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Dark eye has left us.

Boston: Oliver Ditson (115 Washington St.), 1843

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"THE DARK EYE HAS LEFT US."

Song of

INDIAN WOMEN

FROM A POEM ENTITLED

The Bridal of Pennacook.

BY

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MUSIC COMPOSED & DEDICATED TO HIS FRIENDS AND LOVERS OF SONG ON THE

BEAUTIFUL BANKS OF THE

Merrimac River

by

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

30 cts. nett.

BOSTON

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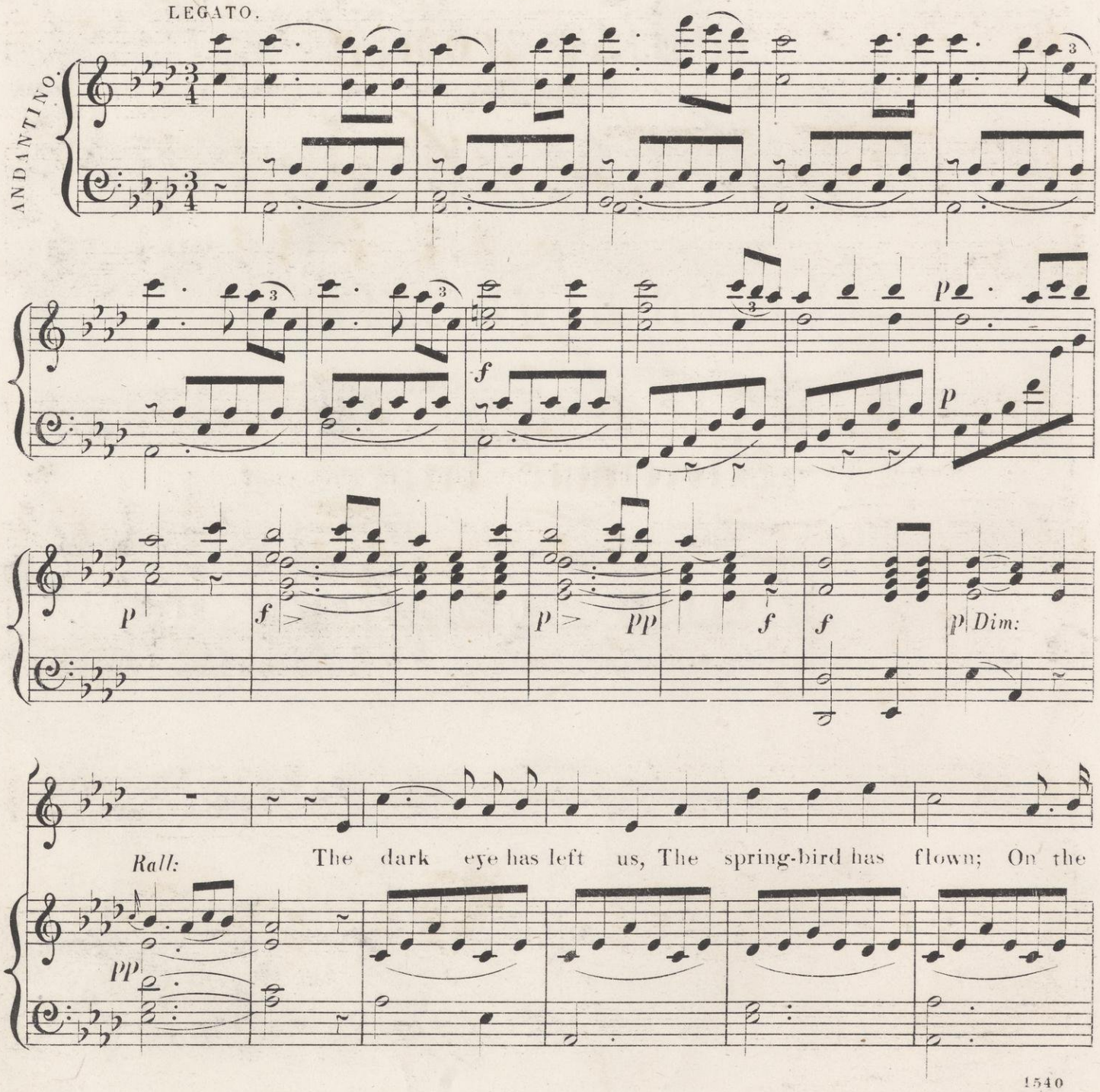
SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

Poetry by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Music by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

Passaconaway, the great Chief of the Pennacook tribe of Indians which inhabited that part of New Hampshire where Concord now stands, had an only daughter who was married to a chief of another tribe. In the spring following her marriage the young wife visited her father, escorted by her husband and the principal warriors of his tribe, with much pomp and ceremony — She remained with her father during the summer months and in autumn she wished to return to her new home — Passaconaway sent notice to the young chief, requesting him to come and take his wife back again — According to the notion of Indian life he felt indignant at this message, replying, that her father ought to send her back with as brave an escort as she came with — This roused the pride of the great Sachem, and he would not permit his daughter to return — At the breaking up of the ice in the Merrimac river in the spring, she attempted to make her escape to her husband by paddling her way alone in a canoe, and perished in descending the falls of the river. — This song is that of the women of her tribe.



pathway of spirits She wan-ders a - lone. The song of the

wood-dove has died on our shore; Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat wonck kunna

monee! Mat wonck kunna monee! We hear it no more.

* Translation — We see her or hear her no more.

4

Oh! dark water spirit! We cast on thy wave These furs that may

never Hang o - - ver her grave; Bear down to our lost one the

robes which she wore, Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat

wonck kunna monee!—We see her no more.

Of the

PP *PP* *f* *f>* *Dim:* *PP* *Rall:PP*

strange land she walks in No Powah* has told: It may burn with the

sunshine, Or freeze with the cold. Let us give to our lost one the

f> *f* *p* *pp* *f*

robes which she wore. Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat

8va

f> *f* *p>* *pp*

* Indian Priest.

6

f *Rall:P* *Rall:*

wonck kunna monee! We see her no more. *f*

f *p* *Rall:* *f*

p *p* The

f *Dim:* *Rall: PP*

path she is treading Shall soon be our own; Each gli - ding in

shadow Un - - seen and a - lone! — In vain shall we call on the

souls gone be fore— Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat wonck kunna monee! Mat

wonck kunna monee!—They hear us no more.

5

Oh mighty Sowanna!*

Thy gateways unfold,

From thy wigwam of sunset

Lift curtains of gold!

Take home the poor spirit whose journey is o'er—

Mat wonck kunna monee!—We see her no more.

* Sowanna. The great south-west God.