

**AN
EMILY DICKINSON
ENCYCLOPEDIA**

Edited by
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The Fascicle
Lists are from

An Emily Dickinson Encyclopedia.

Ed. Jane Donahue Eberwein 1998

This is the only place in which the
Fascicle Contexts are listed in full
and convenient form. However, the
book was created before the publica-
tion of Franklin's Edition, which
replaced that of Johnson. I have

given the Franklin numbers only
for those groupings we will discuss
in class. Of course the index in Franklin
will help you with others.

I will explain the complicated
editing history of Emily Dickinson,
and by the second (or third) session,
you will see how the numbers work
in relation to the fascicles.

Appendix A

Fascicle Listings of Dickinson Poems

These listings follow R. W. Franklin's findings as detailed in *The Manuscript Books of Emily Dickinson* (1981). The number preceding each poem's opening line is that assigned by Thomas H. Johnson. Dates refer to Franklin's estimate of when Dickinson copied these poems into a particular fascicle and may not reflect the date of composition.

FASCICLE 1 (about 1858)

		Franklin
<i>Johnson</i> 18	The Gentian weaves her fringes—	21
6	Frequently the woods are pink—	24
19	A sepal, petal, and a thorn	25
20	Distrustful of the Gentian—	26
21	We lose—because we win—	28
22	All these my banners be.	29
23	I had a guinea golden—	12
24	There is a morn by men unseen—	13
323	As if I asked a common alms—	14
25	She slept beneath a tree—	15
7	The feet of people walking home	16 * (also F 14)
26	It's all I have to bring today—	17
27	Morns like these—we parted—	18
28	So has a Daisy vanished	19
29	If those I loved were lost	20
30	Adrift! A little boat adrift!	6
31	Summer for thee, grant I may be	7
32	When Roses cease to bloom, Sir,	8

- 33 *Oh* if remembering were forgetting—
 4 On this wondrous sea—Sailing silently— 3
 34 Garlands for Queens, may be— 10
 35 Nobody knows this little Rose— 11

FASCICLE 2 (about 1858)

- 8 There is a word
 9 Through lane it lay—thro' bramble—
 15 The Guest is gold and crimson—
 36 I counted till they danced so
 37 Before the ice is in the pools—
 38 By such and such an offering
 39 It did not surprise me—
 40 When I count the seeds—
 147 Bless God, he went as soldiers,
 56 If I should cease to bring a Rose
 14 One Sister have I in the house—
 1730 "Lethe" in my flower,
 57 To venerate the simple days
 1729 I've got an arrow here.
 41 I robbed the Woods—
 42 A Day! Help! Help! Another Day!
 43 Could live—did live—
 44 If she had been the Mistletoe
 10 My wheel is in the dark!
 45 There's something quieter than sleep
 46 I keep my pledge.
 47 Heart! We will forget him!
 48 Once more, my now bewildered Dove
 17 Baffled for just a day or two—

FASCICLE 3 (about 1858-1859)

- 58 Delayed till she had ceased to know— 67
 89 Some things that fly there be— 68
 90 Within my reach! 69
 91 So bashful when I spied her! 70

92	My friend must be a Bird—	71	
93	Went up a year this evening!	72	
94	Angels, in the early morning	73	
95	My nosegays are for Captives—	74	
96	Sexton! My Master's sleeping here.	75	
97	The rainbow never tells me	76	
98	One dignity delays for all—	77	
88	As by the dead we love to sit,	78	
99	New feet within my garden go—	79	
903	I hide myself within my flower	80 *	(also F 40)
11	I never told the buried gold	38	
49	I never lost as much but twice,	39	
50	I hav'nt told my garden yet—	40	
51	I often passed the village	41	
12	The morns are meeker than they were—	32	
52	Whether my bark went down at sea—	33	
53	Taken from men—this morning—	34	
13	Sleep is supposed to be	35	
54	If I should die,	36	
55	By Chivalries as tiny,	37	

FASCICLE 4 (about 1859)

134	Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower,
135	Water, is taught by thirst.
136	Have you got a Brook in your little heart,
137	Flowers—Well—if anybody
138	Pigmy seraphs—gone astray—
83	Heart not so heavy as mine
139	Soul, Wilt thou toss again?
140	An altered look about the hills—
141	Some, too fragile for winter winds
142	Whose are the little beds, I asked
143	For every Bird a Nest—
85	“They have not chosen me—” he said—
144	She bore it till the simple veins
81	We should not mind so small a flower—

- 145 This heart that broke so long—
 146 On such a night, or such a night,

FASCICLE 5 (about 1859)

