

— THE —
DEATH SONG
 — of the —
CHEROKEE INDIANS,

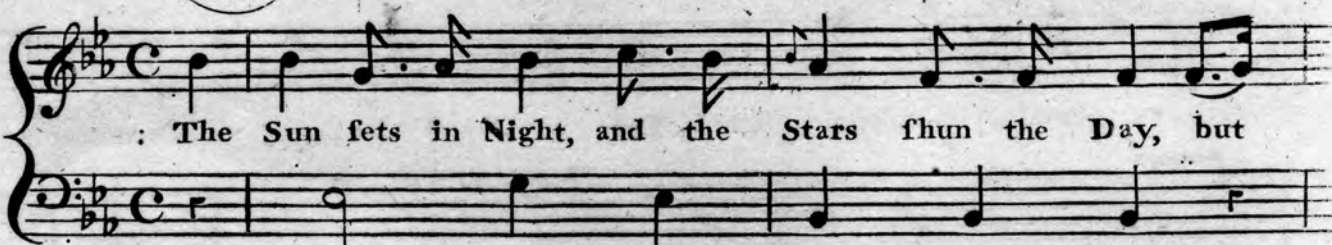
*AN ORIGINAL AIR brought from AMERICA,
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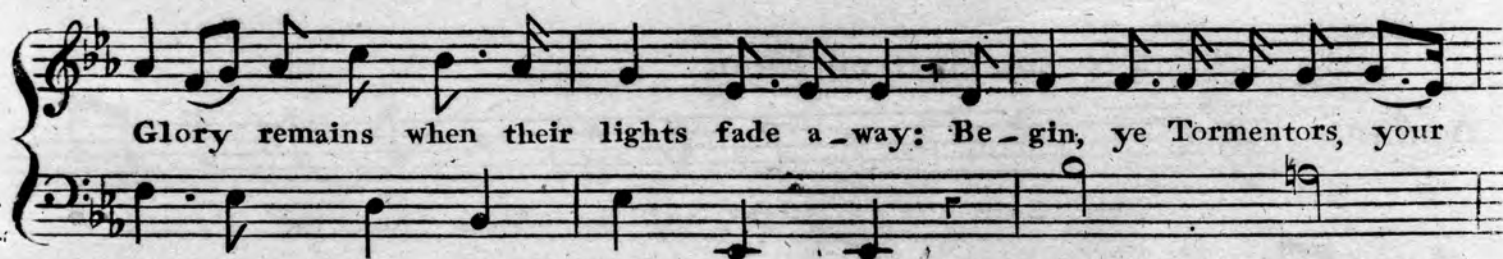
London

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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 flow! 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 shun the Day, but



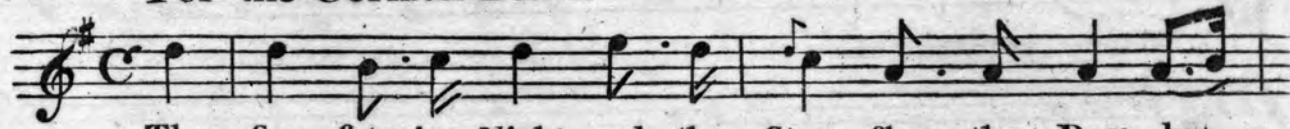
Glo-ry remains when their lights fade a-way: Be-gin, ye Tormentors, your



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 shun the Day, but



Glo-ry remains when their lights fade away, Be-gin ye Tormentors, your



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