THE DEATH SONG
of the
CHEROKEE INDIANS,
AN ORIGINAL AIR brought from AMERICA.
By a Gentleman, long Conversant with the Indian Tribes.

Price 6d.

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

Glory remains when their lights fade away: Begin, 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 Alknomook 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.

Andante

The Sun sets in Night, and the Stars shine the Day, but
Glo-ry remains when their lights fade away; Be-gin, ye Torments, your
Threats are in vain, for the Son of Alknomook shall never complain.

For the German Flute.

Andante

The Sun sets in Night, and the Stars shine the Day, but
Glo-ry remains when their lights fade away, Be-gin ye Torments, your
Threats are in vain, for the Son of Alknomook shall never complain.