

“ He tells me in my midnight dreams
 I must revenge his fall,
 Then come where flowers and cooling streams
 Surround their spirits, all.
 He tells me that the hunting-ground,
 So far away on high,
 Is filled with warriors all around
 Who nobly here did die.

“ He says that all is joy and mirth
 Where the Great Spirit lives,
 And joy that's never known on earth
 He constantly receives.
 No brother to revenge his wrongs—
 The war-path is my road :
 A few more days I'll sing his songs,
 Then hie to his abode.”

I've heard her say, “ I'll be your bride ;
 You've waited long, I know ;
 A hundred foes by me have died,
 By my own hand laid low.
 'Tis for my nation's good I wed ;
 For I would still be free
 Until I slumber with the dead ;
 But I will marry thee.”

And when I left the heroine,
 A tear stood in her eye
 As last I held her hand in mine,
 And whispered a good-by.
 “ Oh, will you soon return again ?”
 The heroine did say ;
 “ Yes, when the green grass decks the plain,”
 I said, and came away.

THE END.