HIGH VOICE

FOUR AMERICAN INDIAN SONGS

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

Opus 45

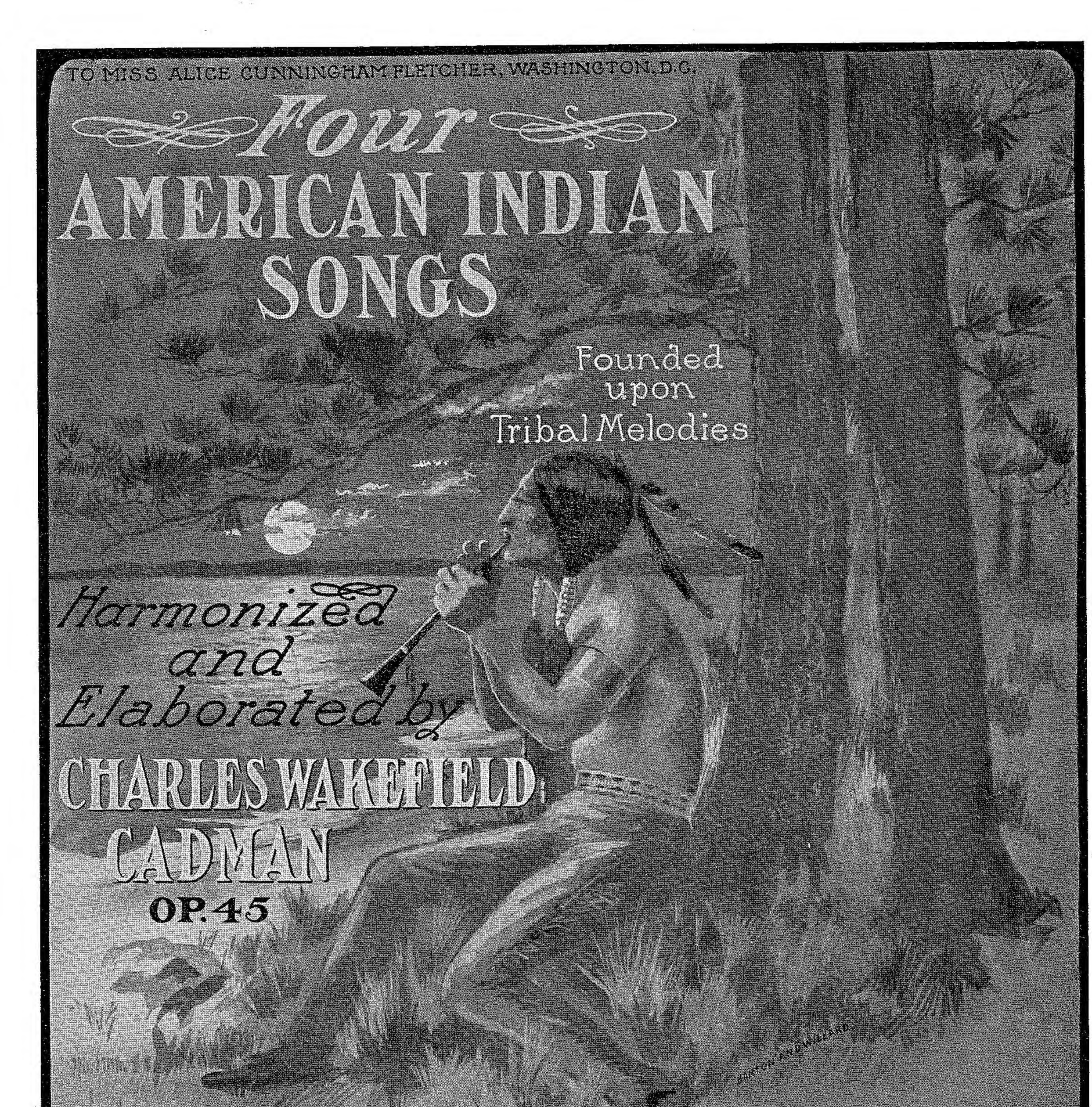
WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

Boston New York Chicago

TO MISS ALICE CUNNINGHAM FLETCHER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Four AMERICAN INDIAN SONGS

Founded upon Tribal Melodies



Harmonized and Elaborated by

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

OP. 45

1. From the land of the Sky-blue Water.
2. The White Dawn is Stealing.
3. Far Off I Hear A Lover's Flute.
4. The Moon Drops Low.

