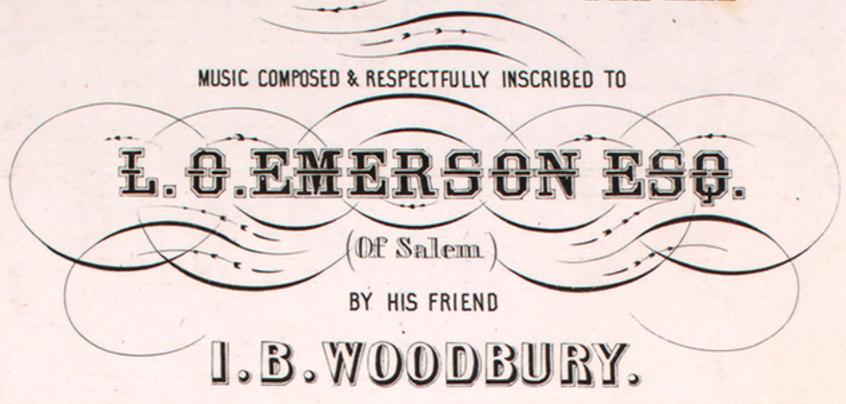
## THE INDIAN'S PRAYER



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Let me go to the spot where the cataract plays,
Where oft I have sported in boyhood's bright days,
And greet my poor mother, whose heart will o'erflow
At the sight of her child. Let me go, let me go.

3

Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scarr'd side,
I have sported so oft in the morn of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe,
To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go.

4

And oh! let me go to my flashing eyed maid,
Who taught me to love, 'neath the green willow's shade,
Whose heart, like the fawn's, leaps as pure as the snow,
To the bosom it loves. Let me go, let me go.

5

And oh! let me go to my wild forest home—

No more from its life-cheering pleasures to roam,

'Neath the groves of the glen, let my ashes lie low—

To my home in the woods, let me go, let me go.