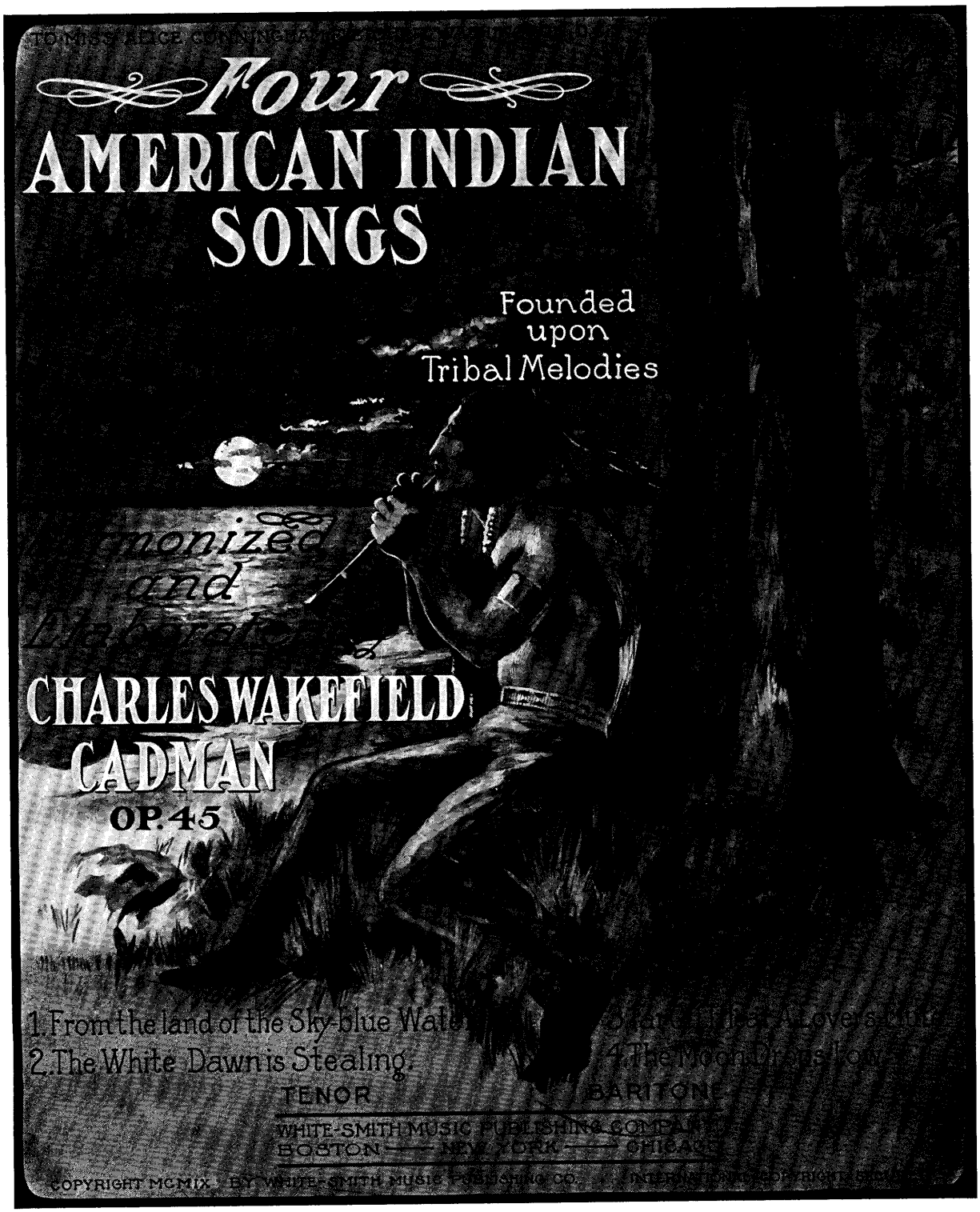
LOW VOICE

FOUR AMERICAN INDIAN SONGS

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

Opus 45

WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
Boston New York Chicago


Four
AMERICAN INDIAN
SONGS
Founded
upon
Tribal Melodies
CHARLES WAKEFIELD
CADMAN
OP. 45
1. From the land of the Sky-blue Wate
2. The White Dawn is Stealing
4. The Moon Drops Low
TENOR
BARITONE
WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON — NEW YORK — CHICAGO
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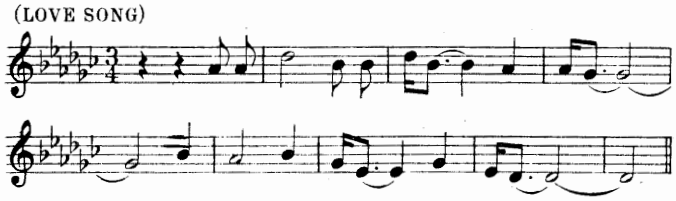
From the Land of the Sky blue Water

From the Land of the Sky blue Water,
They brought a captive maid;
And her eyes they are lit with lightnings
Her heart is not afraid!

But I steal to her lodge at dawning,
I woo her with my flute;
She is sick for the Sky-blue Water,
The captive maid is mute.

Nelle Richmond Eberhart

(LOVE SONG)

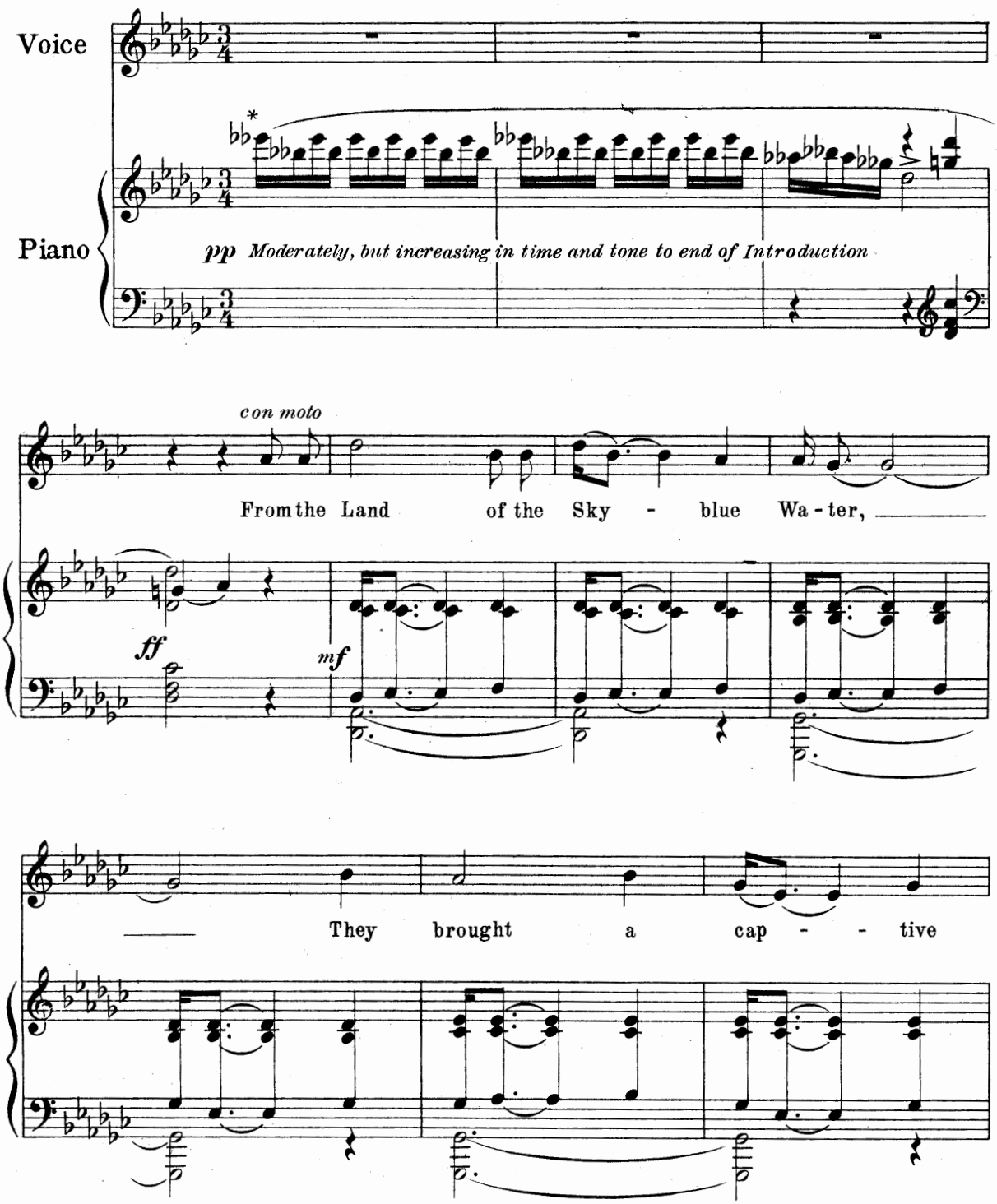


Omaha Tribal Melody, collected by Alice C. Fletcher

From the Land of the Sky-blue Water

Omaha Tribal Melodies
collected by Alice C. Fletcher
Poem by Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Charles Wakefield Cadman
Opus 45, No.1



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* Flageolet Love Call of the Omahas

