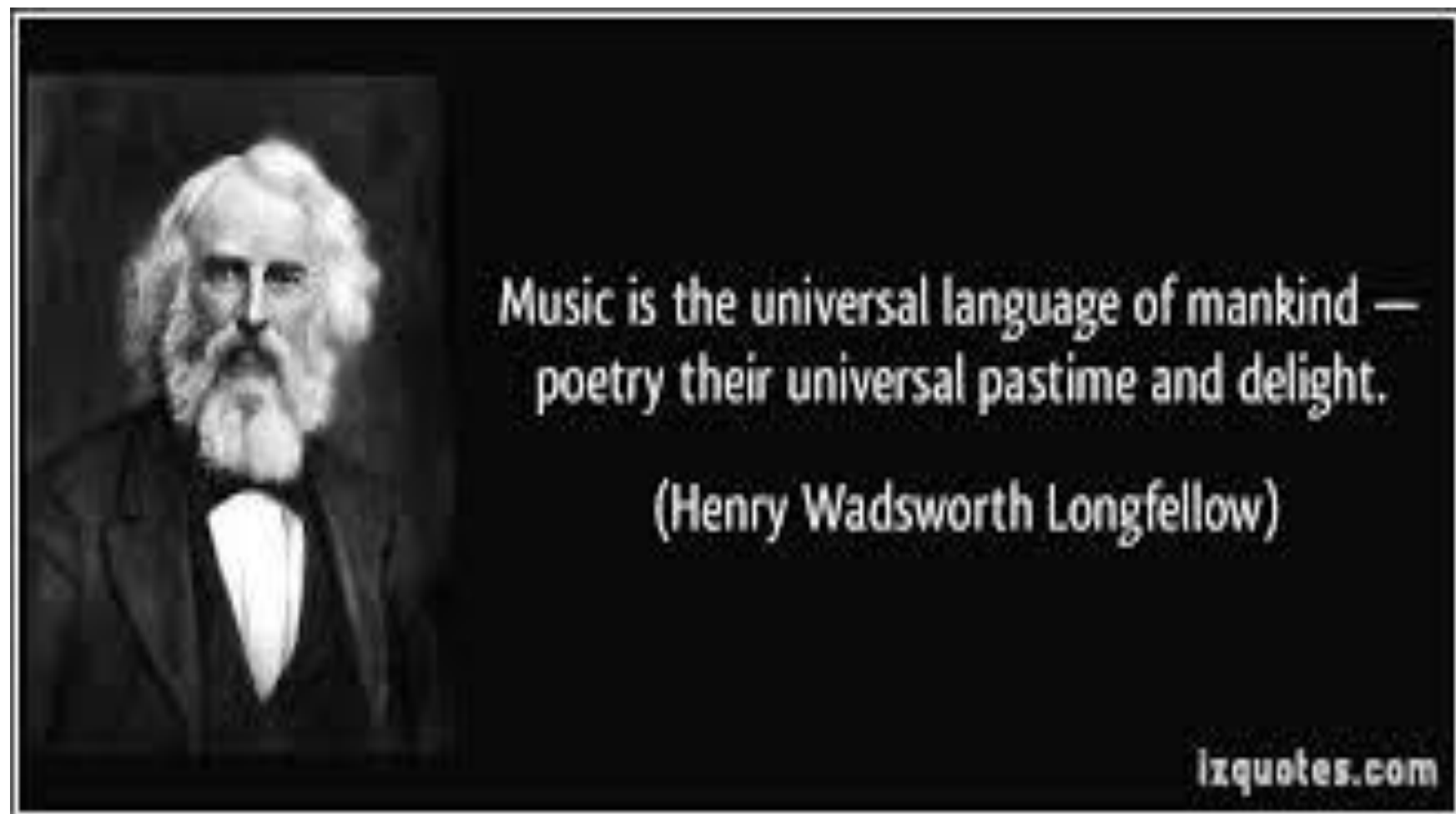


Every author has the whole past to contend with; all the centuries are upon him. He is compared with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton.

-Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



Music is the universal language of mankind —
poetry their universal pastime and delight.

(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

izquotes.com



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
(1807 - 1882)
“Poet of the People”

He was a man of great social consciousness.
In works like *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*
and his collection of anti-slavery poems
Longfellow helped to preserve cultural memory.

From remarks by Dr. Layne Longfellow at the unveiling,
in Evangeline Oak Park, of the Longfellow bust sculpted
by Fred DeCourt, Jr. for the St. Martinville Rotary Club.

3 March 2005



Когда б хоть половину тех усилий, Что
отданы ведениям войны, Мы делу
просвещенья посвятили, — Нам арсеналы
были б не нужны. И «воин» стало б
ненавистным словом, И тот народ, что вновь,
презрев закон, Разжег войну и пролил кровь
другого, Вновь, словно Каин, был бы
заклеймен.

(Генри Лонгфелло)

tsitoty.com

- **Twilight**

- The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?



