

Forget-Me-Not, 1845

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THE GRAVE OF OSCEOLA,

A YOUNG INDIAN CHIEF,

WHO DIED IN CAPTIVITY OF A BROKEN HEART.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Red Eagle of the Western sky,  
That dared the king of day,  
Who struck thee from thine eyrie high  
To grovel in the clay?  
Strong heart and bold!—who laid thee low?  
No blood thy pinions stain'd;  
No arrow from the archer's bow  
Thy fearless bosom pain'd.

What spell hath made thy spirit quail?  
And dimm'd thy dauntless eye?  
Thy pale-fac'd brother knows the tale,  
But renders no reply.  
Why breathes he not some dirge of woe,  
Beside thy resting-place;

Some lay thy murmuring shade to soothe,  
Thou noblest of thy race ?

But, lo ! a flowing requiem came,  
In wild and thrilling tide,  
For pitying Nature woke the strain  
That haughty man denied ;  
A linnet, from the willow bough,  
Pour'd forth a mournful lay,  
And with sad melody detain'd  
The parting ear of day.

While still the distant sea that roam'd  
The pebbly beach along,  
In low and fitful murmurs lent  
A cadence to the song.  
So, where by southern breezes sway'd  
The dark palmettoes wave,  
That lonely bird its wail prolong'd  
O'er Osceola's grave.

And then, methought, a shadowy train,  
The buried chiefs of old,  
With stately form and plumed brow,  
Came gliding o'er the wold,  
And with a stern, upbraiding eye  
Yon new-raised mound survey'd,  
And, pointing toward the avenging sky,  
Were lost in evening's shade.