

Whose very soul seems blended with his own.
He comes not.

Quick he seeks the haunts
Of his old friends within the forest deep ;
Questions both beast and bird if they have seen
The loved, the lost, the mourned Chee-bi-yah-boog.

But Kee-che-†Muh-ne-doo has closed the mouth
Of every beast and bird lest he betray
The secret of the hunter's cruel fate.
So Nanabush returns disconsolate ;
And sitting down within his lonely tent,
He for the lost one raises this lament.

LAMENT OF NANABUSH.

Chee-bi-yah-boog ! Chee-bi-yah-boog !
My brother good, and brave, and true ;
I search the forest through and through,
I cry in vain Chee-bi-yah-boog.

I ask the birds, but they are dumb,
I ask the beasts if they can tell
Within what haunt or rocky dell
I may into thy presence come.

Alas, great Kee-che Muh-ne-doo
Has closed their mouths they dare not speak,
Lest he his vengeance on them wreak,
They fly affrighted from my view.

I to my lonely tent am borne
On wings of hope, mahap to gain
One glimpse of thee returned again—
'Tis vain, alone I'm left to mourn.

There hangs untouched the fitch of moose
Prepared for thee—that empty place
To all that now recalls thy face—
Alas ! Alas ! Chee-bi-yah-boog.

Chee-bi-yah-boog ! Chee-bi-yah-boog !
Can it be true that thou didst choose
The happy hunting grounds of light
Which fill the Indian with delight ?
Or did the cruel lion white
Plunge thee in everlasting night ?
How shall I know Chee-bi-yah-boog ?

†Kee-che-Muh-ne-doo—The Great Spirit.