

## LYRICS OF EARTH

And the rapids' iron roar  
Hammers at the forest's core ;  
Where corded rafts creep slowly on,  
Glittering in the noonday sun,  
And the tawny river-dogs,  
Shepherding the branded logs,  
Bind and heave with cadenced cry;  
Where the blackened tugs go by,  
Panting hard and straining slow,  
Laboring at the weighty tow,  
Flat-nosed barges all in trim,  
Creeping in long cumbrous line,  
Loaded to the water's brim  
With the clean, cool-scented pine.

Perhaps in some low meadow-land,  
Stretching wide on either hand,  
I shall see the belted bees  
Rocking with the tricky breeze  
In the spirèd meadow-sweet,  
Or with eager trampling feet  
Burrowing in the boneset blooms,  
Treading out the dry perfumes.  
Where sun-hot hay-fields newly mown  
Climb the hillside ruddy brown,  
I shall see the haymakers,  
While the noonday scarcely stirs,  
Brown of neck and booted gray,  
Tossing up the rustling hay,  
While the hay-racks bend and rock,  
As they take each scented cock,