

Made an ark of wicker branches,
All by secret arts and care;
Sought the circle with her earth-boy,
Fleeing to her Father star.

There, at length, the boy grew weary,
Weary e'en of heavenly spheres,
Longing for earth's cares and pleasures,
Hunting, feasting, joys, and tears.

"Call thy husband," quoth the star chief,
"Take the magic car and go;
But bring with thee some fit emblems,
Of the sounding chase below.

"Claw, or wing, or toe, or feathers,
Scalp of bird or beast to tell;
What he follows in the wood-chase,
Arts the hunter knows so well."

Waupee searched the deepest forests,
Prairies vast, or valleys low;
All to find out the rarest species,
That he might the star-world show.

Then he sought the ring of magic,
With his forest stores so rare;
And within the starry basket,
Rose with all his emblems fair.

Joys of greeting—joys of seeing—
Hand to hand, and eye to eye;
These o'ercrowned with smiles and laughing,
This lodge-meeting in the sky.

Then a glorious feast was ordered,
To receive the forest guest;
While the sweet reunion lighted,
Joy in every beating breast.