

In his palm the lakelet lingers, in his hair the brooklets hide,
Grasped within his thousand fingers lies a continent fair and wide,—
Yea, a mighty empire swarming with its millions like the bees,
Delving, drudging, striving, storming, all their lives, for golden ease.

Still, methinks, the dusky shadows of the days that are no more
Stalk around the lakes and meadows, haunting oft the wonted shore,—
Hunters from the land of spirits seek the bison and the deer,
Where the Saxon now inherits golden field and silver mere;
And beside the mound where buried lies the dark-eyed maid he loves,
Some tall warrior, wan and wearied, in the misty moonlight moves.
See—he stands erect and lingers—stoic still, but loth to go—
Clutching in his tawny fingers feathered shaft and polished bow.
Never wail or moan he utters and no tear is on his face,
But a warrior's curse he mutters on the crafty Saxon race.

O thou dark, mysterious River, speak and tell thy tales to me;
Seal not up thy lips forever—veiled in mist and mystery.
I will sit and lowly listen at the phantom-haunted falls,
Where thy waters foam and glisten o'er the rugged, rocky walls.
Till some spirit of the olden, mystic, weird, romantic days
Shall emerge and pour her golden tales and legends through my lays.
Then again the elk and bison on thy grassy banks shall feed,
And along the low horizon shall the pluméd hunter speed;
Then again on lake and river shall the silent birch canoe
Bear the brave with bow and quiver on his way to war or woo:
Then the beaver on the meadow shall rebuild his broken wall,
And the wolf shall chase his shadow and his mate the panther call.
From the prairies and the regions where the pine-plumed forest grows
Shall arise the tawny legions with their lances and their bows;
And again the shouts of battle shall resound along the plain,
Bows shall twang and quivers rattle, women wail their warriors slain.