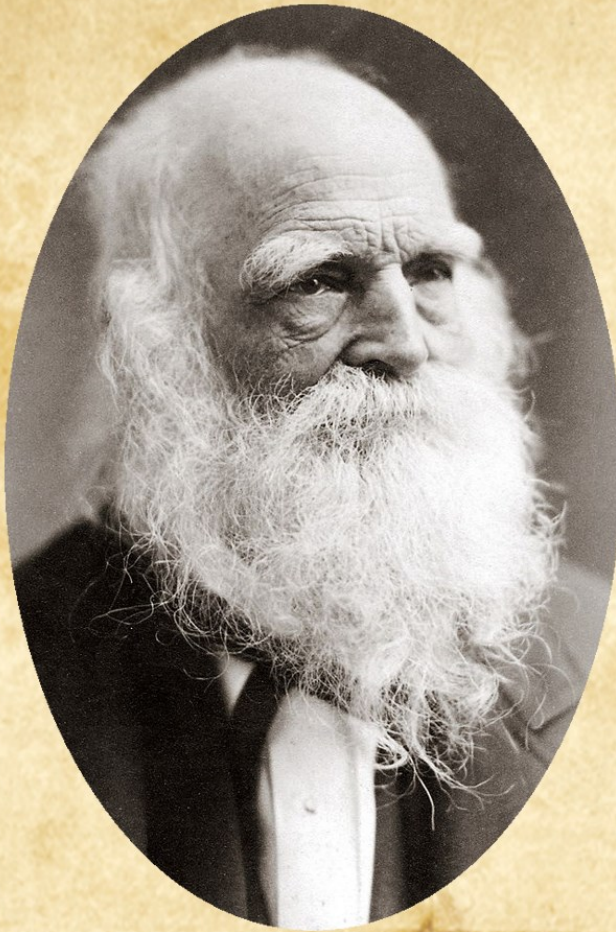




American Authors
Copywork
William Cullen
Bryant

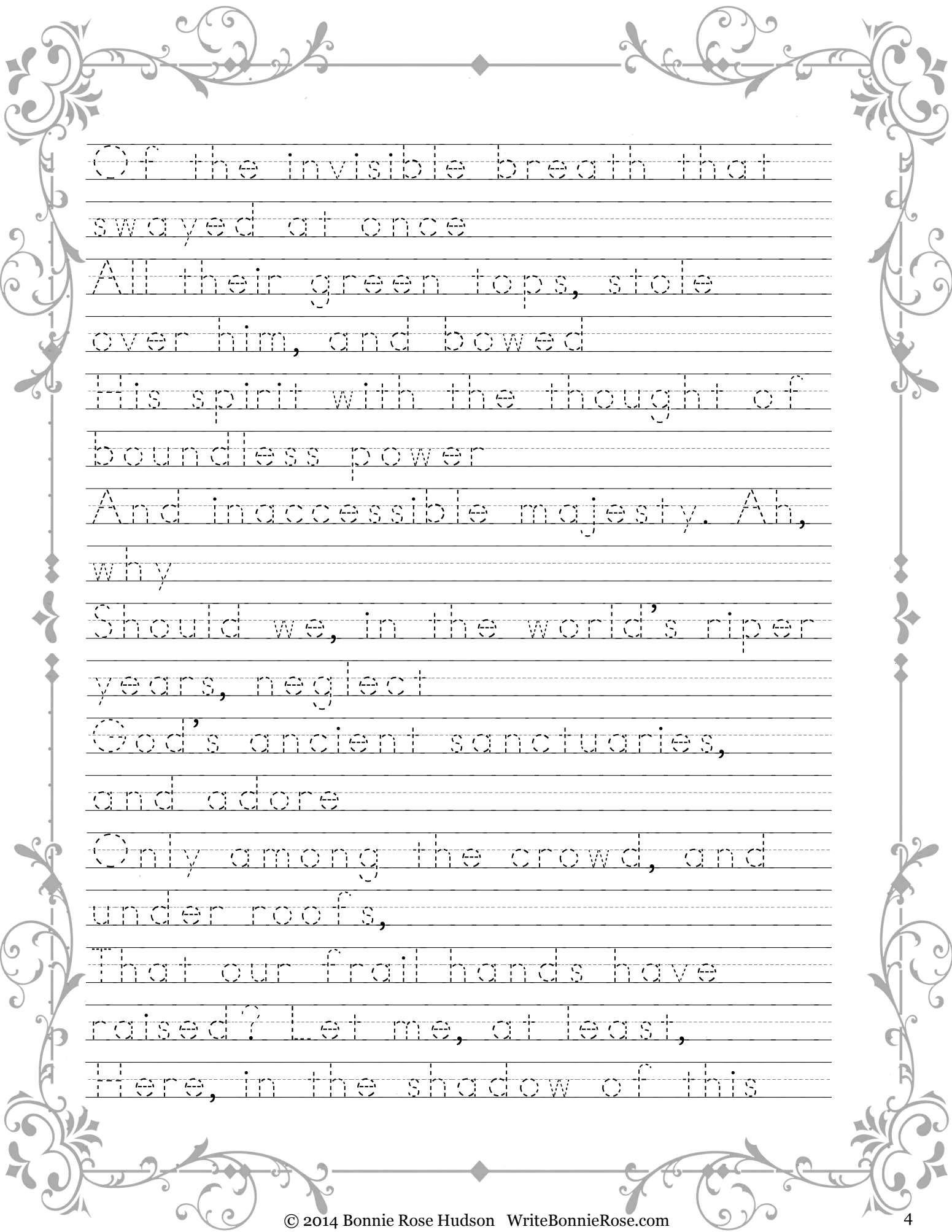
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A Forest Hymn (Excerpt)
By William Cullen Bryant

... 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,
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

A decorative floral border with intricate scrollwork and leaf patterns surrounds the text. It features a central horizontal line with a diamond-shaped ornament and vertical lines with similar diamond ornaments.

Of the invisible breath that
swayed at once

All their green tops, stole
over him, and bowed

His spirit with the thought of
boundless power

And inaccessible majesty. Ah,
why

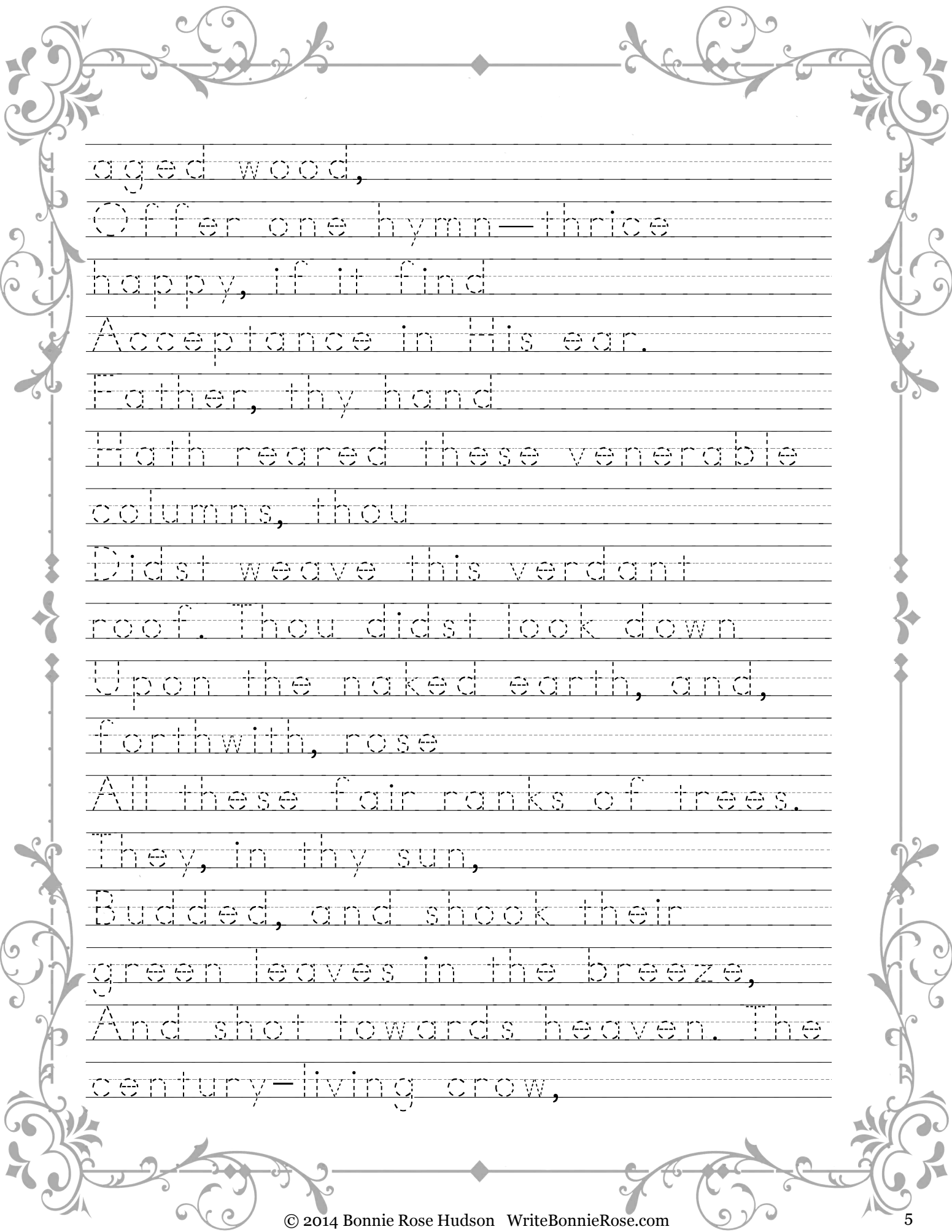
Should we, in the world's riper
years, neglect