- 66 So from the mould
 110 Artists wrestled here!
 67 Success is counted sweetest
 111 The Bee is not afraid of me.
 112 Where bells no more affright the morn—
 68 Ambition cannot find him.
 113 Our share of night to bear—
 114 "Good night," because we must!
 86 South Winds jostle them—
 69 Low at my problem bending,
 115 What Inn is this
 116 I had some things that I called mine—
 117 In rags mysterious as these
 118 My friend attacks my friend!
 70 "Arcturus" is his other name—
 119 Talk with prudence to a Beggar
 120 If this is "fading"
 121 As Watchers hang upon the East—
 84 Her breast is fit for pearls,
 122 A something in a summer's Day
 71 A throe upon the features—
 72 Glowing is her Bonnet,
 123 Many cross the Rhine
 124 In lands I never saw—they say
 125 For each extatic instant

FASCICLE 6 (about 1859)

- 73 Who never lost, are unprepared
 74 A Lady red—amid the Hill
 126 To fight aloud, is very brave—
 127 'Houses'—so the Wise Men tell me—
 128 Bring me the sunset in a cup,
 75 She died at play,

136
 137
 138
 139
 140
 141

- | | | | |
|-----|--|-----|---------------|
| 129 | Cocoon above! Cocoon below! | 142 | |
| 76 | Exultation is the going | 143 | |
| 77 | I never hear the word "escape" | 144 | |
| 130 | These are the days when Birds come back— | 122 | |
| 131 | Besides the Autumn poets sing | 123 | |
| 216 | Safe in their Alabaster Chambers— | 124 | * (also F 10) |
| 78 | A poor—torn heart—a tattered heart— | 125 | |
| 132 | I bring an unaccustomed wine | 126 | |
| 133 | As Children bid the Guest "Good Night" | 127 | |
| 79 | Going to Heaven! | 128 | |
| 80 | Our lives are Swiss— | 129 | |

FASCICLE 7 (about 1859)

- 59 A little East of Jordan,
 148 All overgrown by cunning moss,
 100 A science—so the Savans say,
 101 Will there really be a "Morning"?"
 102 Great Caesar! Condescend
 103 I have a King, who does not speak—
 104 Where I have lost, I softer tread—
 149 She went as quiet as the Dew
 105 To hang our head—ostensibly—
 106 The Daisy follows soft the Sun—
 60 Like her the Saints retire,
 61 Papa above!
 107 'Twas such a little—little boat
 62 "Sown in dishonor"!
 150 She died—*this* was the way she died.
 63 If pain for peace prepares
 108 Surgeons must be very careful
 64 Some Rainbow—coming from the Fair!
 109 By a flower—By a letter—
 65 I cant tell you—but you feel it—

FASCICLE 8 (about 1860)

- | | | |
|-----|-------------------------------------|-----|
| 165 | A Wounded Deer—leaps highest— | 181 |
| 152 | The Sun kept stooping—stooping—low! | 182 |

166	I met a King this afternoon!	183	
167	To learn the Transport by the Pain—	178	
168	If the foolish, call them "flowers"—	179	
169	In Ebon Box, when years have flown	180	
170	Portraits are to daily faces	174	
171	Wait till the Majesty of Death	169	
172	'Tis so much joy! 'Tis so much joy!	170	
173	A fuzzy fellow, without feet,	171	
174	At last, to be identified!	172	* (also F 21)
175	I have never seen 'Volcanoes'—	165	
153	Dust is the only Secret—	166	
176	I'm the little "Heart's Ease"!	167	
177	Ah, Necromancy Sweet!	168	
154	Except to Heaven, she is nought.	173	
170	Pictures are to daily faces	174	
178	I cautious, scanned my little life—	175	
179	If I could bribe them by a Rose	176	
180	As if some little Arctic flower	177	

FASCICLE 9 (about 1860)

186	What shall I do—it whimpers so—
187	How many times these low feet staggered—
188	Make me a picture of the sun—
269	Bound—a trouble—
215	What is—"Paradise"—
155	The Murmur of a Bee
156	You love me—you are sure—
162	My River runs to Thee—
189	It's such a little thing to weep—
190	He was weak, and I was strong—then—
191	The Skies cant keep their secret!
192	Poor little Heart!
193	I shall know why—when Time is over—
194	On this long storm the Rainbow rose—
157	Musicians wrestle everywhere—
195	For this—accepted Breath—
196	We dont cry—Tim and I,
158	Dying! Dying in the night!
197	Morning—is the place for Dew—

