

Made the western jungles view
Civilization's charms ;
Grasped a home for yours and you,
From the lean tree-arms.
Toil had never cause to doubt you—
Progress' path you helped to clear ;
But to-day forgets about you,
And the world rides on without you—
Sleep, old pioneer !

Careless crowds go daily past you,
Where *their* future fate has cast you,
Leaving not a sigh or tear ;
And your wonder-works outlast you—
Brave old pioneer !
Little care the selfish throng
Where your heart is hid,
Though they thrive upon the strong,
Resolute work it did.
But *our* memory-eyes have found you,
And we hold you grandly dear :
With no work-day woes to wound you—
With the peace of God around you—
Sleep, old pioneer !