

# I Rise, I Rise

I rise, I rise,

I, whose tread makes the earth to rumble.

I rise, I rise,

I, in whose thighs there is strength.

I rise, I rise,

I, who whips his back with his tail when in rage.

I rise, I rise,

I, in whose humped shoulder there is power.

I rise, I rise,

I, who shakes his mane when angered.

I rise, I rise,

I, whose horns are sharp and curved.

*From an Osage prayer before a young man's first buffalo hunt*