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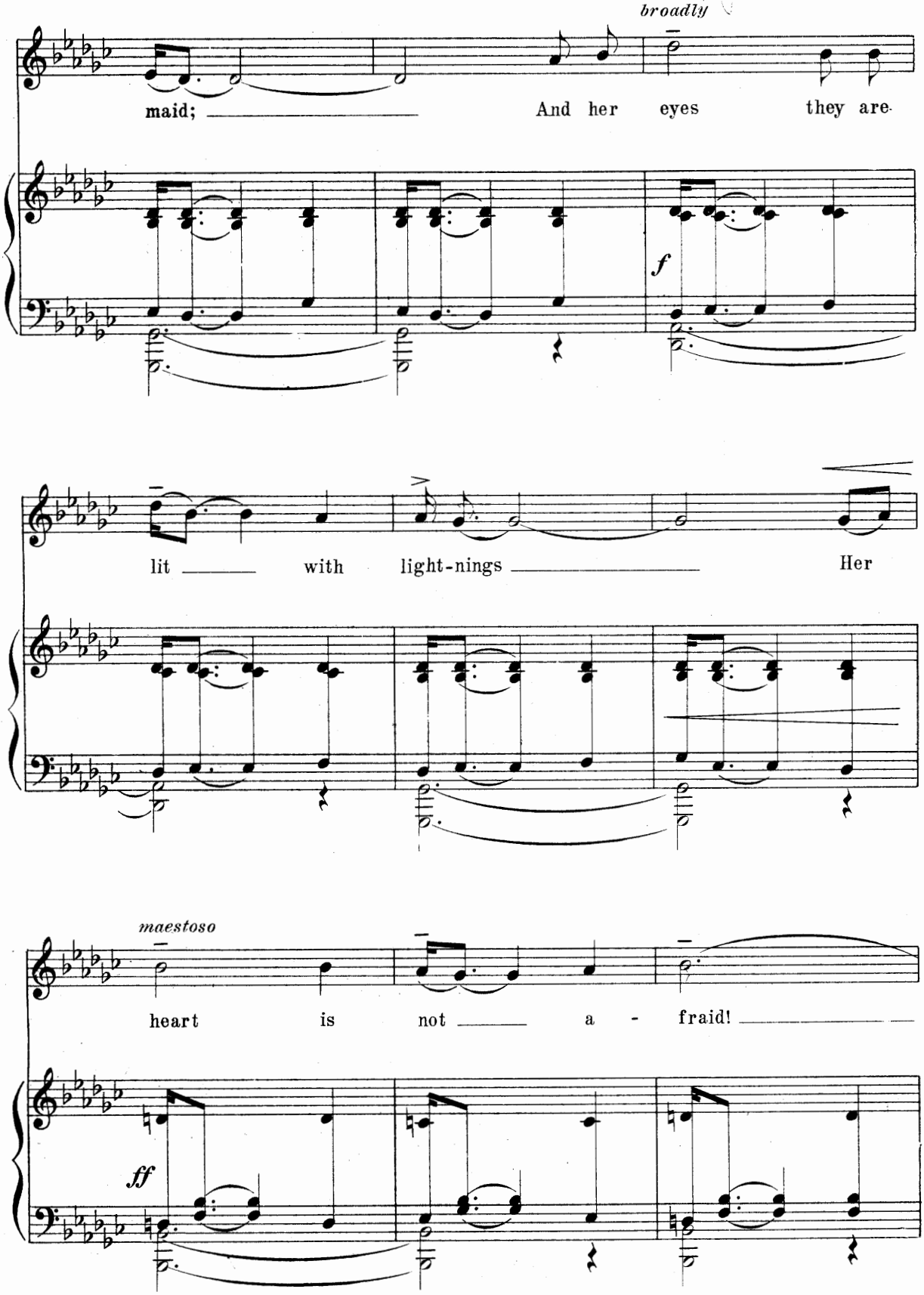
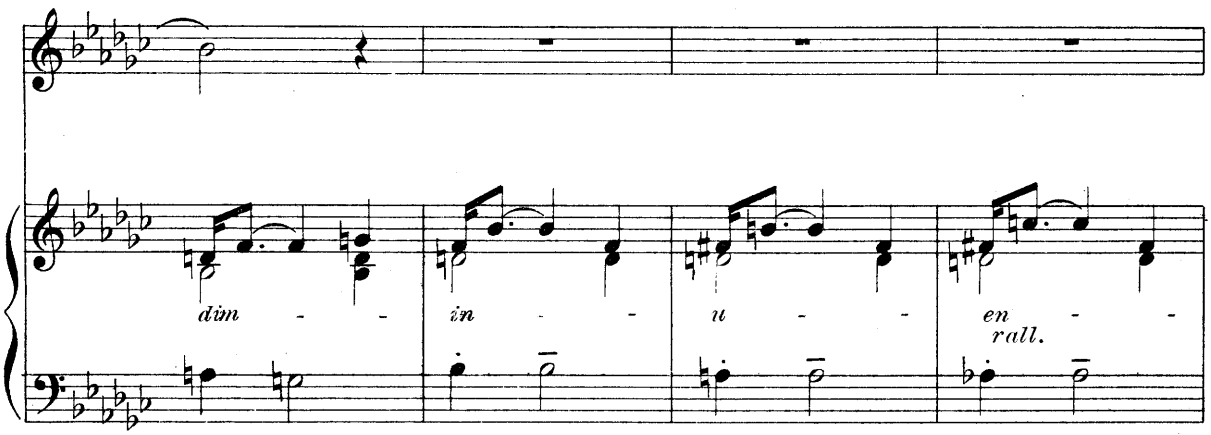
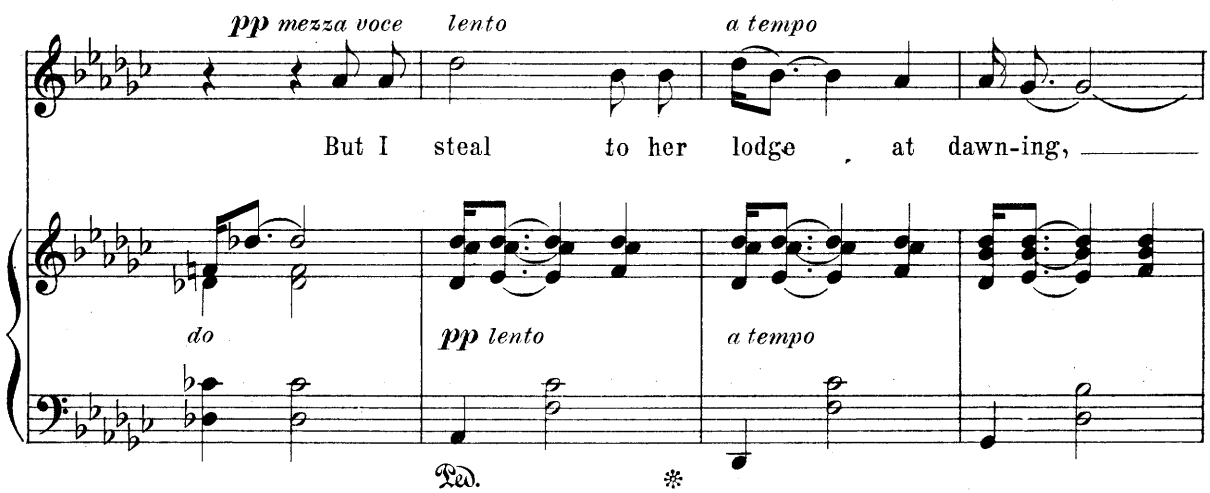
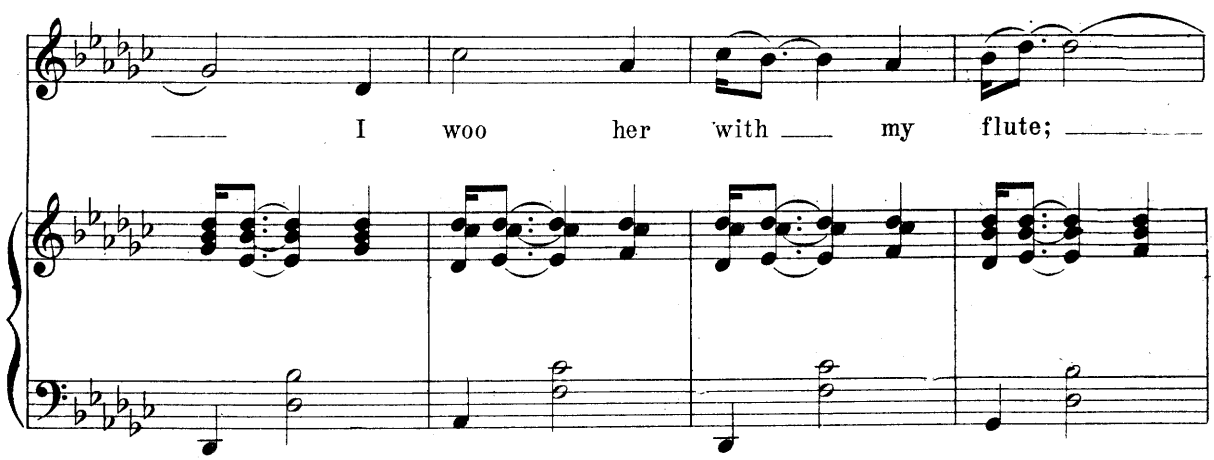
Copy 2

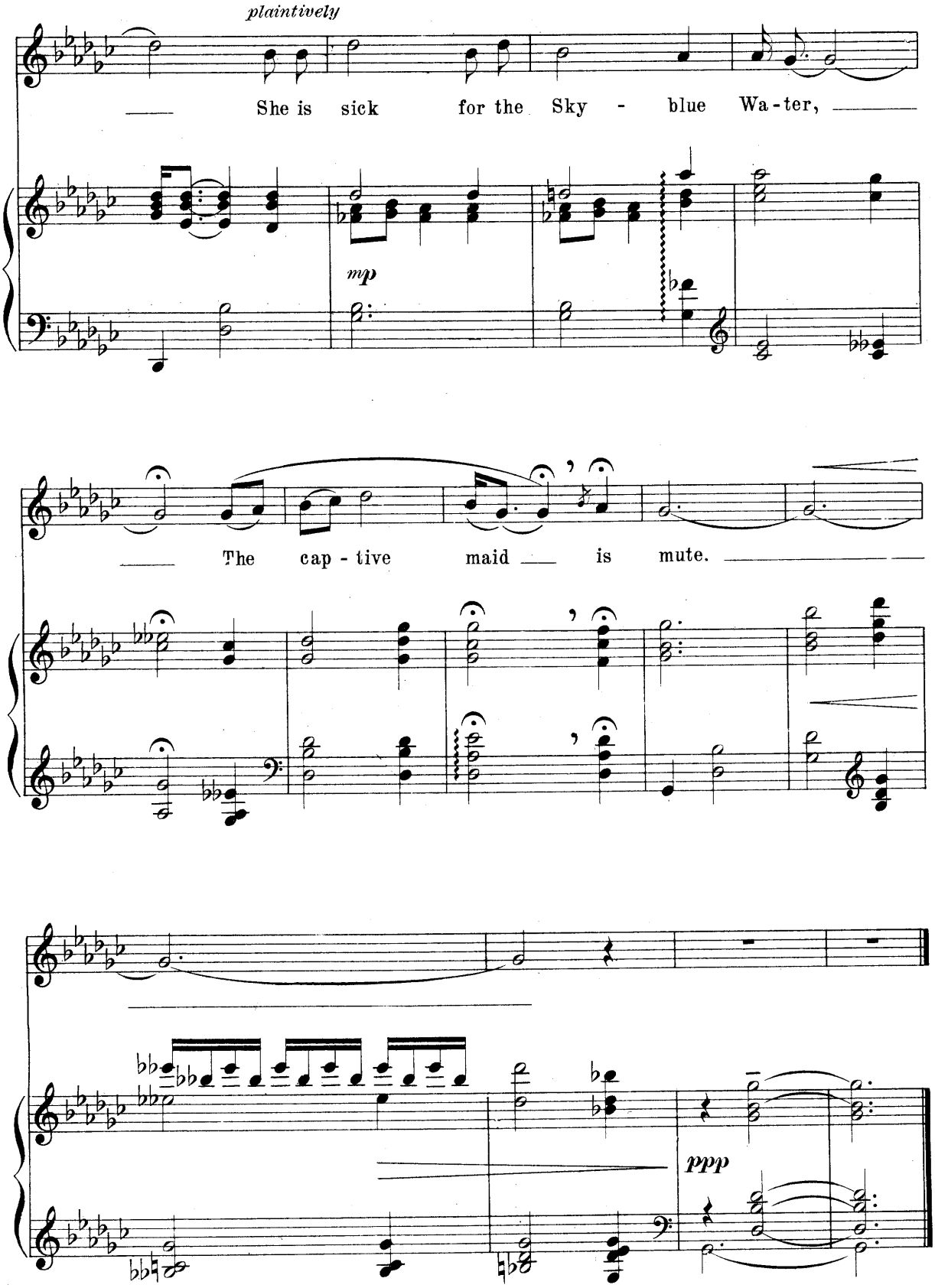

broadly
maid; And her eyes they are

lit with light-nings Her
maestoso
heart is not a - fraid!


