

In ever-changing radiance,  
 The broken sun-light played;  
 And spoke in words, whose simple truth  
 Revealed the guileless soul,  
 Till softly o'er their senses  
 A quiet slumber stole.  
 Lo ! now a form comes glancing  
 Along the waters blue,  
 And moored among the lilies  
 Lay an Indian's dark canoe.  
 The days of ancient feud were gone,  
 The axe was buried deep,  
 And stilled the red man's warfare,  
 In unawaking sleep.  
 Why stands he then so silently,  
 Where those fair children lie ?  
 And say, what means the flashing  
 Of the Indian's eagle eye ?  
 He thinks him of his lonely spouse,  
 Within her forest glade ;  
 Around her silent dwelling  
 No children ever played.  
 No voice arose to greet him  
 When he at eve would come,  
 But sadness ever hovered  
 Around his dreary home.  
 Oh ! with those lovely rose-buds  
 Were my lone hearth-stone blest,  
 My richest food should cheer them,  
 My softest furs should rest.  
 Their kindred drive us onward,  
 Where the setting sunbeams shine ;  
 They claim our father's heritage,  
 Why may not these be mine ?