- 198 An awful Tempest mashed the air—
 199 I'm "wife"—I've finished that—
 200 I stole them from a Bee—
 201 Two swimmers wrestled on the spar—
 202 My Eye is fuller than my vase—
 203 He forgot—and I—remembered—
 204 A Slash of Blue! A sweep of Gray!
 205 I should not dare to leave my friend,
 206 The Flower must not blame the Bee—
 324 Some—keep the Sabbath—going to church—

FASCICLE 10 (about 1860–1861)

- 230 We—Bee and I—live by the quaffing— 244
 231 God permits industrious Angels— 245
 232 The *Sun—just touched* the Morning— 246
 233 The Lamp burns sure—within— 247
 163 Tho' my destiny be Fustian— 131
 207 Tho' I get home how late—how late— 199
 208 The Rose did caper on her cheek— 200
 209 With thee, in the Desert— 201
 185 Faith is a fine invention 202
 210 The thought beneath so slight a film— 203
 318 I'll tell you how the Sun rose— 204
 159 A little Bread—a crust—a crumb— 135
 160 Just lost, when I was saved! 132
 211 Come slowly—Eden! 205
 212 Least Rivers—docile to some sea. 206
 270 *One Life* of so much Consequence! 248
 234 You're right—"the way is narrow"— 249
 216 Safe in their Alabaster Chambers— 124 * (also F10)
 235 The Court is far away— 250
 236 If *He dissolve*—then—there is *nothing—more—* 251
 237 I think just how my shape will rise— 252
 224 I've nothing else—to bring, You know— 253

FASCICLE 11 (about 1861)

- 283 A Mien to move a Queen—
 284 The Drop, that wrestles in the Sea—

- 285 The Robin's my Criterion for Tune—
 243 I've known a Heaven, like a Tent—
 223 I came to buy a smile—today—
 287 A Clock stopped—
 288 I'm Nobody! Who are you?
 245 I held a Jewel in my fingers—
 244 It is easy to work when the soul is at play—
 286 That after Horror—that 'twas *us*—
 240 Ah, Moon—and Star! *
 317 Just so—Christ—raps—
 246 Forever at His side to walk—
 221 It cant be "Summer"!
 247 What would I give to see his face?
 1737 Rearrange a "Wife's" affection!
 248 Why—do they shut Me out of Heaven?
 249 Wild Nights—Wild Nights!
 250 I shall keep singing!
 251 Over the fence—

FASCICLE 12 (about 1860)

- 214 I taste a liquor never brewed—
 161 A feather from the Whippowil
 181 I lost a World—the other day!
 182 If I should'nt be alive
 183 I've heard an Organ talk, sometimes—
 184 A transport one cannot contain
 185 "Faith" is a fine invention
 293 I got so I could hear his name—
 263 A single Screw of Flesh
 264 A Weight with Needles on the pounds—
 217 Father—I bring thee—not Myself—
 265 Where Ships of Purple—gently toss—
 266 This—is the land—the Sunset washes—
 294 The Doomed—regard the Sunrise
 225 Jesus! thy Crucifix
 267 Did we disobey Him?
 295 Unto like Story—Trouble has enticed me—

- 296 One Year ago—jots what?
 297 It's like the Light—
 298 Alone, I cannot be—
 273 He put the Belt around my life—
 274 The only Ghost I ever saw
 275 Doubt Me! My Dim Companion!
 276 Many a phrase has the English language—
 321 Of all the Sounds despatched abroad—
 514 Her smile was shaped like other smiles—
 353 A happy lip—breaks sudden—

FASCICLE 13 (about 1861)

- 289 I know some lonely Houses off the Road
 252 I can wade Grief—
 253 You see I cannot see—your lifetime—
 254 "Hope" is the thing with feathers—
 255 To die—takes just a little while—
 256 If I'm lost—now—
 257 Delight is as the flight—
 219 She sweeps with many-colored Brooms—
 290 Of Bronze—and Blaze—
 258 There's a certain Slant of light,
 228 Blazing in Gold—and
 259 Good Night! Which put the Candle out?
 260 Read—Sweet—how others—strove—
 261 Put up my lute!
 322 There came a Day—at Summer's full—
 262 The lonesome for they know not What—
 291 How the old Mountains drip with Sunset
 325 Of Tribulation, these are They,
 292 If your Nerve, deny you—

FASCICLE 14 (about 1861)

- 319 The maddest dream—recedes—unrealized—
 277 What if I say I shall not wait!
 240 Ah, Moon—and Star!
 278 A Shady friend—for Torrid days—

304
 305
 262 (also F 11)
 306

- 271 A solemn thing—it was—I said— 307
 272 I breathed enough to take the Trick— 308
 238 Kill your Balm—and it's Odors bless you— 309
 239 "Heaven"—is what I cannot reach! 310
 7 The feet of people walking home 16 * (also F 14)
 582 Inconceivably solemn! 414
 422 More Life—went out—when He went 415
 423 The Months have ends—the Years—a knot— 416
 424 Removed from Accident of Loss 417
 299 Your Riches—taught me—Poverty. 418
 583 A Toad, can die of Light— 419
 332 There are two Ripenings— 420
 584 It ceased to hurt me, though so slow 421
 310 Give little Anguish, 422
 (poems unknown?)

