

But their wild chant of exultation bade
 To grief defiance,
And on the promise of Ponemah made
 Its strong reliance.
Then having all, with pine-branch and with sod,
 Their dead immounded,
They left them to the watching of their God,
 Forest-surrounded.

II.

And we, who in these later decades mourn
 Those who have left us,
Should we permit their fame to be forsworn
 If Death bereft us?
Nay! raise once more the retrospective hymn,
 Their praises singing;
Let memory once again their features limn;
 Let Fancy, winging
Her solemn journey o'er the sequent years,
 Repeat their story;
Set forth once more, from Fame's high temple-stairs,
 Their grace and glory.