TENOR BARITONE

WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.
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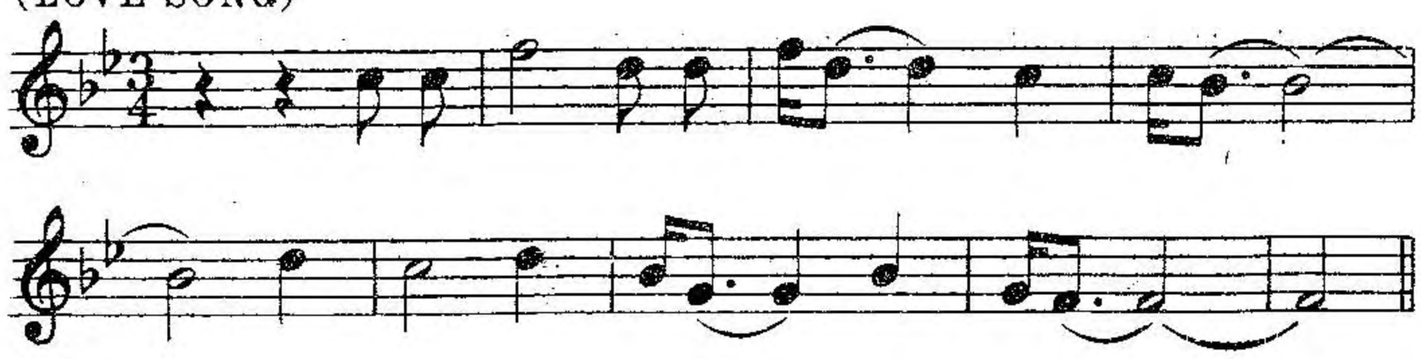
From the Land of the Sky-blue Water

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

Voice

Piano

pp *Moderately, but increasing in time and tone to end of Introduction*

con moto

From the Land of the Sky - blue Wa - ter, ——

ff

mf

—— They brought a cap - - tive

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* Flageolet Love Call of the Omahas

broadly

maid; _____ And her eyes they are

f

lit _____ with light-nings _____ Her

maestoso

heart is not _____ a - fraid! _____

ff

dim - - in - - u - - en - -

rall.

Lento

pp *mezza voce*

a tempo

But I steal to her lodge ___ at dawn - ing, ___

do

Lento

pp

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

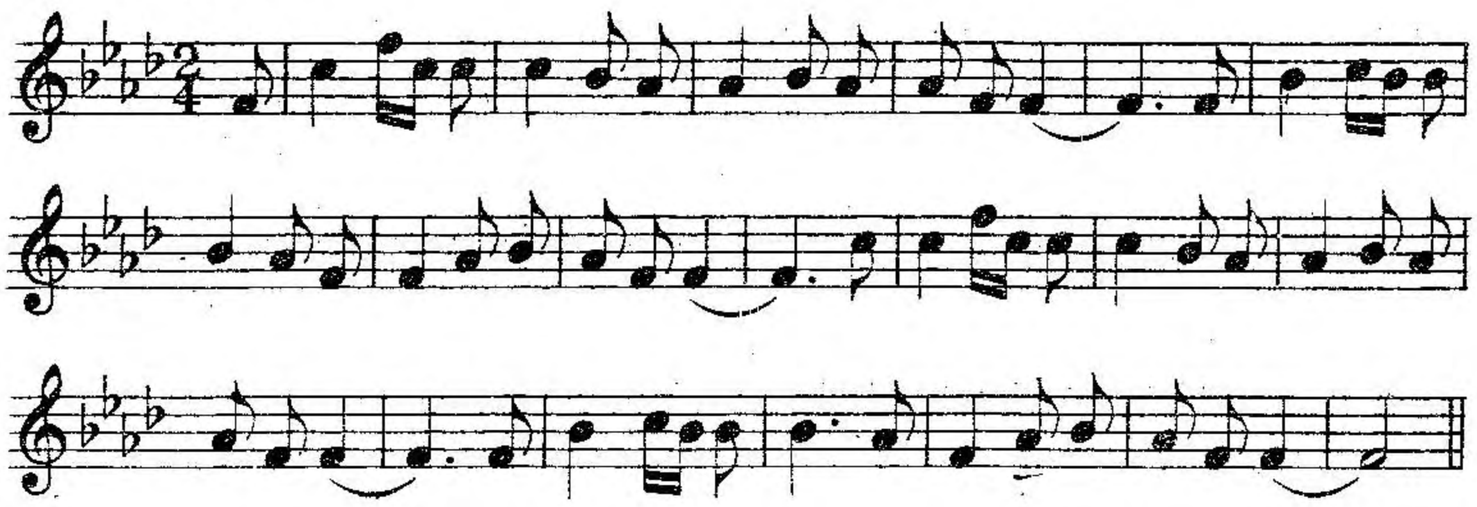
The White Dawn is Stealing

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!

