

To receive &
from a friend.

THE INDIAN HUNTER

WRITTEN BY

Eliza Cook

The Music by

HENRY RUSSELL.

25cts.net.

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QUASI VIVACE.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the piano, showing chords and bass notes. The third staff is for the vocal melody in soprano range. The fourth staff is for the bassoon or cello, providing harmonic support. The vocal part begins with a melodic line: "Oh why does the white man follow my path, Like the". The piano parts feature rhythmic patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes.

hound on the ti - - - ger's track, . . . Does the flush on my dark cheek
 wa - ken his wrath, Does he co_vet the bow at my back, . . . 8va----
 Like the hound on the ti - - - ger's track . . . Does the
 flush on my dark cheek wa - ken his wrath, Does he co_vet the bow at my

back. He has rivers and seas where the bil_lows and breeze, Rear

riches for him a - - lone; And the sons of the wood nev_er

plunge in the flood, Which the white man calls his own. Yha then

why should he come to the streams where none, But the red skin dare to

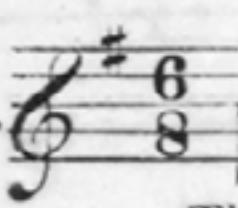
swim; Why, why should he wrong the hun - - ter one, Who
 nev - er did harm to him. Yha

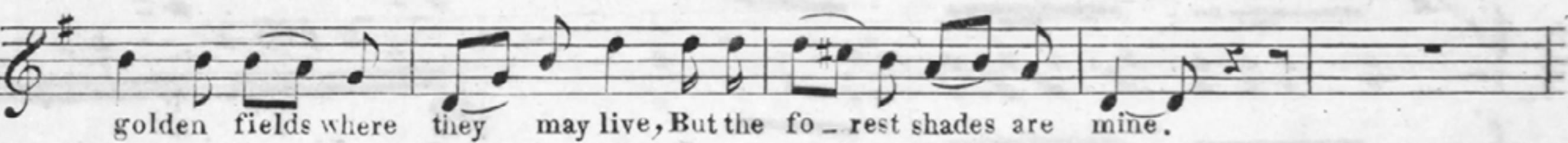
yha yha yha yha

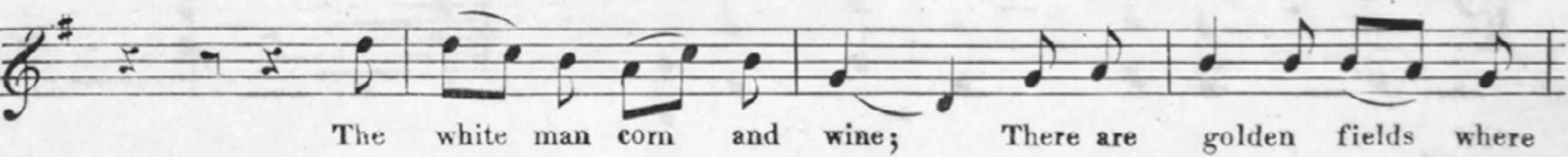
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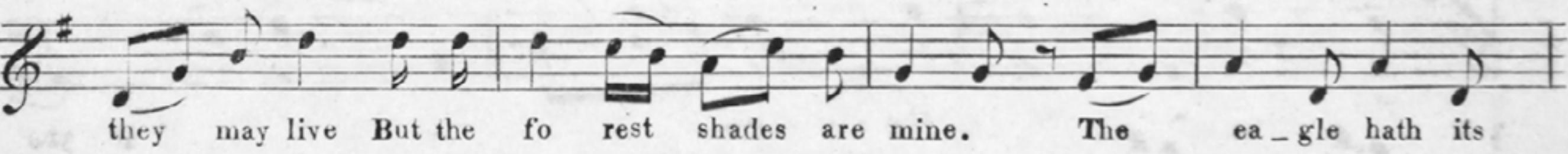
yha yha yha . . . yha . . . yha.

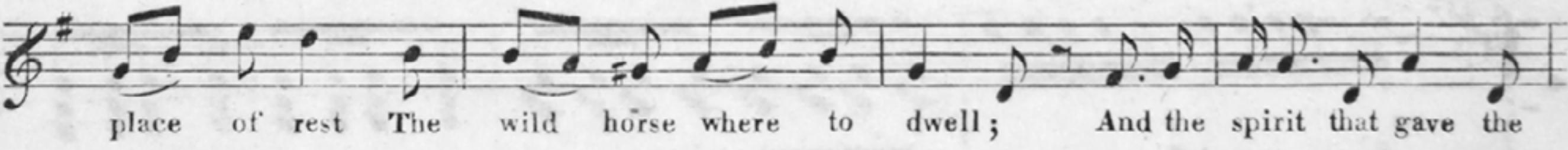


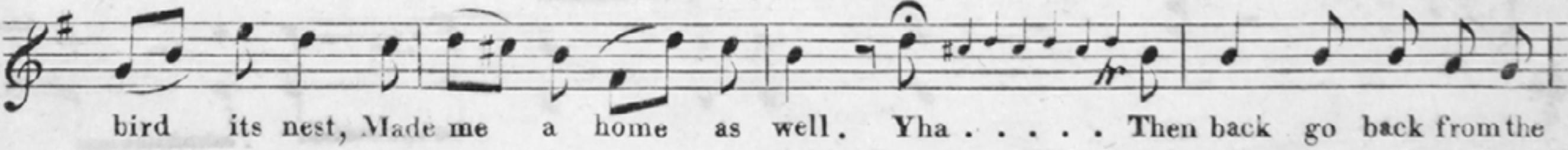
2d. VERSE.  The Father a _ bove thought fit to give, The white man corn and wine; There are

 golden fields where they may live, But the fo _ rest shades are mine.

