

AN  
AUTUMN

PASTORAL

By

William  
Cullen  
Bryant





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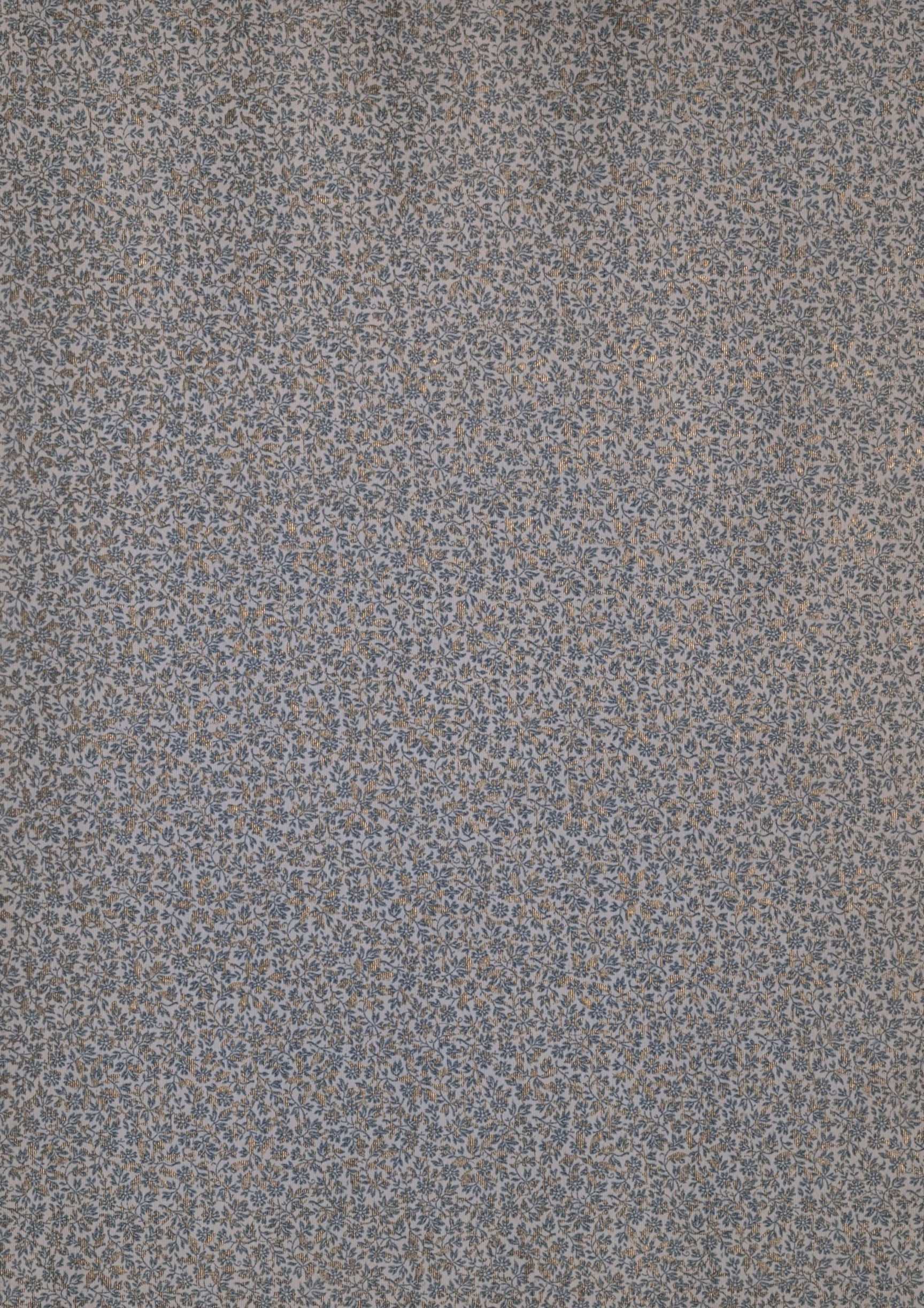
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1888

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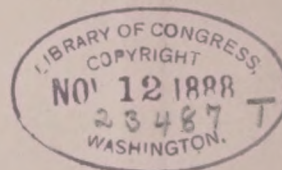






