

Conscious they rest, and in deep anger hear  
 Her father and her brothers harshly chide  
 The unhappy maid, for staining their fair fame  
 With foul dishonour by unseemly deed.

They drive her forth alone—thus she abides  
 Until the birth of these illustrious twins.  
 O'ercome with grief, the broken-hearted maid  
 Pours out her life the hour the babes were born,  
 And flies immortal to the Spirit Land.

The twins survive,—nor helpless they—robust  
 They scour the forests o'er ere one hour old—  
 Pluck the wild fruits, and dig the esculent  
 Until they both arrive at man's estate.

Greatest of this great pair was Nanabush,  
 Who soon becomes †'neb-wa-kah-win (the wise),  
 Converses freely with the birds and beasts,  
 With trees, and stones, and even mother earth.

In contemplation deep his time is spent  
 Within ‡ wig-wa-sah-gum-mig (his bark lodge)  
 Thinking of self alone, till self appears  
 Greater than all mankind—more powerful  
 Even than \*\* ah-nah-mah-kum-mig muh-ne-dooq,

(Inferior Spirits subterranean),  
 Yea, greater than the mighty Manitou.

Such pride impunibly can ne'er prevail,  
 To Nanabush must quaff the cup of grief.

I loved his brother twin Chee-bi-yah-boog,  
 As only twins can love.

Solicitous,

He solemn warns his brother to beware  
 The ice-bound lake, where dwelt their common foe.

\*Wah-bi-mee-zhee-be-zhee and all his braves.

Chee-by-yah-boog, though good, and brave, and true,  
 A mighty nimrod, fired with thrust of game  
 Forgets th' repeated warning, rashly treads  
 Th' enchanted lake; is seized, dragged down and slain  
 By their rapacious foe the lion white.

Within his tent of bark great Nanabush  
 Waits long and anxious the return of him

†Neb-wa-kah-win—The wise one.

‡Wig-wa-sah-gum-mig—A bark lodge.

\*\*Ah-nah-mah-kum-mig muh-ne-dooq—Underground Spirits.

\*Wah-bi-mee-zhee be-zhee—The White Lion.