

'The brown wolf's tooth and scalp of white man's child.  
 'Thus day by day, at earliest break of morn,  
 I left my hiding-place and climbed high up  
 The top of Agamenticus; the sea  
 And land lay all before me; I could mark  
 The straight, blue lines of smoke unbroken climb  
 Above the camping grounds of my brave kin,  
 And far beyond, but still too near! the homes  
 And sails of all the hated robber race.  
 Then spreading out my magic heap of charms  
 Upon the mountain's highest, tabled ledge,  
 I wove my arms toward heaven over them,  
 If so be I might touch the Spirit's hand  
 And join His curse to mine against my foe.  
 Long with sorceries and all passions fierce  
 I strove to bind His will and hate with mine;  
 Then I laid the enchantments one by one  
 Together in an ordered pile, and blew  
 A spark to flame, and nursing slow the fire  
 That nothing might escape—for every spark  
 So lost would lose me some white, faithless face—  
 I cast the ashes toward my enemies;  
 And after them an arrow I let fly,  
 Hate-feathered and tipped with my own arm's blood.  
 But all in vain! for on and on they come,  
 The red man wanes and wanes and loses all  
 And I have lived too long to see this shame.