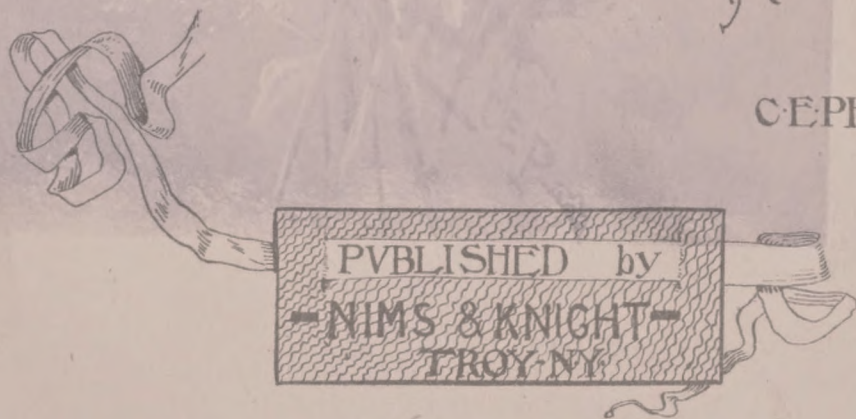
# AN AUTUMN PASTORAL

THE  
DEATH OF THE FLOWERS  
BY  
WILLIAM CULEN BRYANT.



WITH  
15 Illustrations by  
The Photo-Gravure Co.  
After Original Drawings

BY  
C. PHILIPS.



1888









# ILLUSTRATIONS

- 1 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
brown and sear.
- 2 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, &c,
- 3 And from the wood-top calls the crow,
- 4 Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, &c.
- 5 Alas! they all are in their graves;
- 6 The rain is falling where they lie;
- 7 The brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
- 8 But on the hill the golden-rod, &c, summer glow;
- 9 Was gone from upland, glade, and glen.
- 10 Comes the calm mild day, to call the squirrel &c.
- 11 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
- 12 The south-wind searches for the flowers,
- 13 Then I think of one &c.
- 14 In the cold moist earth &c,
- 15 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish  
with the flowers.



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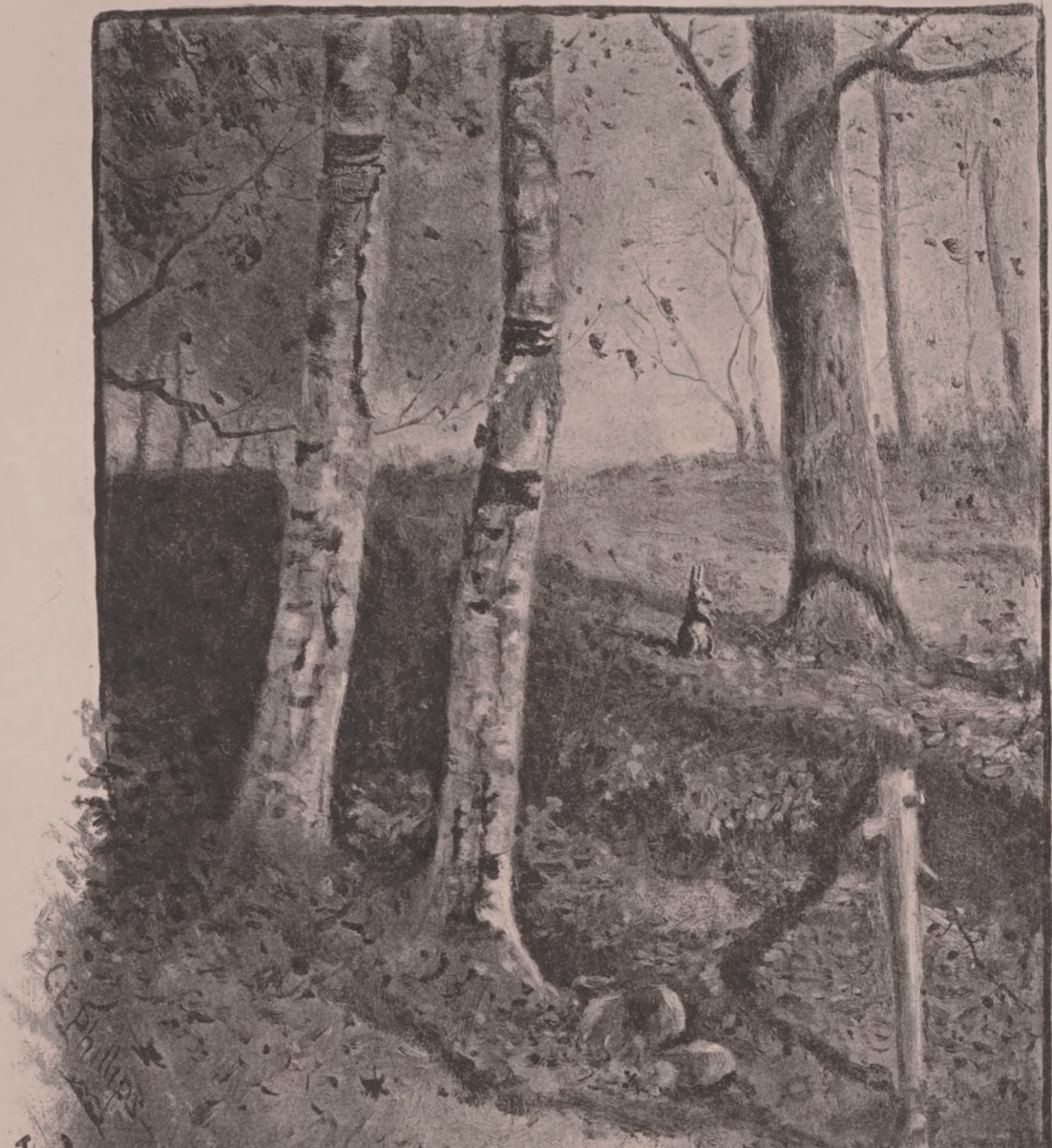


