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LEGEND OF NANABUSH.

And humbly ask him to restore
To Nanabush the peace of yore,
And they will serve him evermore.

The Spirit listens to their cries,
And bids Chee-bi-yah-booz arise,
Who forthwith to his brother hies.

Without the camp he waiting stands
To see what Nanabush commands ;
And gently knocks with trembling hands.

The sor'wing brother rises not,
Nor even asks him what he sought,
For grief has chained him to the spot.

At length he asks in accents brief,—
“ Who dares invade the tent of grief,
Nor solace bring to my relief.

“Tis * Ke-shee man,” he humbly said,
Returned the living from the dead:
Then cheer thy heart, and raise thy head.”

Up from the ground the mourner sprung,
His transport thus unloosed his tongue,
In ecstasy he rapturous sung :—

SONG OF NANABUSH.

My loved, my lost, Chee-bi-yah-booz !
Can I believe the joyful news
That once again I hear thy voice ?
Full deep for thee I've groaned and sighed,
Full loud for thee I've wept and cried,
And mourned for thee as one who died,
But now, alas ! what is my choice ?

Should I receive thee back alive,
Can I the sneering laugh survive
Of God's and men who heard my grief,
Break forth in mourning such as mine,
On which the heavens refused to shine ?
They conscious are 'twas e'en divine,
Then can I, dare I find relief ?

*Kee-shee man—Younger brother.