

Said then, as he looked at me,
 " Oh, where may your comrade be ?"
But I never ceased to fail
 For to tell this dreadful tale.
When the story I had told
 Of my comrade, brave and bold,
Of the hemlock's lovely park,
 In the dismal desert dark,
Then my friend in sorrow said
 " He is killed I am afraid,"
Saying as he downward bent
 " Oh, just here we'll make a tent,"
As my friend now said to me
 " Break some branches from that tree,"
Hot the sun was in the sky,
 And the leaves was crisp and dry,
From this tree some boughs I broke,
 But a word I never spoke,
Got some sticks and limbs to bend,
 Up he sticks them end to end,
Boughs of hemlock overhead,
 Of the boughs we made our bed
To my friend I joking said
 " Now our great old bed is made."
Well, indeed, and is that so,
 Good old fellow in you go.
Sleepy now to bed I went,
 In this very open tent.
All this night I slept so sound
 On these boughs upon the ground.
Morning came, as morning will,
 Rising sun above the hill,
Spaces of a silver hue
 Waves along the sky of blue,
While the sun in dreadful splendor
 Rose above the trees so slender.
But a thought then struck my mind
 Of my comrade far behind,
To my friend I quickly said,
 As upon his bed he laid,
" Rise up from your bed of green,"
 Upon this trail we back must lean.