The melancholy days are come, the  
saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,  
and meadows brown and sear.







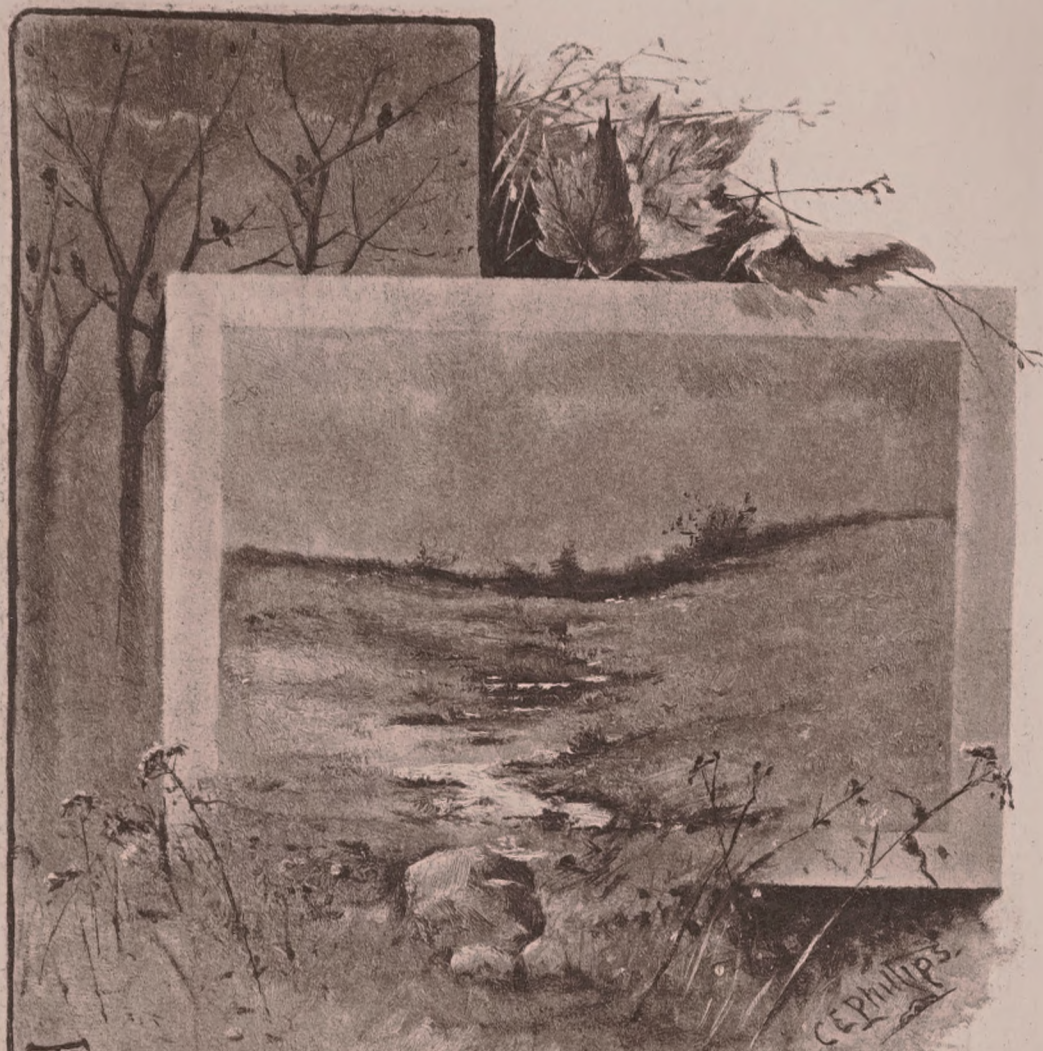


C. Phillips  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,  
the autumn leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the  
rabbit's tread.









The robin and the wren are flown,  
and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow  
through all the gloomy day.







