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BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

No lifeless thing of iron and stone, But sentient, as her children are, Nature accepts you for her own, Kin to the cataract and the star.

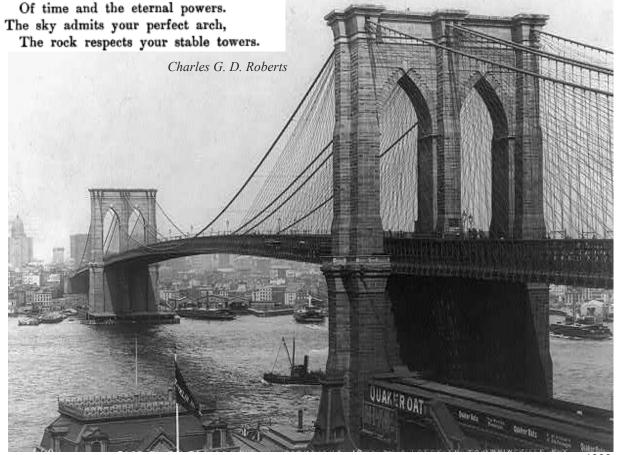
She marks your vast, sufficing plan, Cable and girder, bolt and rod, And takes you, from the hand of man, For some new handiwork of God.

You thrill through all your chords of steel Responsive to the living sun; And quickening in your nerves you feel Life with its conscious currents run.

Your anchorage upbears the march



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