FASCICLE 15 (about 1862)

- 410 The first Day's Night had come—
 411 The Color of the Grave is Green—
 414 'Twas like a Maelstrom, with a notch,
 580 I gave myself to Him—
 415 Sunset at Night—is natural—
 419 We grow accustomed to the Dark—
 420 You'll know it—as you know 'tis Noon—
 421 A Charm invests a face
 577 If I may have it, when it's dead,
 412 I read my sentence—steadily—
 416 A Murmur in the Trees—to note—
 417 It is dead—Find it—
 418 Not in this World to see his face—
 581 I found the words to every thought
 413 I never felt at Home—Below—
 578 The Body grows without—
 579 I had been hungry, all the Years—

FASCICLE 16 (about 1862)

- 327 Before I got my eye put out—
 607 Of nearness to her sundered Things

336
 337

- 279 Tie the Strings to my Life, My Lord, 338
 241 I like a look of Agony, 339
 280 I felt a Funeral, in my Brain, 340
 281 'Tis so appalling—it exhilarates— 341
 282 How noteless Men, and Pleiads, stand, 342
 242 When we stand on the tops of Things— 343
 445 'Twas just this time, last year, I died. 344
 608 Afraid! Of whom am I afraid? 345
 446 He showed me Hights I never saw— 346

FASCICLE 17 (about 1862)

- 348 I dreaded that first Robin, so,
 505 I would not paint—a picture—
 506 He touched me, so I live to know
 349 I had the Glory—that will do—
 507 She sights a Bird—she chuckles—
 350 They leave us with the Infinite.
 508 I'm ceded—I've stopped being Their's—
 509 If anybody's friend be dead
 510 It was not Death, for I stood up,
 511 If you were coming in the Fall,
 351 I felt my life with both my hands
 352 Perhaps I asked too large—
 328 A Bird, came down the Walk—
 512 The Soul has Bandaged moments—
 513 Like Flowers, that heard the news of Dews,

FASCICLE 18 (about 1862)

- 495 It's thoughts—and just One Heart—
 337 I know a place where Summer strives
 496 As far from pity, as complaint—
 338 I know that He exists.
 497 He strained my faith—
 339 I tend my flowers for thee—
 498 I envy Seas, whereon He rides—
 499 Those fair—fictitious People—
 500 Within my Garden, rides a Bird

- 340 Is Bliss then, such Abyss,
 341 After great pain, a formal feeling comes—
 501 This World is not Conclusion.
 342 It will be Summer—eventually.
 343 My Reward for Being, was This.
 344 'Twas the old—road—through pain—
 502 At least—to pray—is left—is left—
 503 Better—than Music! For I—who heard it—

FASCICLE 19 (about 1862)

- 333 The Grass so little has to do,
 334 All the letters I can write
 326 I cannot dance upon my Toes—
 425 Good Morning—Midnight—
 585 I like to see it lap the Miles—
 426 It dont sound so terrible—quite—as it did—
 427 I'll clutch—and clutch—
 428 Taking up the fair Ideal,
 429 The Moon is distant from the Sea—
 430 It would never be Common—more—I said—
 431 Me—come! My dazzled face
 432 Do People moulder equally,
 433 Knows how to forget!
 586 We talked as Girls do—
 587 Empty my Heart, of Thee—
 588 I cried at Pity—not at Pain—
 336 The face I carry with me—last—

FASCICLE 20 (about 1862)

- 1725 I took one Draught of Life—
 1761 A train went through a burial gate,
 364 The Morning after Wo—
 524 Departed—to the Judgment—
 525 I think the Hemlock likes to stand
 365 Dare you see a soul at the "White Heat?"
 526 To hear an Oriole sing
 301 I reason, Earth is short—

