

LEGEND OF NANABUSH.

And take me to thy breast once more?

I love thee brother as of yore,
And long again to see thy face;
But yet I cannot brook the scorn
Of Gods, and men ignobly born;
If thou must vanish e'er the morn,
And thus me rescue from disgrace.

Alas! for this unwelcome truth—
Is forced on me—In tender youth,
Death claimed and took thee for his son,
And so shall each Ojibbewa
Be early called by death away
To happy hunting fields of day,
And leave his friends on earth alone.

Take then * Ku-kun-zha in thy hand.
This † mo-ka-maun and seek a land,
‡ Epun-gis-he-mook (towards the setting sun).
A straight, smooth path to it prepare,—
Build there a home with tender care,—
Kindle a fire that each may share
Such bliss when life's short course is run.

So shall each Red Man happy be
In hope of this Chee-by ah-kee
When ends this fitful dream below;
Boldly he shall death's valley dare,—
Enter with joy that dwelling fair,
Which thou, my brother, shall prepare
For all who in thy footsteps go.

Then Nanabush from out the embers grasped
A burning brand, and thrust the door ajar
He thrust the same together with a knife
Saying:—

"My loved Chee-bi-yah-booz farewell!
No more I see thy face, nor grasp thy hand;—
Deep in my heart thine image still shalt dwell
Until I seek thee in the Better land.

Then take this brand and trusty hunting knife
And hie thee onward towards the sunny west;—
Our paths divergent—yet in either life,
In blessing others we ourselves are blest.

*Ku-kun-zha—Coal of fire.

†Mo-ka-maun—Hunting knife.

‡Epun-gis-he-mook—Towards the setting sun—West.