Where the four-leaf clover grow
If you work, if you will, you will find the place.
You must love and be strong—and so—
But you must have hope and you must have faith,
If you search, you will find where they grow.
And God put another in your hike—
And one is for love, you know,
One is for hope, and one is for faith,
Where the four-leaf clover grow
And down among them is the loveliest nook.
And cherry blossoms burst with snow,
I know a place where the sun is like gold,

1890
"Four-Leaf Clover"
This cool, blue sapphire, Purple Sound.
The strings of snow-pears linked around—
But more than these I love—
Is precious into every heart—
Blue as the blue above—

The turquoise—Culli December's Gem—
As something half divine—
I hold the diaphanous chromis blue—
Clean as some old wine—
The mother sea, Auntie, dear—

The great blue sapphire, Purple Sound.

But most of all I love—
And can the soul amiss—

White green is his difference—

I love the old's essence—

Of deeply colored frame—

The art and precision anchors—

I love the pale green emerald—

1897

"The Snow Peals"
Our own blue sapphire, Puget Sound,
With these pure snow-peaks clasped around
Let us continue to
Search for company— but oh!
On prairie or on sea,
Let him who will, roam East or West,
Lurked in God's pale green sky.
Now one is worth that glorious chain
Which only gold can buy—
Take then, all jewels of the earth.
This deep blue sapphire, Puget Sound.
Upon the snow-peaks stringing around
Spring a soft, sudden tide.
Sweet is a hope rooted in Heaven,
Like a tall folded spire.
Mount Hood leaps, glistening, from a sea of fire.
And into the clouds—O far beyond all pasture—
The mist kings guessing, neckles high, and higher,
The sun sinks downward into the trembling haze.

I hear those wet hips calling, calling low.
Past many a rose-rocket, many a singlet reef,
Into marsha'ly seas, where velvet rushes grow,
Into pasture lands, where mild-eyed cattle feed,
That passing, press each rock or grassy wall.
My heart turns ever to those sweet, cool hips.
O vine, can hills that hear its soft voice call?
O lovely vale, where the willamette slips,
Deep-founget, deep-cheesed, to the waiting sea.

Until he passes, where Columbia flows,
Past many a hill and many a foamed lee,
Willamette sweeps, each dumpy set with gold,
And shining into the hills that frame the Eskedo.
That looms across the valley, gold on gold,
The sun sinks downward into the silver mist.

1898. "Sunrise on the Willamette."
This poem recounts the tragic fate of the American Indians as a vanished race, destroyed by colonization, disease, and sympathetic endorsement by the then-dominant myth of American Indians as a vanished race. It is an example of the Romantic period's fascination with the "vanishing race," a theme that was popularized by writers such as Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper. The poem is written in iambic pentameter, a common form for Romantic poetry, and uses a variety of rhetorical devices to convey its message of lament and reflection.