God's ancient sanctuaries,
and adore

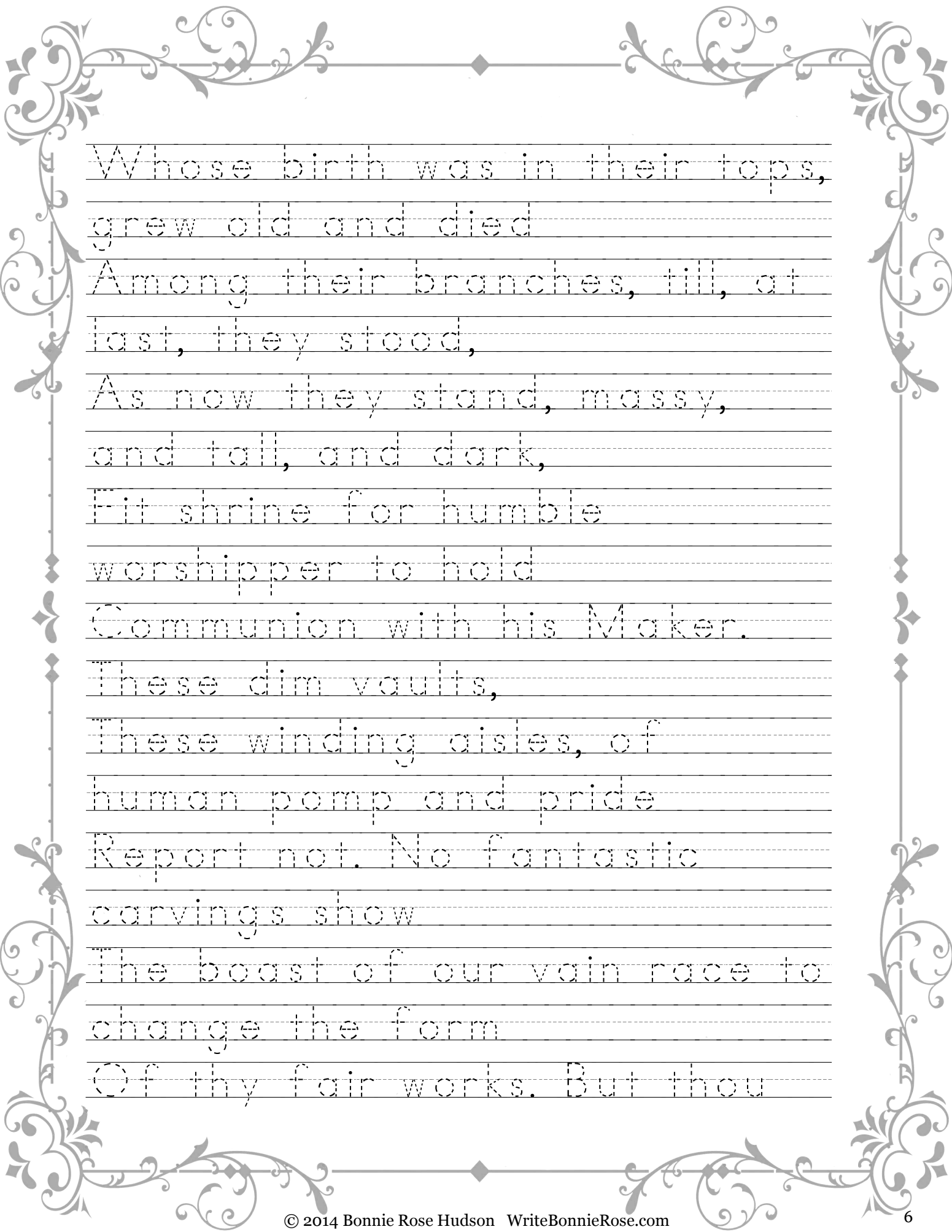
Only among the crowd, and
under roofs,

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

Here, in the shadow of this

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. It features a central horizontal line with a diamond-shaped ornament and symmetrical flourishes at the corners and midpoints.

aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice
happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.
Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable
columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant
roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and,
forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees.
They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their
green leaves in the breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The
century-living crow,

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. It features a central horizontal line with a diamond-shaped ornament and vertical lines with diamond-shaped ornaments at the corners and midpoints.

Whose birth was in their tops,
grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at
last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy,
and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble
worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker.
These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of
human pomp and pride
Report not. No fantastic
carvings show
The boast of our vain race to
change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou

art here—thou fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the
soft winds

That run along the summit of
these trees

In music; thou art in the
cooler breath

That from the inmost
darkness of the place

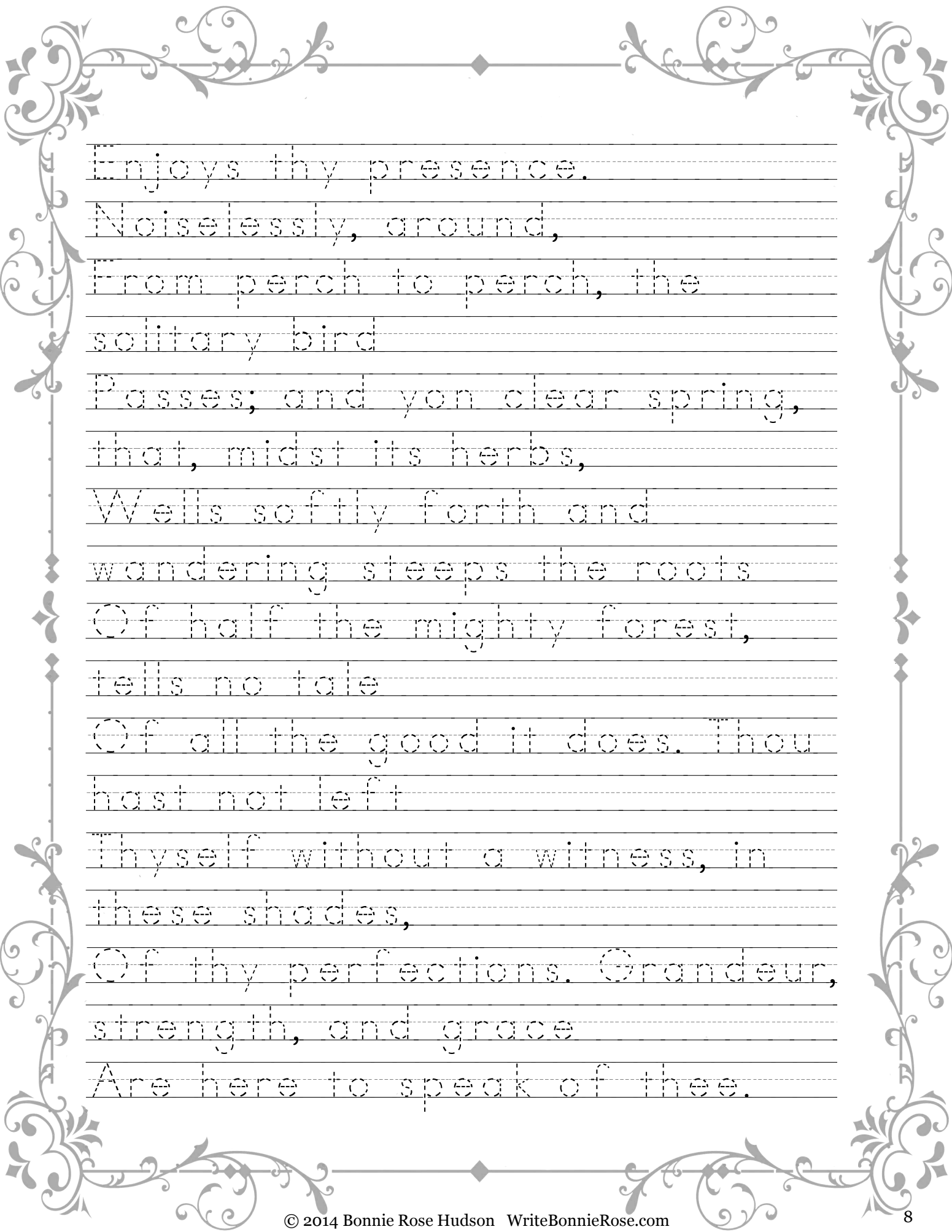
Comes, scarcely felt; the
barky trunks, the ground,

The fresh moist ground, are
all instinct with thee.

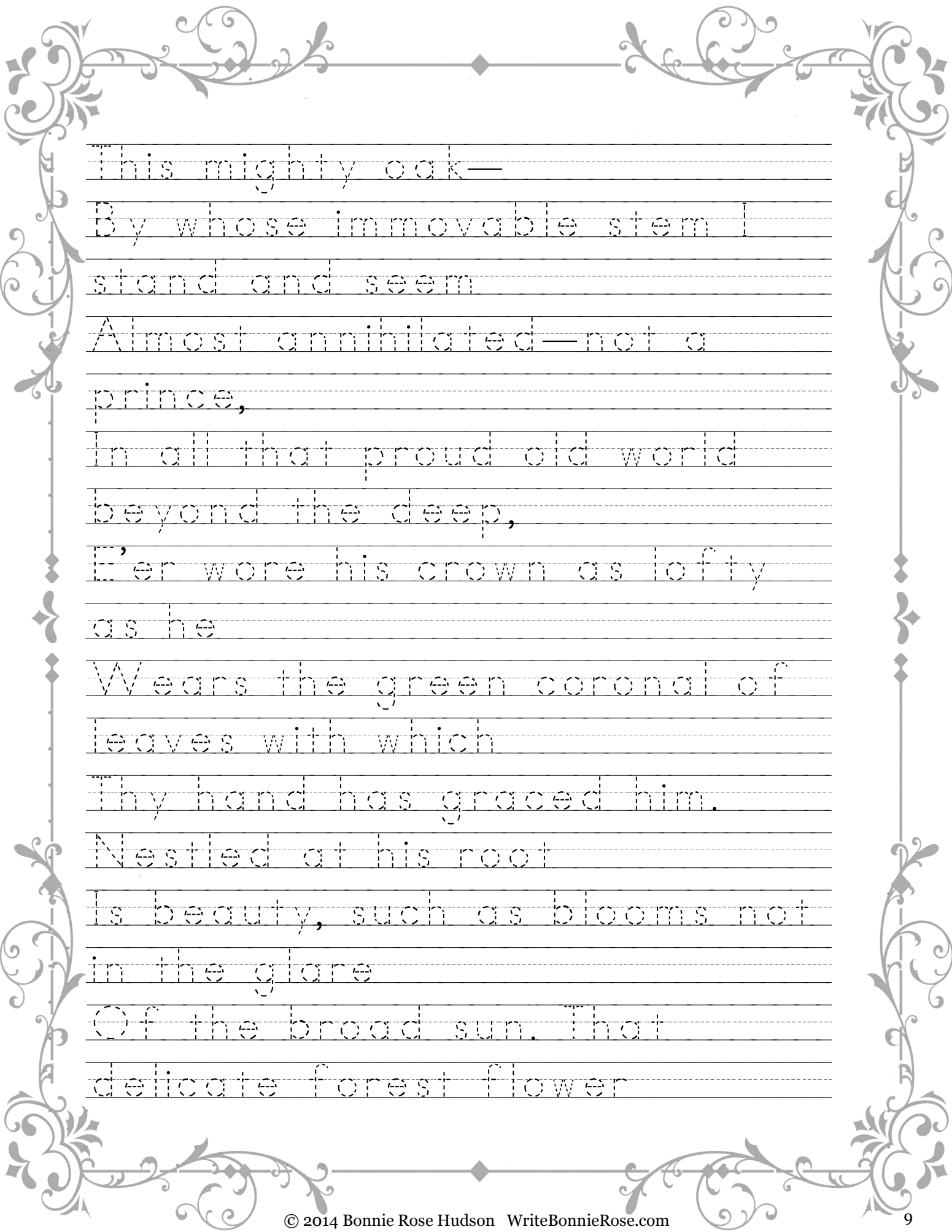
Here is continual worship;—

Nature, here,

In the tranquility that thou
dost love,

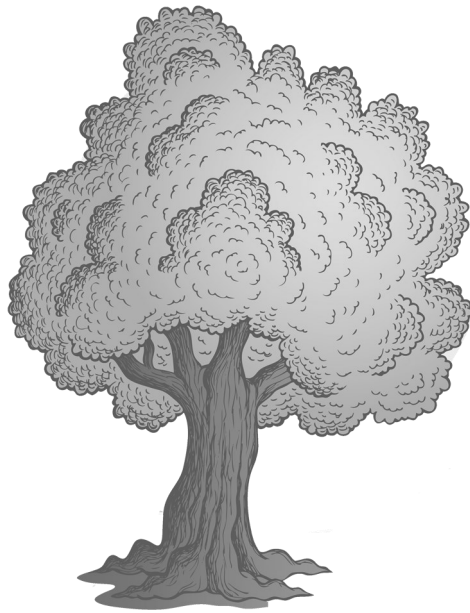
A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. It features a central horizontal line with a diamond-shaped ornament and symmetrical flourishes at the corners and midpoints.

