In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitude, I

found the fresh Rhodora in the

woods,

Spread-ing its
leaf-less blooms in a damp nook,

poco piu mosso

please the desert and the sluggish

brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,

poco meno mosso

Made the black water with their beauty gay;

The Rhodora
Here might the red - bird

come his plumes to cool, And court the flower that chea - pens his ar - ray. Rho -
do - ra!  Rho - do - ra!

if the sa - ges ask thee why This

molto ritardando

andante
charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them,

dear, that if eyes were made
for seeing, Then

Beauty is its own excuse for
poco accel

be - ing:
Why thou wert there, O ri - val of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew, But in my simple
ignorance, suppose The self-same power, self-same
power that brought me there brought you.
"The Rhodora" was originally published in Emerson's 1847 collection Poems. Summary of The Rhodora. "The Rhodora" by Ralph Waldo Emerson describes the power of a rhododendron flower and its ability to outshine and improve all the elements around it. At this moment the winds have worked to show the speaker a fresh Rhodora in the woods. As mentioned in the introduction, a Rhodora is a type of flowering shrub common throughout the northeastern part of America. "The Rhodora, On Being Asked, Whence Is the Flower", or simply "The Rhodora", is an 1834 poem by American writer Ralph Waldo Emerson, a 19th century philosopher. The poem is about the rhodora, a common flowering shrub, and the beauty of this shrub in its natural setting. Emerson had begun a new journal with his poetic jottings in 1834, the earliest of which was "The Rhodora", written in May. A month earlier, he had visited Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and experienced a deeply Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing, Then Beauty is its own excuse for being: Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose! I never thought to ask, I never knew: But, in my simple ignorance, suppose The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.