G&M's
From
Bryant
Gems from Bryant
First Day.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

The Hymn of the City.
Second Day.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent hall of death,
Thou go not, like a quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Thanatopsis.

Thou hast my better years
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

To the Past.
Third Day.

HERE'S a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

The Gladness of Nature.

——“Every maiden knows
That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere he goes.”

Fatima and Raduan.

Stainless worth,
Such as the eternal age of virtue saw
Ripens, meanwhile, till time shall call it forth
From the low modest shade, to light and bless the earth.

The Ages.
Fourth Day.

Stranger if thou hast learned a truth which needs No school of long experience, that the world Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares, To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood And view the haunts of Nature.

Entrance to a Wood.
Fifth Day.

But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts
With thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart.

Green River

That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholdning Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

Forest Hymn.

Thou fiest and bear'st away our woes,
And as thy shadowy train depart,
The memory of sorrow grows
A lighter burden on the heart.

The Lapse of Time.
Virtue cannot dwell with slaves,
nor reign
O’er those who cower to take a tyrant’s yoke.

The Ages.

In such a bright, late quiet,
would that I
Might wear out life like thee, ’mid bowers and brooks.
And dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou doth pass.

Sonnet—October.
Seventh Day.

I would make Reason my guide, but she
would sometimes sit
Patiently by the wayside,
while I traced
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness around me.

*Jupiter and Venus.*

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

*March.*
Eighth Day.

To HIM who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,
she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

Thanatopsis.

Thus error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven,
They fade—they fly—but truth survives their flight;

The Ages.

I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

The Lapse of Time.
Ninth Day.

Woo her when
with
rosy
blush,

Summer eve
is sinking;
When, on rills
that
softly gush,
Stars are softly
winking;
When, through
boughs that
knit the
bower,
Moonlight gleams
are stealing;
Woo her, till the gentle hour
Wake a gentler feeling.

Song.
Tenth Day.

GRANDEUR, strength and grace  
Are here to speak of thee. This  
mighty oak—  
By whose immovable stem I stand  
and seem  
Almost annihilated—not a prince,  
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
Thy hand has graced him.  

Forest Hymn.

In meadows red with blossoms,  
All summer long, the bee  
Murmers and loads his yellow thighs,  
For thee, my love, and me.  

The Hunter's Serenade.

Thy gates shall yet give way,  
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past.  

The Past.
Eleventh Day.

The oak shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould. Yet not to thine eternal resting-place shalt thou retire alone—nor could'st thou wish Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down with patriarchs of the infant world—with kings, The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, All in one mighty sepulchre.

Thanatopsis.
HITHER, 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 painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

* * * * * * * *

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

* * * * * * * *

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.

To A Waterfowl.
Thirteenth Day.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour,
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong.
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save.

Banks of the Hudson.
Fourteenth Day.

And thou dost wait and watch to meet
My spirit sent to join the blessed,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem in every sound to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near."

The Indian Girl’s Lament.

The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadow green, and, poured round all,

Old ocean’s grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

Thanatopsis.
Fifteenth Day.

YE, from your station in the middle skies,
Proclaimed the essential Goodness,
strong and wise.

To the Apennines.

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

*Autumn Woods.*

Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music;—thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes scarcely felt;—the barky trunks,
the ground,
The fresh, moist ground are all instinct with thee.

*Forest Hymn.*
Sixteenth Day.

All that breathe
Will share thy destiny.
   The gay will
   laugh
When thou art gone,
the solemn brood
   of care
Plod on, and each
one as before
   will chase
His favorite phantom;
yet all these
   shall leave
Their mirth
   and their
employments,
   and shall come,
And make their bed with
thee.                Thanatepsis.
Seventeenth Day.

I KNOW, I know I should not see
The season’s glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But, if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love shall come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

June.

Innocent child and snow-white flower!
Well are you paired in your opening hour.
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

"Innocent Child and Snow-white Flower."

