

ANNE BRADSTREET (1612?-1672)

An early colonist in Massachusetts, Bradstreet was also America's first published poet, the wife and daughter of governors of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and a mother of eight.

To My Dear and Loving Husband

If ever two were one, then surely we.

If ever man were loved by wife, then thee.

If ever wife was happy in a man,

Compare with me, ye women, if you can.

I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,

Or all the riches that the East doth hold.

My love is such that rivers cannot quench,

Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.

Thy love is such I can no way repay;

The heavens reward thee manifold I pray.

Then while we live, in love let's so persevere

That when we live no more, we may live ever.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY (1753?-1784)

Wheatley was a literary phenomenon: a young female slave (later freed) who wrote poetry—styled after Milton and Pope—in an adopted tongue. Her poems brought her fame both in America and abroad.

From To the Right Honourable William, Earl of Dartmouth

Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song, Wonder from whence my love of *Freedom* sprung, Whence flow these wishes for the common good, By feeling hearts alone best understood, I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate

Was snatch'd from Afric's fancy'd happy seat: What pangs excruciating must molest, What sorrows labour in my parent's breast? Steel'd was that soul and by no misery mov'd That from a father seiz'd his babe belov'd: Such, such my case. And can I then but pray Others may never feel tyrannic sway?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878)

An editor, translator, and abolitionist, Bryant was so revered in his time that flags in New York were lowered to half-mast at his death. "Thanatopsis" ("Meditation on Death") was first published when the poet was seventeen.

Thanatopsis

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 gentle 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 mould. Yet not to thy eternal resting place Shalt thou 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 sepulchre. — 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 host 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—and the Barcan desert pierce, Or lose thyself in the continuous woods Where rolls the Oregan, 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 shalt fall Unheeded by 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

101 Great American Poems

The American Poetry & Literacy Project

Focusing on popular verse from the 19th and 20th centuries, this treasury of great American poems invites poetry lovers to savor a taste of the nation's rich poetic legacy. Selected for both popularity and literary quality, 101 time-honored poems in this entertaining volume include:

. . . as well as works by Herman Melville, Vachel Lindsay, Emma Lazarus, Ernest Lawrence Thayer, Stephen Crane, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, and other notables.

Chosen by the American Poetry & Literacy Project, a non-profit organization dedicated to promoting poetry and literacy, these much-loved and highly readable poems promise students and general readers alike hours of reading pleasure.

Original Dover (1998) selection of poems from standard editions. 96pp. 5% x 8%. Paperbound.

See every Dover book in print at www.doverpublications.com

Cover design by T. Delgado de Quinteros

\$1.50 U.K. \$2.25 CANADA

