

So Indian do the best you can,
To rise and toil and be a man.
And angels from the other shores,
Shall enter in your wigwam doors.

Note ye how swift the change appears,
And oh how bright the coming years.
The wigwam's gone but Indian lives,
And all because the Bible is.

No more I see the birch canoe,
Time changes all things, builds anew,
Age Cities rise where forests stood,
Built by the wise, the true the good.

Since early days scarce understood, [wood,
How changed the earth, how changed the
The hill tops gleaming in the sun,
Echo the work that's just begun.

Grand work, to snatch from savage grasp
A land like this, and build so fast,
To fell the forests, cleans with fires,
And build fair cities filled with spires.

Sublimely stands, now look once more,
And see the sunrise kiss the shore,
The lakes in matchless beauty's spread,
And sweetly veils the sleeping dead.