dim - - in - - u - - en - - rall.


pp mezza voce
lento
a tempo
But I steal to her lodge at dawn-ing,
do
pp lento
a tempo
Ped.
*


I woo her with my flute;


plaintively
She is sick for the Sky - blue Wa-ter,
mp
The cap - tive maid is mute.
ppp

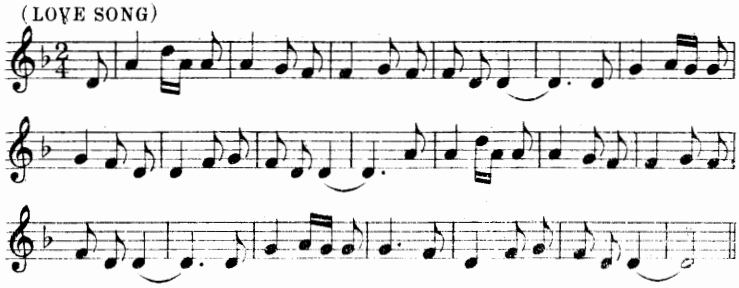
The White Dawn is Stealing

The white dawn is stealing above the dark cedar trees,
The young corn is waving its blades in the morning breeze;
The birds chant so lonely, the leaves softly moan above,
The heart of me sighs, the heart of me sighs for love.

My signal I flash where the spring's silver waters lie,
My love-call I send on the winds that are floating by.
Then come, oh, thy coming shall be as the dawn to me,
The heart of me sighs, the heart of me sighs for thee!

Nellie Richmond Eberhart

(LOVE SONG)



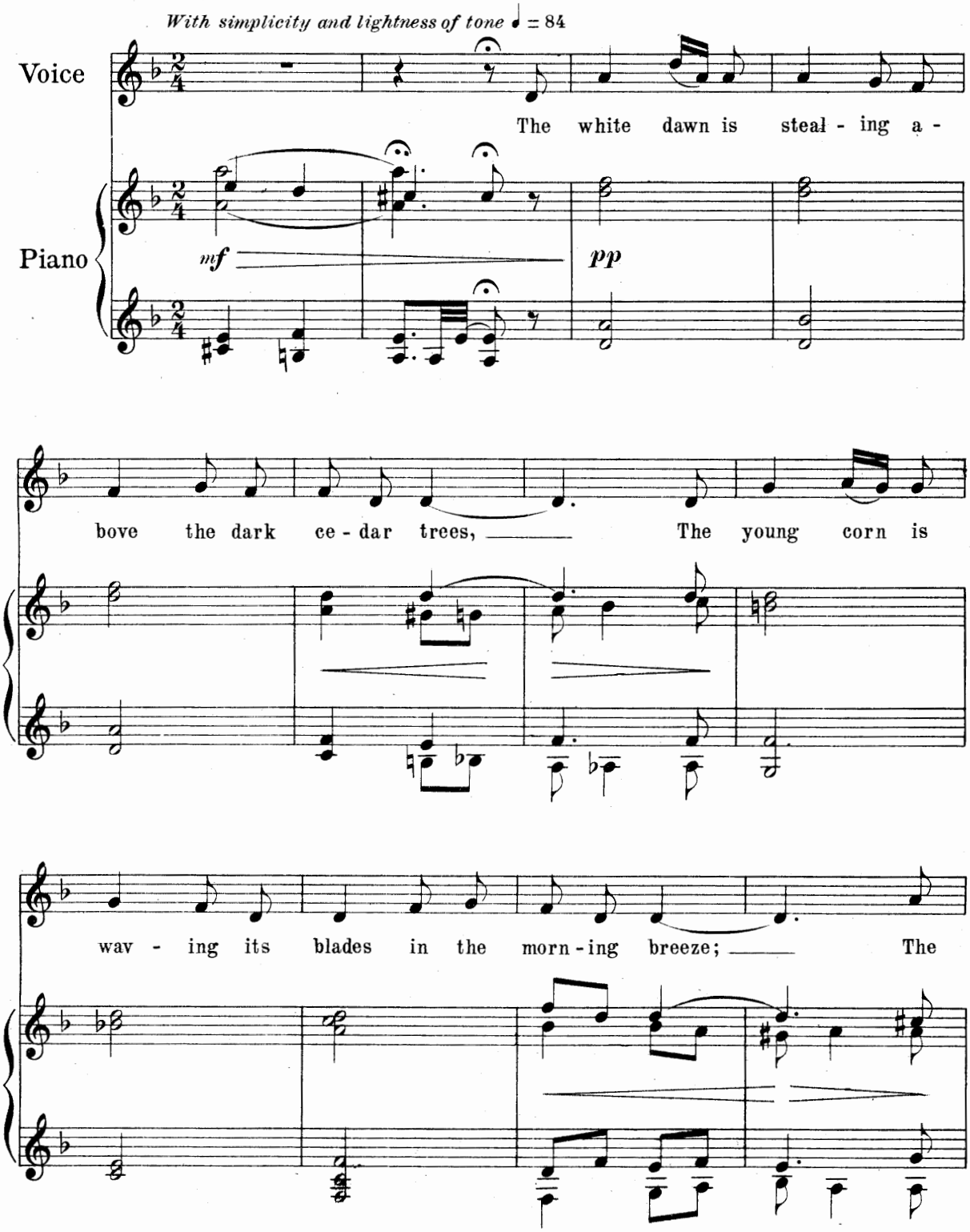
Iroquois Tribal Melody, collected by Dr. Theo Baker

The White Dawn is Stealing

Iroquois Tribal Melody
collected by Dr. Theo. Baker
Poem by Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Charles Wakefield Cadman
Opus 45, No. 2

