

Trained with spartan care from youth  
To endure without complaint  
Cold and hunger, heat and drouth,  
Like a mediaval Saint.  
Though he had no silver spoon,  
Handed him by Fortune fair,  
Nature, bountiful and boon,  
Early made him her co-heir,  
Making him to ills immune  
By a life in open air.

No one ever in his land  
Shot with aim so deadly true;  
None, with such a skillful hand,  
Ever paddled birch canoe;  
None could ever bend his bow;  
None could wield his tomahawk;  
None his hunting spear could throw;  
None like him the moose could stalk;  
None, his haunts so well did know,  
Nor his call so truly mock.

Learned in all the native lore  
Through the Indian minstrel men;  
Drank he deep of Nature's store  
With the true observer's ken.  
Which led him to ever try  
From effects the cause describe;  
While from starry vaulted sky  
Knowledge rare did he imbibe,  
Aiding him to prophesy  
To the people of his tribe.