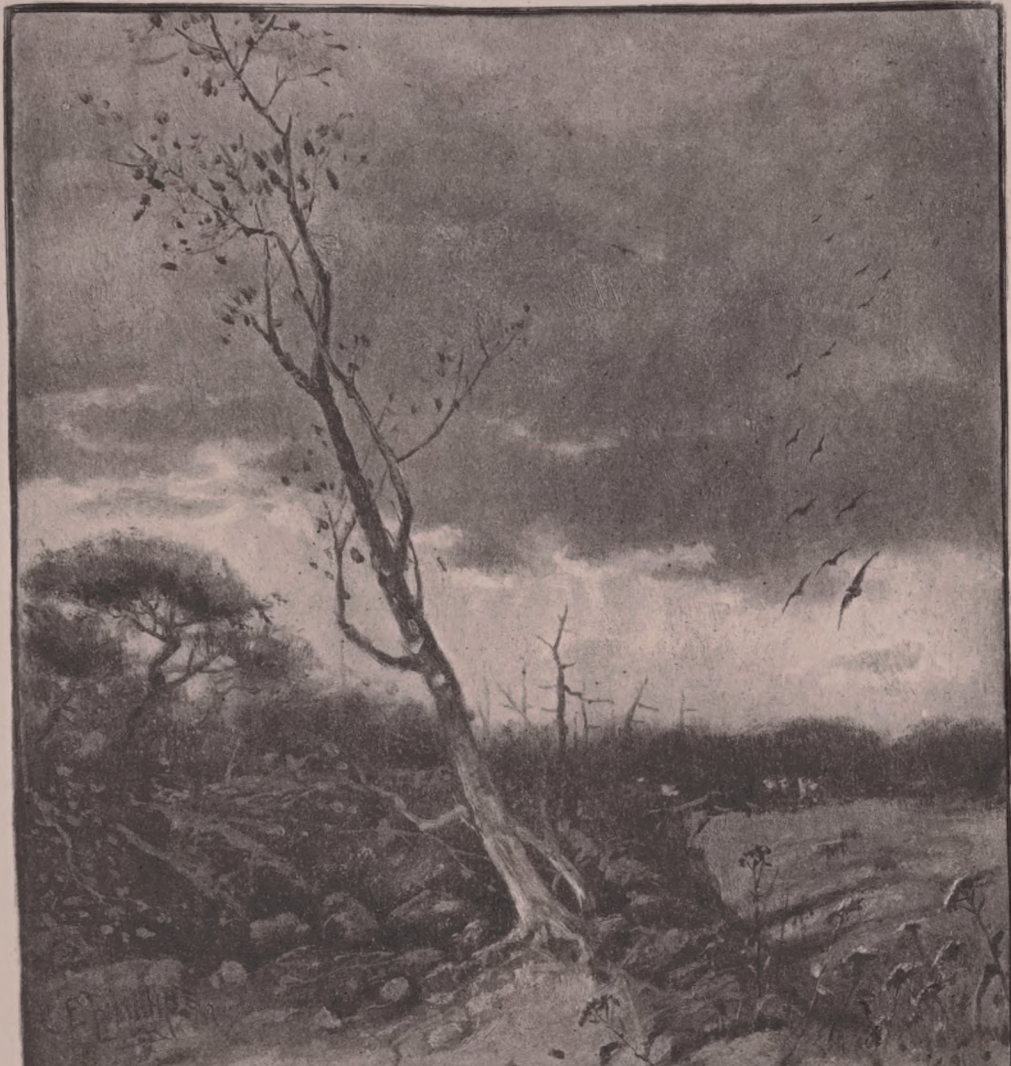


Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,  
that lately sprang and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beautiful  
sisterhood?









Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle  
"race" of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair  
and good of ours.









C. Phillips  
The rain is falling where they lie; but the  
cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the  
lovely ones again.









The wind-flower and the violet, they  
perished long ago,  
And the briar-rose and the orchis died  
amid the summer glow;









C. PHILLIPS