With simplicity and lightness of tone ♩ = 84



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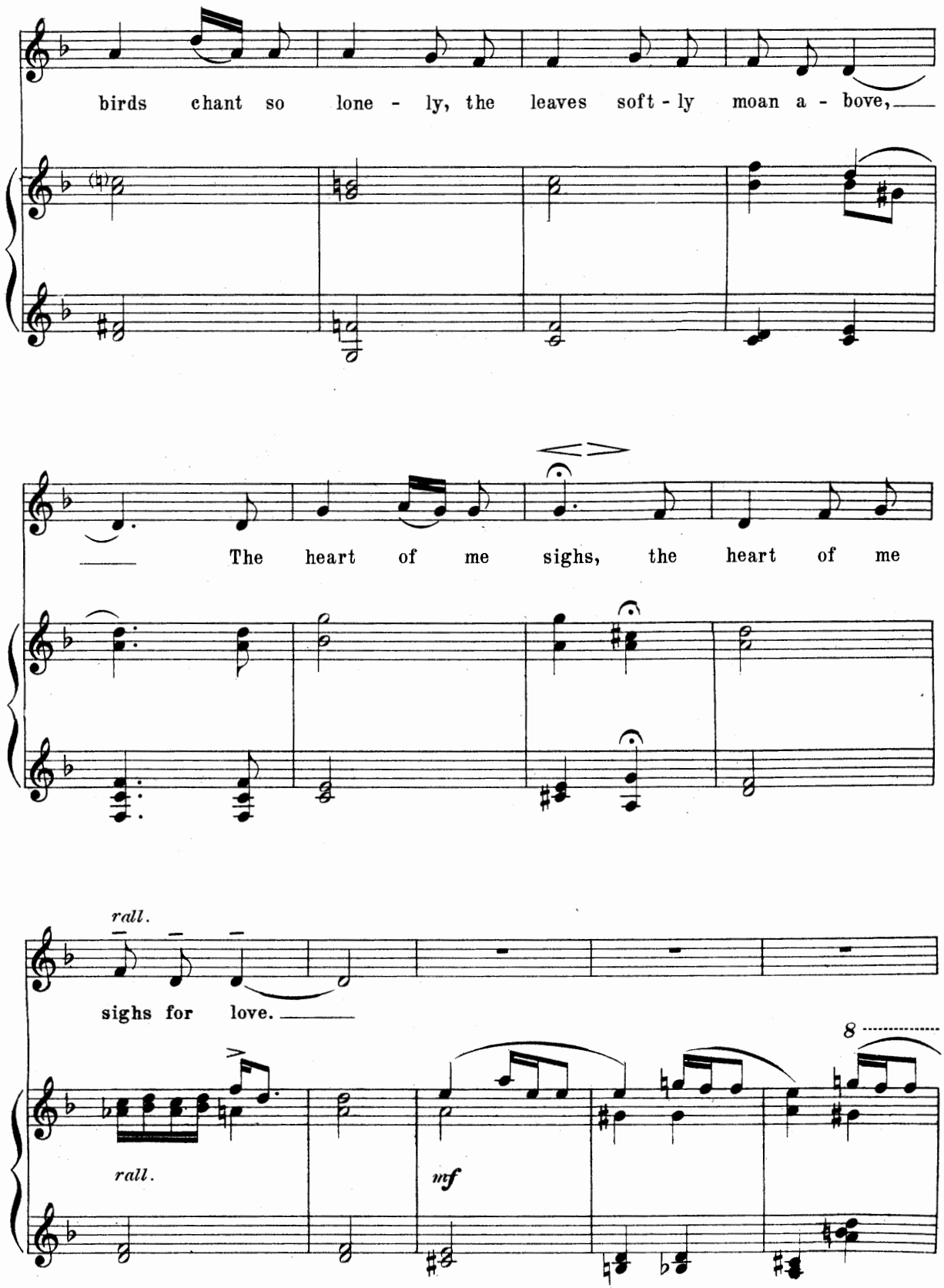
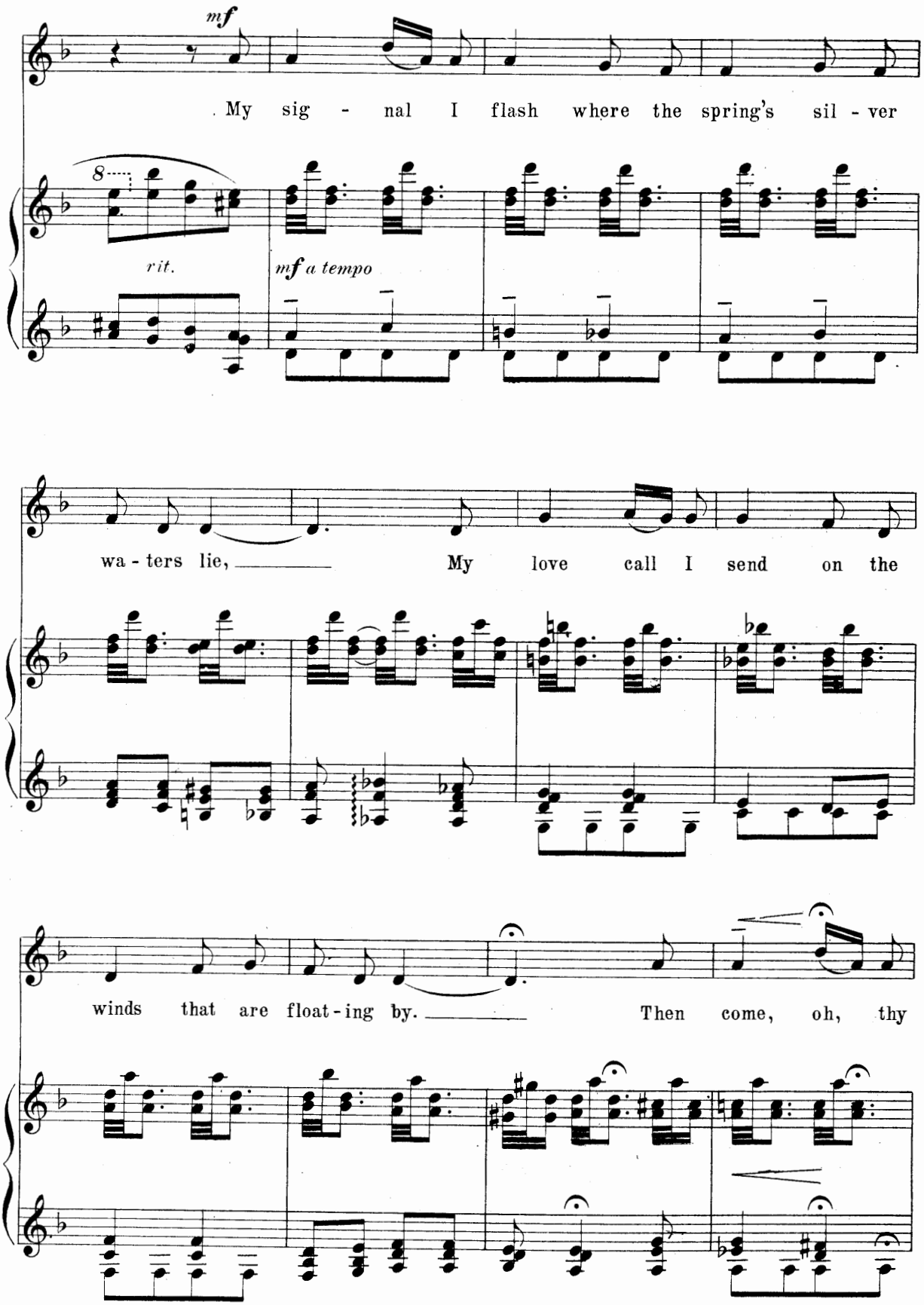
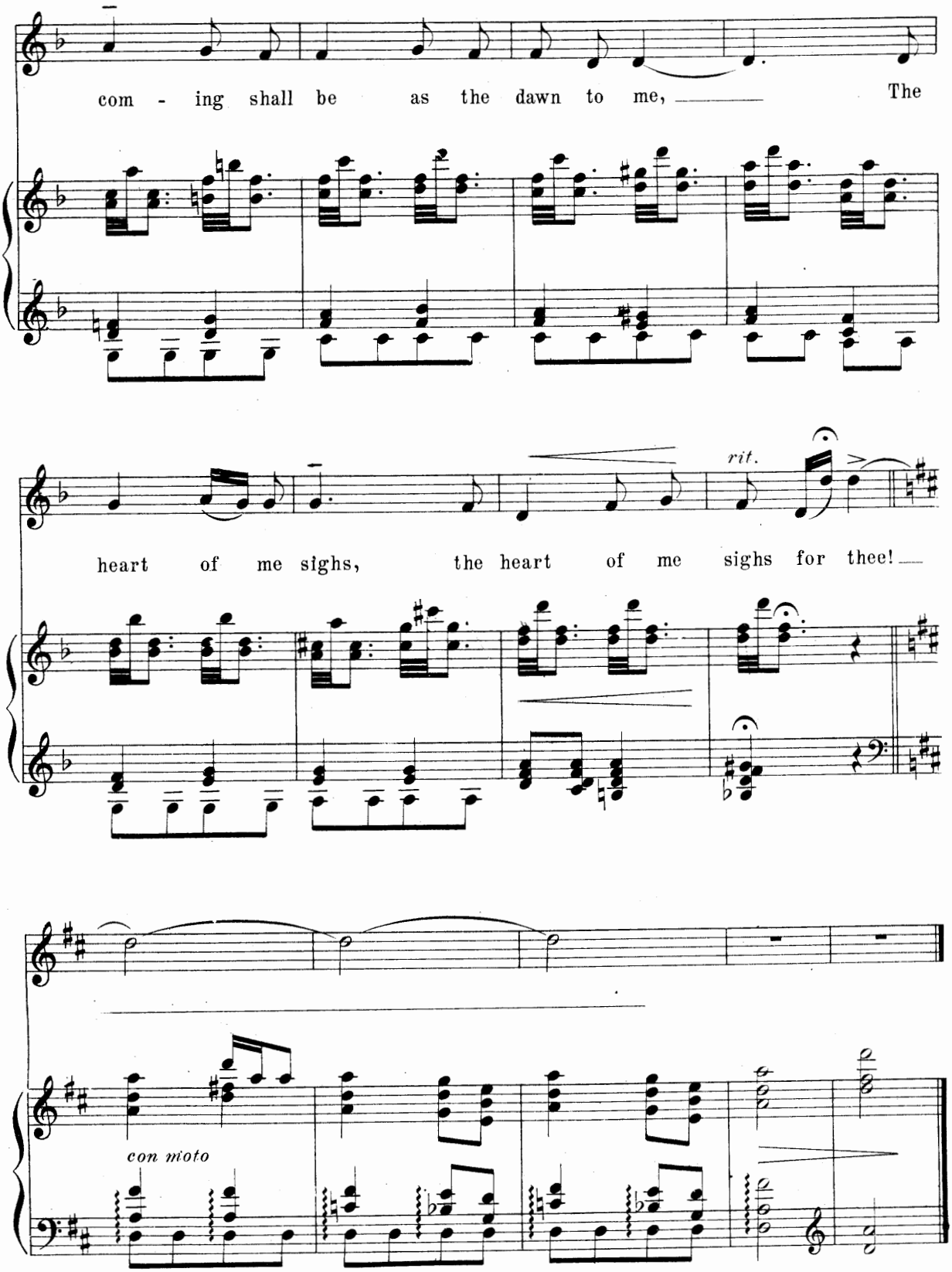

birds chant so lone - ly, the leaves soft - ly moan a - bove,
The heart of me sighs, the heart of me
rall.
sighs for love.
rall.
mf
8


mf
My sig - nal I flash where the spring's sil - ver
8
rit.
mf a tempo
wa - ters lie, My love call I send on the
winds that are float - ing by. Then come, oh, thy

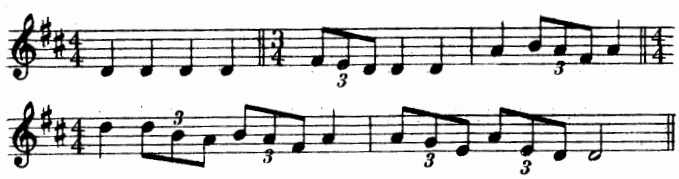

com - ing shall be as the dawn to me, The
heart of me sighs, the heart of me sighs for thee!
rit.
con moto

Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute

Far off I hear a lover's flute
A-crying thro' the gloom;
Far off the golden waters flow
A-down their sandy flume.
I see the shrunken Mother Moon
Go forth to meet the Day,
While dim and white the dead ones walk
Upon the Spirit Way.

Why should I wake and walk tonight
When all the lodge is still?
Why should I watch the Ghostly Road,
So high and white and chill?
Why should I hate the crying flute
Which happy lovers play?
Ah! far and white my loved one walks
Along the Spirit Way!

