

# “A CAREER”

BY

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“Break me my bounds, and let me fly  
To regions vast of boundless sky;  
Nor I, like piteous Daphne, be  
Root-bound. Ah, no! I would be free  
As yon same bird that in its flight  
Outstrips the range of mortal sight;  
Free as the mountain streams that gush  
From bubbling springs, and downward rush  
Across the serrate mountain’s side,—  
The rocks o’erwhelmed, their banks defied,—  
And like the passions in the soul,  
Swell into torrents as they roll.  
Oh, circumscribe me not by rules  
That serve to lead the minds of fools!  
But give me pow’r to work my will,  
And at my deeds the world shall thrill.  
My words shall rouse the slumb’ring zest  
That hardly stirs in manhood’s breast;  
And as the sun feeds lesser lights,  
As planets have their satellites,

So round about me will I bind  
The men who prize a master mind!”

He lived a silent life alone,  
And laid him down when it was done;  
And at his head was placed a stone  
On which was carved a name unknown!