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To C. S. Wheeler's "Son of the Forest"

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Lonely Son of the Forest fair,  
Time was when your race was everywhere ;  
But now, your sun, has sunk to rest,  
Your tribe, and all that you loved best,  
Have passed away.

The scenes among which you were born  
Died with the sun, and you, forlorn,  
Stand gazing out upon a scene,  
With moon and forest all serene,  
Where once your tribe did revel.

Your day is o'er ; Your night has come ;  
The forest is no more your home.  
Yet there's one place where you'll find peace,  
Where troubles, cares, and sorrows cease ;  
Where tribe and friends will gather round  
To welcome you — The Hunting Ground.