

The Gift Outright Full Poem

Writer: Robert Frost | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

The Gift Outright By [Robert Frost](#) (1874-1963)

The land was ours before we were the land's. She was our land more than a hundred years
Before we were her people. She was ours In Massachusetts, in Virginia, But we were England's,
still colonials, Possessing what we still were unpossessed by, Possessed by what we now no
more possessed. Something we were withholding made us weak Until we found out that it was
ourselves We were withholding from our land of living, And forthwith found salvation in
surrender. Such as we were we gave ourselves outright (The deed of gift was many deeds of
war) To the land vaguely realizing westward, But still unstoried, artless, unenhanced, Such as
she was, such as she would become.

Robert Frost, "[The Gift Outright](#)" from The Poetry of Robert Frost, edited by Edward Connery
Lathem. Copyright 1923, © 1969 by Henry Holt and Company, Inc., renewed 1951, by Robert
Frost. Reprinted with the permission of Henry Holt and Company, LLC.

Source: The Poetry of Robert Frost (Henry Holt & Co., 1969)