

And fly before the doom I could not change.
 Albeit all ways known to me I sought
 To hinder English settlements and spoil ;
 The ambuscade, the open fight, old wiles,
 The cunning that from nature we have learnt,
 Half brother as we are to fox and crow.
 Then arts of sorcery, wherein before
 The shores were ravaged so by gold-mad men,
 I had great skill and gained me fame at home.
 And far to east and west my name was known.
 Last hope of all, the white man's boasted arms.
 Love, honor, faith I turned against himself ;
 But all in vain, and I have lived too long.
 Now take my farewell word and heed it well ;

Children of day, are these the pale-faced men ;
 Children of night, are we the red man's tribes.
 The heavens are bright on them and they will grow
 Like fields of maize in the long summer days.
 Yet you will fade before their orbing race,
 As when the hunters' roundest, riding moon
 Bathes wood and field in lustrous, frosty light,
 Then leaves their greenness all a blackened wreck.
 They have a spirit father strange to us.
 Who, prophets say, this land to them decreed,
 And you will fail ; yet grieve not, counsel hear ;
 Light not the fires of vengeance in your hearts
 For sure the flame will turn against yourselves,