

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, A. L. S., 18 July 1853,
to E. G. Knight.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moved
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Sir

I send here the lines you ask

Yours respectfully

W^m C. Bryant,

New York, July 18 1853.

E. G. Knight Esq.

ALS, 1 page. Single half sheet, 17.7 x 19.5 cm.

Laid paper. No watermark.

Provenance: Unknown. Tipped on to blank [p. 45] of Bryant's
Poems (Cambridge: Hilliard and Metcalf, 1821). Inserted is a
sale slip numbered 21.

Unpublished variant (5 substantive and 6 accidental differences
from the first edition) of "Thanatopsis," lines 74-82 (printed
on p. 44 of the present volume).

Transcription from:

Kendall, Lyle H., Jr. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the W.L. Lewis Collection--Part One*.
Fort Worth: Texas Christian University Press, 1970.

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CAMBRIDGE :

PRINTED BY HILLIARD AND METCALF.

1821.

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To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,

Thou goest, like the quarry slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an ~~unfaltering~~ bustle, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

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I send here the lines you ask

E. G. Knight Esq

Yours respectfully

Wm C. Bryant

New York, July 18, 1853.