

To see the eagles coasting heaven :  
The sun-shafts striking deep  
In lonely lakes and laughing streams ;  
To hear the chipmunks cheep ;

To give the high-ball to old friends,  
And throw the reins abroad,  
As men there do when travel ends ;  
This would I ask, O God ;  
To see the pack-train glide and lope  
A-patter through the woods,  
All silent in the old cone-dust  
Of these old solitudes.

Some call the Indians dirty folk,  
But I again would see,  
And smell, Great Spirit, wood-fire smoke  
Of some red man's tipi.  
One sign that I was back again  
In these tremendous lands,  
Would be the sight of silver rings  
On brown and lissome hands.

The bench's yellow pales and fades,  
The sun ebbs up the hill,  
'Tis dark in the deep forest glades,  
'Tis dark and very still ;  
The sunlight on the summit dies,  
—Was that a drop of rain ?—  
I knew it once from dawn to dusk  
And would go home again.