

The shade of woods was in her hair,
The blue-bell's grace in her queenly air,
And the proudest willing homage paid
To the matchless charms of the Mohawk Maid.

V.

Ah! gathered was this Rose of ours
When Life was in its Moon of Flowers,
Ere canker soiled one tender leaf,
Or frost had done the work of grief:
She perished, like some worthless weed,
In the track of the White Man's Iron Steed;
And strangers in the tomb have laid
The crushed remains of the Mohawk Maid.

VI.

Poor widowed mother of the dead!
Thou wilt hear no more her bounding tread,
But let one soothing thought control
The grief that rends thy tortured soul.
When sang of Heaven thy forest child,
What transport breathed in each 'wood-note wild';
The path of a blameless life she trod,
And the pure in thought shall look on God.