

The Indian Hunter - song lyrics

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THE INDIAN HUNTER.

Let me go to my home in the far-distant "West,
To the scenes of my youth, that I like the best;
Where the tall cedars are, and the bright waters flow,
Where my parents will greet me-white man, let me go.

Let me go the spot where the cataract plays,
Where oft I have sported in my boyish days;
There is my poor mother, whose heart will o'erflow
At the sight of her child-oh, there let me go.

Let me go to the hills and the valleys so fair,
Where oft I have breathed my own mountain air;
And where through the forest, with quiver and bow,
I have chased the wild deer-oh, there let me go.

Let me go to my father, by whose valiant side,
I have sported so oft in the bight of my pride.
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe-
To my father, that chieftain-oh, there let me go.

And, oh, let me go to my dark-eyed maid,
Who taught me to love beneath the willow shade;
Whose heart's like the fawn's, and as pure as the snow,
And she loves her dear Indian-to her let me go.

And, oh, let me go to my fair forest home,
And never again will I wish to roam;
And there let my body in ashes lie low-
To that scene in the forest, white man, let me go.