Nelle Richmond Eberhart

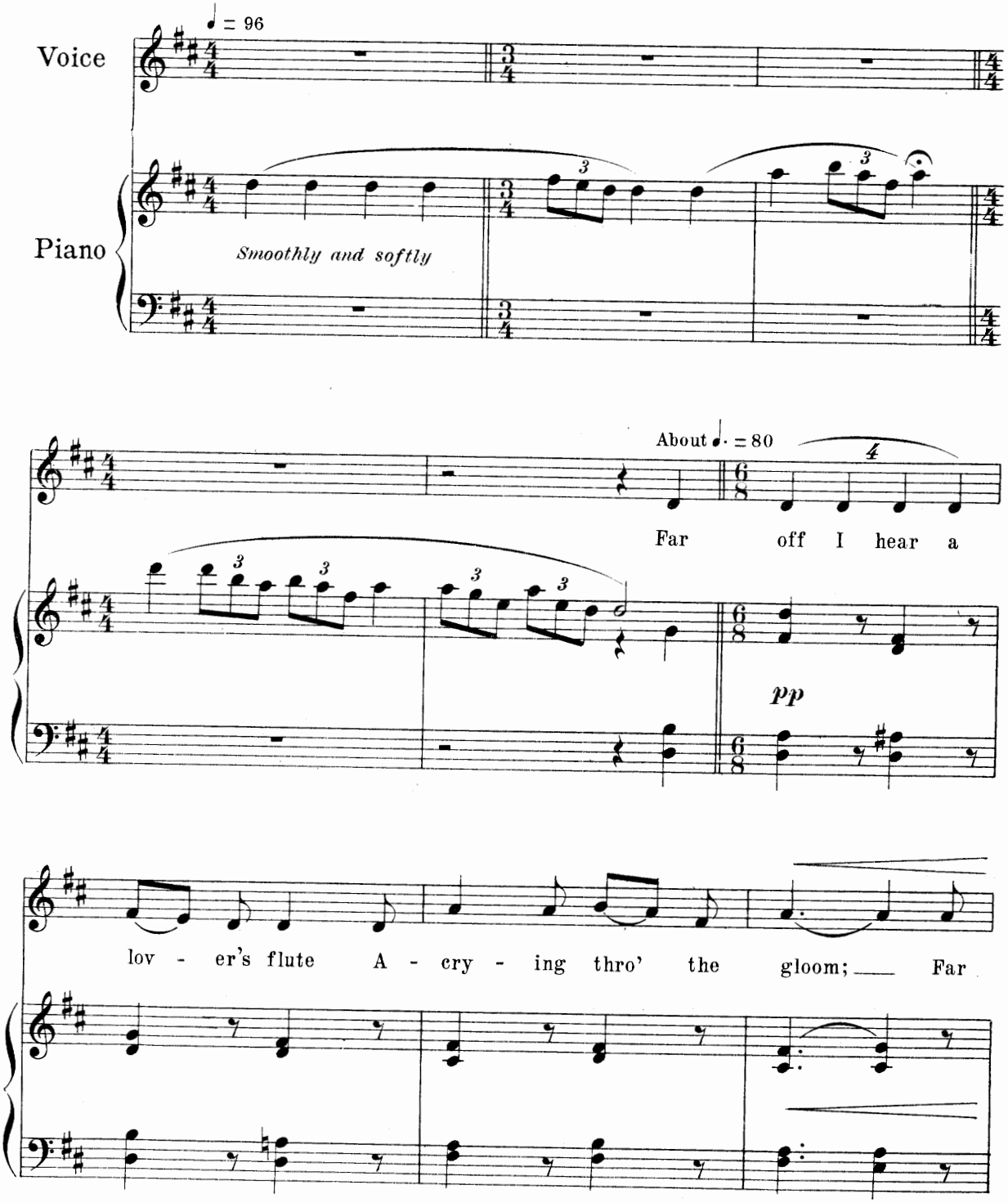


(An Omaha Flageolet Love Call) collected by Alice C. Fletcher

Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute

Omaha Tribal Melody
collected by Alice C. Fletcher
Poem by Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Charles Wakefield Cadman
Opus 45, No. 3



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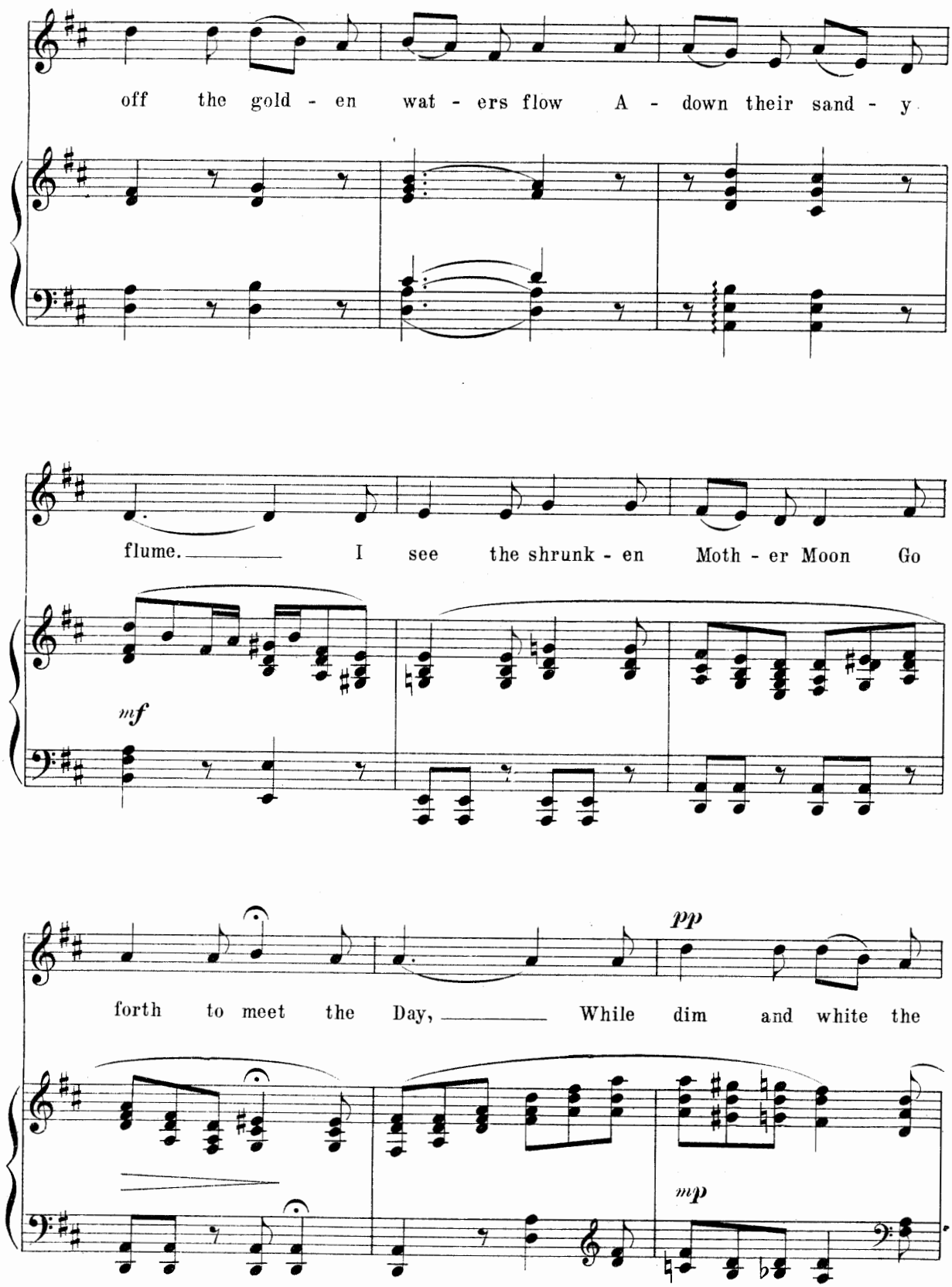
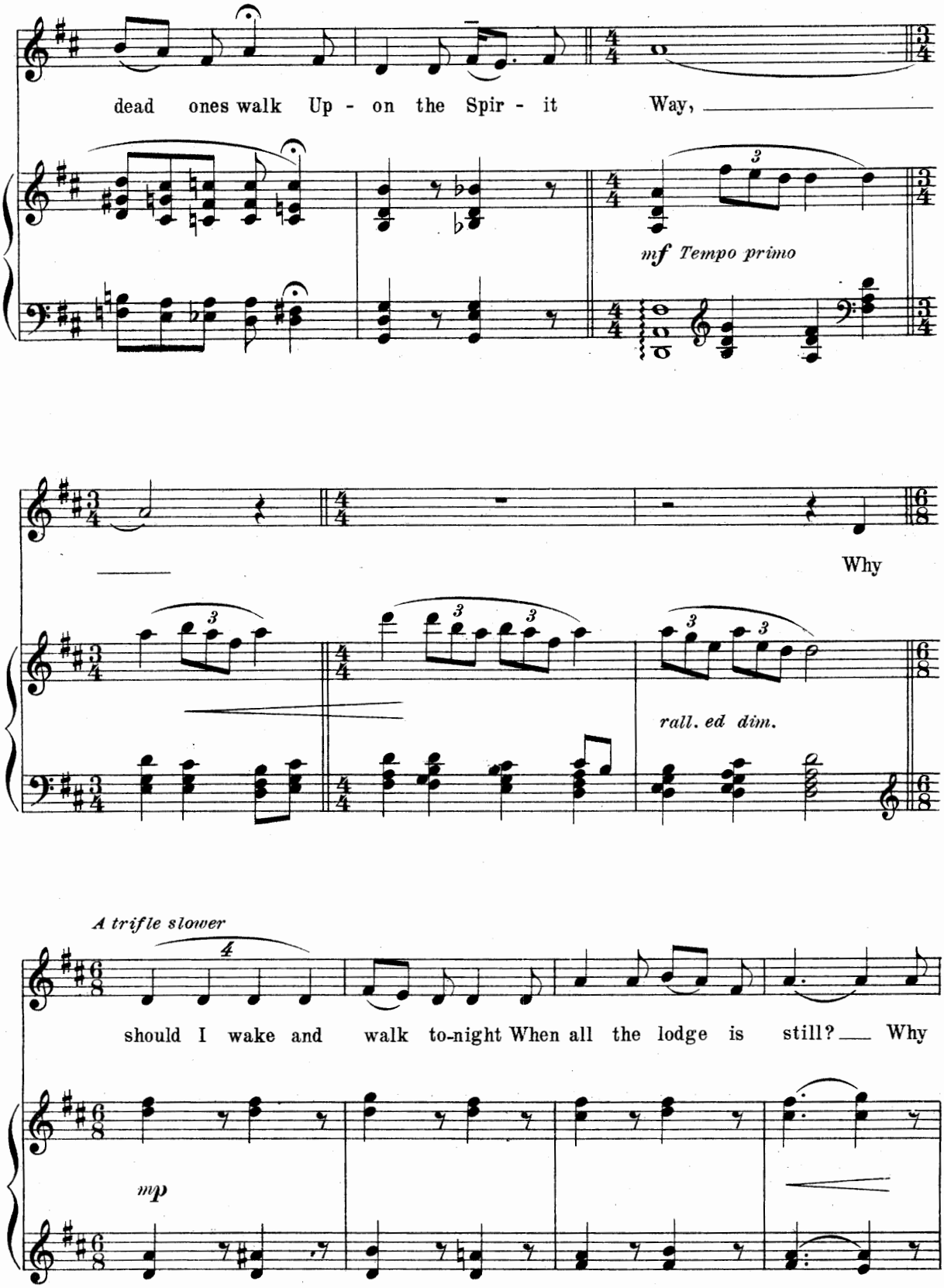
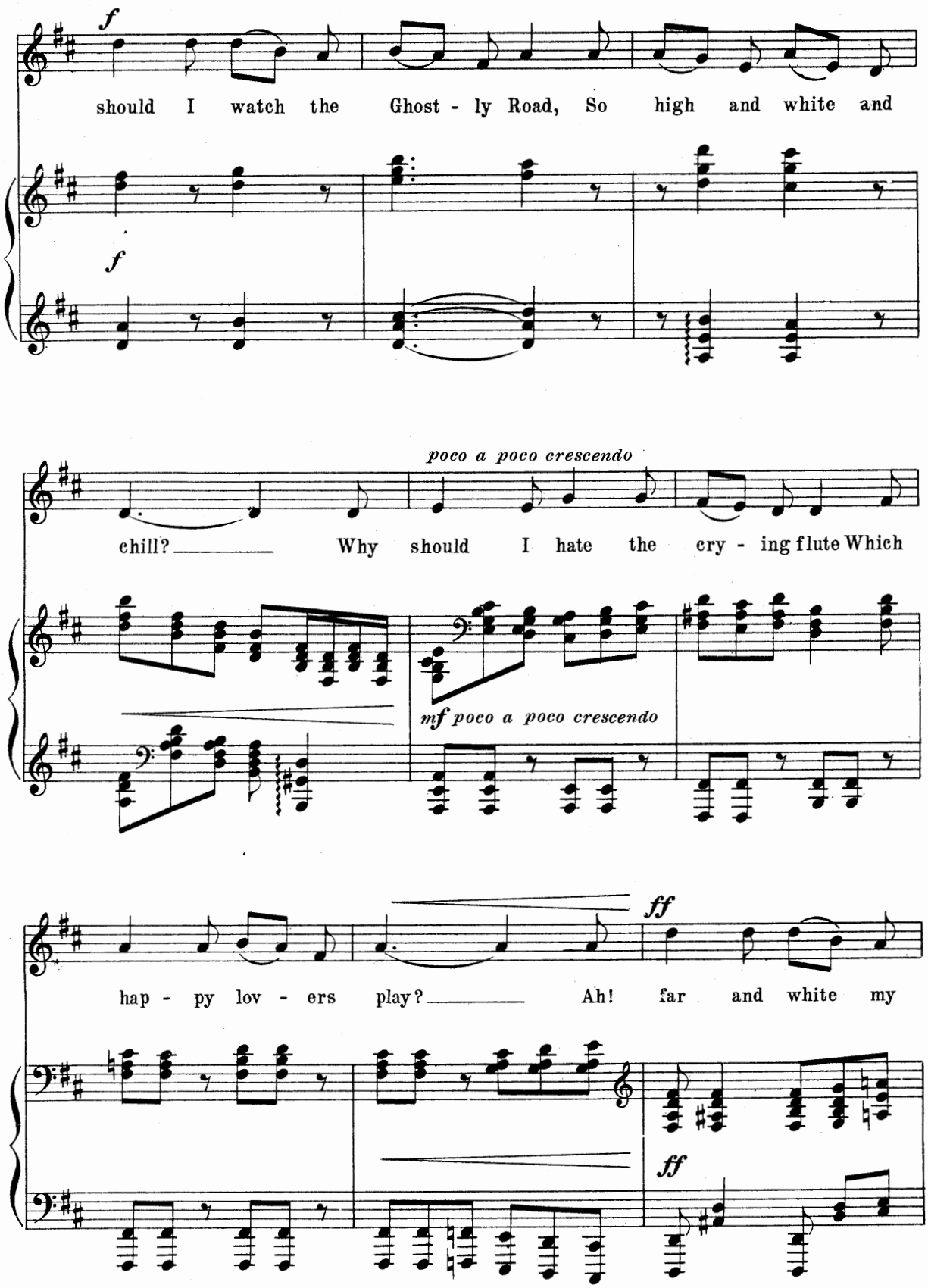
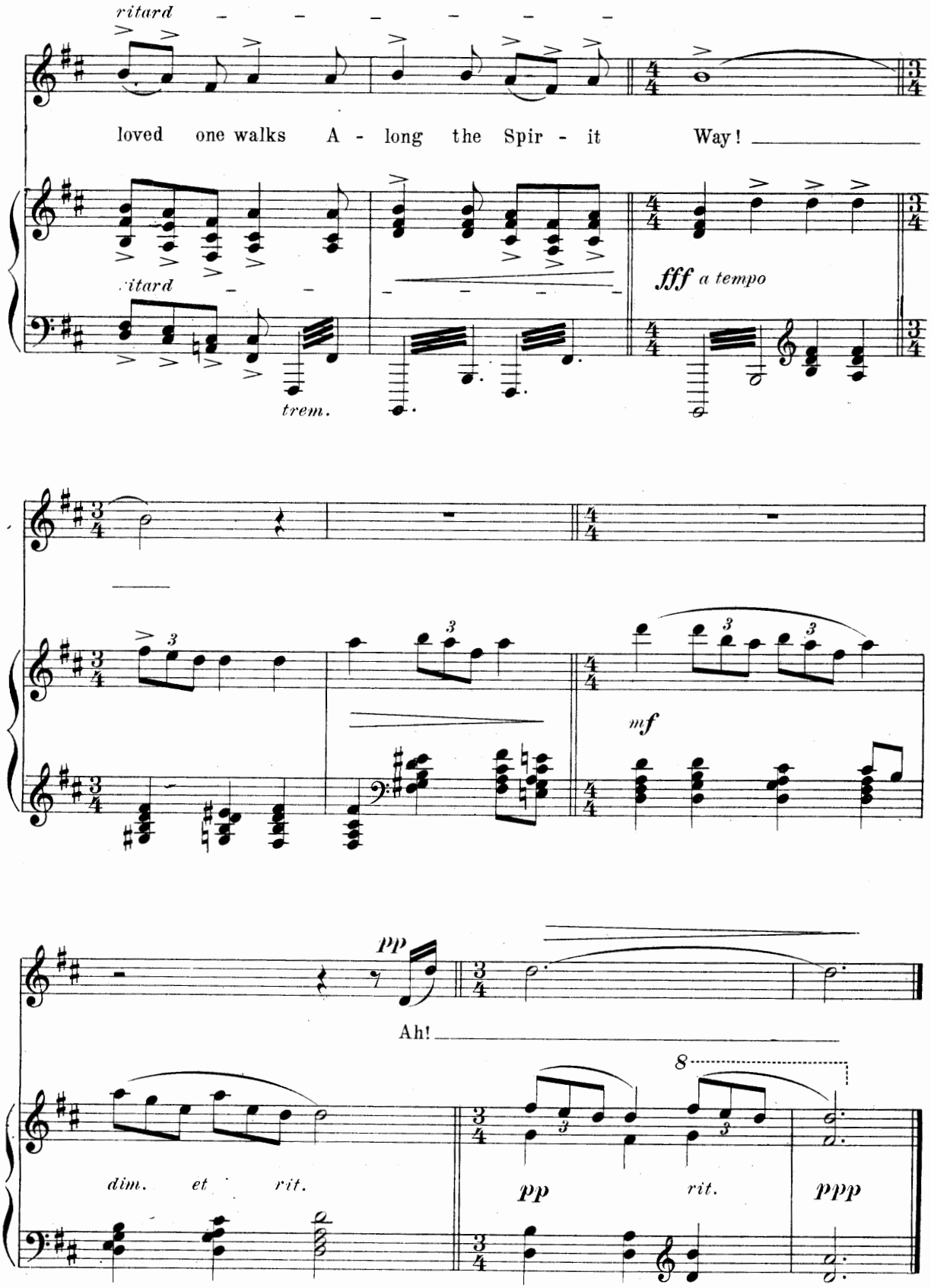