Enjoys thy presence.
Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the
solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring,
that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and
wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest,
tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou
hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in
these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur,
strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee.

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. It features a central horizontal line with a diamond-shaped ornament and vertical lines with similar ornaments at the corners and midpoints.

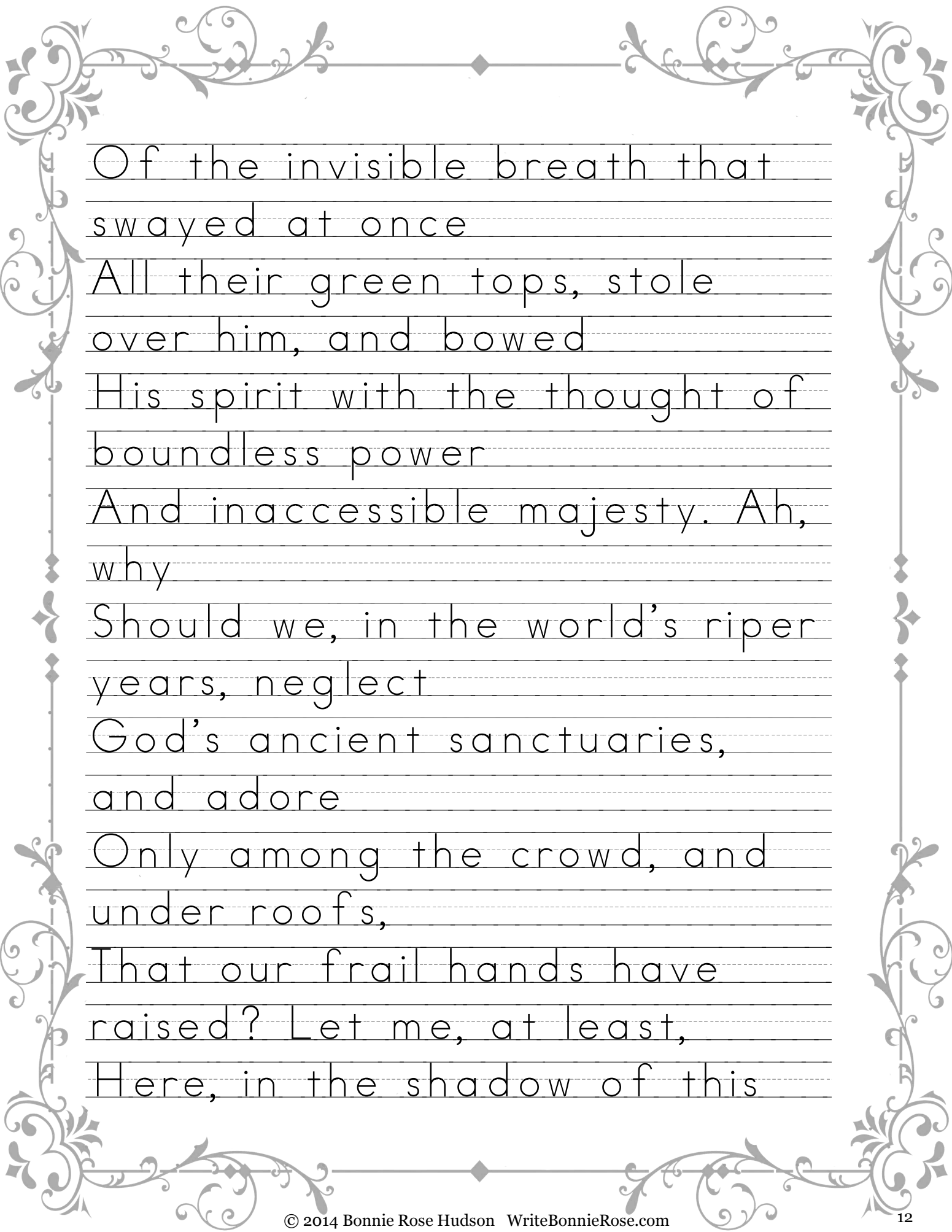
This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I
stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a
prince,
In all that proud old world
beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as lofty
as he
Wears the green coronal of
leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him.
Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not
in the glare
Of the broad sun. That
delicate forest flower

With scented breath, and
look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the
shapeless mould,
An emanation of the
indwelling Life,
A visible token of the
upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide
universe

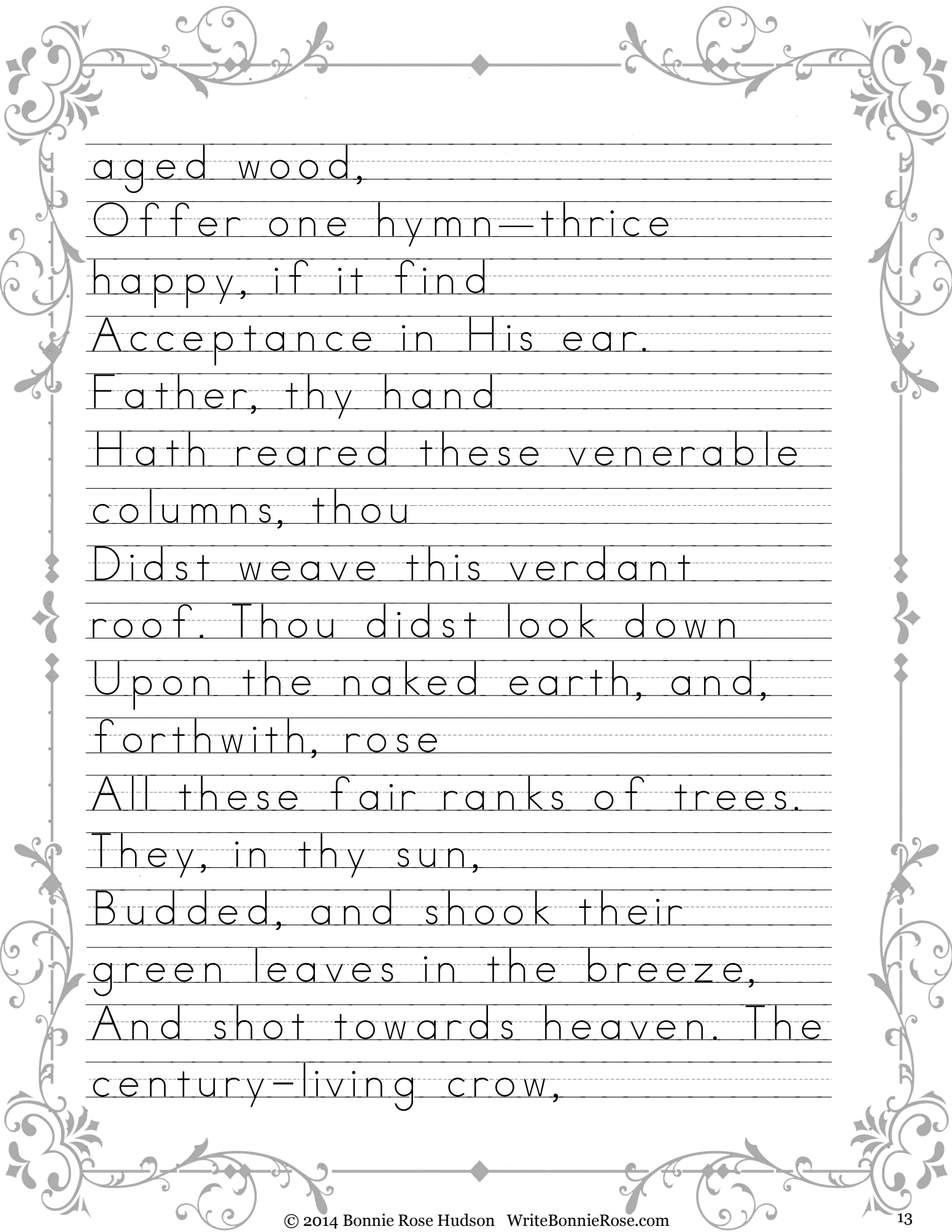


A Forest Hymn (Excerpt)
By William Cullen Bryant

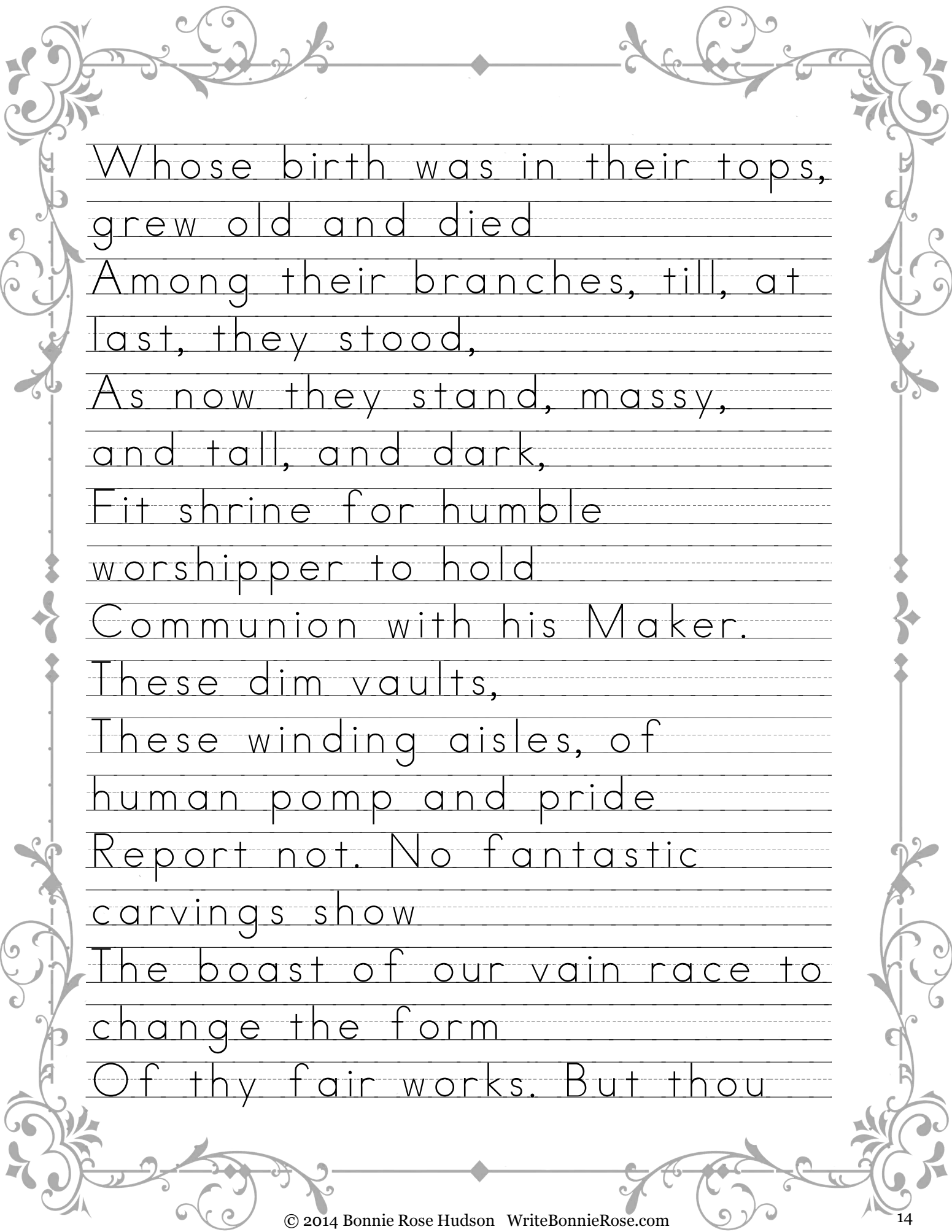
.... Amidst the cool and
silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest
solemn thanks
And supplication. For his
simple heart
Might not resist the sacred
influences,
Which, from the stilly twilight
of the place,
And from the gray old trunks
that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs,
and from the sound

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. It features a central horizontal line with a diamond-shaped ornament and vertical lines with similar ornaments at the corners and midpoints.

