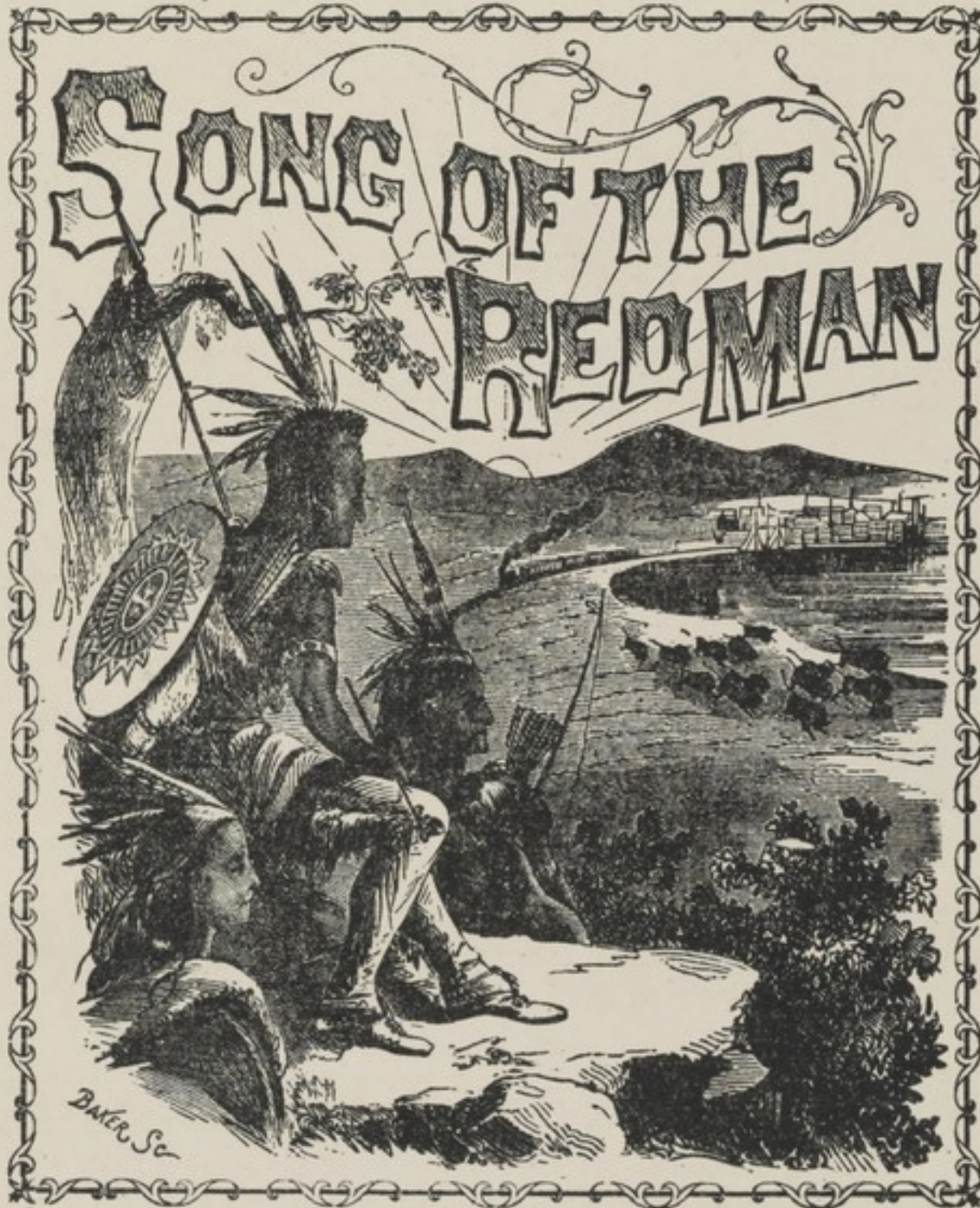


SONG OF THE RED MAN



SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

HENRY C. WORK.

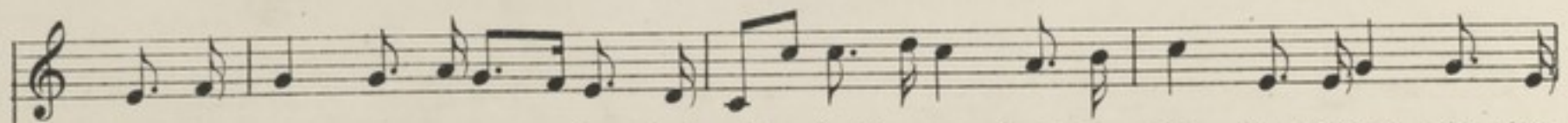
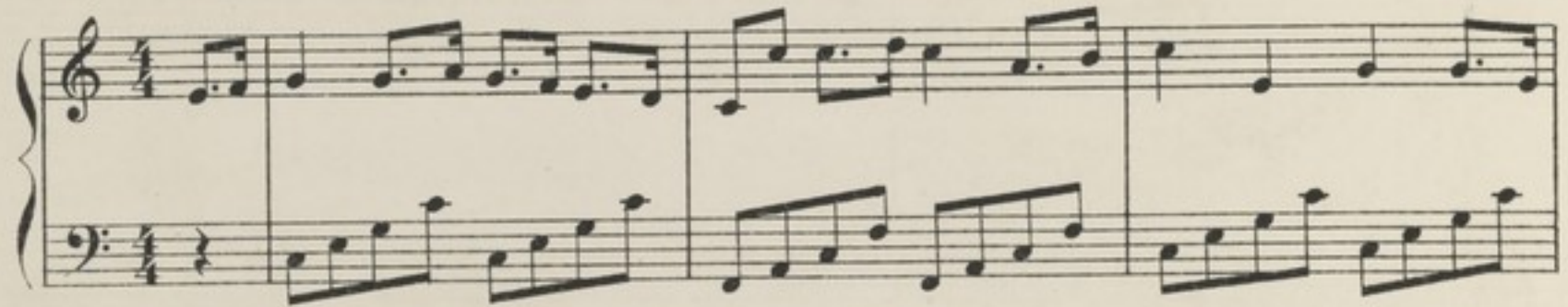
CLEVELAND:

PUBLISHED BY S. BRAINARD'S SONS, 203 SUPERIOR STREET.

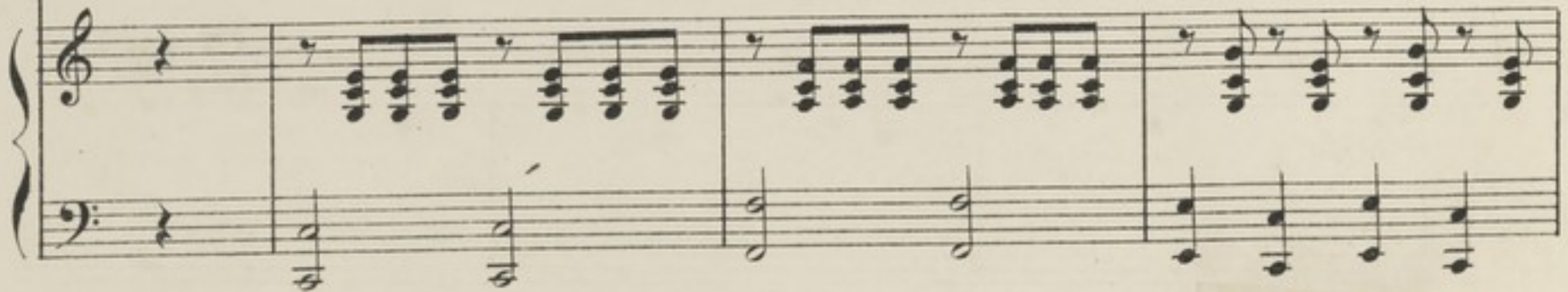
3½

The Song Of The Red Man

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK
Vineland, N. J. No 41



When the pale - fa - ces came in their white-wing'd ca-noes, Long a - go, from the sun - ris - ing
We re - ceiv'd them with glad - ness, as Sons of the Sky We be - liev'd them of heav - en - ly
When the oaks, pines and ce - dars were fell'd to the ground, 'Twas a sight that with sor - row we



sea When they ask'd for a lodge, and we did not re-fuse Hap - py
 birth; But a - las! to our sor - row we found by and by, That like
 saw; For the game fled af-fright - ed, and no food was found For the

then was the red man, and free. He could then choose a spot for his
 us they were born of the earth. By their false trad - ers wrong'd, by their
 old chief, the pa - poose and squaw. Driv - en west - ward we came, but the

wig - wam to stand, Where the for - est was crowd - ed with game; For the
 fire - wa - ter craz'd, There was no one our braves to re - strain; So the
 pale-face was here, With his sharp axe and death-flash-ing gun; And his

blue - roll - ing lake and the ev - er smil - ing land Were his own till the pale - fa - ces came
 swift ar - row flew, and the tom - a - hawk was rais'd While we both morn'd the blood of our slain;
 great i - ron horse now is rumbling in the rear O, my brave men! your jour - ney is done.

For the broad grass - y plains and the for - ests deep and grand, Were his own till the pale - fa - ces came.
 So the smoke - wreath did cease from the cal - u - met of peace, While we both mourn'd the blood of our slain.
 Like the bea - ver and elk like the buf - fa - lo and deer O, my brave men! your jour - ney is done.

Chorus

AIR

They came! they came! like the fierce prai - rie flame, Sweeping on to the sun - set - ting shore:

ALTO

They came! they came! like the fierce prai - rie flame, Sweeping on to the sun - set - ting shore:

TENOR

They came! they came! like the fierce prai - rie flame, Sweeping on to the sun - set - ting shore:

BASS

Gazing now on its waves, but a hand-ful of braves, We shall join in the chase nev-er-more

Gazing now on its waves, but a hand-ful of braves, We shall join in the chase nev-er-more

Till we camp on the plains where the Great Spir-it reigns, We shall join in the chase nev-er-more.

Till we camp on the plains where the Great Spir-it reigns, We shall join in the chase nev-er-more.