off the gold - en wat - ers flow A - down their sand - y
flume. I see the shrunk - en Moth - er Moon Go
mf
pp
forth to meet the Day, While dim and white the
mp


dead ones walk Up - on the Spir - it Way,
mf Tempo primo
Why
rall. ed dim.
A trifle slower
should I wake and walk to-night When all the lodge is still? Why
mp


f
should I watch the Ghost - ly Road, So high and white and
f
poco a poco crescendo
chill? Why should I hate the cry - ing flute Which
mf poco a poco crescendo
ff
hap - py lov - ers play? Ah! far and white my
ff

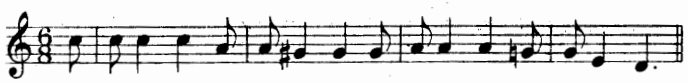

ritard
loved one walks A - long the Spir - it Way!
ritard
trem.
fff a tempo
mf
pp
Ah!
dim. et rit.
pp
rit.
ppp

The Moon Drops Low

The moon drops low that once soared high
As an eagle soars in the morning sky;
And the deep dark lies like a death-web spun
'Twixt the setting moon and the rising sun.

Our glory sets like the sinking moon;
The Red Man's race shall be perished soon;
Our feet shall trip where the web is spun,
For no dawn shall be ours, and no rising sun.

Nelle Richmond Eberhart

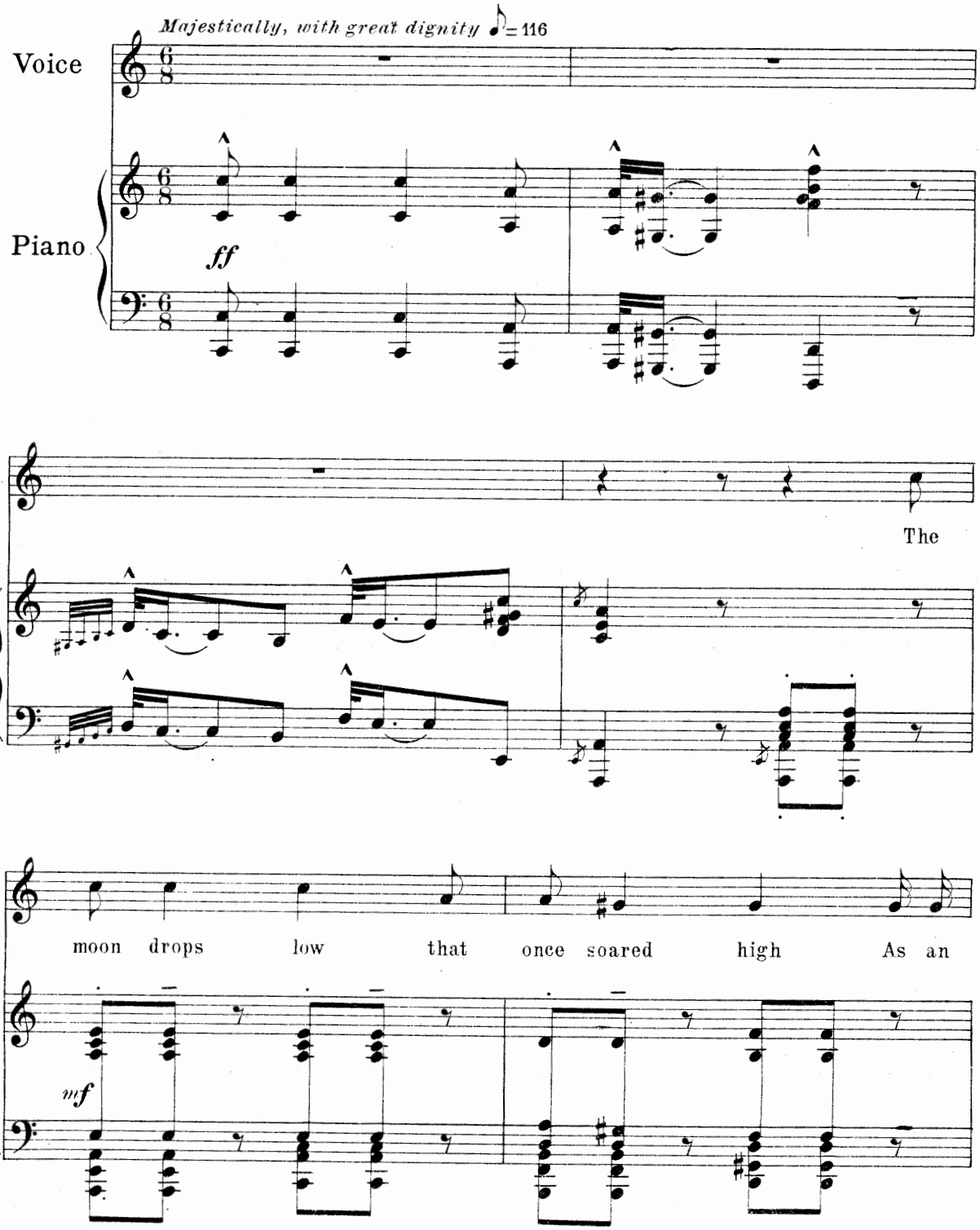


Omaha Tribal Melody, collected by Alice C. Fletcher

The Moon Drops Low

Omaha Tribal Melody
collected by Alice C.Fletcher
Poem by Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Charles Wakefield Cadman
Opus 45, No. 4



