

Ah! 'tis love that wins the savage
From his wanderings, and can teach,
Where the truth could never touch him,
Where the gospel could not reach.

Long he mourned—and lingering, waited
Round the charmed celestial ring;
Day by day he lingered, hoping
Once to hear those angels sing.

To deceive, the quick eyes glancing,
An opossum's form he tries;
And crouched low, beside the circle,
Stooped, that he might win the prize.

Soon the sounds he heard descending,
Soon they leaped within the ring;
Joining hand in hand in dancing,
Round and round—sweet revelling.

Up he rose, quick disenchanted,
Rose and clasped his female star,
While, as lightning, quick the eleven
Leaped, and rose within their car.

Home he took her to his wigwam,
Sought each varied way to please;
Gave her flowers and rarest presents,
All to yield her joy and ease.

And a beauteous son rewarded
Love so constant, true, and mild;
Who renewed in every feature,
Nature's lonely forest child.

But, as thoughts of youth will linger
Long within the heart's fond core;
So she nursed the pleasing passion,
Her star-home to see once more—