

I've heard her make a solemn vow—
 "A warrior I will be
Until a hundred foes shall bow,
 And yield their scalps to me ;
I will revenge my brother's death—
 I swear it on my life,
Or never, while I draw a breath.
 Will I become a wife."

I've seen her on her foaming steed,
 With battle-axe in hand,
Pursuing at her utmost speed
 The Black Foot and Shi-an.
I've seen her wield her polished lance
 A hundred times and more,
When charging fierce in the advance
 Amid the battle's roar.

I've seen her with her scalping-knife
 Spring on the fallen foe,
And, ere he was yet void of life,
 Make sure to count her coo.
I've seen her, at full speed again,
 Oft draw her trusty bow,
Across her arrow take good aim,
 And lay a warrior low.

I've heard her say, "I'll take my shield,
 My battle-axe, and bow,
And follow you, through glen or field,
 Where'er you dare to go ;
I'll rush amid the blood and strife
 Where any warrior leads :"
Pine Leaf would choose to lose her life
 Amid such daring deeds.

I've heard her say, "The spirit land
 Is where my thoughts incline,
Where I can grasp my brother's hand,
 Extended now for mine.
There's nothing now in this wide world—
 No ties that bid me stay ;
But, a broken-hearted Indian girl,
 I weep both night and day.