Of the invisible breath that
swayed at once
All their green tops, stole
over him, and bowed
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,
That our frail hands have
raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this

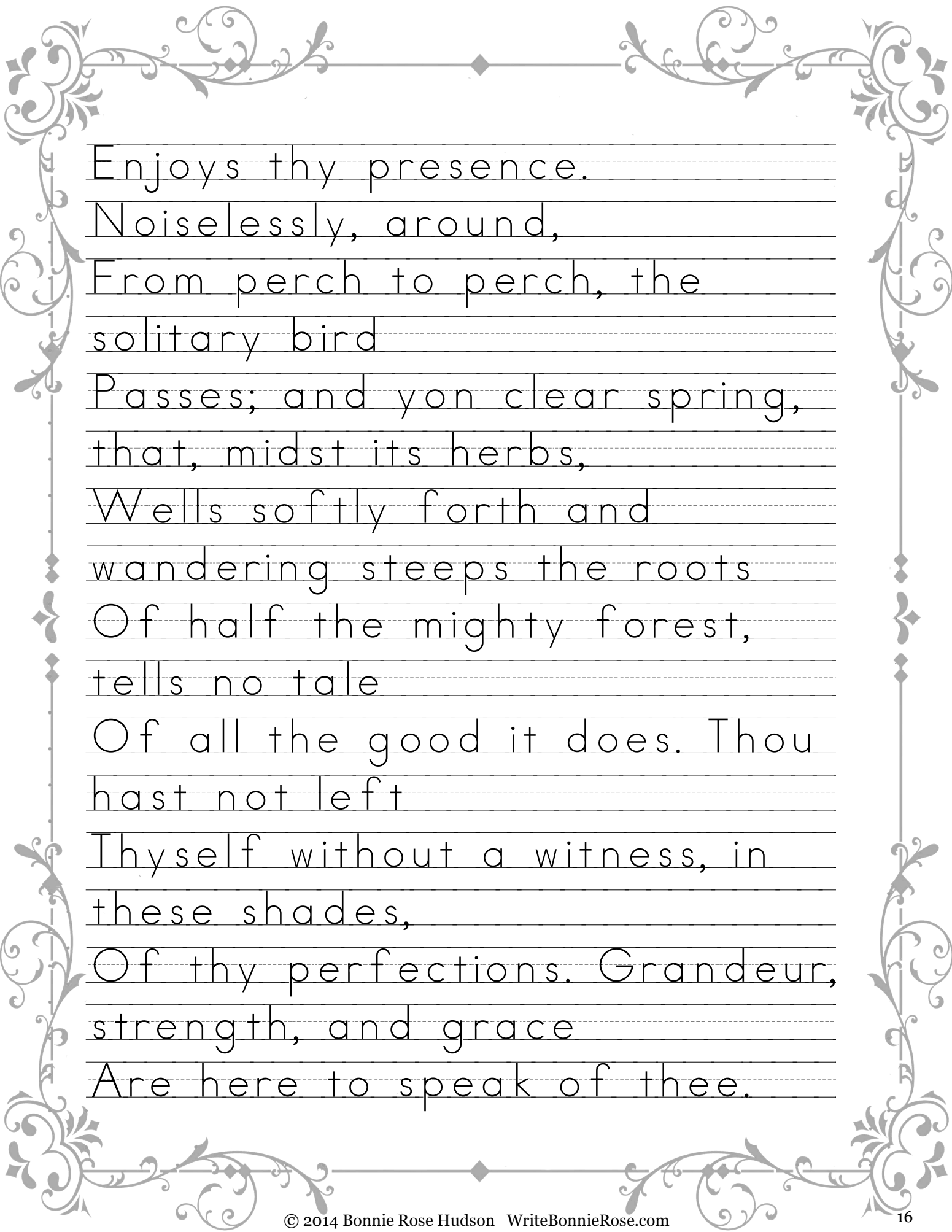
A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. It features a central horizontal line with a diamond-shaped ornament in the middle, and similar vertical elements on the sides.

aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice
happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.
Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable
columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant
roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and,
forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees.
They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their
green leaves in the breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The
century-living crow,

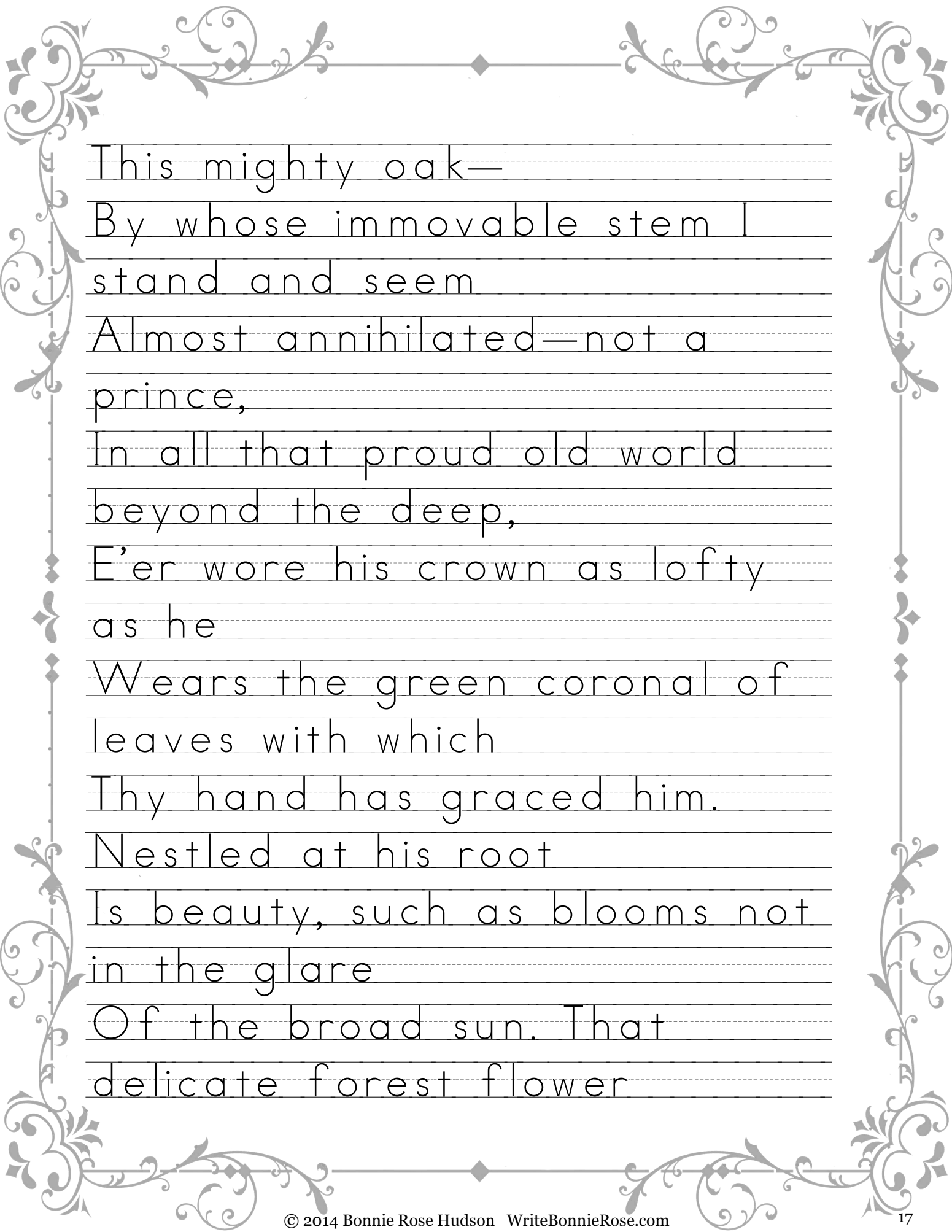
A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, featuring diamond-shaped accents at the top and bottom center.

Whose birth was in their tops,
grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at
last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy,
and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble
worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker.
These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of
human pomp and pride
Report not. No fantastic
carvings show
The boast of our vain race to
change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou

art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the
soft winds
That run along the summit of
these trees
In music; thou art in the
cooler breath
That from the inmost
darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the
barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are
all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship;—
Nature, here,
In the tranquility that thou
dost love,

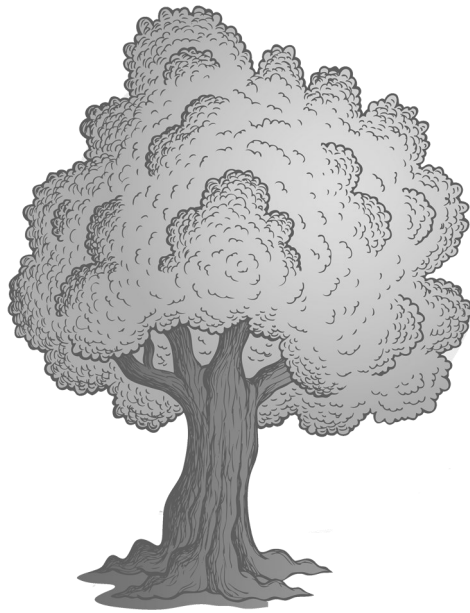
A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, featuring diamond-shaped accents at the top and bottom center.

Enjoys thy presence.
Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the
solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring,
that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and
wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest,
tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou
hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in
these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur,
strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee.

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. It features a central horizontal line with a diamond-shaped ornament and vertical lines with similar ornaments at the ends.

This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I
stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a
prince,
In all that proud old world
beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as lofty
as he
Wears the green coronal of
leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him.
Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not
in the glare
Of the broad sun. That
delicate forest flower

With scented breath, and
look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the
shapeless mould,
An emanation of the
indwelling Life,
A visible token of the
upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide
universe





Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for letter formation.



