

on the seething treacherous waters, the canoe of the unhappy father  
shot like an arrow from the bank to join with his child in death.  
Thus father and daughter met again at the moment the terrible  
"smoking" caldron below arched over with innumerable irrides  
cent rainbows claimed the double sacrifice.

"Ye say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave,  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave.  
That 'mid the forest where they roved,  
There rings no hunter's song shout,  
But their name is on our waters,  
And ye cannot wash it out."