

With all his host, though dark as night,
 To stir would be disgrace most foul.
 He said to her, "Be not afraid,
 It may not be bad as it seems"—
 But she, poor frightened trembling maid,
 Again thought of her dreadful dreams.
 Yet scarcely then could he suspect
 That any treach'rous foe was near,
 What falseness yet could he detect?
 First Manita he must protect,
 And there he stayed without a fear.
 Eager to see who would appear

Then streamed a moonbeam through the cloud
 And now beneath the old oak tree,
 Hearing the war-whoop long and loud,
 Stood Ogemah where all could see—
 As if awaiting Fate's decree.
 Manita looked and with the rest
 Saw Kenabeek take slowly aim,
 In terror then she did exclaim—
 His deadly arrow reached the breast
 Of Ogemah, and quick there came
 The crimson proof of some dread wound—
 She screamed as if she saw life's flame
 Quenched out; near but a step he came
 He gasped, and faintly called her name—
 Ah dreadful sight! she fell and swooned,
 Her hope for happiness was doomed.

The gleam of dawn was in the east,
 The dew-drops gathered in each flower,
 The night wind its rough rounds had ceased;
 It seemed like nature's loveliest hour.
 Aurora's blush could now be seen
 Crims'ning faint some slumbering cloud
 Which soon dissolved as Day's young queen
 Stole from the earth night's sable shroud.
 Again the mellow morning light
 Mingled with shadows on the shore
 A thousand birds in their delight
 Greeted the sun-beams as before.