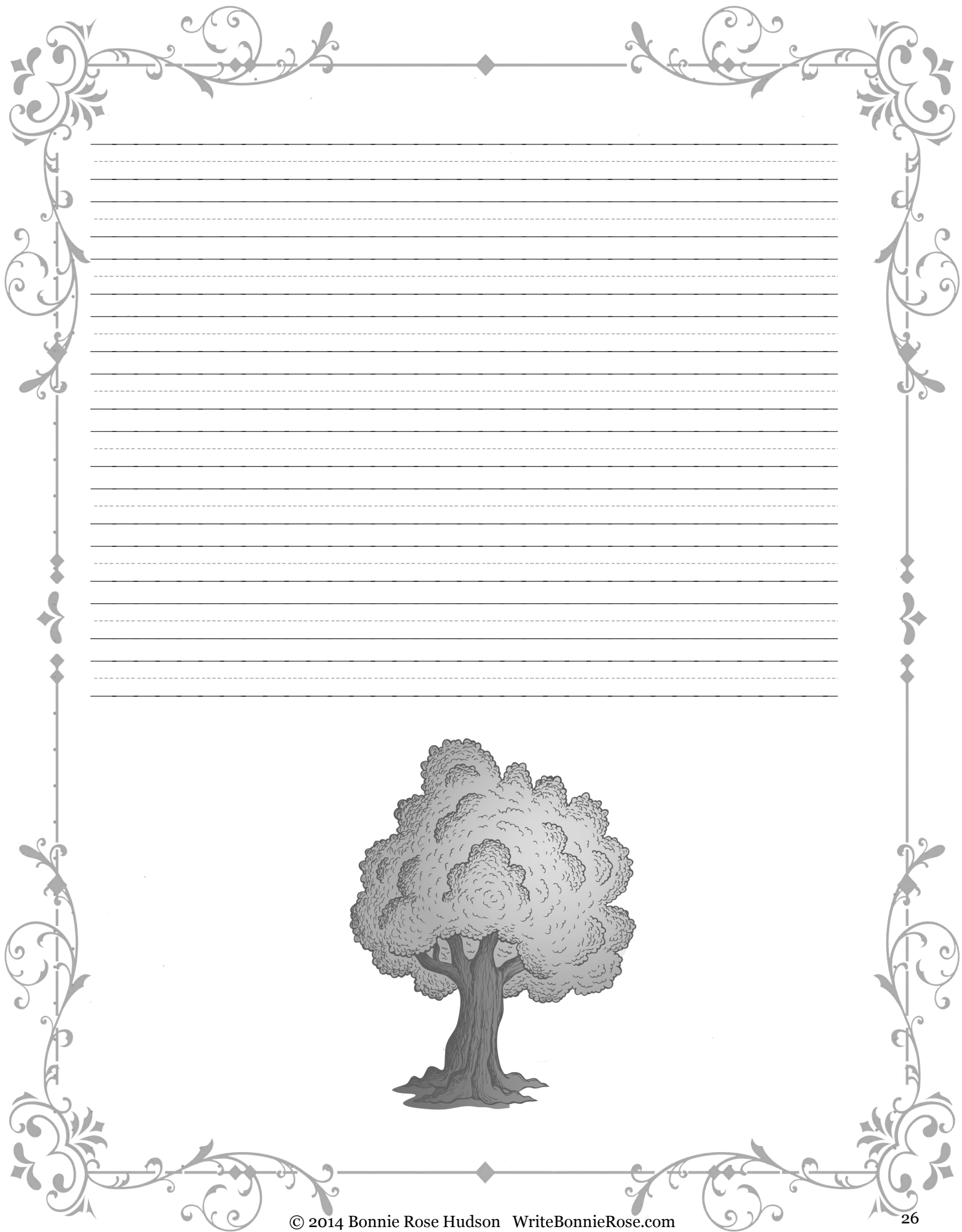












A Forest Hymn (Excerpt)
By William Cullen Bryant

*... 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,
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

His spirit with the thought of
boundless power

And inaccessible majesty. Oh,
why

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

God's ancient sanctuaries, and
adore

Only among the crowd, and
under roofs,

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.

Father, thy hand

Hath reared these venerable
columns, thou

Didst weave this verdant roof.

Thou didst look down

Upon the naked earth, and,
forthwith, rose

All these fair ranks of trees.

They, in thy sun,

Budded, and shook their green
leaves in the breeze,

And shot towards heaven. The
century-living crow,

Whose birth was in their tops,
grew old and died

Among their branches, till, at
last, they stood,

As now they stand, massy, and
tall, and dark,

Fit shrine for humble worshipper
to hold

Communion with his Maker.

These dim vaults,

These winding aisles, of human
pompe and pride

Report not. No fantastic carvings
show

The boast of our vain race to
change the form

Of thy fair works. But thou art
here—thou fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the
soft winds

That run along the summit of
these trees

In music; thou art in the cooler
breath

That from the inmost darkness
of the place

Comes, scarcely felt; the barky
trunks, the ground,

The fresh moist ground, are all
instinct with thee.

Here is continual worship;—

Nature, here,

In the tranquility that thou
dost love,

Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly,
around,

From perch to perch, the solitary
bird

Passes; and yon clear spring,
that, midst its herbs,

Uells softly forth and
wandering steeps the roots

Of half the mighty forest, tells
no tale

Of all the good it does. Thou
hast not left

Thyself without a witness, in
these shades,

Of thy perfections. Grandeur,
strength, and grace

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mighty oak—

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stand and seem

Almost annihilated—not a
prince,

In all that proud old world
beyond the deep,

E'er wore his crown as lofty as
he

Wears the green coronal of
leaves with which

Thy hand has graced him.

Nestled at his root

Is beauty, such as blooms not
in the glare

Of the broad sun. That delicate
forest flower

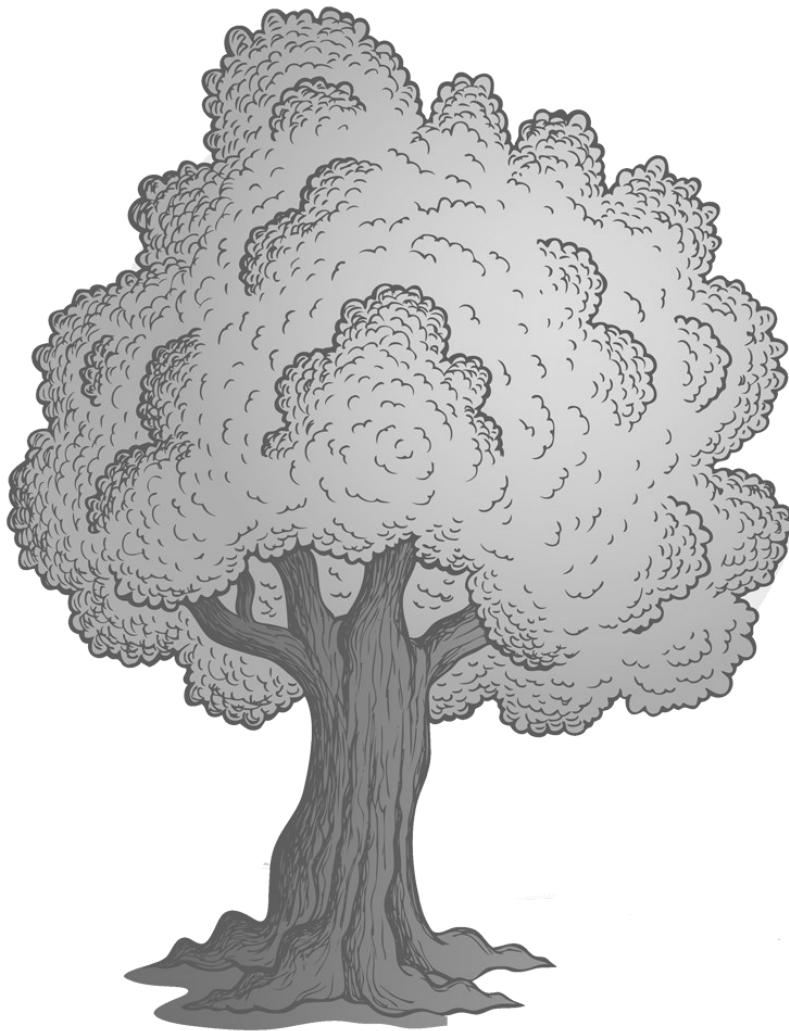
With scented breath, and look so
like a smile,

Seems, as it issues from the
shapeless mould,

An emanation of the indwelling
Life,

A visible token of the upholding
Love,

*That are the soul of this wide
universe . . .*



A Forest Hymn (Excerpt)
By William Cullen Bryant

... Amidst the cool and silence,
he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest
solemn thanks
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heart
Might not resist the sacred
influences,
Which, from the stillly 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

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,

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

Here, in the shadow of this aged
wood,

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if it find

Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand

Hath reared these venerable
columns, thou

Didst weave this verdant roof.

Thou didst look down

Upon the naked earth, and,
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All these fair ranks of trees.

They, in thy sun,

Budded, and shook their green
leaves in the breeze,

And shot towards heaven. The
century-living crow,

Whose birth was in their tops,
grew old and died

Among their branches, till, at
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As now they stand, massy, and
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Fit shrine for humble worshipper
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Communion with his Maker.

These dim vaults,

These winding aisles, of human
pomp and pride

Report not. No fantastic carvings
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The boast of our vain race to
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Of thy fair works. But thou art
here—thou fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the
soft winds

That run along the summit of
these trees

In music; thou art in the cooler
breath

That from the inmost darkness
of the place

Comes, scarcely felt; the barky
trunks, the ground,

The fresh moist ground, are all
instinct with thee.

Here is continual worship;—

Nature, here,

In the tranquility that thou
dost love,

Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly,
around,

From perch to perch, the solitary
bird

Passes; and yon clear spring,
that, midst its herbs,

Uells softly forth and
wandering steeps the roots

Of half the mighty forest, tells
no tale

Of all the good it does. Thou
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Thyself without a witness, in
these shades,

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strength, and grace

Are here to speak of thee. This
mighty oak—

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stand and seem

Almost annihilated—not a
prince,

In all that proud old world
beyond the deep,

E'er wore his crown as lofty as
he

Wears the green coronal of
leaves with which

Thy hand has graced him.

Nestled at his root

Is beauty, such as blooms not
in the glare

Of the broad sun. That delicate
forest flower

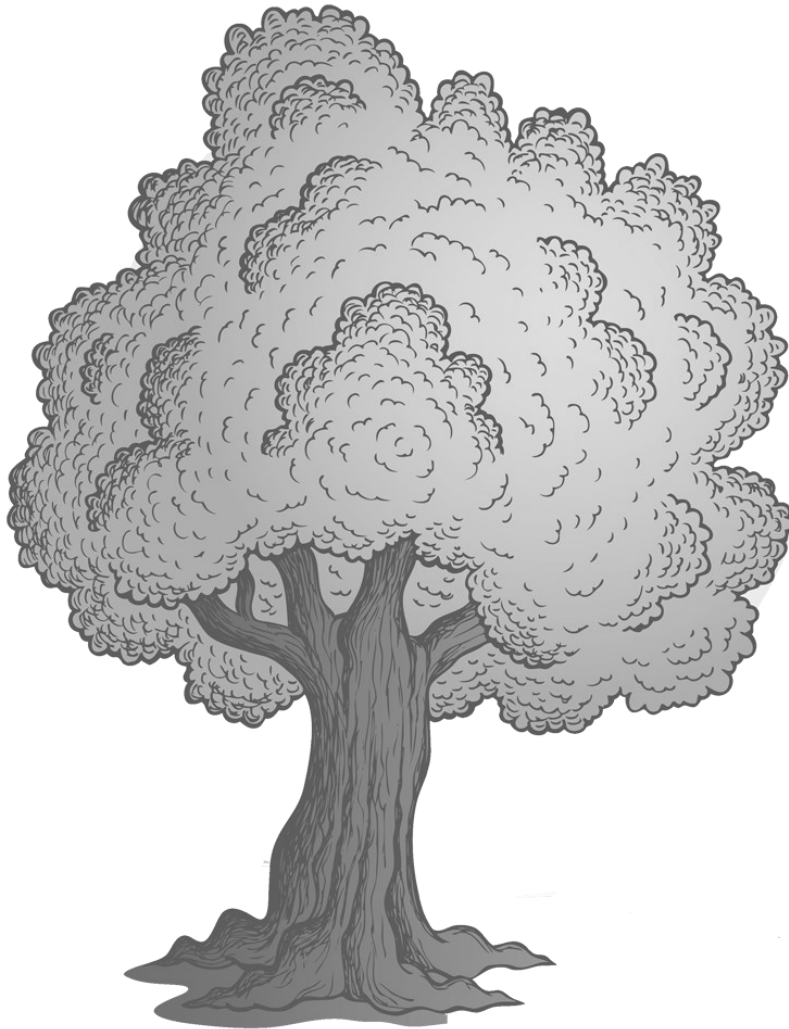
With scented breath, and look so
like a smile,

Seems, as it issues from the
shapeless mould,

An emanation of the indwelling
Life,

A visible token of the upholding
Love,

*That are the soul of this wide
universe . . .*





Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for letter formation.



Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for letter formation.







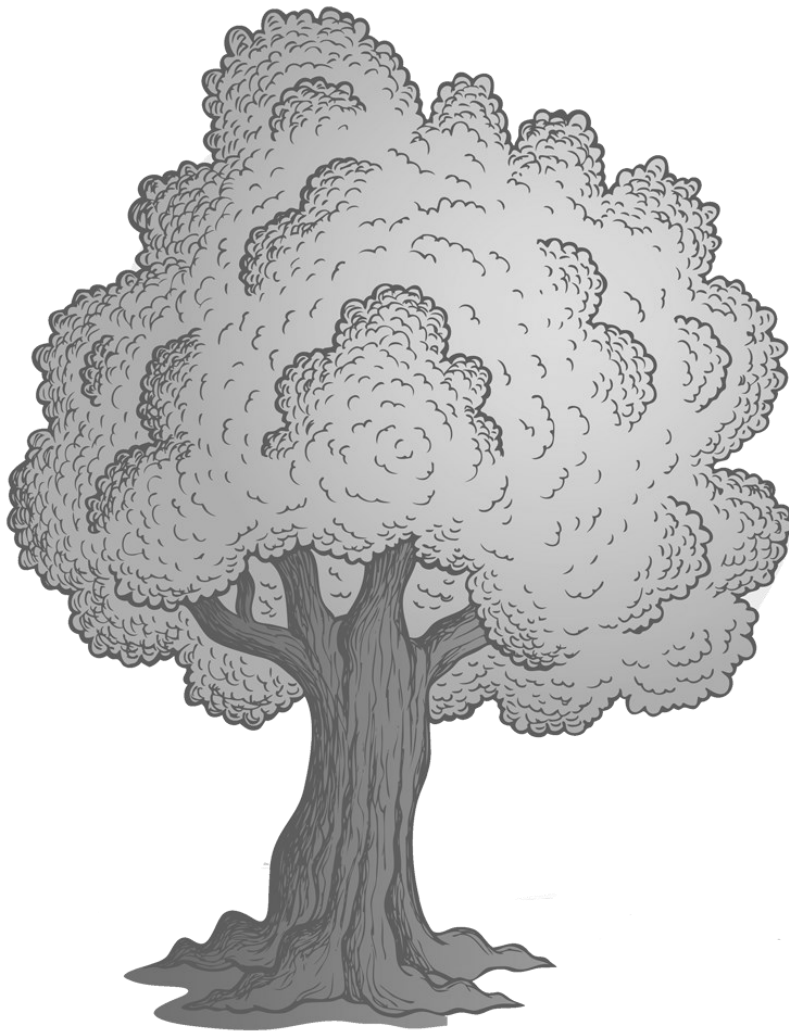


Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for letter formation.



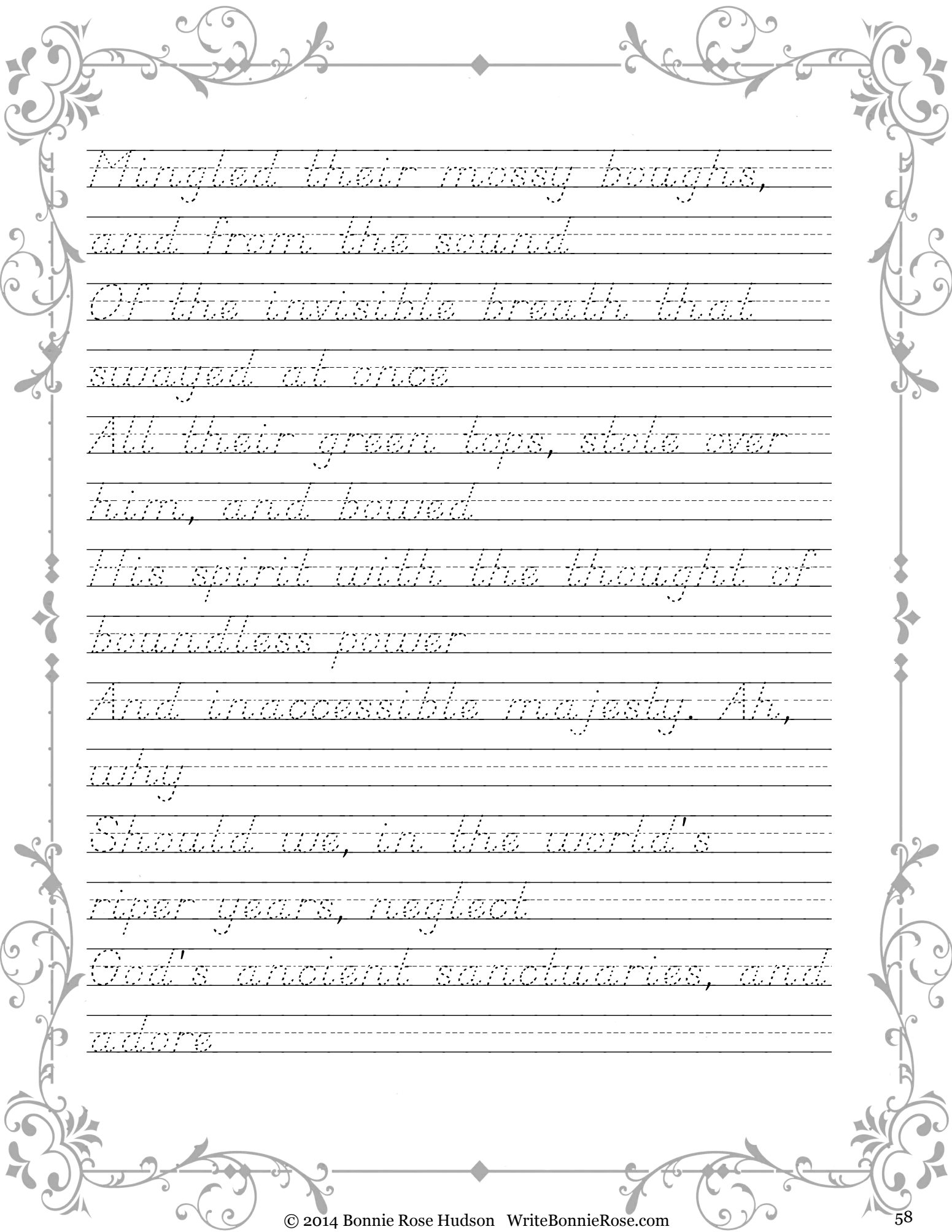






A Forest Hymn (Excerpt)
By William Cullen Bryant

... 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,
Which, from the stillly
twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks
that high in heaven

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a light gray color, framing the central text area.

*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
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,
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.
Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable
columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof.
Thou didst look down

Upon the naked earth, and,
forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees.
They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green
leaves in the breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The
century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops,
grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at
last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy,
and tall, and dark,

*Fit shrine for humble
worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker.
These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of
human pomp and pride
Report not. No fantastic
carvings show
The boast of our vain race to
change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou
art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the
soft winds*

*That run along the summit of
these trees*

*In music; thou art in the
cooler breath*

*That from the innermost
darkness of the place*

*Comes, scarcely felt; the barky
trunks, the ground,*

*The fresh moist ground, are
all instinct with thee.*

*There is continual worship;—
Nature, here,*

*In the tranquility that thou
dost love,*

Enjoys thy presence.

Noiselessly, around,

From perch to perch, the
solitary bird

Passes; and yon clear spring,
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Of half the mighty forest, tells
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Thyself without a witness, in
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Are here to speak of thee. This
mighty oak—*

*By whose immovable stem I
stand and seem*

*Almost annihilated—not a
prince,*

*In all that proud old world
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*E'er wore his crown as lofty
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*Wears the green coronal of
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*Is beauty, such as blooms not
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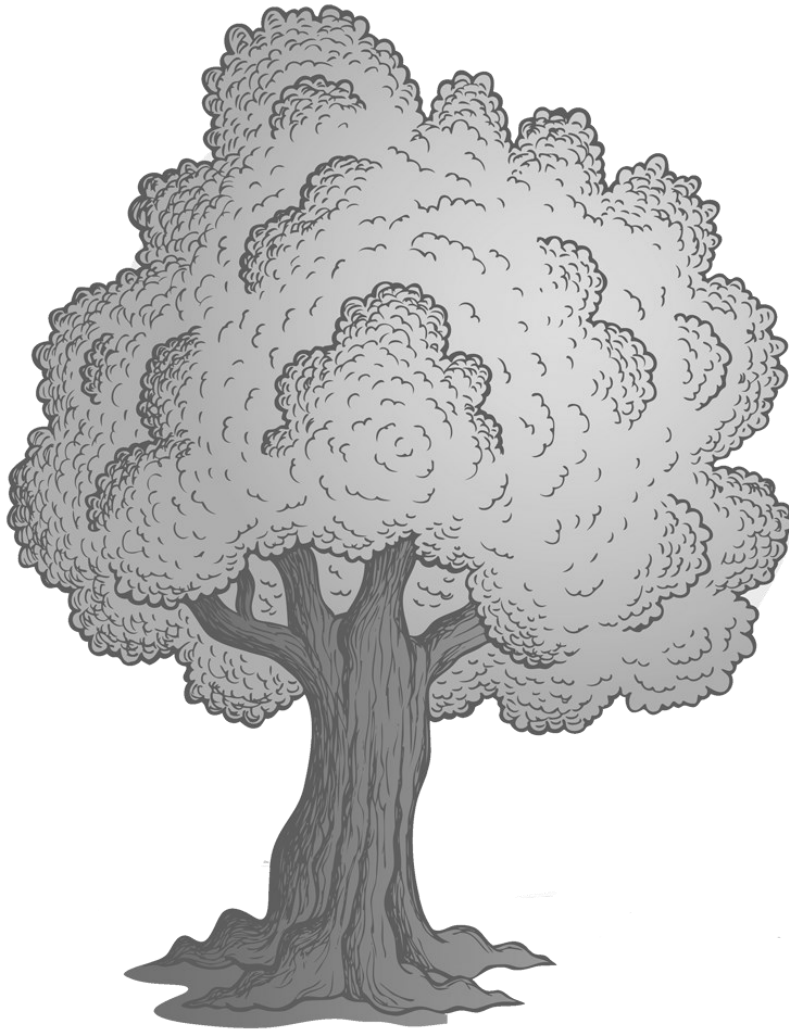
*With scented breath, and look
so like a smile,*