- 527 To put this World down, like a Bundle—
 366 Although I put away his life—
 367 Over and over, like a Tune—
 670 One need not be a Chamber—to be Haunted—
 302 Like Some Old fashioned Miracle—
 303 The Soul selects her own Society—
 368 How sick—to wait—in any place—but thine—
 528 Mine—by the Right of the White Election!
 369 She lay as if at play
 370 Heaven is so far of the Mind

FASCICLE 21 (about 1862)

- 609 I—Years had been—from Home— 440
 610 You'll find—it when you try to die— 441
 611 I see thee better—in the Dark— 442
 447 Could—I do more—for Thee— 443
 612 It would have starved a Gnat— 444
 613 They shut me up in Prose— 445
 448 This was a Poet—It is That 446
 614 In falling Timbers buried— 447
 449 I died for Beauty—but was scarce 448
 450 Dreams—are well—but Waking's better, 449
 451 The Outer—from the Inner 450
 174 At last—to be identified— 172 * (also 8)
 452 The Malay—took the Pearl— 451
 453 Love—thou art high— 452
 615 Our journey had advanced— 453
 616 I rose—because He sank— 454
 454 It was given to me by the Gods— 455

FASCICLE 22 (about 1862)

- 652 A Prison gets to be a friend—
 314 Nature—sometimes sears a Sapling—
 479 She dealt her pretty words like Blades—
 480 "Why do I love" You, Sir?
 481 The Himmaleh was known to stoop
 482 We Cover Thee—Sweet Face—

- 653 Of Being is a Bird
 654 A long—long Sleep—A famous—Sleep—
 655 Without this—there is nought—
 656 The name—of it—is “Autumn”—
 657 I dwell in Possibility—
 483 A Solemn thing within the Soul
 658 Whole Gulfs—of Red, and Fleets—of Red—
 484 My Garden—like the Beach—
 659 That first Day, when you praised Me, Sweet,
 485 To make One’s Toilette—after Death
 660 ’Tis good—the looking back on Grief—
 486 I was the slightest in the House—
 487 You love the Lord—you cannot see—
 488 Myself was formed—a Carpenter—
 489 We pray—to Heaven—
 315 He fumbles at your Soul
 1076 Just Once! Oh Least Request!

FASCICLE 23 (about 1862)

- 712 Because I could not stop for Death—
 759 He fought like those Who’ve nought to lose—
 713 Fame of Myself, to justify,
 678 Wolfe demanded during Dying
 760 Most she touched me by her muteness—
 761 From Blank to Blank—
 762 The Whole of it came not at once—
 763 He told a homely tale
 764 Presentiment—is that long Shadow—on the Lawn—
 765 You constituted Time—
 766 My Faith is larger than the Hills—
 714 Rests at Night
 715 The World—feels Dusty
 767 To offer brave assistance
 768 When I hoped, I recollect
 316 The Wind did’nt come from the Orchard—today—
 716 The Day undressed—Herself—
 717 The Beggar Lad—dies early—

769 One and One—are One—

770 I lived on Dread—

FASCICLE 24 (about 1862)

311 It sifts from Leaden Sieves—

595 Like Mighty Foot Lights—burned the Red

1712 A Pit—but Heaven over it—(missing)

1710 A curious Cloud surprised the Sky,

602 Of Brussels—it was not—

603 He found my Being—set it up—

604 Unto my Books—so good to turn—

605 The Spider holds a Silver Ball

598 Three times—we parted—Breath—and I—

599 There is a pain—so utter—

600 It troubled me as once I was—

601 A still—Volcano—Life—

596 When I was small, a Woman died—

441 This is my letter to the World

442 God made a little Gentian—

343 My Reward for Being—was This—

597 It always felt to me—a wrong

443 I tie my Hat—I crease my Shawl—

(completion of P1712)

(completion of P443)

606 The Trees like Tassels—hit—and swung—

444 It feels a shame to be Alive—

FASCICLE 25 (about 1862)

371 A precious—mouldering pleasure—'tis—

532 I tried to think a lonelier Thing

533 Two Butterflies went out at Noon—

304 The Day came slow—till Five o'clock—

1053 It was a quiet way—

372 I know lives, I could miss

373 I'm saying every day

305 The difference between Despair

374 I went to Heaven—

- 375 The Angle of a Landscape—
 683 The Soul unto itself
 534 We see—Comparatively—
 376 Of Course—I prayed—
 529 I'm sorry for the Dead—Today—
 530 You cannot put a Fire out—
 531 We dream—it is good we are dreaming—
 1727 If ever the lid gets off my head
 1739 Some say good night—at night—
 535 She's happy, with a new Content—
 536 The Heart asks Pleasure—first—

FASCICLE 26 (about 1862)

