**The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls**

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The tide rises, the tide falls,

The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;

Along the sea-sands damp and brown

The traveler hastens toward the town,

 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles over roofs and walls,

But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;

The little waves, with their soft, white hands,

Efface the footprints in the sands,

 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls

Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;

The day returns, but nevermore

Returns the traveler to the shore,

 And the tide rises, the tide falls.





**The First Snowfall**

James Russell Lowell

The snow had begun in the gloaming,

And busily all the night

Had been heaping field and highway

With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock

Wore ermine too dear for an earl,

And the poorest twig on the elm tree

Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara

Came chanticleer’s muffled crow,

The stiff rails softened to swan’s down,

And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window

The noiseless work of the sky,

And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,

Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of that mound in sweet Auburn

Where a little headstone stood;

How the flakes were folding it gently,

As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,

Saying, “Father, who makes it snow?”

And I told of the good All-Father

Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,

And thought of the leaden sky

That arched o’er our first great sorrow,

When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience

That fell from that cloud like snow,

Flake by flake, healing and hiding,

The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,

“The snow that husheth all,

Darling, the merciful Father

Alone can make it fall!”

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;

And she, kissing back, could not know

That my kiss was given to her sister,

Folded close under deepening snow.

**To a Waterfowl**

William Cullen Bryant

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 a 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?

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 shall that toil end:

Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among they 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 soon shall not 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.











**Thanatopsis**

William Cullen Bryant

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. When thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight

Over thy spirit, and sad images

Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall

And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,

Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; --

Go forth, under the open sky, and list

To Nature’s teachings, while from all around –

Earth and her waters, and the depths of air –

Comes a still voice –

 Yet a few days, and thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more

In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,

Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist

Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go

To mix forever with the elements,

To be a brother to the insensible rock

And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place

Shalt thy retire alone, nor couldst 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 sepulcher. 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 meadows green; and poured round all,

Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste, --

Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,

The planets, all the infinite hosts of heaven,

Are shining on the sad abodes of death,

Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes

That slumber in its bosom. – Take the wings

Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods

Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,

Save his own dashings – yet the dead are there:

And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down

In their last sleep – the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw

In silence from the living, and no friend

Take note of thy departure? 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. As the long train

Of ages glides away, the sons of men,

The youth in life’s fresh spring, and he who goes

In the full strength of years, matron and maid,

The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man –

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,

By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan, which moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the 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.

# A Dream Within a Dream To Helen

Edgar Allan Poe Edgar Allan Poe

Take this kiss upon the brow! Helen, thy beauty is to me

And, in parting from you now, Like those Nycean barks of yore,

Thus much let me avow – That gently, o’er a perfumed sea,

You are not wrong, who deem The weary, wayworn wanderer bore

That my days have been a dream; To his own native shore.

Yet if hope has flown away

In a night, or in a day, On desperate seas long wont to roam,

In a vision, or in none, Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,

Is it therefore the less gone? Thy Naiad airs have brought me home

All that we see or seem To the glory that was Greece

Is but a dream within a dream. And the grandeur that was Rome.

I stand amid the roar Lo! In yon brilliant window-niche

Of a surf-tormented shore, How statue-like I see thee stand,

And I hold within my hand The agate lamp within thy hand!

Grains of the golden sand – Ah, Psyche, from the regions which

How few! Yet how they creep Are Holy Land!

Through my fingers to the deep,

While I weep – while I weep! **Childhood**

O God! Can I not grasp Edgar Allan Poe

Them with a tighter clasp?

O God! Can I not save From childhood’s hour I have not been

One from the pitiless wave? As others were – I have not seen

Is all that we see or seem As others saw – I could not bring

But a dream within a dream? My passions from a common spring –

 From the same source I have not taken

 My sorrow – I could not awaken

 My heart to joy at the same tone –

 And all I lov’d – I lov’d alone –

 Then – in my childhood – in the dawn

 Of a most stormy life – was drawn

 From ev’ry depth of good and ill

 The mystery which binds me still –

 From the torrent, or the fountain –

 From the red cliff of the mountain –

 From the sun that ‘round me roll’d

 In its autumn tint of gold –

 From the lightning in the sky

 As it pass’d me flying by –

 From the thunder, and the storm –

 And the cloud that took the form

 (When the rest of heaven was blue)

 Of a demon in my view!