

The Death Song

The sun sets at night and the stars show the day
But glory remains when their light fades away
Begin your lamentations your throats are in vain
For the son of Alknomock shall never complain

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow
number your chiefs by his hatchet layed low
Why so show danger what till I think from my pain
The son of Alknomock shall never complain

Remember the wood where in bush we lay
and the scalp which we took from your nation away
Now the flame rises fast you exult in my pain
But the son of Alknomock shall never complain

I go to the land where my fathers has gone
his ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son
Death bars like a friend he relieves me from pain
and the son of Alknomock has learned to complain

The Island of Northward Bay

S. G. 4. 1840