- 628 They called me to the Window, for
 669 No Romance sold unto
 465 I heard a Fly buzz—when I died—
 674 The Soul that hath a Guest,
 629 I watched the Moon around the House
 1181 When I hoped—I feared—
 630 The Lightning playeth—all the while—
 631 Ourselves were wed one summer—dear—
 466 'Tis little I—could care for Pearls—
 632 The Brain—is wider than the Sky—
 467 We do not play on Graves—
 312 Her—last Poems—
 633 When Bells stop ringing—Church—begins—
 468 The Manner of it's Death
 469 The Red—Blaze—is the Morning—
 634 You'll know Her—by Her Foot—
 470 I am alive—I guess—
 1067 Except the smaller size—
 635 I think the longest Hour of all
 329 So glad we are—a stranger'd deem
 471 A Night—there lay the Days between—

FASCICLE 27 (about 1862)

- 389 There's been a Death, in the Opposite House,
 554 The Black Berry—wears a Thorn in his side—

- 307 The One that could repeat the Summer Day—
 561 I measure every Grief I meet
 562 Conjecturing a Climate
 396 There is a Languor of the Life
 397 When Diamonds are a Legend,
 398 I had not minded—Walls—
 399 A House upon the Hight—
 390 It's Coming—the postponeless Creature—
 308 I send Two Sunsets—
 391 A Visitor in Marl—
 392 Through the Dark Sod—as Education—
 393 Did Our Best Moment last—
 555 Trust in the Unexpected—
 394 'Twas Love—not me—
 556 The Brain, within it's Groove
 557 She hideth Her the last—
 395 Reverse cannot befall
 558 But little Carmine hath her face—
 559 It knew no Medicine—
 560 It knew no lapse, nor Diminution—

FASCICLE 28 (about 1862)

- 564 My period had come for Prayer—
 402 I pay—in Satin Cash—
 565 One Anguish—in a Crowd—
 335 'Tis not that Dying hurts us so—
 566 A Dying Tiger—moaned for Drink—
 567 He gave away his Life—
 568 We learned the Whole of Love—
 403 The Winters are so short—
 569 I reckon—when I count at all—
 404 How many Flowers fail in Wood—
 405 It might be lonelier
 406 Some—Work for Immortality—
 570 I could die—to know—
 571 Must be a Wo—
 572 Delight—becomes pictorial—

- 407 If What we Could—were what we would—
 573 The Test of Love—is Death—
 574 My first well Day—since many ill—
 309 For Largest Woman's Heart I knew—
 408 Unit, like Death, for Whom?
 575 "Heaven" has different Signs—to me—
 409 They dropped like Flakes—
 576 I prayed, at first, a little Girl,

FASCICLE 29 (about 1862)

- 354 From Cocoon forth a Butterfly
 518 Her sweet Weight on my Heart a Night
 355 'Tis Opposites—entice—
 356 The Day that I was crowned
 519 'Twas warm—at first—like Us—
 357 God is a distant—stately Lover—
 358 If any sink, assure that this, now standing—
 589 The Night was wide, and furnished scant
 434 To love thee Year by Year—
 590 Did you ever stand in a Cavern's Mouth—
 435 Much Madness is divinest Sense—
 436 The Wind—tapped like a tired Man—
 591 To interrupt His Yellow Plan
 437 Prayer is the little implement
 592 What care the Dead, for Chanticleer—
 438 Forget! The lady with the Amulet
 439 Undue Significance a starving man attaches
 593 I think I was enchanted
 440 'Tis customary as we part
 594 The Battle fought between the Soul

FASCICLE 30 (about 1862)

- 515 No Crowd that has occurred
 516 Beauty—be not caused—It Is—
 517 He parts Himself—like Leaves—
 520 I started Early—Took my Dog—
 300 "Morning"—means "Milking"—to the Farmer—

- 521 Endow the Living—with the Tears—
 538 'Tis true—They shut me in the Cold—
 539 The Province of the Saved
 540 I took my Power in my Hand—
 541 Some such Butterfly be seen
 542 I had no Cause to be awake—
 543 I fear a Man of frugal Speech—
 379 Rehearsal to Ourselves
 544 The Martyr Poets—did not tell—
 550 I cross till I am weary
 386 Answer July—
 551 There is a Shame of Nobleness—
 552 An ignorance a Sunset
 553 One Crucifixion is recorded—only—
 387 The Sweetest Heresy received
 388 Take Your Heaven further on—

FASCICLE 31 (about 1862)

