

Bear ye your ten years' dead, that they may lie  
    In proper glory,  
Where the wind's anthem shall be chanted high  
    By pine trees hoary.  
Now bring the warrior to his sacred bed,  
    With all his war gear ;  
Now bring the hunter and each strong spear head  
    That ever tore deer ;  
Drive from your dead, that ye have laid on high,  
    The buzzard swooping ;  
And bring them here, in this wide grave to lie,  
    That we are scooping."

Then through the arches of the pillared shade,  
    Bearing their dead ones,  
Each dusky tribe a long procession made,  
    Led by its head ones ;  
Chanting they came, and slow ; with rhythmic rune,  
    Vaunted their heroes ;  
There was a pride in that barbaric tune  
    Great as was Nero's,  
As by the side of that wide forest grave  
    Hundreds assembled ;  
For before those to whom they burial gave  
    Foemen had trembled !