

The Lone Tepee

THE lone tepee, sign of a dying race!
Among the whispering pines there is a strain
Of melancholy music—a sad refrain
That now alone can tell there is no place
In the forward march of empires for that race.
In that lone tepee now there may remain
But shades. Silent the song o'er hill and plain;
No braves for war, no huntsmen for the chase.
In wild untrodden wastes of western land,
From valleys green to mountains capped with snow,
Where washed the waves along the lonely sea
Here once were found the chieftain and his band
Of painted warriors true with spear and bow.
Their outpost now is but the lone tepee.

—Cora Cameron, '08.

