



THE BUILDING OF THE BIRCH BARK.

Give me of your bark, O birch tree!
 Of your yellow bark, O birch tree!
 Growing by the rushing river,
 Tall and stately in the valley.



Give me of your root, O tamarac!
 Of your fibrous root, O larch tree!
 My canoe to bind together
 That the water may not enter.

Thus the birch canoe was builded
 In the valley by the river,
 In the bosom by the forest,
 And the forest life was in it—
 All its mystery and its magic—
 All the lightness of the birch tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larch's supple sinews;
 And it floated in the river
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn
 Like a yellow water lily.