

And Madocwando listened well,
 But whence the voice he could not tell.
 My arm uplifted stayed I then
 'Twas the great Spirit's medicine
 Working in my heart, and straight
 I felt toward the babe no hate.
 I took the child up from the ground
 And wrapped my blanket it around
 And placing it in safety where
 It might await my future care
 I left it for the battle's reek—
 The fierce assault—revenge to seek,
 The tide of conflict ebb'd away,
 Because none more was left to slay,
 Alone, of all that town remain'd
 Ruins charred, all blood bestained,
 While one weak babe, alone, alive,
 Was all of living to survive.
 Adopting in my tribe the babe,
 I bore it homeward, from the raid
 Entrusting it to one whose care
 Was jealous of the infant fair,
 And hearing nothing but our speech
 With nature always apt to teach,

She prattled Indian and well
 She learned our names of things to tell,
 This is the maiden whom you find
 Like some strange bird amidst my kind,
 And she is my adopted child
 Rejoicing in our freedom wild,
 And she to me is just as sweet
 As flowers that spring beneath my feet,
 And as a little bird that sings
 (But if molested spreads its wings)
 And to its covert swiftly flies
 Or mounting upward, seeks the skies,
 So is her voice as sweet to hear
 So is she shy with stranger near,

The council is gathered, the Sachem divining, his medicine
 mixes whilst muttering low
 His dark incantations, taught by the spirit that dwells all
 unseen in the great Manitou.
 Whilst the mystic dance circles the council assembled, in
 contortions grotesque, rude mimicry—