

They killed the dogs, and feasted high, they danced the ring and sent  
a spy

To watch the cruel foeman nigh, their foes were in the distant wood.  
Thirsting in vengeance for their blood their councils held, plans were laid  
To lay the Mohawk with the dead, knowing they nestled on the isle,  
They sent a spy expert in guile, and when the sun's last ray had shone,  
The Mohawks laid their proud heads down, and left a squaw of subtle eye  
To watch the motion of the spy, and give a loud alarm, should they  
Attempt to hunt them as their prey; three of the Mississaugueys ere  
Came paddling in their birch canoe, and seeing all in slumber deep,  
As they did o'er their pillows peep, they tore their foe's canoes so wide,  
Disabling each to breast the tide; return in pride of heart to tell  
What they had each accomplished well; this swelled their breasts  
with joy of heart.

In pride they o'er the billows start, their chief upon his council call  
Few words were said, and then they all pressed proudly to the distant  
goal.

Mean while the squaw did them alarm, that they had seen some cruel form  
Who had returned in pride array, a distance o'er the troubled bay,  
The chief awake and cast his eye around to every ambush nigh,  
Returned, and cried, no harm brave men, pillow your heads in sleep again,  
That ye may on the morrow rise, in spite of all the foeman's spies;  
He bowed his head and closed his eye, unconscious of the fate that nigh.  
The billows roar'd, the night was dark, no ray but from the fire's spark,  
The moon was clothed in sackcloth deep, as though she had retired to  
weep, at what was pending o'er the deep.

Paddling o'er the distant bay, the foeman waved his plume so gay.  
Swiftly they paddled o'er the wave, that mid the high winds onward lave,  
The Mississaugueys come in pride of heart across the swelling tide.  
All were asleep, their children dear dwelt on their parents' breasts of fear,  
When subtly then the mighty throng came gently, steal their way along.  
The squaw too late her voice awoke, they smote her that she never spoke.  
She fell beneath the deathly stroke; they rushed in violence along,  
To slay the sleepers, old and young; those that revived did quick repair  
To their canoes for shelter there, but found the boat would sink they  
leap

Into the bosom of the deep, and wrestling hard against the tide  
They yield beneath its wave of pride, and sink beneath the cruel wave,  
Glad there to find the watery grave, to hide their horror-stricken brow;  
Beneath the frenzied waters low, he only fled to tell the tale,  
And his dear brethren's fate bewail; they sought him eager, day by day,  
Swiftly they track his feet away; river he swam, and lakes were crossed,  
The fugitive evade their host, they now return to share the spoil,  
And glory in the demon toil, and when the suffering all were o'er,  
What sight was seen around the shore; the kindling flames illumed the  
wood,

Revealing streams of human blood, and did by chance reveal the face,  
of female beauty and of grace.

That did their chief's son's heart allure, and did his passions warm secure  
The chief drew nigh this object fair, and thus his feeling did declare,  
O! source of mischief deep whose wile did once my own dear son beguile  
What vengeance did that do! inspire from out our own strong hearts of  
fire