

THE INDIAN HUNTER,



A SONG

Written by

ELIZA COOK.

THE MUSIC

Composed & Dedicated to

HENRY JOHN SHARPE, E.S.Q.
AS A MARK OF ESTEEM
BY HIS FRIEND
HENRY RUSSELL.

Printed & Published by

NEW YORK

Published by WILLIAM HALL & SON 229 Broadway Corner of Park Place

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

Words by Eliza Cook.

Music by Henry Russell.

easi *riva* *ce*

Oh why does the white man follow my Path, Like the hound on the tiger's track, Does the
flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath, Does he covet the bow at my back.

Like the hound on the ti - ger's track; Does the

flush on my dark cheek wa ken his wrath, Does he co - vet the bow at my back . He has

rivers and seas where the billows and breeze,Rear ribbes for him a - lone, And the

sons of the wood never plunge in the flood, Which the white man calls his own . Yha - then

4

why should he come to the streams where none, But the red skin dare to
swim; Why, why should he wrong the hun _ ter one, who never did harm to
him . Yha _____ yha _____ yha _____
yha _____ yha yha _____ yha _____ yha _____
Ad lib.

66x

ya.

The Fa _ ther a _ bove thought fit to give, The white man corn and

wine; There are gol _ den fields where he may live, But the

for _ est shades are mine. The

white man corn and wine; There are gol - den fields where they may live, But the
 fo - rest shades are mine. The ea - gle hath its plac of rest, The
 wild horse where to dwell, And the spirit that gave the bird its nest, Made
 me a home as well. Yha — Then back go back from the red manstrack, For the

Ad libitum

