

Oft losing, in those lands, untracked, unknown ;
 And then I came where I had been before,
 Where I had spoke the words my heart found out.
 And as I came more near my ancient seat,
 Lo ! in all mouths I found myself a saint,
 The good Saint Aspenquid they called ; for me
 Long passed beyond report of scout or fame
 They counted dead ; but my remembered words
 Were yet alive, and people called me saint ;
 Half scorn, half love ! for they remembered not
 To do the thing I taught, but only words !
 And evermore the deadly feud grows wide,
 My race decays and I have lived too long.
 My limbs with ninety weary winters' strife
 Are spent, my fathers call me unto them ;
 I go to comfort their impatient shades
 And respite find for all my own mischance.
 And here once more on Agamenticus,
 My old ancestral powwow's sacred seat,
 That saw the waters burn and trees to dance,
 And winter's withered leaves grow green again,
 And in dead serpents' skin the living coil,
 While they themselves would change themselves to flame,
 And where not less did I myself conjure
 The mighty magic of my fathers' rites
 Against my foe, yet all without effect—
 The spirits also flee where white men come—
 I turn to join my kindred sagamores