Romanticism intro texts name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**TEXT 1: "The Worship of Nature" by James Greenleaf Whittier\***

 The harp at Nature’s advent\* strung

 Has never ceased to play;

 The song the stars of morning sung

 Has never died away.

5 And prayer is made, and praise is given,

   By all things near and far;

 The ocean looketh up to heaven,

 And mirrors\* every star.

 Its waves are kneeling on the strand\*,

10 As kneels the human knee,

 Their white locks bowing to the sand,

 The priesthood of the sea!

 It pours its glittering treasures forth,

 Its gifts of pearl it brings,

15 And all the listening hills of earth

   Take up the song it sings.

 The green earth sends its incense\* up

 From many a mountain shrine;

 From folded leaf and dewy cup

20 She pours her sacred wine.

 The blue sky is the temple’s arch,

     Its transept\* earth and air,

 The music of its starry march

    The chorus of a prayer.

25 So Nature keeps the reverent frame

       With which her years began,

 And all her signs and voices shame

   The prayerless heart of man.

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| James Greenleaf Whitter: Wait a second??? Is this guy’s middle name really *Greenleaf*! What a hippy!  | advent (1): the beginning of something; the arrival of something | mirrors (8): here used as a verb meaning to reflect |
| strand (9): shore of a lake or river or other body of water | incense (17): spices, perfume, natural stuff burned for the aromatic smell they produce. Often used in religious ceremonies.  | transept (22): forming a cross shape  |

**TEXT 3: “A Forest Hymn” by William Cullen Bryant**

 The groves\* were God's first temples. Ere\* man learned

 To hew\* the shaft, and lay the architrave\*,

 And spread the roof above them,---ere he framed

 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back

5 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,

 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,

 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks

 And supplication\*. For his simple heart

 Might not resist the sacred influences,

10 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,

 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven

 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound

 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once

 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed

15 His spirit with the thought of boundless power

 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why

 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect

 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore

 Only among the crowd, and under roofs,

20 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,

 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,

 Offer one hymn---thrice\* happy, if it find

 Acceptance in His ear.

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| groves (1): as in groves of trees. Trees. | Ere (1): that’s just a fancy word that means “before.”  | hew (2): make |
| architrave (2): support beam for a roof | supplication (8): prayer or giving thanks. | thrice (22): one more than twice making it one better than twice. Take that, twice! |

**TEXT 2: from *Nature* by Ralph Waldo Emerson**

annotated notes to the text can be found at the following site:

<http://archive.vcu.edu/english/engweb/transcendentalism/authors/emerson/nature.html>

 To go into solitude, a man needs to retire\* as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary while I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime\*. Seen in the streets of cities, 5 how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys\* of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing\* smile.

 The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. [ . . . ] Nature never became a toy\* to a wise spirit. The 10 flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood. [ . . . ]

 To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial\* seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into 15 the era of manhood. His intercourse\* with heaven and earth, becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, -- he is my creature, and maugre\* all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. [ . . . ] [E]very hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight.

 Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible 20 virtue. Crossing a bare common\*, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune,I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. [ . . . ]

 In the woods too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough\*, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods, is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and 25 faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life, -- no disgrace, no calamity which nature cannot repair.

 Standing on the bare ground, -- my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, -- all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God.[ . . . ] [T]o be brothers, to be acquaintances, -- master or servant, is then a trifle\* and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and 30 connate\* than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

 The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult\* relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm, is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better 35 emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

 Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight, does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both.

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| retire (1): here meaning to leave or get away from  | sublime (4): a key word in the passage, *sublime* is an adjective that suggests something of such beauty, such importance that it inspires awe, reverence, spirituality.  | envoys (7): messenger, representative  | admonishing (7): to advise or urge an action | toy (9): here meaning something of no consequence, something trite  |
| superficial (12): lacking depth; existing only on the surface | intercourse (15): here meaning interaction (at least I hope that’s all it means . . . ) | maugre (16): in spite of | common (20): here meaning a field | slough (22): skin |
| trifle (28): something of little importance | connate (30): innate; part of a whole. Here, the word takes on the implied meaning of *importance*.  | occult (32): secret; hidden |  |  |