

INDIAN AND OTHER TALES

O beautiful wind of the West,
In your wand'rings o'er land and sea,
What have you seen in your quest?
Come, tell your story to me.

In the isles of the southern seas,
Where the crystal-clear ocean a melody sang
To the beautiful kauri trees,
I wandered the summer day through,
In the forest's dappled shade,
Where the graceful fern-tree bowed its head
To woo the Maori maid.
A nymph of the woods was she
In her kiwi mantle brown;
And the fern-tree wooed her with tender grace
From dawn till the sun went down;
But a Maori chieftain came
In the glory of life's young morn,
And the maiden forsook her mystic love,
Leaving it sad and forlorn.
But the tui-bird saw its grief,
And in loving sympathy
Built her beautiful, woven nest
In the heart of the lonely tree.