

Didst thou my solemn warning take  
And shun the dread enchanted lake?  
What gloomy fears within me rise!  
What bitter tears bedim mine eyes!  
What poignant grief evokes my cries?  
My groans shall rend both earth and skies  
For thee my lost Chee-bi-yah-booz.

O wilt thou never more return?  
And must I always dwell alone,  
Convulse my frame with piteous groan?  
Then shall my very flesh and bone  
Consume with grief and in me burn  
Till breaks my heart Chee-bi-yah-booz.

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'Twas thus did Nanabush lament;  
And ere his mighty grief was spent  
The very rocks in twain were rent.

For as the spasms upon him came,  
And shook with violence his frame,  
He to the earth transmits the same.

Which seems in terror to upheave  
Till streams their native courses leave—  
New springs the solid lime-stone cleave.

Huge rocks roll down the mountain's side—  
Th' affrighted heavens in darkness hide;  
And stars are plunged beneath the tide.

All nature seems to sympathize—  
The beasts and birds mingle their cries  
With those of Nanabush, the wise.

All tribes of men, (en-ni-ne-wug)  
And looses spirits (Muh-ne-dooq)  
In council meet \* ah-wa-se-wug.

And all implore the Spirit Great  
His awful anger to abate  
And shield them from impending fate.

For dire destruction threatens all,  
Such grief does Nanabush entrall,  
So on the Manitou they call.

\*Ah-wa-see-wug—Animals.