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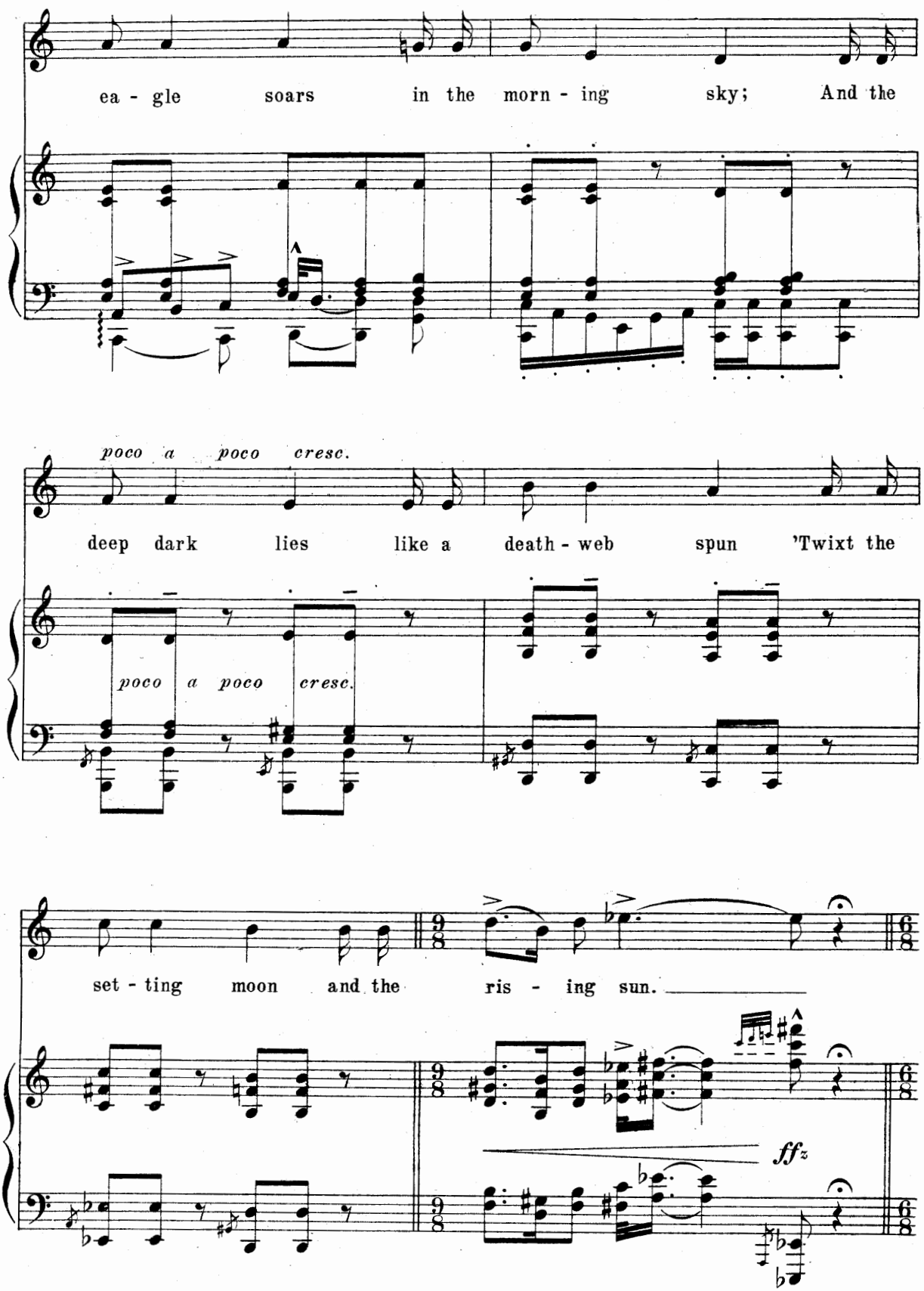
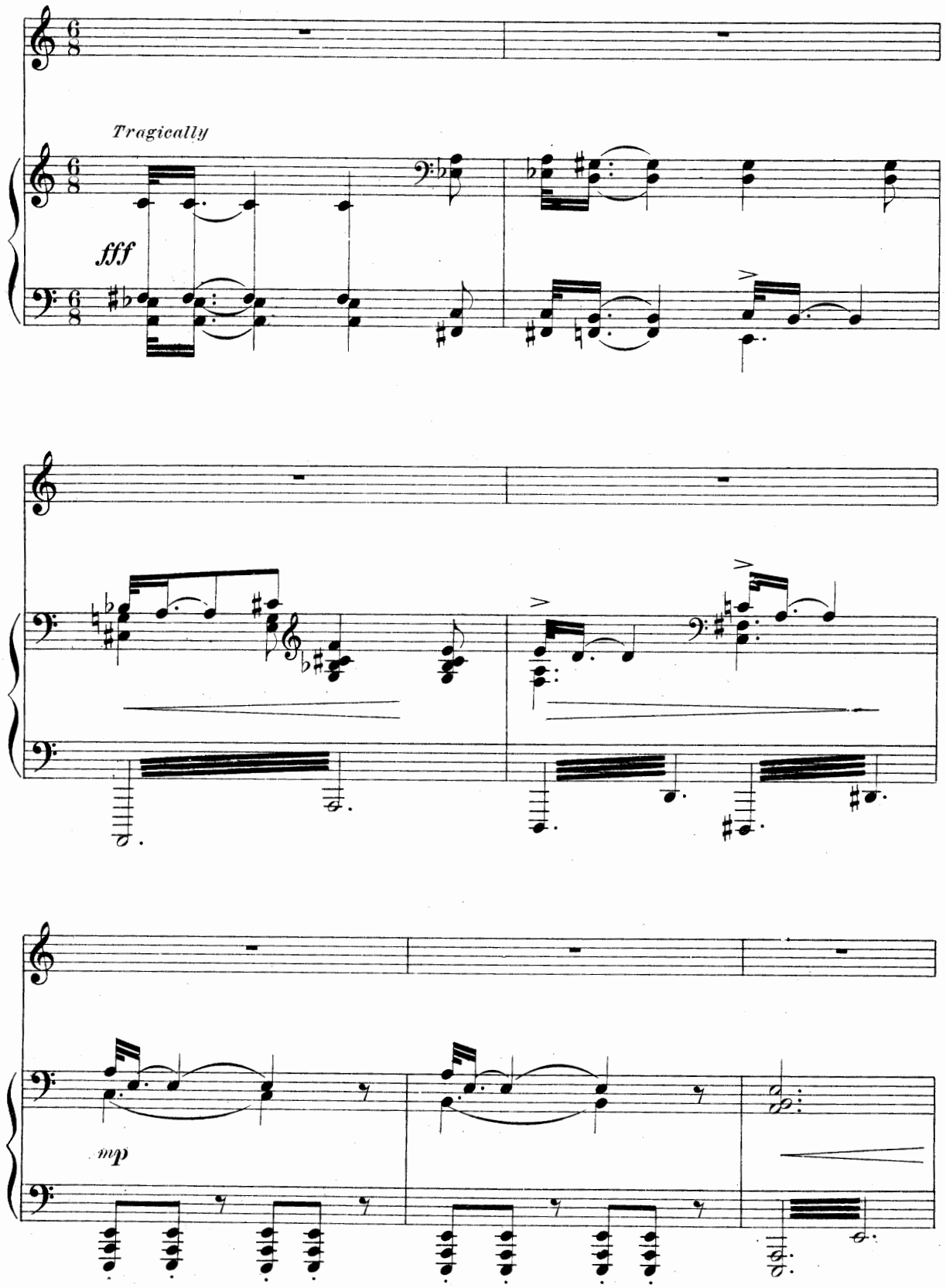
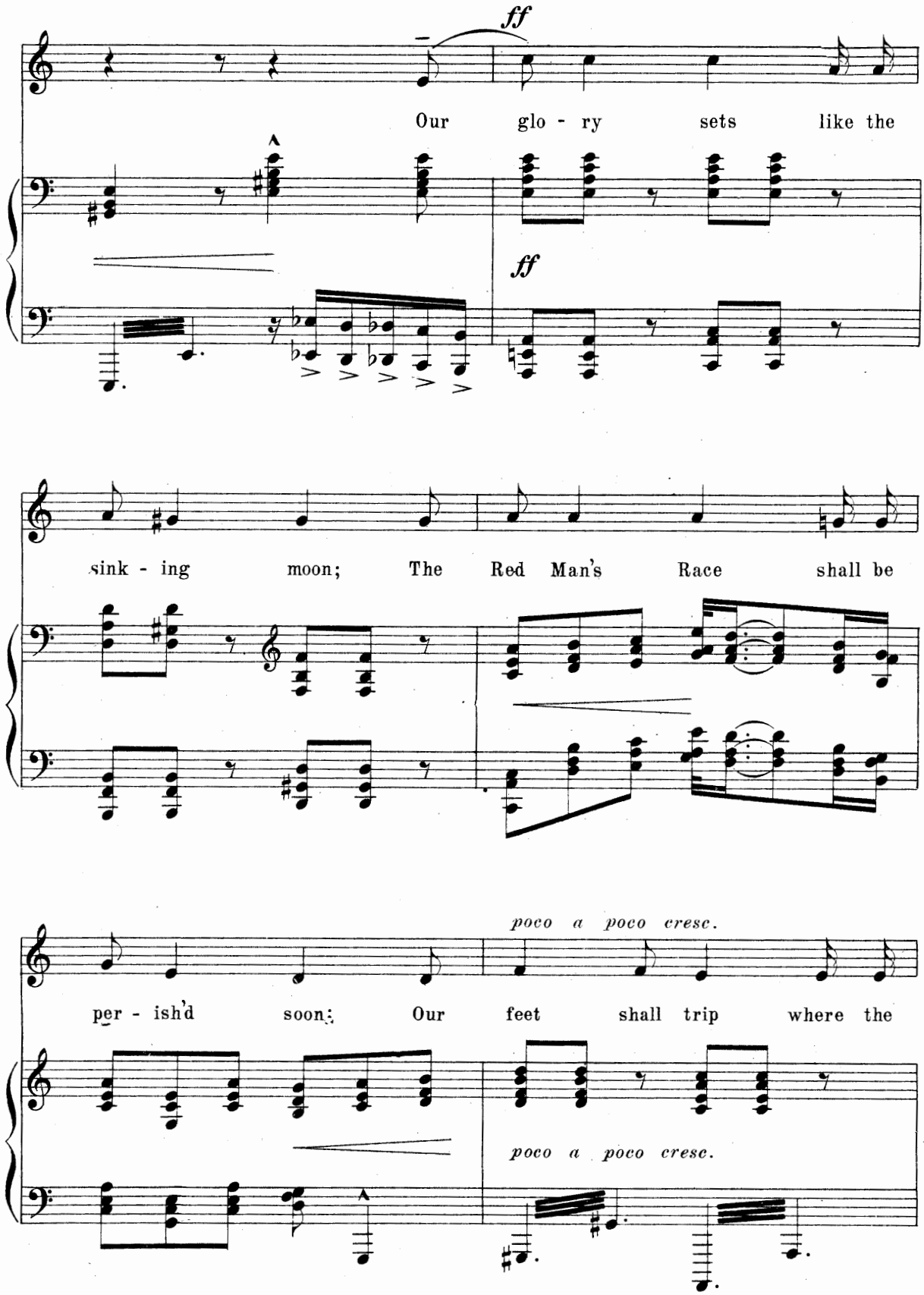
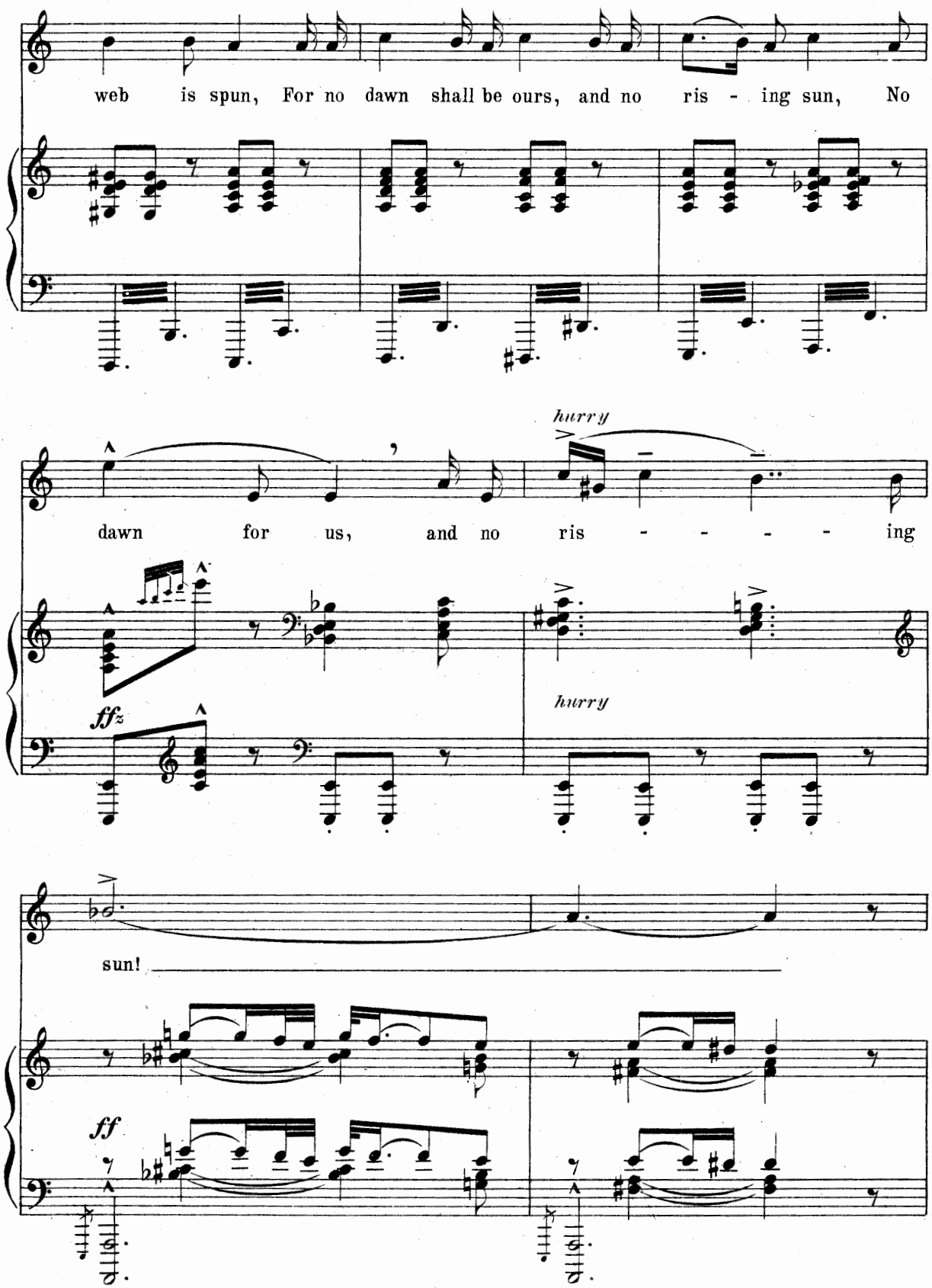
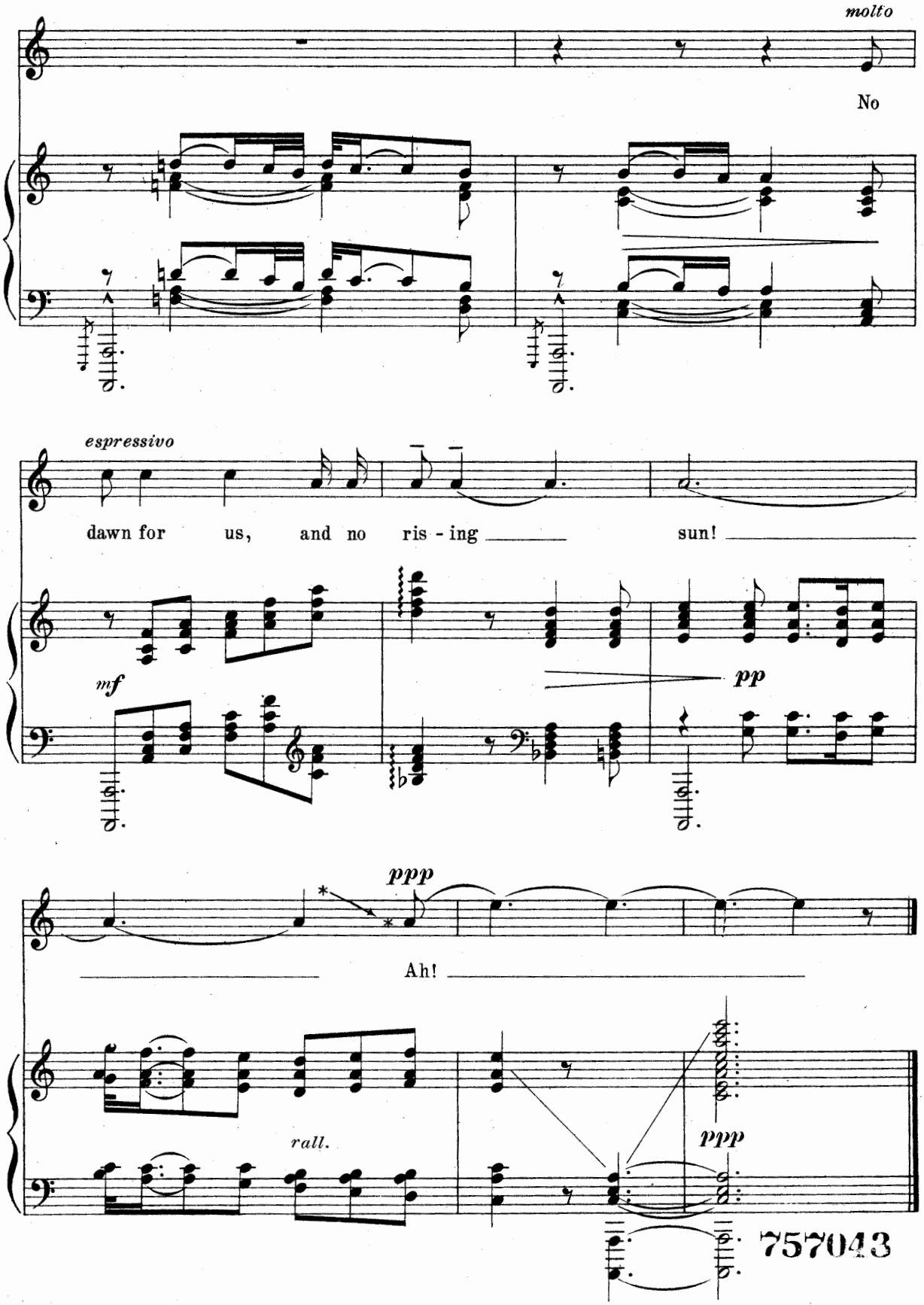

ea - gle soars in the morn - ing sky; And the
poco a poco cresc.
deep dark lies like a death - web spun 'Twixt the
poco a poco cresc.
set - ting moon and the ris - ing sun.
ffz


Tragically
fff
mp


ff
Our glo - ry sets like the
ff
sink - ing moon; The Red Man's Race shall be
poco a poco cresc.
per - ish'd soon; Our feet shall trip where the
poco a poco cresc.


web is spun, For no dawn shall be ours, and no ris - ing sun, No
dawn for us, and no ris - - - - - ing
hurry
ffz
hurry
sun!
ff



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The vocal part may close *here** if desired, but the ending as written is more characteristic.