Autumn

PoemHunter.com

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'er-hanging eaves;

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



The Arrow and The Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

A photograph of a forest path with autumn foliage and a bright light source in the distance. The path is covered in fallen leaves and leads into a dense forest of trees with vibrant orange and red leaves. A bright light source, possibly the sun, is visible in the distance, creating a lens flare effect. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

*Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream! —
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.*

The Rainy Day

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

(Portland, Maine 1842)

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust more dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary.
It rains and the wind is never weary.
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past.
And youth's fond hopes fall thick in the blast.
And my life is dark and dreary.





The Psalm Of Life

PoemHunter.com

What the heart of the young man said to the psalmist
Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

- **ПСАЛОМ ЖИЗНИ**

- Не тверди в строфах унылых: «Жизнь есть сон пустой!» В ком спит Дух живой, тот духом умер: В жизни высший смысл сокрыт. Жизнь не грезы. Жизнь есть подвиг! И умрет не дух, а плоть. «Прах еси и в прах вернешься», — Не о духе рек господь. Не печаль и не блаженство Жизни цель: она зовет Нас к труду, в котором бодро Мы должны идти вперед. Путь далек, а время мчится, — Не теряй в нем ничего. Помни, что биенье сердца- Погребальный марш его. На житейском бранном поле, На биваке жизни будь — Не рабом будь, а героем, Закалившим в битвах грудь. Не оплакивай Былого, О Грядущем не мечтай, Действуй только в Настоящем И ему лишь доверяй! Жизнь великих призывает Нас к великому идти, Чтоб в песках времен остался След и нашего пути, — След, что выведет, быть может, На дорогу и других — Заблудившихся, усталых — И пробудет совесть в них. Встань же смело на работу, Отдавай все силы ей И учись в труде упорном Ждать прихода лучших дней!

- ***Перевод И. Бунина***

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A PSALM OF LIFE

“**The Psalm of Life**” by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, subtitled ‘What the heart of the young man said to the psalmist’, is a poem that was first published in the Knickerbocker Magazine in 1838. The poem strives to look at the human attitude toward life and death. The major theme of the poem is that living is not the only thing humans are put on earth for. While heaven may be the goal at the end of life, humans are also sent to earth to live productive and generous lives as well.

In the opening stanza, Longfellow begins by saying “Tell me not in mournful numbers/Life is but an empty dream.” With these lines Longfellow establishes that he does not want to hear from those who feel that life is only time spent on earth and that there is nothing after one dies. Longfellow indicates that things may not be as they seem.

In the second stanza, Longfellow exclaims that life is real and earnest, but the grave is not its goal. Dust to dust did not refer to the soul just the physical body. Longfellow believes that the soul lives on after death.

Longfellow also reiterates that life isn’t about joys and sorrows. Instead, life is about doing some good while on earth so that the world is left a better place than it is today.

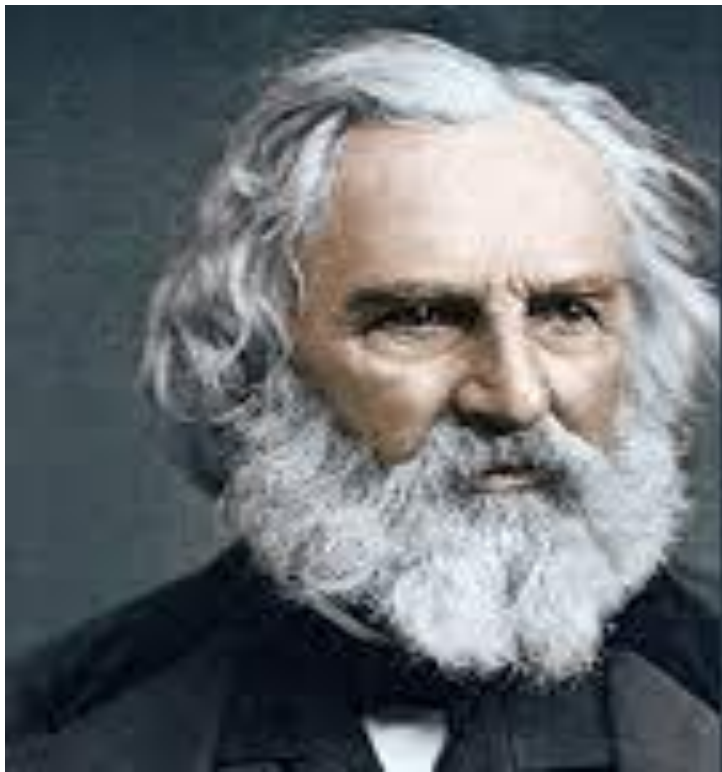
Time is personified as a person with a capital letter, as if it is a proper noun. Time is described as fleeting, which means that it is not permanent. Rather, it is something temporary in this world.

Another comparison Longfellow makes is to compare life to a battle field. From the day people are born until the day they die, they are leading and participating in wars and battles. Longfellow indicates that people shouldn’t be so caught up in the “bivouac of Life” that people fail to live. This indicates that people should not become complacent with life. Instead, mankind should make the most of every minute of existence in this world.

