

The Warrior's Grave - song lyrics

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THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

Green is the grave by the wide dashing river,
Where sleeps the brave with his arrow and quiver;
Where in his pride he had roam'd from his childhood.
And at last died in the depths of the wildwood.

In the lone dell, while his wigwam defending,
Nobly he fell 'neath the hazel bow bending;
He and his white foe struggled together,
And from his bow tore the swift arrow-feather.

At the next dawn the brave warrior was buried,
Ere the next moon his tribe westward had hurried-
But a rude cross with its rough chiseled numbers,
Half hid in moss, notes the warrior's slumbers.