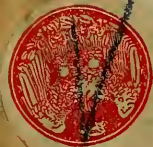


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HAUNTS OF BRYANT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
LOUIS K. HARLOW.

33



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I took on the peaceful dwellings
Whose windows glimmer in sight,
With croft and garden and orchard
That bask in the mellow light.

The Bryant House
Cummington Mass.



Each where his tastes or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds and holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

Approach
to the Homestead,
Cambridge Mass.

W.C. BRYANT.





Trees Roslyn L.I.

The leaves are swept from the branches;
But the living buds are there,
With folded flower and foliage,
To sprout in a kinder air.



Bit
at Cedarhurst
Reglyn. LI.

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.

W.C. BRYANT.



Glimpse of
Long Island Sound
from Roslyn L.I.

Thou dost look on thy creation
and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, glorious with their Summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty; and its woods
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.



The Brook.
Cummington.

This little rill that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again.

W.C. BRYANT.





Bridge
Cedarmere.

The melancholy days
are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
and meadows brown and sear.





© My heart is awed
within me
when I think
Of the great miracle
that still goes on,
In silence, round me,—
the perpetual work
of thy creation,
finished, yet renewed forever.

W. C. BRYANT.







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