

In the hoof-prints of the bison,

In the eyrie of the eagle !

“All the wild-fowl sang them to him,

In the moorlands and the fenlands,

In the melancholy marshes ;

Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,

Mahng, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

And the grouse, the Mushkodasa !”

If still further you should ask me,

Saying, “Who was Nawadaha ?

Tell us of this Nawadaha,”

I should answer your inquiries

Straightway in such words as follow.

“In the Vale of Tawasentha,

In the green and silent valley,

By the pleasant water-courses,

Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.

Round about the Indian village

Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,

And beyond them stood the forest,

Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,

Green in Summer, white in Winter,

Ever sighing, ever singing.

“And the pleasant water-courses,

You could trace them through the valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,