

Time's strange dark roll hath wrapt around
Thy dreamless sleep.

O saddest picture of a race—
A wild and passionate broken race—
That melting nightward leaves no trace,
No camp-fire on the sweet, loved face
Of their own land;
As shades that wander to their rest,
Toward those dim regions of the west
And setting sun.

No wonder that in sternest close
The last wild war-cry weirdly rose,
To break the settler's short repose
In midnight hour.

Sleep, sleep, by dreamy bank and stream;
Sleep through the dim year's afternoon;
Let no strange babblers break thy dream,
No softer, weaker voices wean
Thee from thy rest.

Sleep, sleep, by dreamy shore and glen;
Sleep on through murk, and mist, and moon,
Through the mad years of modern men,
While only dreams of cave and fen
Fill each wild breast.