

25 Shall fraud and force and iron will  
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,  
60 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears,  
Of those who live when length of years  
Is wasting this apple-tree?

30 "Who planted this old apple-tree?"  
The children of that distant day  
Thus to some aged man shall say;  
And, gazing on its mossy stem,  
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,  
70 Born in the rude but good old times;  
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes  
On planting the apple-tree."

40 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR

45 Orr and in the river is winding  
The links of its long red chain,  
Through belts of dusky pine-land  
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times a smoke-wreath  
5 With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—  
The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
50 Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearly blows the north wind  
From the land of ice and snow;  
10 The eyes that look are weary,  
And heavy the hands that row.

55 And with one foot on the water,  
And one upon the shore,