

**THE NEW  
WORLD, PP. 5-61**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649310791

The New World, pp. 5-61 by Witter Bynner

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**WITTER BYNNER**

**THE NEW  
WORLD, PP. 5-61**



**THE NEW WORLD**

*BY WITTER BYNNER*

AN ODE TO HARVARD  
AND OTHER FORMS

TIGER

THE LITTLE KING

THE NEW WORLD

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

# The New World

by WITTER BYNNER



---

## ERRATA

Page 13, ninth line from the top, for  
"earthly" read "earthy."

Page 45, fourth line from the top, for  
"love" read "loved."

NEW YORK  
MITCHELL KENNERLEY  
1916

COPYRIGHT 1915 BY  
MITCHELL KENNERLEY

The greater part of this poem was delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in June, 1911; several passages from it have appeared in *Poetry*, and others in *The Bellman*, the *Boston Evening Transcript* and the *American Magazine*.

*Printed in America*



To  
Celia

## The New World

### I

Celia was laughing. Hopefully I said:  
"How shall this beauty that we share,  
This love, remain aware  
Beyond our happy breathing of the air?  
How shall it be fulfilled and perfected? . . .  
If you were dead,  
How then should I be comforted?"

But Celia knew instead:

"He who finds beauty here, shall find it there."

A halo gathered round her hair.  
I looked and saw her wisdom bare  
The living bosom of the countless dead.  
. . . And there  
I laid my head.

Again when Celia laughed, I doubted her and  
said:

"Life must be led

In many ways more difficult to see  
Than this immediate way  
For you and me.  
We stand together on our lake's edge, and the  
mystery  
Of love has made us one, as day is made of  
night and night of day.  
Aware of one identity  
Within each other, we can say:  
'I shall be everything you are.' . . .  
We are uplifted till we touch a star.  
We know that overhead  
Is nothing more austere, more starry, or more  
deep to understand  
Than is our union, human hand in hand.  
. . . . But over our lake come strangers—a  
crowded launch, a lonely sailing boy.  
A mile away a train bends by. In every car  
Strangers are travelling, each with particular  
And unkind preference like ours, with privacy  
Of understanding, with especial joy  
Like ours. Celia, Celia, why should there be  
Distrust between ourselves and them, disunity?  
. . . . How careful we have been  
To trim this little circle that we tread,

To set a bar  
To strangers and forbid them! — Are they not  
    as we,  
Our very likeness and our nearest kin?  
How can we shut them out and let stars in?"  
    She looked along the lake. And when I  
    heard her speak,  
The sun fell on the boy's white sail and her  
    white cheek.  
"I touch them all through you," she said. "I  
    cannot know them now  
Deeply and truly as my very own, except  
    through you,  
Except through one or two  
Interpreters.  
But not a moment stirs  
Here between us, binding and interweaving us,  
That does not bind these others to our care."  
    The sunlight fell in glory on her hair. . . .  
And then said Celia, radiant, when I held her  
    near:  
"They who find beauty there, shall find it here."  
    And on her brow,  
When I heard Celia speak,  
Cities were populous