102

2

— THE —

DEATH SONG

— of the —

CHEROKEE INDIANS,

AN ORIGINAL AIR brought from AMERICA.

By a Gentleman, long Conversant with the Indian Tribes.

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Andante

: The Sun ſets in Night, and the Stars ſhun the Day, but

Glory remains when their lights fade a_way: Be_gin, ye Tormentors, your

Threats are in vain, for the Son of ALKNOMOOK ſhall never complain.

2

Remember the Arrows he ſhot from his Bow,
Remember your Chiefs by his Hatchet laid low;
Why ſo ſlow! do you wait till I ſhrink from the Pain.
No the Son of ALKNOMOOK will never complain.

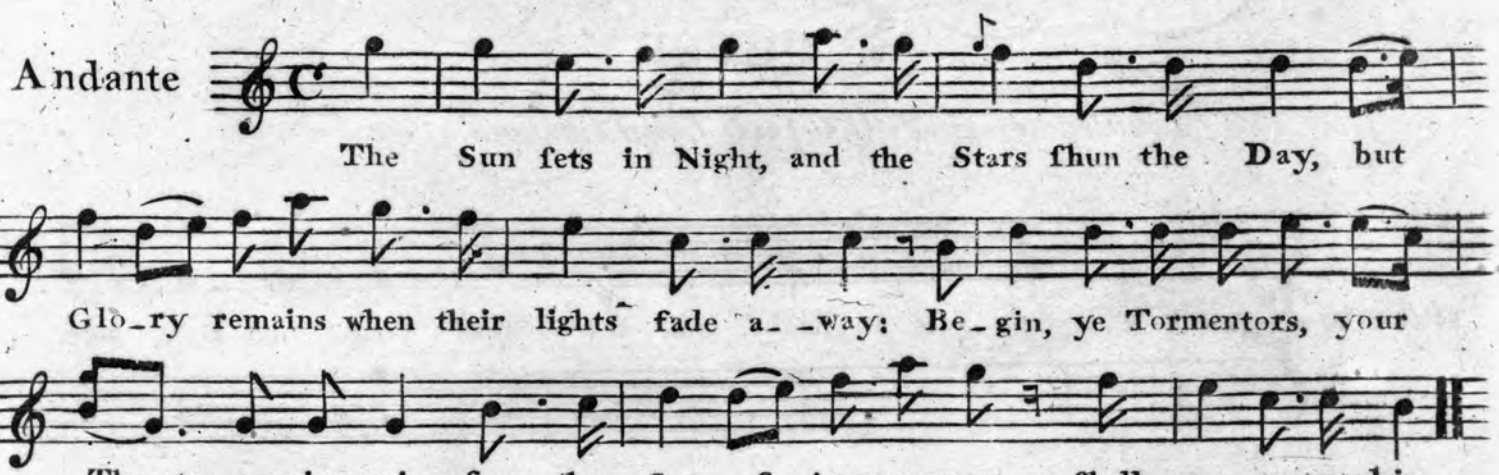
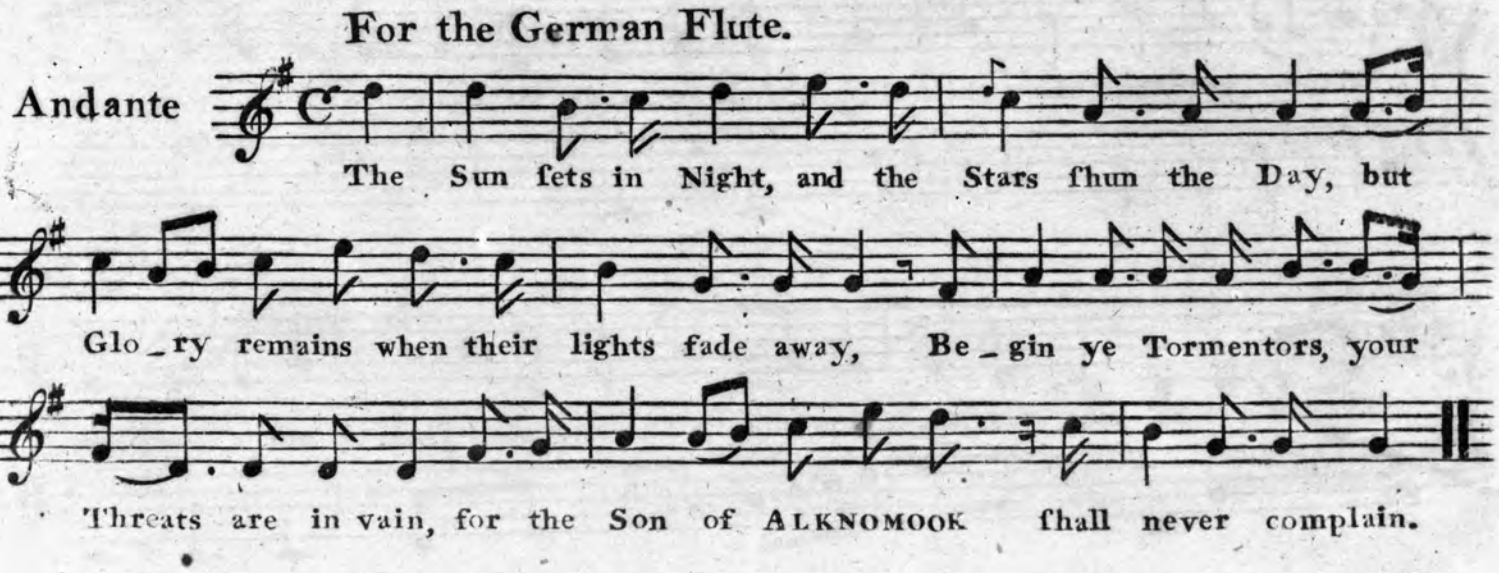
3

Remember the Wood were in Ambush we lay,
And the Scalps which we bore from your Nation away:
Now the Flame rises fast—You exult in my Pain,
But the Son of ALNOMOOK can never complain.

4

I go to the Land where my Father is gone;
His Ghost ſhall rejoice in the Fame of his Son:
Death comes like a Friend he relieves me from Pain,
And thy Son O ALKNOMOOK has ſcorn'd to complain.

For the Guitar.



For the German Flute.