

## CHORUS :

Wowan dear! Wowan dear! oh my dear!  
 Thou saidst we ne'er would sever.  
 Canst thou hear? Canst thou hear? Canst thou  
 hear?

No thy ears are closed forever.

Wake, dearest, wake, and from thee fling  
 Those ties which doth encumber  
 Thy tongue, which so well could sing  
 To me the sweetest number.  
 Heaven's bells for joy will ring  
 If thou wake from thy slumber.

*Chorus*—Wowan dear, &c.

He made a grave both long and deep  
 And in it placed an arrow,  
 Saying ' My love died—savage hands  
 Will die by mine for sorrow.'  
 He stretched them both in burch bark white.  
 Woe's me how sad's my Muse  
 To tell how Ponass placed their traps,  
 Their beads and broad snow-shoes.  
 Their grave it now being finished  
 Ponass's race was run.