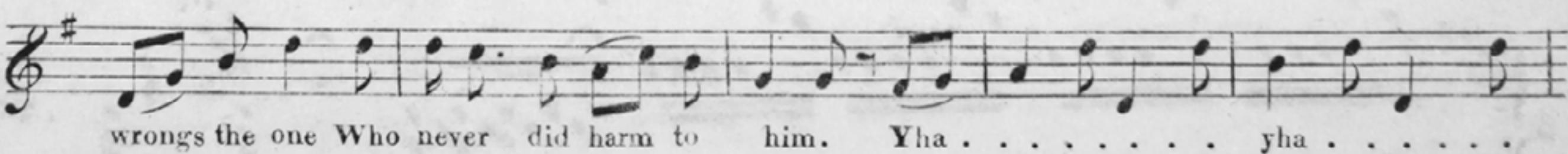
 The white man corn and wine; There are golden fields where

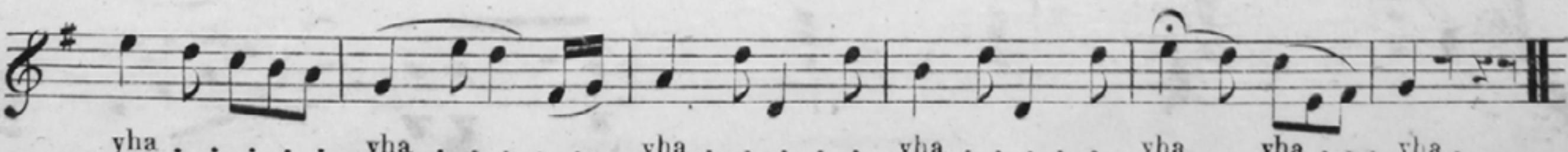
 they may live But the fo rest shades are mine. The ea _ gle hath its

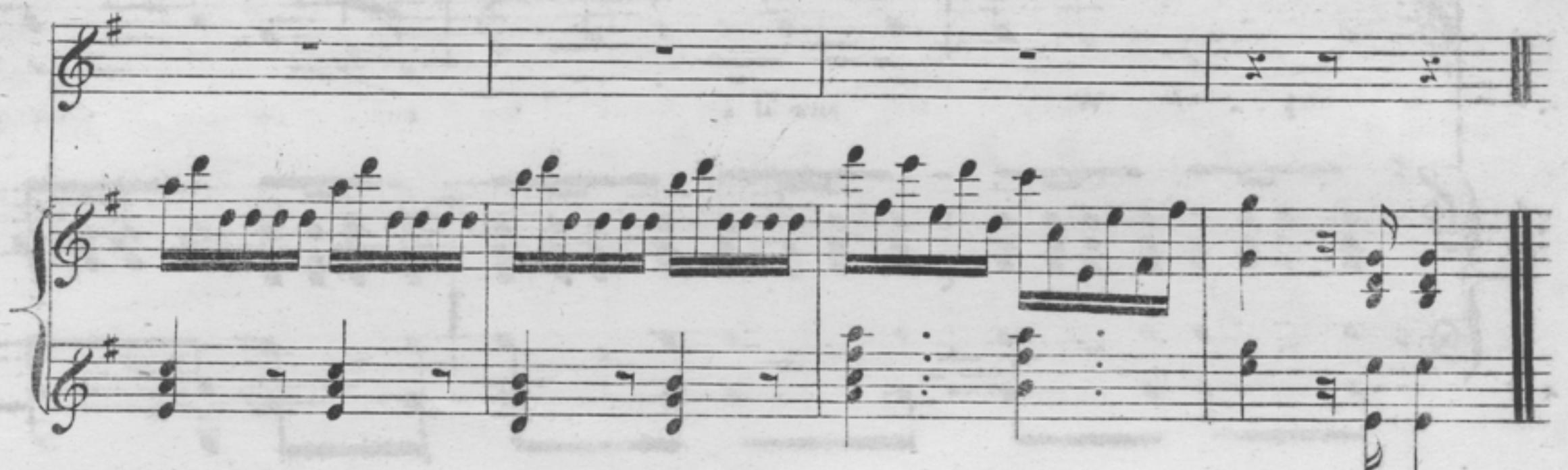
 place of rest The wild horse where to dwell; And the spirit that gave the

 bird its nest, Made me a home as well. Yha Then back go back from the

 red man's track, For the hun _ ter's eyes grow dim. To find that the white man

 wrongs the one Who never did harm to him. Yha yha

 yha yha . . . yha . . . yha .



2d. VERSE.

The Father a _ bove thought fit to give, The white man corn and wine; There are
golden fields where they may live, But the fo _ rest shades are mine.

The white man corn and wine; There are golden fields where
they may live But the fo rest shades are mine. The ea _ gle hath its
place of rest The wild horse where to dwell; And the spirit that gave the
bird its nest, Made me a home as well. Yha Then back go back from the
red man's track, For the hun _ ter's eyes grow dim. To find that the white man
wrongs the one Who never did harm to him. Yha yha

Yha yha yha yha yha yha . . . yha .