

A thought stole in my heart and harbor'd there  
 How this might be a spell to lay the strife  
 That my presaging soul felt yet to come.  
 Yet I, not used to thinking but to act,  
 Put doubt and argument always aside ;  
 And I spoke words of peace, and chiefly these :  
 That they should love their neighbor as themselves ;  
 And all the more if he were poor and mean,  
 A savage, as they said, with no true God ;  
 Nor covet lands their king nor fathers owned ;  
 But we would give them of our own enough,  
 And they should live with us in trust and love,  
 Teaching to us the arts of peace they praised.  
 And to the warriors of my haughty race  
 I said, give up a portion of each thing,  
 That we may be at rest and cease to fear ;  
 Give to the stranger equal parts of field,  
 Of lake, of wood, and trust and learn of him  
 How in all ways to be his peer and friend ;  
 Thus only shall we save ourselves and live,  
 Grow strong together and possess the land.

So traversed I the homes of new come hordes,  
 And sixty tribes, alien, yet like to mine,  
 Guided by western stars, until the sea  
 Grew distant and a mighty mountain wall  
 Rose up between me and some other world.  
 Hindered by this, back turned I on my trail,