

The weapons of his rest,
 And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
 Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave
 Who bore the lifeless chieftain forth;
 Or the young wife, that weeping gave
 Her first-born to the earth,
 That the pale race who waist us now,
 Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waist us—aye —like April snow
 In the warm noon, we shrink away;
 And fast they follow, as we go
 Toward the setting day,
 Till they shall fill the land, and we
 Are driven into the western sea.

*But I behold a fearful sign,
 To which the white men's eyes are blind;
 Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
 And leave no trace behind,
 Save ruins o'er the region spread,
 And the white stones above the dead.*

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
 Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
 The melody of waters filled,
 The fresh and boundless wood;
 And torrents dashed and rivulets played
 And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
 The springs are silent in the sun,
 The rivers, by the blackened shore,
 With lessening current run;
*The realms our tribes are crushed to get
 May be a barren desert yet.*

Onward, onward, may we press.
 Through the path of duty;
 Virtue is true happiness,
 Excellence true beauty,
 Minds are of supernal birth,
 Let us make a heaven of earth.