

“Texas Charlie.”

“Little Bright Eye.”



(Kickapoo Indian Princess.)

WALTZ SONG
WITH
CHORUS.

WORDS BY:

GEORGE COOPER.

MELODY BY:

F. A. ROTHSTEIN.

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TEXAS CHARLEY.

(CHARLES BIGELOW.)

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by FRED. A. ROTHSTEIN.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic.

The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It consists of a single staff of music with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. Hur-rah! once more the prai - ries wide Are bound - ing 'neath my feet,.... My
2. Hur-rah! with ri - fle tried and true Up - on the game I sweep,.. To
3. Hur-rah! we bound to camp once more, For sun - set reds the west,.... What

The piano accompaniment for the first part of the lyrics consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The vocal line continues with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It consists of a single staff of music with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes.

gal - lant steed a - gain I stride, His step is light - ning fleet!..... The
eve - ry fear I bid a - dieu, And wa - ry watch I keep..... My
joy for me is then in store, When night brings grate - ful rest..... The

The piano accompaniment for the second part of the lyrics consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

breath of morn is in the sky, And free as ea - - gle's
gal - lant mus - tang scents the prey, His speed will nev - - er
camp - fire shines with rud - dy glare, But with the dawn of

wing,..... While on the trail I gai - ly fly, My mer - ry song to sing.
slack,..... Till bound - ing on his head - long way, He hears the ri - fle's crack!
day,..... A - gain I breathe the crys - tal air, Up - on the plains a - way.

For it's hip, hur - rah! for the rov - er's life, So gal - lant, bold and free!.... His

bo - som bounds at the bat - tle strife, Wher - ev - er he may be!..... It's

hip! hur-rah! for the rov - er's life, So gal - lant, bold and free!..... His

bo - som bounds At the bat - tle strife, Wher - ev - er he may be!.....

D.C. **ff**