

I would go there, and taste and see
A life so beauteous, bless'd and free,
Where man has no more power to kill,
And the Great Spirit all things fills.
Blanch not, Pauguk, I have no fear,
And would not longer linger here ;
But bend thy bow and aim thy dart,
Behold an honest hunter's heart :
Thereby a dart, a boon may give,
A happy life on high to live.

'Tis all the same, in countries here,
Or where Pacific billows roar,
We roved in want, and woe and fear
Along the Mississippi shore.
And where Missouri's waters rush,
To tell to man that God is strong,
We shrank as from a tiger's touch,
To hear the white man's shout or song.
O not for us is peace and joy
Arising from the race that spread,
Their purpose only's to destroy—
Our only peace is with the dead.
Think not my heart is pale with fear,
But strike, Pauguk—strike boldly here.