"Rear'd midst the war-empurpled Plain, &c."

The DEATH SONG of an INDIAN CHIEF.

[Taken from OUÂBI, an INDIAN TALE, in Four Cantos, by PHILENIA, a LADY of Boston.]

Set to Musick by Mr. HANS GRAM, of Boston.

Rear'd midst the war-empurpled plain, What Illinois submits to pain! Rear'd midst the
II.
The sun a blazing heat beflows,
The moon midst pensive ev’ning glows,
The stars in sparkling beauty shine,
And own their flaming source divine.

War-empurpled plain, What Illinois submits to pain! How can the glory-darting fire, The coward chill of death inspire, The coward chill of death inspire, The coward chill of death inspire!

III.
Then let me hail its immortal fire,
And in the sacred flames expire;
Nor yet the frown of fate restrain,
This boughs frames the throbs of pain.

IV.
No griefs this warrior mind can bow,
No pangs contral this even brow:
Not all your threats excite a fear,
Not all your forces can start a tear.

V.
Think not with me my tribe decays,
More glorious chiefs the hatchet raise;
Not unrewarded their fames dies,
Not unattended greets the skies.