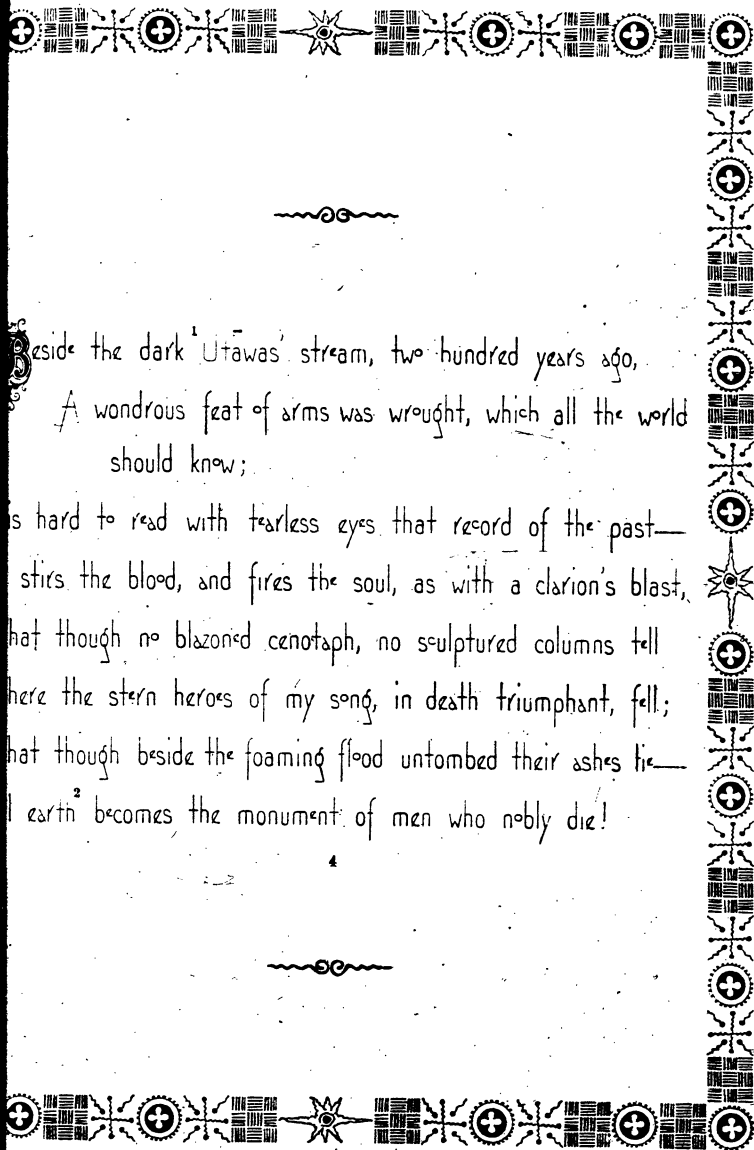




Beside the dark ¹Utawas' stream, two hundred years ago,

A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the world
should know;

Is hard to read with tearless eyes that record of the past—

Stirs the blood, and fires the soul, as with a clarion's blast,

That though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell

Where the stern heroes of my song, in death triumphant, fell;

That though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie—

All earth ²becomes the monument of men who nobly die!

