

## Song of Cadieux

To him I said, "Gorger of human flesh,  
Go elsewhere, seek a meal not quite so fresh.

"Go deeper in the wood, hard by yon  
swamp,  
There, in the Iroquois' abandoned camp  
Thou wilt find all the flesh thou covetest ;  
Go farther on, and leave me to my rest."

O nightingale, go tell my mistress true,  
My little ones, I leave them my adieu,  
That I have kept my love and honour free,  
And they henceforth must hope no more of  
me.

Here, then, it is the world abandons me—  
But I have help, Saviour of man, in Thee.  
Most Holy Virgin, do not from me fly !  
Within your arms, oh ! suffer me to die.