

1820

THE WEST WIND

William Cullen Bryant

Bryant, William Cullen (1794-1878) - American poet and editor of the New York Evening Post who practiced law before devoting his life to writing. A master of blank verse, Bryant's earliest works are considered his best. The West Wind (1820) - Opening lines: Beneath the forest's skirt I rest / Whose branching pines rise dark and high,...

THE WEST WIND

Beneath the forest's skirt I rest,
 Whose branching pines rise dark and high,
 And hear the breezes of the West
 Among the thread-like foliage sigh.

Sweet Zephyr! why that sound of woe?
 Is not thy home among the flowers?
 Do not the bright June roses blow,
 To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

And lo! thy glorious realm outspread
 Yon stretching valleys, green and gay,
 And yon free hill-tops, o'er whose head
 The loose white clouds are borne away.

And there the full broad river runs,
 And many a fount wells fresh and sweet,
 To cool thee when the mid-day suns
 Have made thee faint beneath their heat

Thou wind of joy, and youth, and love;
 Spirit of the new-wakened year!
 The sun in his blue realm above
 Smooths a bright path when thou art here.

In lawns the murmuring bee is heard,
 The wooing ring-dove in the shade;
 On thy soft breath, the new-fledged bird
 Takes wing, half happy, half afraid.

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 END