But on the hill the golden-rod, and  
the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in  
autumn beauty stood,









CE Phillips  
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.









And now, when comes the calm mild day, as  
still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their  
winter-home;









When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though  
all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of  
the rill,









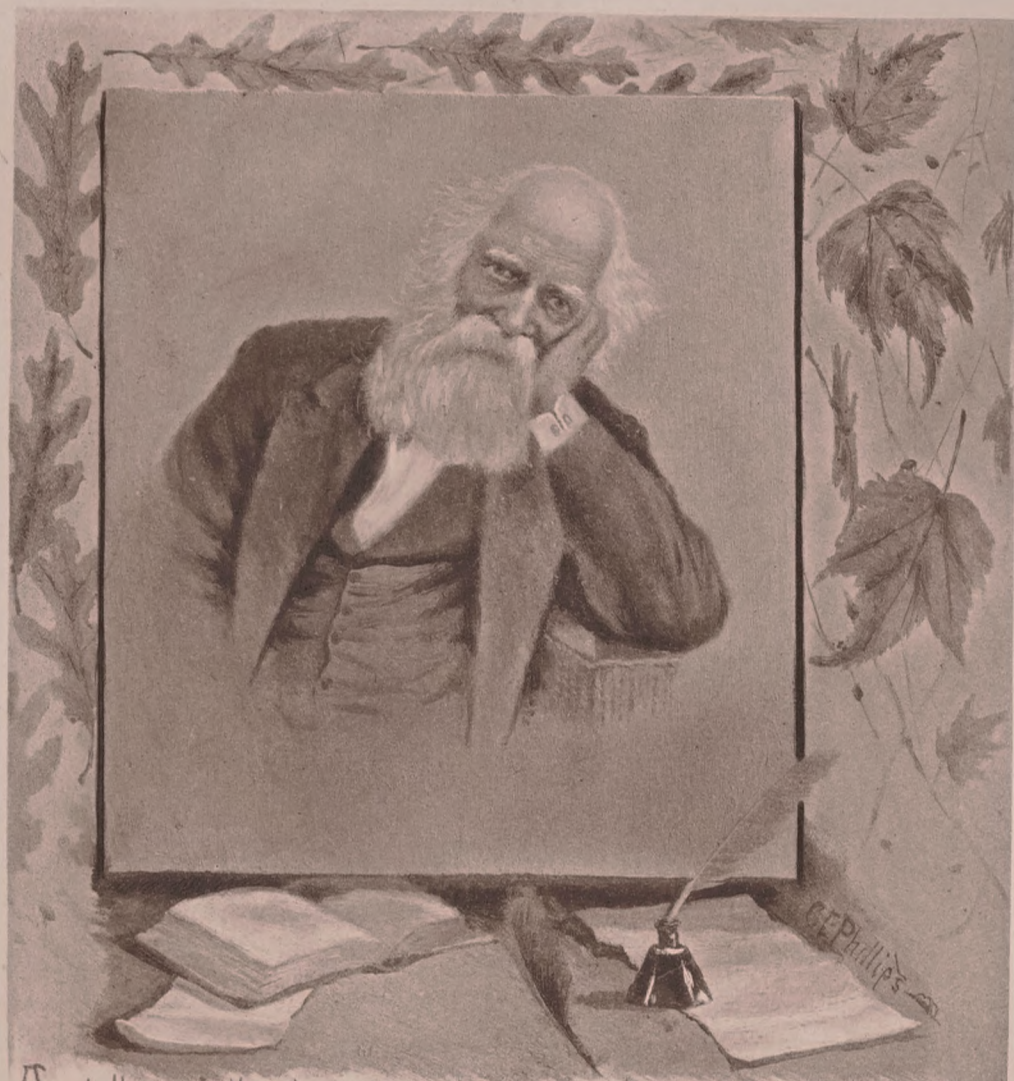
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose  
fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by  
the stream no more.

