

## What the River Said.

Should you ask me of my flow,  
Whence I come and whither go,  
Sometimes in the whirl of rapids, sometimes gliding still and  
slow,

On and on without respite,  
'Neath the fierce sun's blazing light,  
Till he dying sinks behind me, and I creep into the night :

I should answer, In the west,  
On the mountains' stony breast  
Was I born, and from their bosoms came I forth the world to  
test :

On through many a laughing brook  
Where the birch and alder shook,  
Ever downward, ever seaward, my resistless course I took;

Passed I through a mighty lake,  
By whose shores the echoes make  
Loud and never dying thunder when the giant billows break.  
Where the crags of granite stand,  
Silent guardians of the land,  
Thrusting back the restless waters with an adamantine hand.

I have faltered on the brink  
Where the swirling eddies sink,  
Forming in the chain of rapids one tumultuous frothing link:  
Thence emerging, hurried on,  
All my bosom flecked with foam,  
Like some wounded warrior turning from the battle to his  
home: