

# The Indian Warrior's Grave - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Indian Warrior's Grave.

Green is the grave by the wild dashing river,  
Where sleeps the brave with his arrows and quiver,  
Where in his pride he roved in his childhood,  
Fought he, and died, in the depths of the wildwood.

In the lone dell, while his wigwam defending,  
Nobly he fell 'neath the hazel-boughs bending;  
Where the pale foe and he struggled together,  
Who from his brow tore his swift arrow'd feather.

Ere the next noon the bold warrior was buried;  
And ere a moon his tribe westward had hurried.  
But a rude cross, with its rough-chiseled numbers,  
Half-hid in moss, tells the red warrior slumbers.