

Ode to Sequoyah
Alexander Posey

From, *The Poems of Alexander Lawrence Posey, collected and arranged by
Mrs. Minnie H. Posey; with a memoir by William Elsey Connelley.*

Courtesy of Crane & Company, Printers. Topeka, Kansas (1910)



Ode to Sequoyah^{*}
Alexander Posey

The names of Waitie and Boudinot—
 The valiant warrior and gifted sage—
And other Cherokees, may be forgot,
 But thy name shall descend to every age;
The mysteries enshrouding Cadmus' name
Cannot obscure thy claim to fame.

The people's language cannot perish— nay,
 When from the face of this great continent
Inevitable doom hath swept away
 The last memorial— the last fragment
Of tribes,— some scholar learned shall pore
Upon thy letters, seeking ancient lore.

Some bard shall lift a voice in praise of thee,
 In moving numbers tell the world how men
Scoffer thee, hissed thee, charged with lunacy!
 And who could not give 'nough honor when
At length, in spite of jeers, of want and need,
Thy genius shaped a dream into a deed.

By cloud-clapped summits in the boundless west,[†]
 Or mighty river rolling to the sea,
Where'er thy footsteps led thee on that quest,
 Unknown, rest thee, illustrious Cherokee!

^{*} SEQUOYAH— The Cherokee who invented the Cherokee alphabet.

[†] Sequoyah wandered away from his tribe, and died somewhere in the southwest part of the United States or in Mexico.