

## THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

(SEE TITLE-PAGE.)

MAID of the forest brown!  
Where'er thou stray'st to shun the loitering hours—  
Pursuing pleasure o'er the silent hill,  
Or where the winding stream gives birth to flowers  
The vale adown—thy radiant features still  
Proclaim the undaunted heart and fancy wild,  
Of nature's restless, free, and happy child.

Maid of a noble line!  
Thy chieftain-father oft has met the foe,  
And from an eye as darkly bright as thine  
Has sent stern rays, like arrows from his bow,  
Bearing his sharp defiance—not a sign  
Of fear can he be charged with showing—harm  
He quick revels with his brave, brawny arm.

Ah! lovely Indian maid!  
Though fearless be thy race—a change has come—  
And onward led by a despot's fate,  
Thy fathers—brothers, leave their ancient home—

Forest and dreamy dell—the which of late  
Rung with the warrior's shout, or echoed round  
While Indian girls ran laughing o'er the ground.

And thou must share their pain,  
And say farewell to every hallowed scene ;—  
But when thou'rt gone, that streamlet whose low song  
Mingled with thine while thou hast waiting been  
For him who met thee there, will glide along  
Still as of old, but with a varied voice—  
Its nymph, its charm removed—how shall it yet rejoice.