

"THE DARK EYE HAS LEFT US."

(Song of)
INDIAN WOMEN

FROM A POEM ENTITLED

The Bridal of Pennacook.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MUSIC COMPOSED & DEDICATED TO HIS FRIENDS AND LOVERS OF SONG ON THE
BEAUTIFUL BAYES OF THE

Merrimac River

by

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

50 Cts. nett.

BOSTON

Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington S.^t

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1848 by Oliver Ditson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Mass.

SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

Poetry by JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Music by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

Passaconaway, the great Chief of the Pennacook tribe of Indians which inhabited that part of New Hampshire where Concord now stands, had an only daughter who was married to a chief of another tribe. In the spring following her marriage the young wife visited her father, escorted by her husband and the principal warriors of his tribe, with much pomp and ceremony — She remained with her father during the summer months and in autumn she wished to return to her new home — Passaconaway sent notice to the young chief, requesting him to come and take his wife back again — According to the notion of Indian life he felt indignant at this message, replying, that her father ought to send her back with as brave an escort as she came with — This roused the pride of the great Sachem, and he would not permit his daughter to return — At the breaking up of the ice in the Merrimac river in the spring, she attempted to make her escape to her husband by paddling her way alone in a canoe, and perished in descending the falls of the river. — This song is that of the women of her tribe.

LEGATO.

ANDANTINO.

p *f* *p* *pp* *f* *f* *p* *Dim:*

Rall: The dark eye has left us, The spring-bird has flown; On the

pp

pathway of spirits She wan-ders a - lone. The song of the

wood-dove has died on our shore; *gl'a* Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat wonck kunna

monee! Mat wonck kunna monee! We hear it no more.

* Translation — We see her or hear her no more.

Oh! dark water spirit! We cast on thy wave These furs that may

never Hang o - - ver her grave; Bear down to our lost one the

robes which she wore, *gra* Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat

wonck kunna monee!—We see her no more.

Of the

pp *pp* *f* *f* *Dim:* *Rall:pp*

strange land she walks in No Powah* has told: It may burn with the

sunshine, Or freeze with the cold. Let us give to our lost one the

robes which she wore. Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat

f *f* *p* *pp* *f*

f *f* *p* *pp*

* Indian Priest.

f *Rall: P* *Rall:*
 wonck konna monee! We see her no more. *f*

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a *Rall: P* (Ritardando Piano) marking. The lyrics are "wonck konna monee! We see her no more." The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a grand staff brace. It features a forte (*f*) dynamic and a *Rall:* marking. The piano part includes chords and melodic lines with slurs.

p *f* *Dim:* *Rall: PP* The

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic, then a *Dim:* (Diminuendo) marking, and finally a *Rall: PP* (Ritardando Pianissimo) marking. The word "The" appears at the end of the system.

path she is treading Shall soon be our own; Each gli - ding in

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "path she is treading Shall soon be our own; Each gli - ding in". The piano accompaniment features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

shadow Un - - seen and a - lone! — In vain shall we call on the

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "shadow Un - - seen and a - lone! — In vain shall we call on the". The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a "3" above it in the vocal line.

souls gone be fore— Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat

wonck kunna monee!—They hear us no more.

5

Oh mighty Sowanna!
 Thy gateways unfold,
 From thy wigwam of sunset
 Lift curtains of gold!

Take home the poor spirit whose journey is o'er—
 Mat wonck kunna monee!—We see her no more.

* Sowanna. The great south-west God.