One of the greatest verses of the poem lies in the words “Lives of great men all remind us/We can make our lives sublime/And departing leave behind us/ Footprints on the sands of time.” This stanza points out to the reader that mankind should take as example all the great men that have come before, who are evidence that not everyone is forgotten after their life on earth has ended. Everyone should strive to be like them and leave footprints on others and the world.

Longfellow leaves the reader with the idea that people should live life by working through the time on earth to make life a wonderful place. In the end, mankind must wait to find heaven and toil here on earth until that day comes.

Written in an ABAB rhyme scheme with 9 quatrains, the poem varies between 7-8 syllables per line. Longfellow includes some use of repetition with words such as “Life is...”, “Act—act” and “Footprints”. Other sound devices the poet instills include alliteration in words such as “grave—goal”, “broad battle”, and “Learn—labor”.



*"A single conversation
across the table with a
wise man is better than
ten years mere study of
books."*

*Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow*

Day is Done, The

PoemHunter.com

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

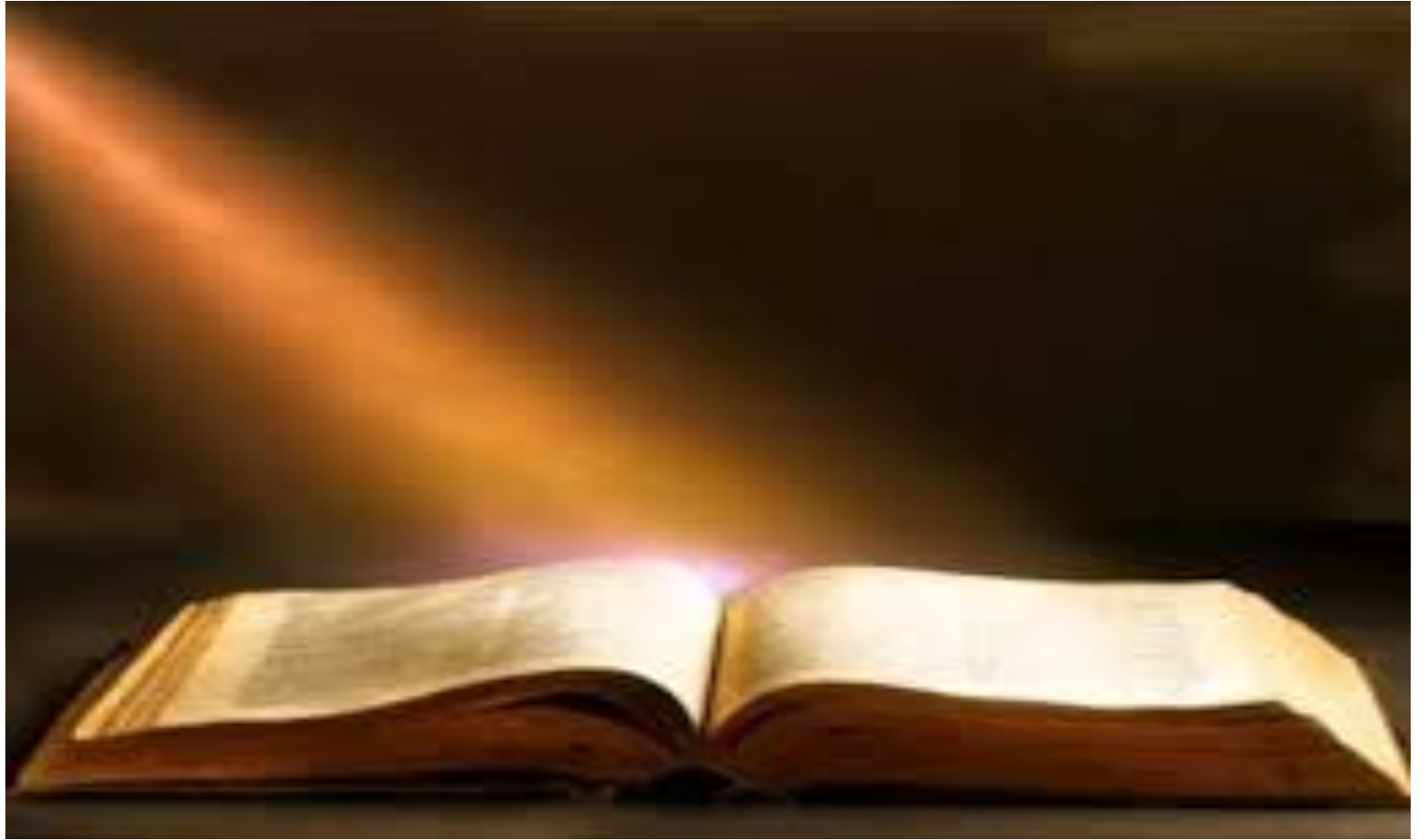
Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.

Henry W. Longfellow.

Henry W. Longfellow



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