**Transcendentalism Analysis Activity**

**Synthesis** : Read the following famous Walt Whitman poems. Decide the underlying arguments/arguments for each poem. **What is a shared argument? Defend, negate, or qualify this argument. Create a mini-synthesis argument essay. Introduction, 2 warrant sections, and Conclusion. Use a minimum of 5 quotable quotes taken from these sources.**

**Walt Whitman Poems from “Leaves of Grass”**

**Source A: O Me! O Life!**

 O me! O life! Of the questions of these recurring,

 Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill’d with the foolish,

 Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more foolish than I,

 and who more faithless?)

 Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects mean, of the

 struggle ever renew’d,

 Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and sordid crowds I see

 around me,

 Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the rest me intertwined,

 The question, O me! So sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me, O life?

 Answer.

 That you are here—that life exists and identity,

 That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse

**Source B When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer**

 When I heard the learn'd astronomer,

 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,

 When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,

 When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much

 applause in the lecture-room,

 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,

 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,

 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,

 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

**Source C Song of the Universal (abridged)**

 1

 Come said the Muse,

 Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,

 Sing me the universal.

 In this broad earth of ours,

 Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,

 Enclosed and safe within its central heart,

 Nestles the seed perfection.

 By every life a share or more or less,

 None born but it is born, conceal'd or unconceal'd the seed is waiting.

 2

 Yet again, lo! the soul, above all science,

 For it has history gather'd like husks around the globe,

 For it the entire star-myriads roll through the sky.

 In spiral routes by long detours,

 (As a much-tacking ship upon the sea,)

 For it the partial to the permanent flowing,

 For it the real to the ideal tends.

 For it the mystic evolution,

 Not the right only justified, what we call evil also justified.

 3

 Over the mountain-growths disease and sorrow,

 An uncaught bird is ever hovering, hovering,

 High in the purer, happier air.

 From imperfection's murkiest cloud,

 Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,

 One flash of heaven's glory.

 To fashion's, custom's discord,

 To the mad Babel-din, the deafening orgies,

 Soothing each lull a strain is heard, just heard,

 From some far shore the final chorus sounding.

 All, all for immortality,

 Love like the light silently wrapping all,

 Nature's amelioration blessing all,

 The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,

 Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

 Give me O God to sing that thought,

 Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,

 In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,

 Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,

 Health, peace, salvation universal.

 Is it a dream?

 Nay but the lack of it the dream,

 And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,

 And all the world a dream.

**O Me! O Life!**

[**O Me! O Life!**](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/182088#poem)

Oh me! Oh life! of the questions of these recurring,

Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill’d with the foolish,

Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more foolish than I, and who more faithless?)

Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects mean, of the struggle ever renew’d,

Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and sordid crowds I see around me,

Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the rest me intertwined,

The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me, O life?

                                     *Answer.*

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