

The Indian Hunter

Let me go to my Home, that is far distant West
To the scene of my Childhood that is like the best
Where the tall cedars are and the bright waterfalls
Where my parents will greet me white man be gone

Let me go to the spot where the Cataract falls
Where so oft I have sported, in my boyish days
There is my poor mother whose heart will overflow
At the sight of her child O! to her let me go

Let me go to the hills and the valleys so fair
Where so oft I have breathed my own mountain air
And thir'd through the forest with my quiver and bow
I have chased the wild deer O! their let me go

Let me go to my father's wigwag side
I have sported so oft in the higheth of my pride
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe
To my father that Chieflain O! to him let me go

And O! let me go to my dark eyed maid
Who taught me to love beneath the willow shade
Whose heart is like the fawn's and as pure as the snow
She loves her dear Indian O! to her let me go

And O! let me go to my fair forest home
And never again shall I wish for to roam
And there let my body in ashes be laid
To that scene in the forest While man let me go