

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

With eyes suffused and heart dissolved with
sorrow,

How often have I fled the realms of sleep,
And sought, not vainly, from thy page to
borrow

That which forbids or eye or heart to weep!
Thy 'Thanatopsis! fraught with tenderest
feeling,

Is like a June breeze to the ice-bound
heart ;

To us, thy humble followers, revealing
The sage, the seer, the poet that thou art,
Still roll "The Ages," still "Green River"
flows,

And odorous blossoms load the "Apple
Tree,"—

Into "The Lake" still fall the fleecy snows,
And Nature everywhere doth speak of thee.

Oh, for a poet's tongue to name thy
name !

But does it matter ? Thine is death-
less fame.