Nelle 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

Voice

The white dawn is steal - ing a -

Piano

mf *pp*

bove the dark ce - dar trees, The young corn is

wav - ing its blades in the morn - ing breeze; The

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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

sighs for love. ___

rall.

rall.

mf

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.

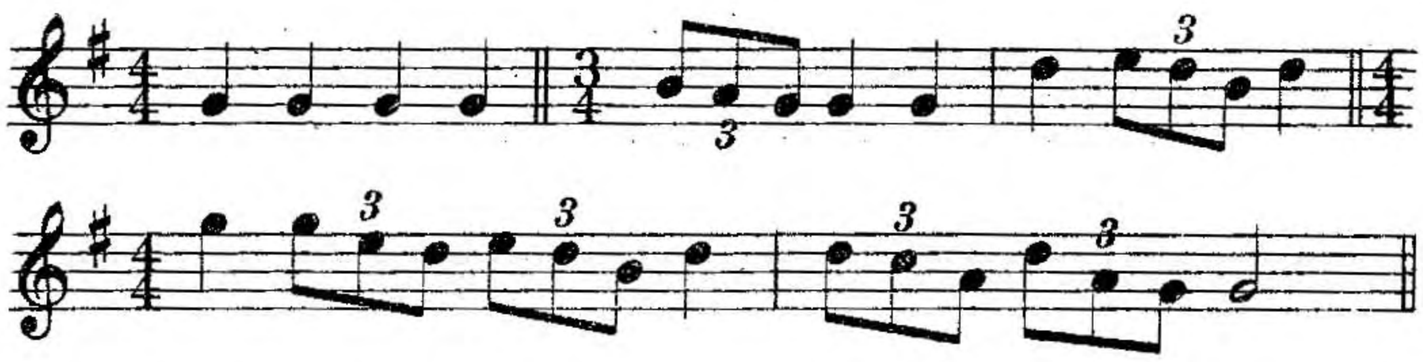
con moto.

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

Voice

Piano

♩ = 96

Smoothly and softly

About ♩. = 80

pp

Far off I hear a lov - er's flute A - cry - ing thro' the gloom; Far

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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

forth to meet the Day, While dim and white the

pp

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

hap - py lov - ers play? _____ Ah! far and white my

ff

ff

ritard

loved one walks A - long the Spir - it Way!

ritard

fff a tempo

trem.

mf

pp

Ah!

dim. et rit.

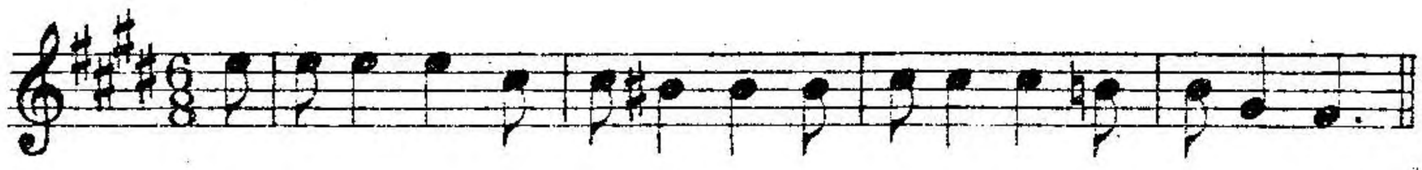
pp *rit.* *ppp*

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

Majestically, with great dignity ♪ = 116

Voice

Piano

ff

The moon drops low that once soared high As an

mf

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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

molto

No

espressivo

dawn for us, and no ris - ing sun!

mf

pp

ppp

Ah!

rall.

ppp

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

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2. THE WHITE DAWN IS STEALING
3. FAR OFF I HEAR A LOVER'S FLUTE
4. THE MOON DROPS LOW

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