

## TO PAUGUK.

(This is the impersonation of death in Indian mythology.  
He is represented with a bow and arrows.)

Pauguk! 'tis a scene of woe,  
This world of troubles; let me go  
Arm'd to show forth the Master's will,  
Strike on thy purpose to fulfil.  
I fear not death—my only fear  
Is ills and woes that press me here.  
Want stares me in the face, or woe,  
Where'er I dwell—where'er I go;  
Fishing and hunting only give  
The pinching means to let me live;  
And if, at night, I lay me down,  
In dreams and sleep my rest to crown,  
Ere day awakes its slumbering eyes,  
I start to hear the foe's mad cries,  
Louder and louder, as I clutch  
My club, or lance, or bow and dart,  
And, springing with a panther's touch,  
Display the red man's bloody art.

Nay, I am sick of life and blood,  
That drowns my country like a flood,  
Pouring o'er hill, and vale, and lea,  
Lodge, ville, and council, like a sea,  
Where one must gasp and gasp for breath  
To live—and stay the power of death.  
Ah! life's good things are all too poor,  
Its daily hardships to endure.  
My fathers told me, there's a land  
Where peace and joy abound in hand,  
And plenty smiles, and sweetest scenes  
Expand in lakes, and groves, and greens.  
No pain or hunger there is known,  
And pleasure reigns throughout alone—