THE ROLLING EARTH; OUTDOOR SCENES AND THOUGHTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WALT WHITMAN

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The rolling earth; outdoor scenes and thoughts from the writings of Walt Whitman by Waldo R. Browne

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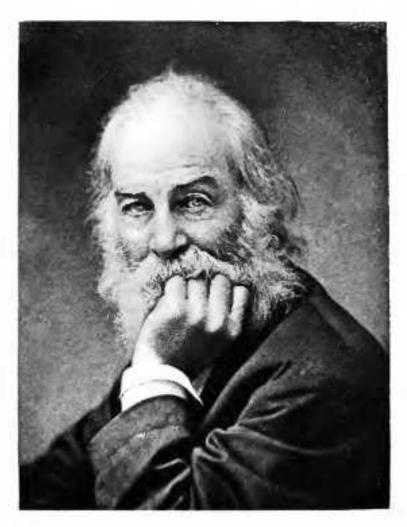
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WALDO R. BROWNE

THE ROLLING EARTH; OUTDOOR SCENES AND THOUGHTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WALT WHITMAN



THE ROLLING EARTH



Walt Whitmun

THE ROLLING EARTH

OUTDOOR SCENES AND THOUGHTS FROM THE WRITINGS

OF

WALT WHITMAN

COMPILED BY
WALDO R. BROWNE
WITH AN
INTRODUCTION BY JOHN BURROUGHS

44 I swear I will never again mention love or death inside a house, And I swear I will never translate myself at all, only to him or her who privately stays with me in the open air,"

Song of Myself.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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1912

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LOAN STACK

GIFT

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TO ALL WHO ARE "ENAMOUR'D OF GROWING OUT-DOORS"



After you have exhausted what there is in business, politics, conviviality, love, and so on — have found that none of these finally satisfy, or permanently wear — what remains? Nature remains; to bring out from their torpid recesses the affinities of a man or woman with the open air, the trees, fields, the changes of seasons — the sun by day and the stars of heaven by night.

Who knows, (I have it in my fancy, my ambition,) but the pages now ensuing may carry ray of sun, or smell of grass or corn, or call of bird, or gleam of stars by night, or snow-flakes falling fresh and mystic, to denizen of heated city house, or tired workman or workwoman? — or may-be in sick-room or prison — to serve as cooling breeze, or Nature's aroma, to some fever'd mouth or latent pulse.