Henry W. Longfellow

ARROW AND THE SONG...........C. Pinsuti 4
BRIDGE..........................L. Carew 4
BRIDGE.........................M. Lindsay 3½
DAY IS DONE......................M. Balfe 5
DAY IS DONE.....................A. F. Loud 5
DEATH OF MINNEHAHA...........G. Converse 6
EXCELSIOR, DT....................M. Balfe 7½
PSALM OF LIFE...................J. Blockley 3
RAINY DAY......................W. R. Dempster 6
GOOD NIGHT! BELOVED...........M. Balfe 5
LONGFELLOW'S WORKSONG........D. Driver 4

REAPER AND THE FLOWERS........M. W. Balfe 5
RESIGNATION.....................J. E. Gould 3
SEA HATH ITS PEARLS QT........C. Pinsuti 6
STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.....F. Booth 3½
STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT....B. Tours 4
TRUST HER NOT DT...............M. W. Balfe 5
VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.............W. H. Weiss 4
WRECK OF THE HESPERUS........J. Blockley 6
OPEN WINDOW....................Gatty 3
CHANGED.........................F. Booth 4
IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY Duet......Pinsuti 7½

BOSTON.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO. 451 Washington St.

NEW YORK
C.H. Ditson & Co.

SAVANNAH GA.
Ludden & Bates

BALTIMORE MD.
Otto Sutro

CINCINNATI

SAN FRANCISCO
Sherman Clay & Co.

PHILA.
J. E. Ditson & Co.

ST. LOUIS
J. L. Peters

CHICAGO
Lyon & Healy.

THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

Words by LONGFELLOW.

Music by Ch. C. CONVERSE.

Andantino.

4. O-ver snow-fields waste and path-less,

1. In the wig-wam with Noho-mis
2. In the wig-wam with Noho-mis
3. "Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pau-guk

un-der snow-en-umbered branches, Homeward hurried Hi-a-wa-tha, Empty hand-ed

With those gloomy guests, that watched her, With the Fam-line and the Fe-ver, She was ly-ing,
With those gloomy guests, that watched her, With the Fam-line and the Fe-ver, She was ly-ing,
Glare up-on me in the darkness, I can feel his icy fingers Clasp-ing mine a-

heav-y heart-ed, Home-ward hur-ried Hi-a-wa-tha.

Like the Be-loved, She the dy-ing Min-ne-ha-ha.
Like the Be-loved, She the dy-ing Min-ne-ha-ha.
mid the dark-ness Hi-a-wa-tha! Hi-a-wa-tha!
mid the dark-ness Hi-a-wa-tha! Hi-a-wa-tha!
Heard No-ho-mis moaning wailing: "Wa-ho-no-win!"

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing, Hear a wa-vling

"Look!" she said; "I see my father Standing lone-ly
And the des-late Hi-a-wa-tha, Far-a-way a-

Wa-ho-no-win!" Heard No-ho-mis moaning, wailing; "Wa-ho-no-win! Wa-ho-no-win!"

and a rushing Hear the falls of Min-ne-ha-ha calling to me from a distance?
at his doorway, Beck-hing to me from his wig-wam In the land of the Da-co-tahs!
mid the forest, Miles a-way a mong the mountains Heard that sudden cry of an-guish,

"Would that I had per-ished for you, Would that I were dead as you are! Would that I had

"No, my child!" said old No-ho-mis, "Tis the night-wind in the pine trees!" "No, my child!" said.
"No, my child!" said old No-ho-mis, "Tis the smoke that waves and beckons! "No my child!" said.
Heard the voice of Min-ne-ha-ha Calling to him in the darkness, Heard the voice of
perished for you, Wa-ho-no-win Wa-ho-no-win.

old No-homis, "Tis the night-wind in the pine trees!"
old No-homis, "Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
Min-ne-ha-ha, Calling to him in the darkness.

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old No-homis slowly
Marching to and fro and moaning;
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him,
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet that never
Above would lightly run to meet him,
At those willing feet, that never
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine;
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha,
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.