

Chapter 1 : Richard Watson Gilder - Wikipedia

This work was published before January 1, , and is in the public domain worldwide because the author died at least years ago.

We have but faith; we know not; yet He seems More near, more human, in our passionate dreams. Love, Duty, Courage—these make thou thy own, Till from the unknown we pass into the unknown. Knew where the roots of the spirit are buried and twined, The springs and the rocks that shall suckle—and torture and bind. Large was thy soul like the soul of a god that creates— Converse it held with the stars and the imminent Fates. Knewest thou— Art is but Beauty perceived and exprest, And the pang of that Beauty had entered and melted thy breast. Here by thy Slave, again, after long years do I bow— Angelo, thou art the master, yea, thou, and but thou. Here is the crown of all beauty that lives in the world; Spirit and flesh breathing forth from these lips that are curled With sweetness and sorrow as never, O, never before, And from eyes that are heavy with light, and shall weep nevermore; And lo, at the base of the statue, that monster of shape— Thorn of the blossom of life, mocking face of the ape. So cometh morn from the shadow and murk of the night; From pain springeth joy, and from flame the keen beauty of light. Heart of mine, hold thou in all the world nothing before her. All the fair universe now to her feet that is clinging Out of the womb of her leapt with the dawn, and the singing Of stars. Ah, that sweetness is sent not to him whose dull spirit would rest In the bliss of it; no, not the goal, but the passion and quest; Not the vale, but the desert. Shade on shade The mountain valleys darken, and the plain Grows dim beneath a chill and iron sky. The trees of peace take the last gray of day— Day that shone soft on olives, misty-green, And aisles of wind-forbidding cypresses, And long, white roads, whitely with plane-trees lined, And farms content, and happy villages— A land that lies close in the very heart Of history, and brave, and free, and gay; In all its song lingering one tone of pain. See sculptured conqueror, and slave in chains Mournful a myriad years; and near the arch The heaven-climbing, templed monument Embossed with horse and furious warrior! Millenniums have sped since those grim wars Here grimly carved, the wonder of the churl,— The very language dead those warriors cried. Deepens the dusk, and on the neighboring hight A rock-hewn palace cuts the edge of day In giant ruin stark against the sky: I know its piteous tale Of armed injustice; monstrous, treacherous force. Deepens the dusk, and all The nearer landscape glimmers into dark, And naught shows clear save yonder wayside cross Against the lurid west whose dying gleam Of ghastly sunlight frights the brooding soul. Noble and pure as thou art free and strong: So shalt thou lift a light for all the world And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace. So crystal-clear the air that he looks through, It gives each color an intenser hue; Each bush doth burn, and every flower flame; The stars are sighing; silence breathes a name. The world wherein he wanders, dreams, and sings Thrills with the beating of invisible wings; And all day long he hears from hidden birds The low, melodious pour of musicked words. At times a joy, alone; A wordless tone Caught from the crystal gleam of ice-bound trees; Or from the violet-perfumed breeze; Or the sharp smell of seas In sunlight glittering many an emerald mile; Or the keen memory of a love-lit smile. II Thus to the singer comes the song: III How to the singer comes the song? Bowed down by ill and sorrow On every morrow— The unworded pain breaks forth in heavenly singing; Not all too late dear solace bringing To broken spirits winging Through mortal anguish to the unknown rest— A lyric balm for every wounded breast. IV How to the singer comes the song? How to the summer fields Come flowers? How yields Darkness to happy dawn? How doth the night Bring stars? O, how do love and light Leap at the sound and sight Of her who makes this dark world seem less wrong— Life of his life, and soul of all his song! Thou, sweet girl, didst bring this boon Without stint or measure! From the masters of all time In my waiting heart made rhyme. For they are nature felt, and living, And human, and impassioned; And they full well are fashioned To bring to sound and sense the eternal striving, The inner soul of the inexpressive world, The meaning furled Deep at the heart of all— The thought that mortals name divine, Whereof all beauty is the sign, That comes,— ah! It lives where music times the soft, processional hours; And where on that lone hill of art Proud Phidias carved in stone his lyric heart; And where wild battle is, and where Glad lovers breathe in starry night the quivering air.

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Chapter 2 : The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder

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Chapter 3 : Richard Watson Gilder Poems

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Chapter 4 : Poem: The White City by Richard Watson Gilder

Gilder was born at Bordentown, New Jersey. He was the son of the Rev. William Henry Gilder, at whose seminary in Flushing, New York, he was educated. He was the brother of William Henry Gilder, Jeannette Leonard Gilder and Joseph Benson Gilder. Gilder studied law at Philadelphia.

Chapter 5 : File:The poems of Richard Watson Gilder, Gilder, djvu - Wikimedia Commons

Richard Watson Gilder (February 8, - November 19,) was an American poet and editor.

Chapter 6 : Richard Watson Gilder Poems - Poems of Richard Watson Gilder - Poem Hunter

If Jesus Christ is a man,â€” And only a man,â€” I say That of all mankind I cleave to him, And to him will I cleave always. If Jesus Christ is a God,â€” And the only God,â€” I swear I will follow Him through heaven and hell, The earth, the sea, and the air!

Chapter 7 : Richard Watson Gilder - Poetry & Biography of the Famous poet - All Poetry

A primary source is a work that is being studied, or that provides first-hand or direct evidence on a topic. Common types of primary sources include works of literature, historical documents, original philosophical writings, and religious texts.

Chapter 8 : Full text of "The poems of Richard Watson Gilder"

The essence, flinging from them but the form. I have seen souls lead barren lives and curst,â€” Bereft of light, and all the grace of life,â€” Because for them the inner truth was lost In the frail symbolâ€” hated, shattered, spurned.

Chapter 9 : The Song of a Heathen - Richard Watson Gilder | Poem Lake

The best Richard Watson Gilder resource with comprehensive poet information, a list of poems, short poems, quotations, best poems, poet's works and more. American editor and poet, was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, on the 8th of February , a brother of William Henry Gilder (), the Arctic explorer.