

## *Indian Names*

Ye shall say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave,  
That their light canoes have vanish'd  
From off the crested wave.  
That 'mid the forests where they roam'd  
There rings no hunter's shout;  
But their name is on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out.  
'Tis where Ontario's billow  
Like Ocean's surge is curled;  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world;  
Where red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tributes from the west,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.  
Ye say, their cone-like cabins,  
That cluster'd o'er the vale,  
Have fled away like wither'd leaves  
Before the autumn gale:  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore;  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.  
Old Massachusetts wears it  
Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
'mid all her young renown;  
Connecticut hath wreathed it  
Where her quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse  
Through all her ancient caves.  
Wachuset hides its lingering voice  
Within its rocky heart,  
And Alleghany graves its tone  
Throughout his lofty chart:  
Monadnock on his forehead hoar  
Doth seal the sacred trust;  
Your mountains build their monument,  
Though ye destroy their dust

Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney

