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To the listeners in his Wigwam,  
Sometimes doubters were among them,  
Who believed that in his fasting,  
In his long and weary vigils,  
He had seen a mystic vision,  
And had never left his body,  
Never crossed the stormy water,  
Never seen again his Wabose.

But none ever dared to show him,  
That they doubted what he told them :  
For he faithfully believed it ;  
And he ruled his people wisely,  
So that he might take them with him,  
When he next should cross the water,  
In the bright canoe of White Stone,  
To the Island of the Blessed.