*Seems, as it issues from the
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*An emanation of the
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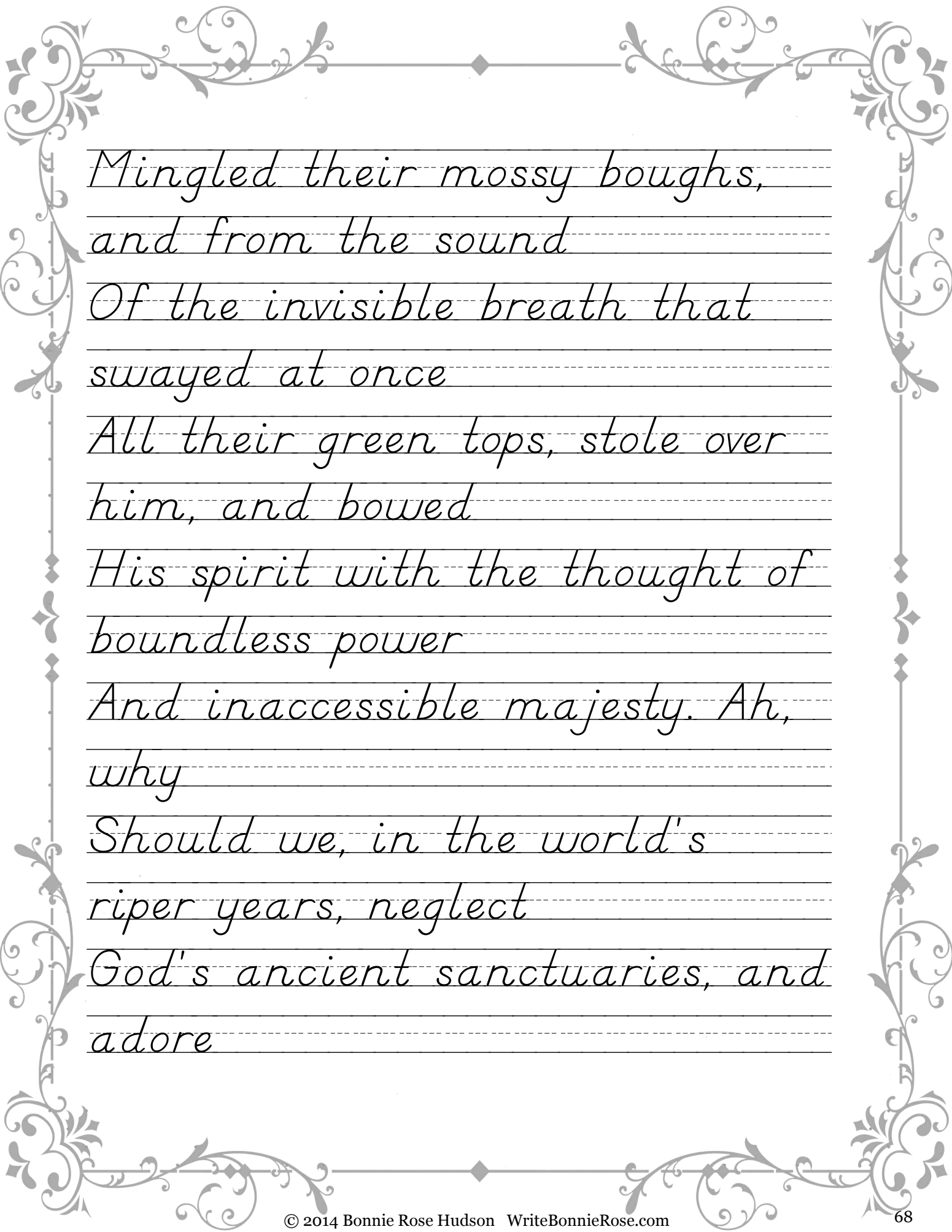
*A visible token of the
upholding Love,*

*That are the soul of this wide
universe . . .*

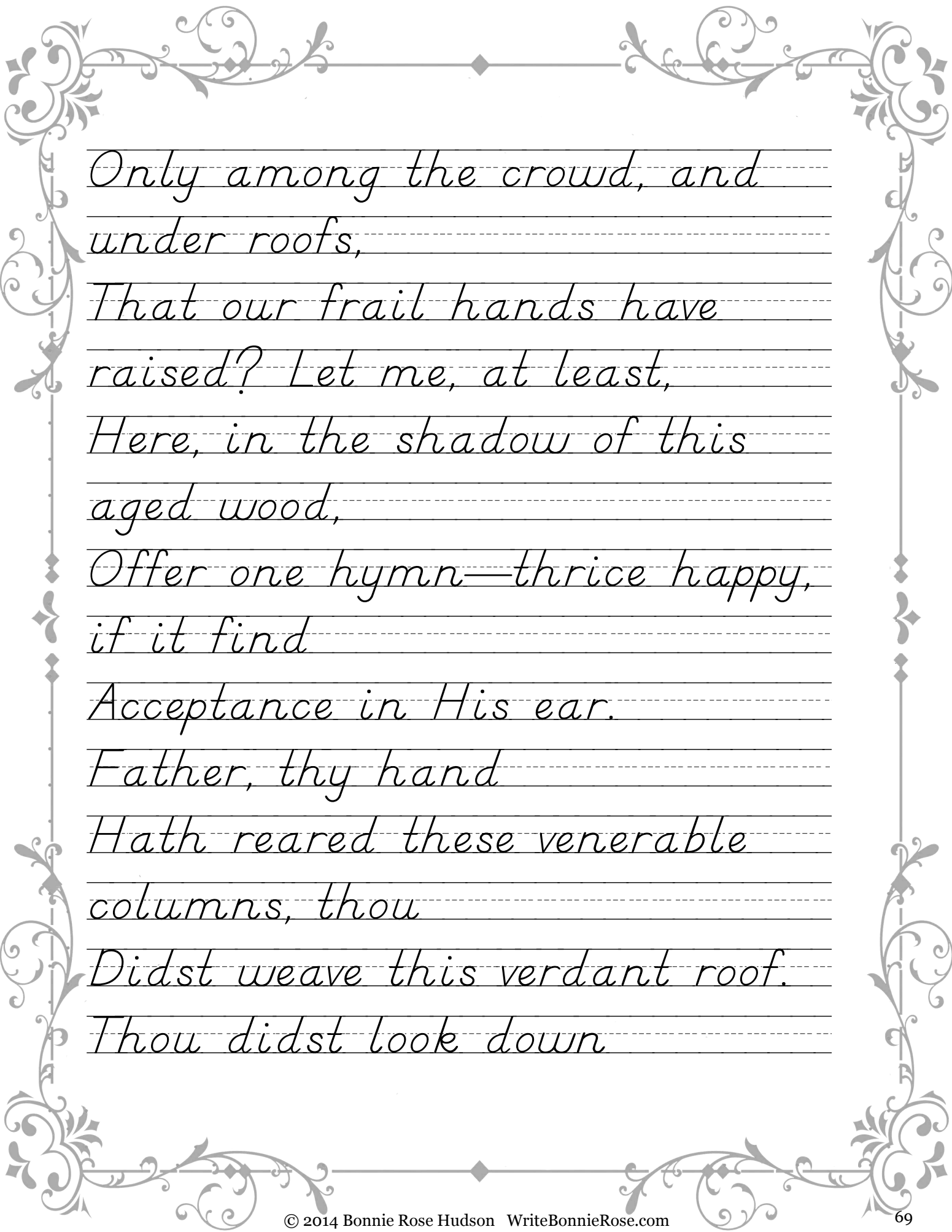


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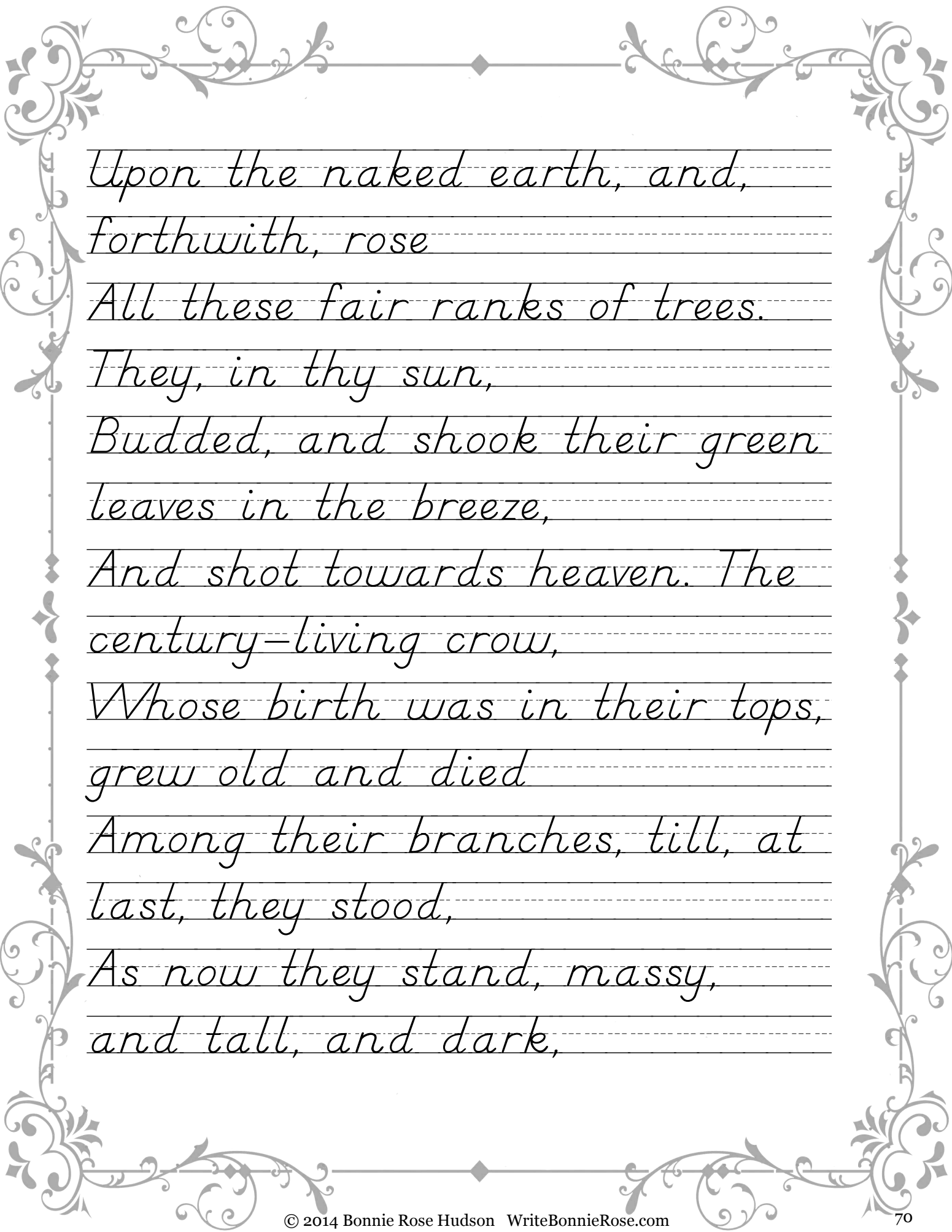
*... Amidst the cool and
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solemn thanks
And supplication. For his
simple heart
Might not resist the sacred
influences,
Which, from the stilly
twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks
that high in heaven*

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, featuring diamond-shaped accents at the top and bottom center.

