

But what I have learned
From the inly-discerned
 Rune of thy shimmer
May lightly surpass
What thy burnished waves glass,
 O Red, Red River!

You whispered soft songs
To my fancy in throngs:
 I learned to deliver,
Rocked on thy bosom,
Bright arrows, light winged, from
 Phæbus' quiver.

You nourished my soul
With your rhythmic roll,
 O red-rolling river!
And whatever the store
Of my mind's mystic lore,
 Thou wert the giver.

You taught me the rede
Of your wild Willow-weed—
 Your Flags' flaun. and quiver;—
And why, all the night,
Like a child with affright,
 Your white Aspens shiver.