

O, born of Earth, of Adamantine germ,  
 Torpid, hirsute and massive pachyderm!  
 Had mother groaning with intestine pains  
 Tamultuous, shook thee with convulsive strains;  
 Or why came tumbling from thy bosom down,  
 Thy diamond, a terror to the town?  
 Is grinding in the furious manner done  
 The best of ways to polish precious stone?

"Some human wags prised off a balanced rock,  
 It whirled and thundered with terrific shock;  
 Great oaks were rinded by the restless mass,  
 Nor stopped it till it blocked the public pass;  
 Long drilled and split, the meteor gave the way;  
 Ajax Dorrises led that sportive day,  
 That vexed all Canton with a tax to pay."

I need not ask thee all about thy birth,  
 What posed thee so upon the mother Earth,  
 What Fates were thine through aeons that are past  
 Melted and cooled, or crystalized and cast;  
 How glaciers scored thee freightling bowlders by  
 And piled with drift thy northern slope so high;  
 But yester- and to-day, relate, O Hill.

"I saw the Mayflower moored in winter chill,  
 The Pilgrim land and build his frail abode,  
 The Colony expand, the forest mowed;  
 The Province of the Massachusetts Bay  
 Lay out her towns beneath the royal sway;  
 The dusky native's dart within my gaze,  
 Struck the wild deer,—the soil gave only malze.  
 As midst Mars Hill the Apostle did exhort,  
 So midst Blue Hill has Elliot prayed and taught.  
 He 'gospelizing' Second Praying Town,  
 Near this bright Pond preached Punkapog's renown,  
 Men of New Athens glimpsed the Great Unknown.

When Philip raged with tomahawk and brand,  
 The sentry paced me firelock in hand,—

