

'Then mourn not, pilgrim, o'er thy changeful fate ;  
 But turn, in thought, to some far better state :  
 When wild around thee winter's tempest blows,  
 And little comfort Indian's wigwan knows ;  
 When the rude settler casts an angry frown,  
 And calls the fields, the streams, the woodlands all his own ;  
 When pining sickness wastes thy feeble frame,  
 And sinking hope emits a sickly flame ;  
 When death shall hence thy spouse and offspring bear,  
 Then raise to heaven thy nation's simple prayer :  
 " God make 'um good—and Christ in mercy save,  
 And keep 'um sorrow from the Indian's grave."

Speed to thy tent—go, fated Indian, go ;  
 Let past remembrance mitigate thy woe—  
 'Teach thee to live, convinced when life is gone  
 Thy cares are ended and thy bliss begun ;  
 Know that the hermit, in his lone recess,  
 Did on mankind this solemn truth impress—

" Turn, pilgrim, turn—thy cares forego,  
 All earth-born ties are wrong ;  
 Man wants but little here below,  
 Nor wants that little long."