C. Phillips







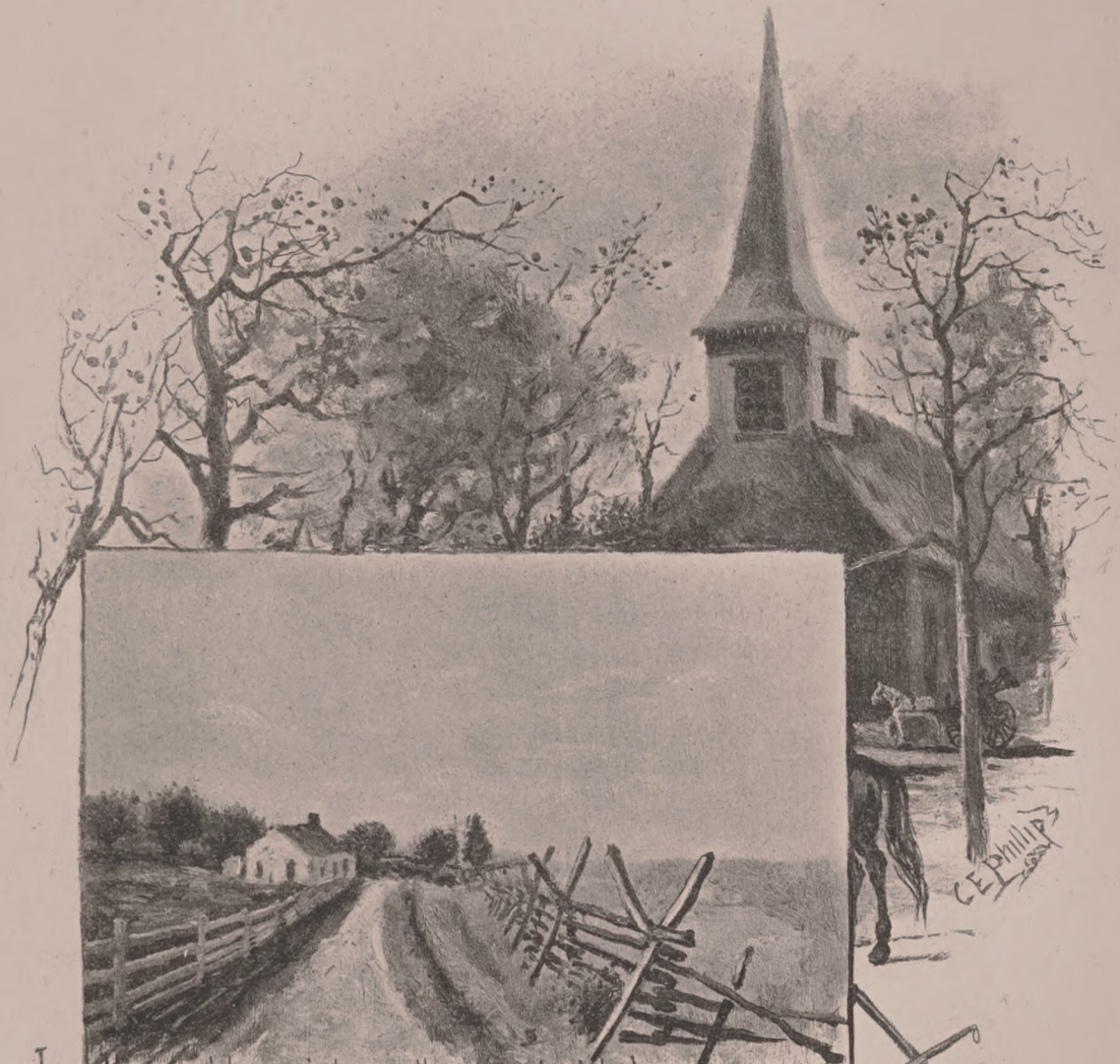


And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty  
died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded  
by my side.