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
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
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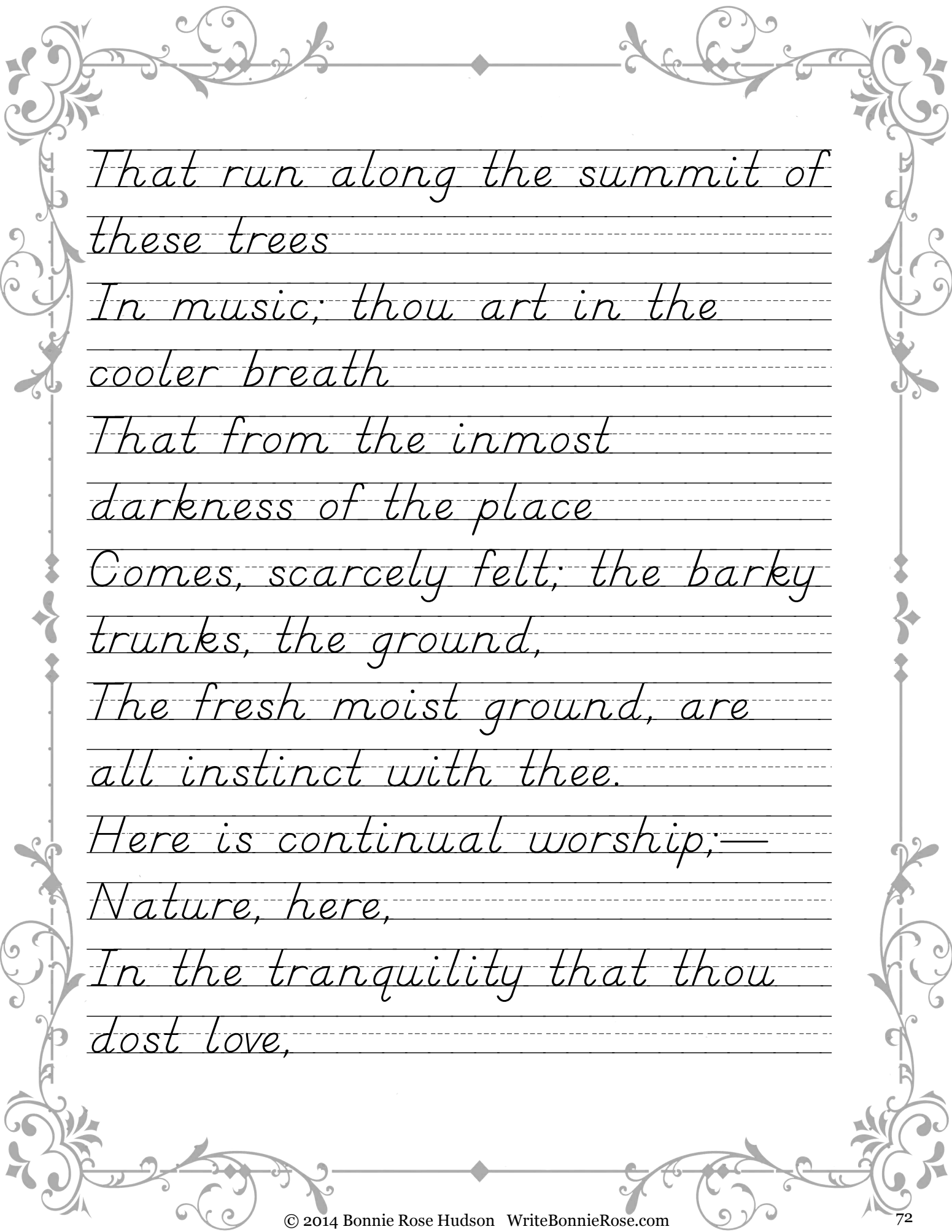
A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, featuring diamond-shaped accents at the top and bottom center, framing the text.

*Only among the crowd, and
under roofs,
That our frail hands have
raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this
aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy,
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Acceptance in His ear.
Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable
columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof.
Thou didst look down*

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, featuring diamond-shaped accents at the top and bottom center.

Upon the naked earth, and,
forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees.
They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green
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And shot towards heaven. The
century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops,
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Report not. No fantastic
carvings show
The boast of our vain race to
change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou
art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the
soft winds

A decorative floral border with intricate scrollwork and leaf patterns, featuring diamond-shaped accents at the top and bottom center.

*That run along the summit of
these trees*

*In music; thou art in the
cooler breath*

*That from the inmost
darkness of the place*

*Comes, scarcely felt; the barky
trunks, the ground,*

*The fresh moist ground, are
all instinct with thee.*

Here is continual worship;—

Nature, here,

*In the tranquility that thou
dost love,*

Enjoys thy presence.

Noiselessly, around,

*From perch to perch, the
solitary bird*

*Passes; and yon clear spring,
that, midst its herbs,*

Wells softly forth and

wandering steep the roots

*Of half the mighty forest, tells
no tale*

*Of all the good it does. Thou
hast not left*

*Thyself without a witness, in
these shades,*

Of thy perfections. Grandeur,
strength, and grace

Are here to speak of thee. This
mighty oak—

By whose immovable stem I
stand and seem

Almost annihilated—not a
prince,

In all that proud old world
beyond the deep,

E'er wore his crown as lofty
as he

Wears the green coronal of
leaves with which

Thy hand has graced him.

Nestled at his root

*Is beauty, such as blooms not
in the glare*

*Of the broad sun. That
delicate forest flower*

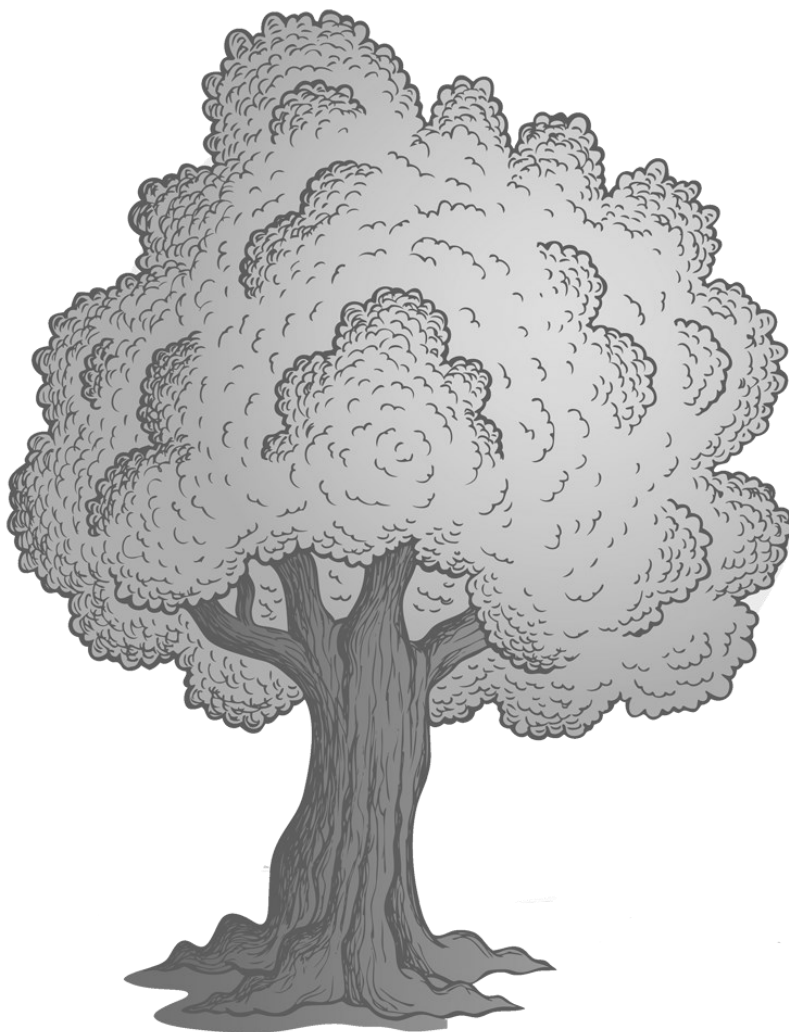
*With scented breath, and look
so like a smile,*

*Seems, as it issues from the
shapeless mould,*

*An emanation of the
indwelling Life,*

*A visible token of the
upholding Love,*

*That are the soul of this wide
universe . . .*













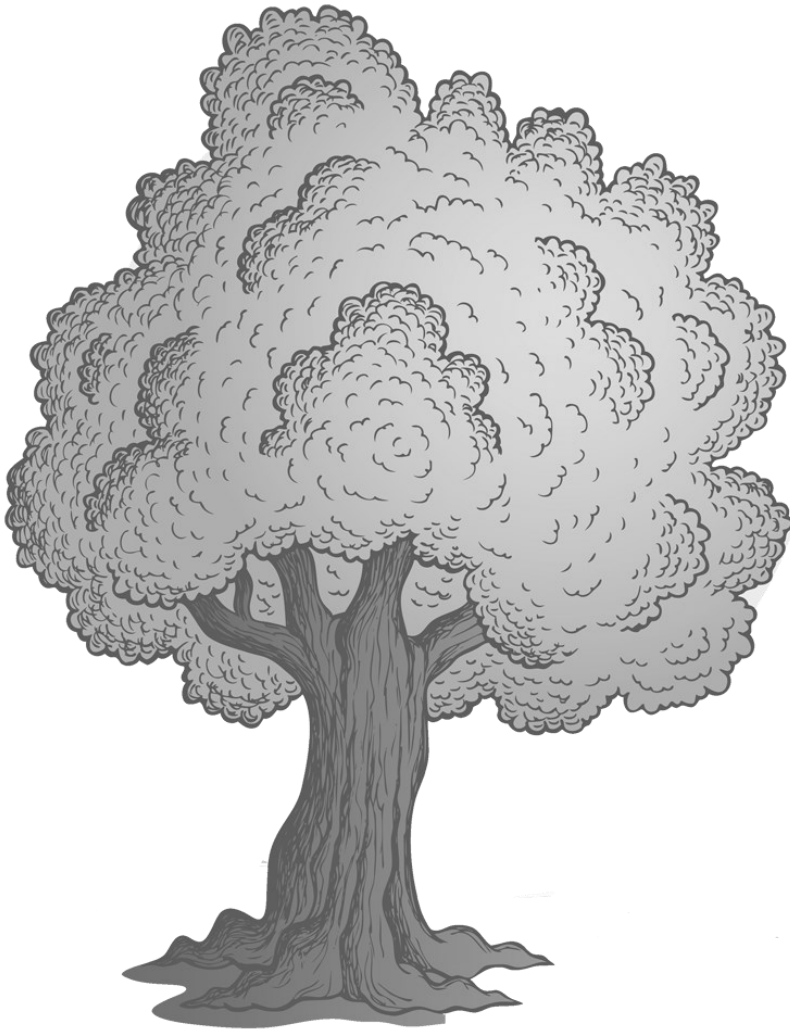








Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for letter formation.





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