The celebrated
DEATH SONG
of the
Cherokee Indians
Price 1d.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No.26 Cheapside and No.13 Hay Market
Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Violini
Flauti e Voce
Andante Espressivo

The Sun sets in
Night, and the Stars range the Day; But Glory remains when their
lights fade away, but glory remains when their lights fade a-
way.

mentors, your threats are in vain for the Son of ALKOMOOK shall
never complain, for the Son of ALKOMOOK 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 'til I think from the Pain?
No, the Son of ALKOMOOK will never complain.

3

Remember the Wood where in Ambush we lay,

And the Scalps which we bore from your Nations away.

Now the flame rites fast, you exult in my pain,
But the Son of ALKOMOOK 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 ALKOMOOK, has scorn'd to complain.

German Flute or Guitar

Andante
Expresivo

The Sun sets in Night and the Stars shine the Day but

Glo-ry re-mains when their lights fade a-way; but Glo-ry re-

mains when their lights fade a-way; Be-gin, ye Tor-men-tors, your

Threats are in vain, for the Son of ALKOMOOK shall ne-ver com-

plain, for the Son of ALKOMOOK shall ne-ver complain.