- 306 The Soul's Superior instants
 537 Me prove it now—Whoever doubt
 377 To lose one's faith—surpass
 378 I saw no Way—The Heavens were stitched—
 522 Had I presumed to hope—
 523 Sweet—You forgot—but I remembered
 362 It struck me—every Day—
 363 I went to thank Her—
 672 The Future never spoke—
 359 I gained it so—
 360 Death sets a Thing significant
 361 What I can do—I will—
 380 There is a flower that Bees prefer—
 381 A Secret told—
 382 For Death—or rather
 383 Exhilaration—is within—
 545 'Tis One by One—the Father counts—
 546 To fill a Gap
 547 I've seen a Dying Eye

- 384 No Rack can torture me—
 548 Death is potential to that Man
 385 Smiling back from Coronation
 549 That I did always love

FASCICLE 32 (about 1862)

- 455 Triumph—may be of several kinds—
 617 Dont put up my Thread & Needle—
 456 So well that I can live without—
 618 At leisure is the Soul
 457 Sweet—safe—Houses—
 619 Glee—The great storm is over—
 620 It makes no difference abroad—
 621 I asked no other thing—
 622 To know just how He suffered—would be dear—
 623 It was too late for Man—
 624 Forever—is composed of Nows—
 625 'Twas a long Parting—but the time
 626 Only God—detect the Sorrow—
 458 Like Eyes that looked on Wastes—
 459 A Tooth upon Our Peace
 460 I know where Wells grow—Droughtless Wells—
 627 The Tint I cannot take—is best—
 461 A Wife—at Daybreak—I shall be—
 462 Why make it doubt—it hurts it so—
 463 I live with Him—I see His face—
 464 The power to be true to You,

FASCICLE 33 (about 1862)

- 636 The Way I read a Letter's—this—
 637 The Child's faith is new—
 472 Except the Heaven had come so near—
 638 To my small Hearth His fire came—
 639 My Portion is Defeat—today—
 473 I am ashamed—I hide—
 640 I cannot live with You—
 641 Size circumscribes—it has no room

- 474 They put Us far apart—
 642 Me from Myself—to banish—
 475 Doom is the House without the Door—
 313 I should have been too glad, I see—
 476 I meant to have but modest needs—
 643 I could suffice for Him, I knew—
 644 You left me—Sire—two Legacies—
 477 No Man can compass a Despair—

FASCICLE 34 (about 1862 or 1863)

- 645 Bereavement in their death to feel
 646 I think To Live—may be a Bliss
 647 A little Road—not made of Man—
 649 Her Sweet turn to leave the Homestead
 650 Pain—has an Element of Blank—
 651 So much Summer
 648 Promise This—When You be Dying—
 478 I had no time to Hate—
 754 My Life had stood—a Loaded Gun—
 710 The Sunrise runs for Both—
 755 No Bobolink—reverse His Singing
 756 One Blessing had I than the rest
 690 Victory comes late—
 757 The Mountains—grow unnoticed—
 758 These—saw Visions—
 711 Strong Draughts of Their Refreshing Minds
 993 We miss Her—not because We see—
 675 Essential Oils—are wrung—

FASCICLE 35 (about 1863)

- 692 The Sun kept setting—setting—still
 693 Shells from the Coast mistaking—
 694 The Heaven vests for Each
 733 The Spirit is the Conscious Ear.
 734 If He were living—dare I ask—
 695 As if the Sea should part
 668 “Nature” is what We see—

- 735 Upon Concluded Lives
 736 Have any like Myself
 680 Each Life Converges to some Centre—
 696 Their Hight in Heaven comforts not—
 697 I could bring You Jewels—had I a mind to—
 698 Life—is what we make it—
 699 The Judge is like the Owl—
 1142 The Props assist the House—
 700 You've seen Balloons set—Hav'nt You?
 689 The Zeros taught Us—Phosphorus—
 701 A Thought went up my mind today—
 673 The Love a Life can show Below
 702 A first Mute Coming—
 703 Out of sight? What of that?
 704 No matter—now—Sweet—
 737 The Moon was but a Chin of Gold
 738 You said that I "was Great"—one Day—
 739 I many times thought Peace had come

FASCICLE 36 (about 1863)

- 982 No Other can reduce Our
 788 Joy to have merited the Pain—
 269 Bound a Trouble—and Lives will bear it—
 789 On a Columnar Self—
 790 Nature—the Gentlest Mother is,
 720 No Prisoner be—
 259 Good Night—Which put the Candle out?
 721 Behind Me—dips Eternity—
 671 She dwelleth in the Ground—
 722 Sweet Mountains—Ye tell Me no lie—
 723 It tossed—and tossed—
 724 It's easy to invent a Life—
 791 God gave a Loaf to every Bird—
 725 Where Thou art—that—is Home—
 726 We thirst at first—'tis Nature's Act—
 792 Through the Straight Pass of Suffering
 727 Precious to Me—She still shall be—

