The Undiscovered Country."

Could we but know

The land that ends our dark uncertain travel,  
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,  
Oh, if beyond the spirit's utmost carol,  
Anger of this country could we surely know,  
Who would not go?

Might we but hear

The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,  
Or catch, betwixt, with watchful eyes and clear,  
The radiant vista of the realm before us, —  
With one next moment given to see and hear,  
Oh, who would fear?

Were we quite sure  
To find the fearless friend who left us lonely,  
Or here, by some celestial stream as pure,  
To gaze in eyes that here were loveliest only, —  
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,  
Who would endure?

Edmund Clarence Sedgwick.

(1866)  
Copied June 5<sup>th</sup>  
1887.

Mr. Douglas Walworth  
a literary friend of  
ours lives in New York.  
and on the 10th of July  
he has quoted some of the  
poem - and said she  
should like to meet  
the man - who could  
write that way - and  
when Mrs. W. met him  
she told him how a  
friend of hers admired  
him - and he sent  
this to mother - through  
Mr.