|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| 1BEAT! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow! |   |
| Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless [force](http://www.bartleby.com/142/1011.html#112.2), |   |
| Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation; |   |
| Into the school where the scholar is studying; |   |
| Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride; | *5* |
| Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, plowing his field or gathering his grain; |   |
| So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles blow. |   |
|    |  |
| 2Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow! |   |
| Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets: |   |
| Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers must sleep in those beds; | *10* |
| No bargainers’ bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—Would they continue? |   |
| Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing? |   |
| Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge? |   |
| Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow. |   |
|    |  |
| 3Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow! | *15* |
| Make no parley—stop for no expostulation; |   |
| Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer; |   |
| Mind not the old man beseeching the young man; |   |
| Let not the child’s voice be heard, nor the mother’s entreaties; |   |
| Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie awaiting the hearses, | *20* |
| So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow. |  |

Walt Whitman (1819–1892).  Leaves of Grass.  1900.

[112](http://www.bartleby.com/142/1011.html#112). **Beat! Beat! Drums!**