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change, to her, of everlasting youth.

The Ages.
Eighteenth Day.

They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul’s apparent seat;

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

To the Past.
The Life of the Blessed.

Go, rock the little woodbird in its nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches
and the grass.

To the Evening Wind.

Yet almost can her grief forget,
To think that thou dost love her yet.

The Indian Girl's Lament.
Twentieth Day.

Then haste thee, Time—
'tis kindness all
That speeds thy winged
feet so fast;
Thy pleasures stay
not till they pall,
And all thy pains
are quickly past.

The Lapse of Time.

What heroes from the woodland
sprung,
When through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Seventy-six.
ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees
are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around
our vale
Have put their glory on.

*Autumn Woods.*

These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show,
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—

The solitude

*Forest Hymn.*

I hunt, till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height;
And kind the voice and glad the eyes,
That welcome my return at night.

*The Hunter of the Prairies.*
Twenty-second Day.

'Tis sweet in the green Spring, To gaze upon the wakening fields around; Birds in the thicket sing, Winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground;
A thousand odors rise, Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dies.

From the Spanish.

Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth, God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

To the Evening Wind.
Twenty-third Day.

In thy abysses wide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth’s wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea

Ah, thou art like our wayward race;
When not a shade of pain or ill
Dims the bright smile of Nature’s face,
Thou lov’st to sigh and murmur still.

The groves were God’s first temples. Ere man
learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather, and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication.

Forest Hymn.
Twenty-fourth Day.

Region of life
and light!

Land of the good
whose earthly toils
are o'er!

Nor frost nor heat
may blight

Thy vernal beauty, fertile
shore,

Yielding thy blessed fruits forevermore!

The Life of the Blessed.
Twenty-fifth Day.

OO the fair one, when around
Early birds are singing;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground.

Early herbs are springing:
When the brookside, bank and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love.—
Woo the timid maiden.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they are all in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.

The Death of the Flowers,
Twenty-sixth Day.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago, The brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow; But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood; And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood, Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men, And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade and glen.

The Death of the Flowers.
Twenty-seventh Day.

Thou, who alone
art fair,
And whom
alone I love,
art far
away.
Unless
thy smile
be there,
It makes
me sad to
see the
earth so
gay.
I care not
if the train
Of leaves,
and flowers,
and
zephyrs
go again.

From the Spanish.
Twenty-eighth Day.

I KNOW where the young May violet grows
   In its lone and lowly nook.
   An Indian Story.

Words cannot tell how bright and gay
   The scenes of life before me lay.
The glorious hopes, that now to speak
   Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote, on high,
   A name I deemed should never die.
   The Rivulet.

The sight of that young crescent brings
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—
   The hopes of early years;
And childhood's purity and grace,
And joys that like a rainbow chase
   The passing shower of tears.
   The New Moon.
Twenty-ninth Day.

"The boundless visible smile of Him, To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim."

*Song of the Stars.*

For prattling poets say,
That sweetest is the lovers walk,
And tenderest is their murmured talk Beneath its gentle ray.

*The New Moon.*

Eternal Love doth keep
In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

*The Ages.*
Thirtieth Day.

Oh! you might deem the spot,
The spacious cavern of some
    virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—
    where the gems grow,
And diamonds put forth radiant rods
    and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up, most royally with the pure beam
That dwells in them.

A Winter Piece.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
    When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
    And gladness breathes from the blossoming
ground.

The Gladness of Nature.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
    Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes is there.

Fairest of the Rural Maids.
Still came
and lingered
on my
sight
Of flowers and
streams
the bloom and light,
The glory of
the stars and sun;—
And these
and poetry
are one.
Thirty-first Day.

IGHT but a little part,
A wandering breath of that high melody,
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, oh Love! in thee.

The Life of the Blessed.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

To the Fringed Gentian.

Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came
from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.

Mary Magdalen:

Earth
Uplifts a general cry for guilt and wrong,
And Heaven is listening.