In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests  
cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a  
life so brief;









Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that  
young friend of ours,  
so gentle and so beautiful, should perish  
with the flowers.

















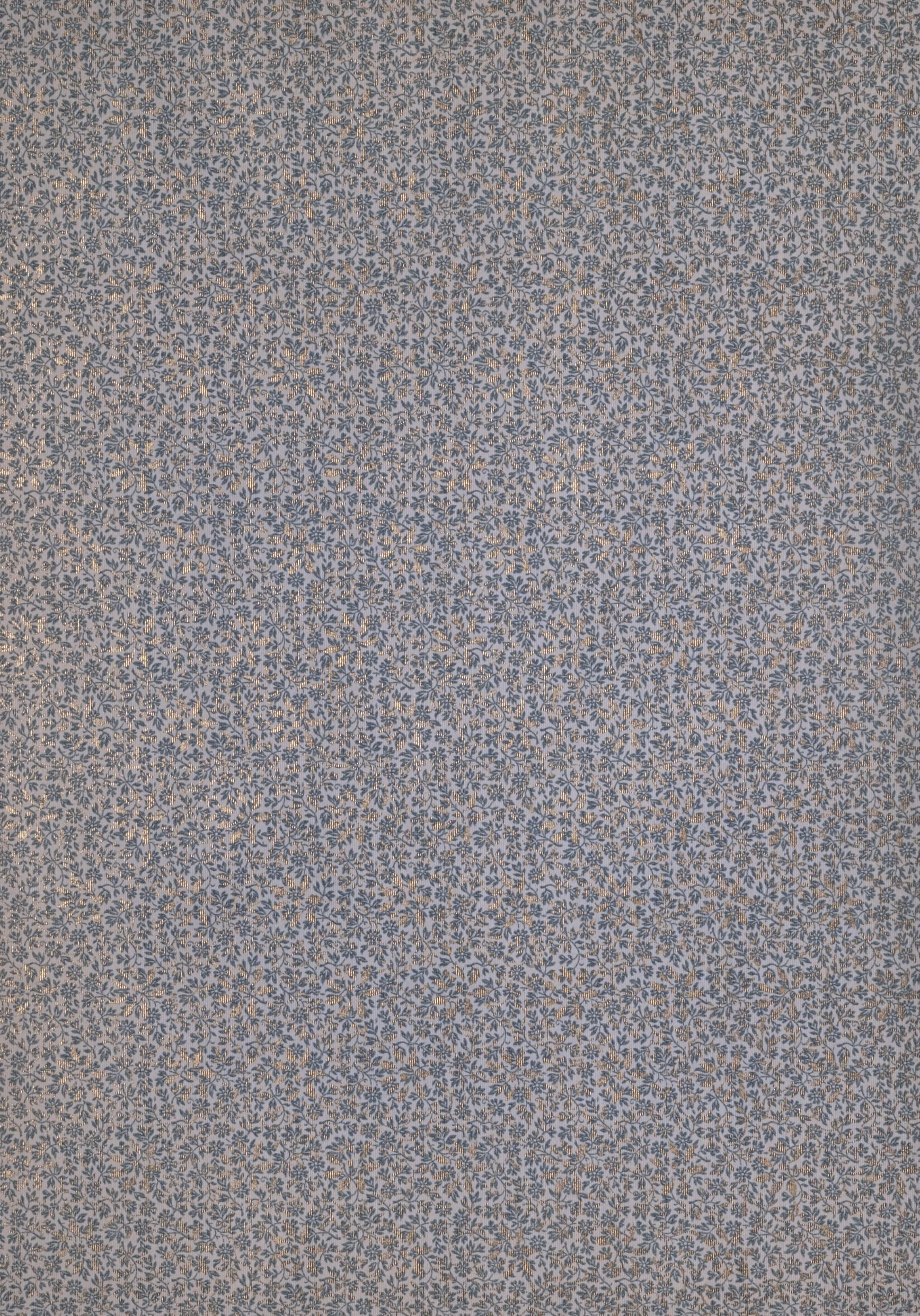




















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