

## **The Indian's invitation / Francis J. Burns.**

### **Contributors**

Burns, Francis J., blind poet.  
Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine

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# THE INDIAN'S INVITATION.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FRANCIS J. BURNS, the author of the following POEM, became almost blind from inflammation. His health being very poor, and having a large family support, he takes this means of trying to make an honest livelihood. Also, he is trying to raise money to establish himself in some other business, and respectfully asks your patronage.

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

O come to the land far away in the West,  
Where the birds of the forest in peace build their nests;  
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.

O come to the land far away in the West,  
From strife and oppression you may here find a 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 mountain and plain,  
And he sweeps like the wind through the land on his train

Where the Indian hunter once built his camp-fires,  
Are planted the poles of the telegraph wires;  
And now o'er the country the messages fly,  
Like lightning that 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 to 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 as long as we live we may strive to do right,  
So that when death comes, in Heaven we may all unite.



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