

THE FLOOD OF YEARS

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The Flood of Years by William Cullen Bryant

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

**THE FLOOD
OF YEARS**

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

This One



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THE ILLUSTRATIONS
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED
BY
W. J. LINTON.



A MIGHTY HAND, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises.

There are

There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revclers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,

And as



The sturdy hind—woodman and delver with the spade—are there.



And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider ; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers ; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.

A funeral