

**POEMS  
OF NATURE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649760046

Poems of nature by William Cullen Bryant

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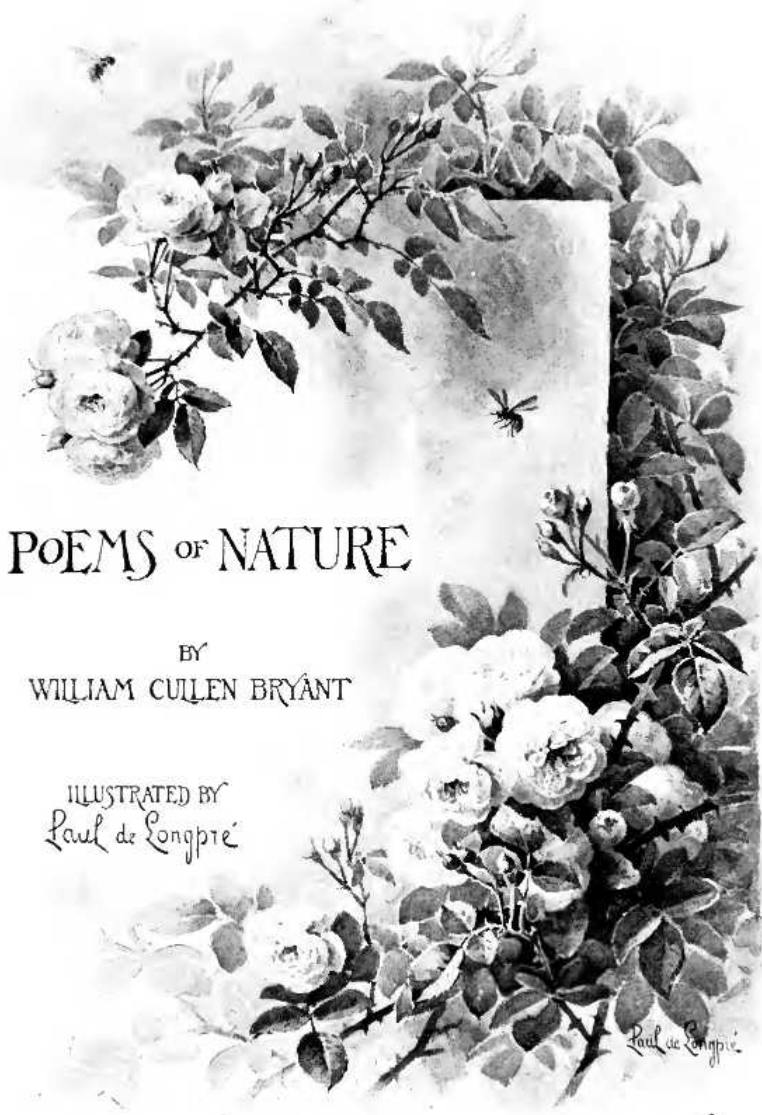
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**WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT**

**POEMS  
OF NATURE**



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# POEMS OF NATURE

BY  
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

ILLUSTRATED BY  
*Paul de Longpie*

*Paul de Longpie*

NEW YORK: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

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*“This artist of ours, with deeper cunning, has contrived to levy on all American nature, has subsidized every solitary grove and monument-mountain in Berkshire or the Catskills, every gleaming water, the ‘gardens of the desert,’ every waterfowl and wood-bird, the evening wind, the stormy March, the song of the stars — has suborned every one of these to speak for him, so that there is no feature of day or night in the country which does not, to a contemplative mind, recall the name of Bryant.”*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



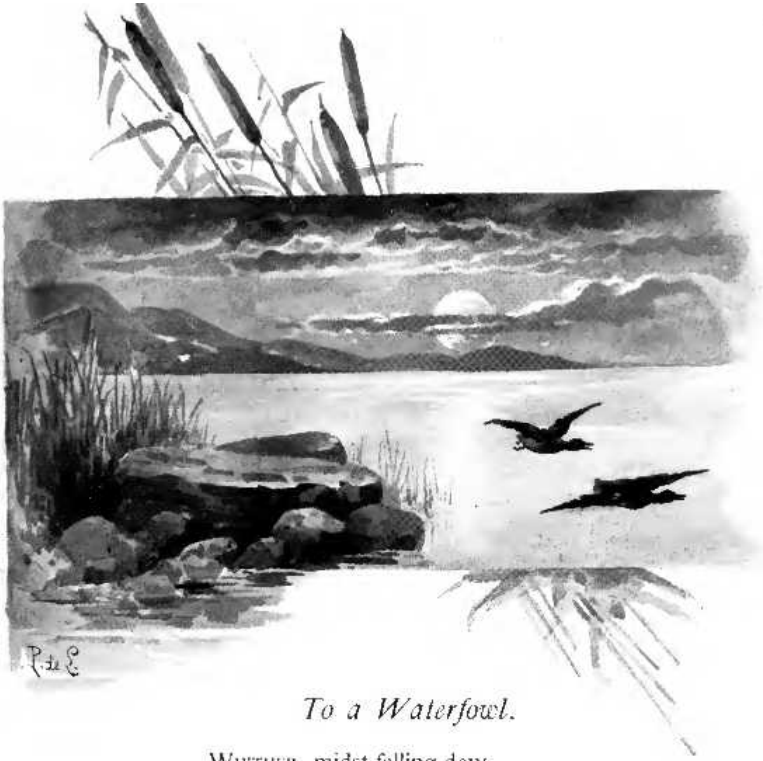
## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
TO A WATERFOWL . . . . .	1
GREEN RIVER . . . . .	3
A WINTER PIECE . . . . .	6
A WALK AT SUNSET . . . . .	11
THE RIVULET . . . . .	14
MARCH . . . . .	18
SUMMER WIND . . . . .	20
MONUMENT MOUNTAIN . . . . .	22
NOVEMBER . . . . .	28
HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR . . . . .	29
THE SONG OF THE STARS . . . . .	31
"I BROKE THE SPELL THAT HELD ME LONG" . . . . .	33
JUNE . . . . .	35
LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY . . . . .	38
THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS . . . . .	40
OCTOBER . . . . .	42
THE GLADNESS OF NATURE . . . . .	43
MIDSUMMER . . . . .	45



	PAGE
A SUMMER RAMBLE . . . . .	46
A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON . . . . .	50
THE HURRICANE . . . . .	52
"UPON THE MOUNTAIN'S DISTANT HEAD" . . . . .	55
THE EVENING WIND . . . . .	56
"INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE FLOWER" . . . . .	58
TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN . . . . .	59
THE FOUNTAIN . . . . .	60
THE WINDS . . . . .	65
THE PAINTED CUP . . . . .	68
A HYMN OF THE SEA . . . . .	70
"THE MAY SUN SHEDS AN AMBER LIGHT" . . . . .	73
THE VOICE OF AUTUMN . . . . .	75
THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE . . . . .	77
THE SNOW-SHOWER . . . . .	81
A RAIN-DREAM . . . . .	84
ROBERT OF LINCOLN . . . . .	88
AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY . . . . .	91
THE WIND AND STREAM . . . . .	93
SONG—"THESE PRAIRIES GLOW WITH FLOWERS" . . . . .	95
THE SONG OF THE SOWER . . . . .	96
THE PATH . . . . .	103
THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS . . . . .	106
AMONG THE TREES . . . . .	109
MAY EVENING . . . . .	115
OUR FELLOW-WORSHIPPERS . . . . .	118



*To a Waterfowl.*

WHITHER, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side?

*To a Waterfowl.*

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—  
The desert and illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest.  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart  
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