- 665 Dropped into the Ether Acre—
 666 Ah, Teneriffe—Receding Mountain—
 793 Grief is a Mouse—
 728 Let Us play Yesterday—
 729 Alter! When the Hills do—

FASCICLE 37 (about 1863)

- 679 Conscious am I in my Chamber,
 740 You taught me Waiting with Myself—
 705 Suspense—is Hostiler than Death—
 741 Drama's Vitallest Expression is the Common Day
 706 Life, and Death, and Giants—
 742 Four Trees—upon a solitary Acre—
 707 The Grace—Myself—might not obtain—
 743 The Birds reported from the South—
 744 Remorse—is Memory—awake—
 745 Renunciation—is a piercing Virtue—
 746 Never for Society
 708 I sometimes drop it, for a Quick—
 747 It dropped so low—in my Regard—
 748 Autumn—overlooked my Knitting—
 667 Bloom upon the Mountain stated—
 709 Publication—is the Auction—
 749 All but Death, can be Adjusted—
 750 Growth of Man—like Growth of Nature—
 751 My Worthiness is all my Doubt—
 752 So the Eyes accost—and sunder
 753 My Soul—accused me—And I quailed—

FASCICLE 38 (about 1863)

- 794 A Drop fell on the Apple Tree—
 795 Her final Summer was it—
 796 Who Giants know, with lesser Men
 797 By my Window have I for Scenery
 730 Defrauded I a Butterfly—
 731 "I want"—it pleaded—All it's life—
 876 It was a Grave, yet bore no Stone

- 798 She staked her Feathers—Gained an Arc—
 799 Despair's Advantage is achieved
 800 Two—were immortal twice—
 801 I play at Riches—to appease
 732 She rose to His Requirement—dropt
 802 Time feels so vast that were it not
 803 Who Court obtain within Himself
 804 No Notice gave She, but a Change—
 686 They say that "Time assuages"—
 681 On the Bleakness of my Lot
 805 This Bauble was preferred of Bees—
 806 A Plated Life—diversified
 807 Expectation—is Contentment—

FASCICLE 39 (about 1863)

(poems unknown)

- 771 None can experience stint
 772 The hallowing of Pain
 773 Deprived of other Banquet,
 774 It is a lonesome Glee—
 775 If Blame be my side—forfeit Me—
 776 The Color of a Queen, is this—
 677 To be alive—is Power—
 777 The Loneliness One dare not sound—
 676 Least Bee that brew—
 778 This that would greet—an hour ago—
 779 The Service without Hope—
 718 I meant to find Her when I came—
 780 The Truth—is stirless—
 719 A South Wind—has a pathos
 781 To wait an Hour—is long—
 782 There is an arid Pleasure—
 783 The Birds begun at Four o'clock—
 784 Bereaved of all, I went abroad—
 785 They have a little Odor—that to me
 786 Severer Service of myself

- 682 'Twould ease—a Butterfly—
787 Such is the Force of Happiness—

FASCICLE 40 (about 1864)

- | | | |
|-----|--|---------------|
| 827 | The Only News I know | 820 |
| 961 | Wert Thou but ill—that I might show thee | 821 |
| 962 | Midsummer, was it, when They died— | 822 |
| 902 | The first Day that I was a Life | 823 |
| 963 | A nearness to Tremendousness— | 824 |
| 964 | “Unto Me?” I do not know you— | 825 |
| 965 | Denial—is the only fact | 826 |
| 966 | All forgot for recollecting | 827 |
| 903 | I hide myself—within my flower, | 80* (also F3) |
| 904 | Had I not This, or This, I said, | 828 |
| 905 | Between My Country—and the Others— | 829 |
| 906 | The Admirations—and Contempts—of time— | 830 |
| 907 | Till Death—is narrow Loving— | 831 |
| 908 | 'Tis Sunrise—Little Maid—Hast Thou | 832 |
| 967 | Pain—expands the Time— | 833 |
| 968 | Fitter to see Him, I may be | 834 |
| 969 | He who in Himself believes— | 835 |
| 970 | Color—Caste—Denomination— | 836 |
| 909 | I make His Crescent fill or lack— | 837 |
| 971 | Robbed by Death—but that was easy— | 838 |
| 972 | Unfulfilled to Observation— | 839 |