

Towards his heart comes flying, flying,

Even now a poisoned arrow,

'Long the forest pathways, gliding,

Skulks an Indian Brave, exulting,

Gliding onward, never halting,

While his victim, downward sliding,

From his saddle, sinks unconscious,

'Midst the violets, dying, dying.

Night has settled dark, appalling,

On the wierd, and ghostly hill top,

Home, a weeping maiden, stealing,

Deems him false, who, never, never,

While he lived had ceased to love her :

Even thus his sad fate sealing,

On the top of Minitonas,

One lone whip-poor-will is calling.

*April 1902*

