

# Give All to Love

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

Give all to love;  
Obey thy heart;  
Friends, kindred, days,  
Estate, good-fame,  
Plans, credit and the Muse,—  
Nothing refuse.

'T is a brave master;  
Let it have scope:  
Follow it utterly,  
Hope beyond hope:  
High and more high  
It dives into noon,  
With wing unspent,  
Untold intent:  
But it is a god,  
Knows its own path  
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;  
It requireth courage stout.  
Souls above doubt,  
Valor unbending,  
It will reward,—  
They shall return  
More than they were,  
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;  
Yet, hear me, yet,  
One word more thy heart behoved,  
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—  
Keep thee to-day,  
To-morrow, forever,  
Free as an Arab  
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;  
But when the surprise,  
First vague shadow of surmise  
Flits across her bosom young,  
Of a joy apart from thee,  
Free be she, fancy-free;  
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,  
Nor the palest rose she flung  
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,  
As a self of purer clay,  
Though her parting dims the day,  
Stealing grace from all alive;

Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The gods arrive.