

As I drove from Abbotsford to Ettrick, Tweed and Ettrick
 were both in flood; not down nor wrathful, but in
 the clear fallness of ^{their} perfect strength and from the bridge of
 Ettrick I saw the two streams join, and the Tweed
 - for miles down ^{his} vale, and the Ettrick for miles
 up among his hills, - each of them in ^{his} multitudes
 of their windleap waves, a march of ^{infinite lights, dappled} interminable
 lights and intervals, ^{unless} with eddies of ^{gliding} ~~purple and shadow~~
 but for the worst part - two ^{gliding} ~~moving~~ paths of sunshine
^{far sweep} ^{beach} between the green glow of their ^{level} ~~low~~ banks, and the
 blessing of them, and the gravel; - the ^{stated} ~~stated~~
 moving of the ^{rippled} ~~many~~ waters, ^{more peaceful than their calm,} their rippled spaces
 feed like mist clouds, their pools of ^{running} ~~umber~~ ^{current} ^{umber} ^{under} ^{single}
^{has} ~~so~~ bridges the silver edges with a ^{gloom} ~~gloom~~ of gold,
 and all along their shore, ^{beside the sword,} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~reminiscent~~ ^{reminiscent} ^{of} ^{dark} ^{forest} ^{things}
 in ^{myriad} ^{of} ^{weeds} ~~strange~~ ~~order~~ and ^{worried} ~~unwieldy~~ ~~grass~~ of ~~glorious~~ ~~open~~