

The Indian's invitation / Francis J. Burns.

Contributors

Burns, Francis J., blind poet.
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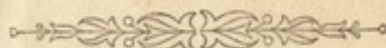


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The Indian's Invitation.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FRANCIS J. BURNS, the author of the following lines, was born at Lyons, N. Y., February 19th, 1856. He became nearly blind from inflammation when one year old. He has been a pupil for three years, in the Institution for the Blind at Batavia, and is now trying to raise means for commencing business at his trade, Broom making, by which he hopes to support himself and an invalid mother.



When the white man first sought in this country a home,
The Indian welcomed and bade him to come ;
He gave of his venison and corn, and his hand
He pledged him in friendship a share of his land.

O come to our land, this new world in the west,
Where the bird of the forest in peace builds her nest,
Where the beautiful lakes, and the mountains so high,
Like the hues of the rainbow, can please every eye.

O come to the land where the buffalo roam,
Where the Indian finds in each thicket a home ;
Where the beautiful prairies and rivers are seen,
You may happy there be as a king or a queen.

Then come to our land far away in the west,
From strife and oppression you here may find rest ;
Then come, brother, come, on these words depend,
The Indian will love you, and be your best friend.

The white man accepted : he has taken their land,
He is making improvements on every hand ;
His civilization is spreading abroad
O'er the country the red man once fearlessly trod.

He is building on prairies, he is clearing the wood,
His cities and towns stand where forests once stood ;
His railroads are laid over mountains and plains,
And he sweeps like the winds through the land on his trains.

Where the Indian hunter once made his camp fires,
Are planted the poles of the telegraph wires ;
And now o'er the country his messages fly,
Like the lightning which darts from the clouds through the sky.

Where the Indian his thoughts to the Great Spirit raised,
The true God, Jehovah, is now worshipped and praised ;
The spires of his churches now point toward the sky,
To heaven, where Christians will go when they die.

God grant that mankind of every race
May prepare for a home in that sanctified place ;
That long as we live we may strive to do right,
And when death comes, in heaven we all may unite.

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