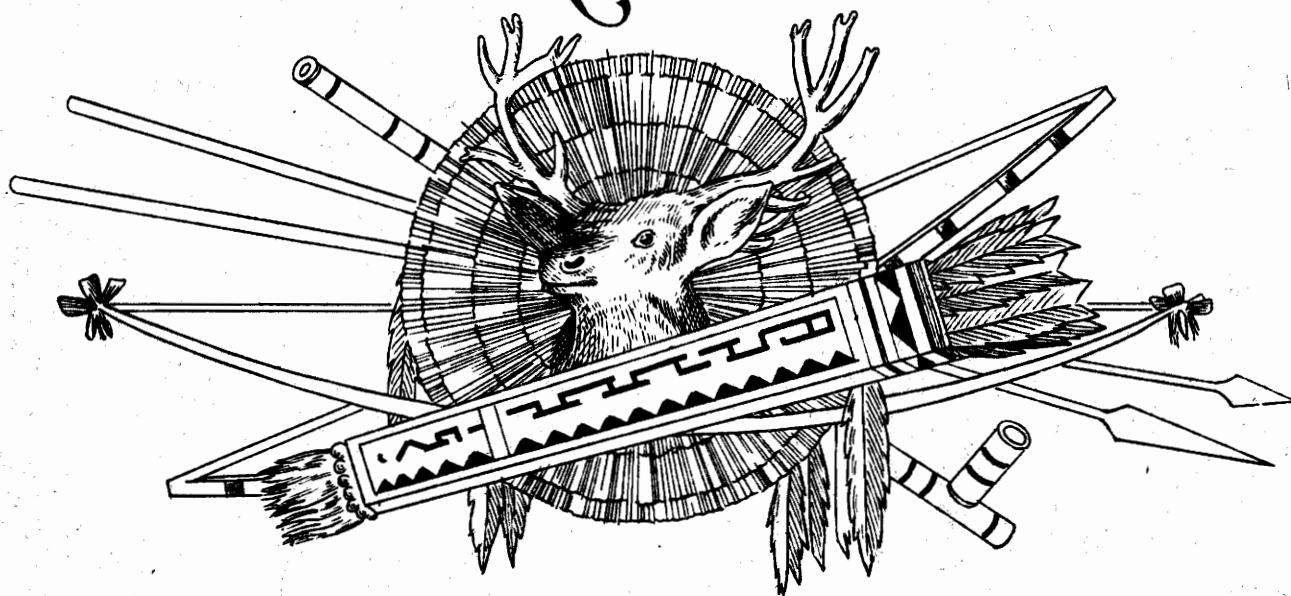


Melodrama of Hiawatha

Saidee Knowland Coe



· CHICAGO ·
CLAYTON F. SUMMY CO. 220 WABASH AVE.
WEEKES & CO. LONDON

WRITTEN FOR AND DEDICATED TO
ISABEL GARGHILL BEECHER

Melodrama
of Hiawatha
SELECTIONS FROM THE POEM
by
LONGFELLOW

MUSICAL SETTING FOR PIANOFORTE
by
Saidee Knowland Coe

Price \$ 2.00

CHICAGO
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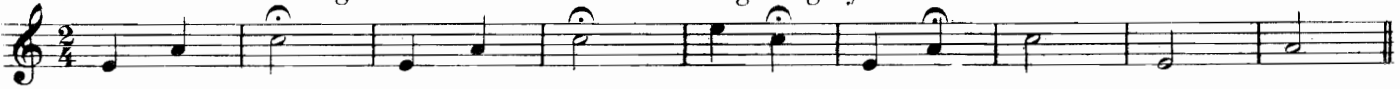
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Thematic Material

Omaha Warrior Song. Used as Hiawatha Theme



Cherokee Cradle Song. Used as basis for cradle song sung by Nokomis



Omaha Love Song. Used as Love Theme



Dance Song. Used as Forest Theme



Scalping Song. Used where Hiawatha hunts the deer



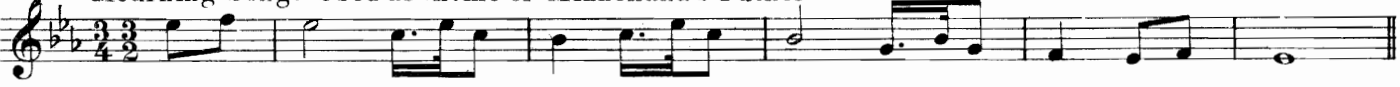
War Dance. Introduced at festivities attending Hiawatha's killing the deer



Fragment from Love Song. Used as Nokomis Theme



Mourning Song. Used as theme of Minnehaha's Father



Arapahoe Ghost Dance. Used as Famine Theme



Omaha Death Chant. Used as Minnehaha's Death Theme



Omaha Prayer. Used as Faith Theme at the end



The Minnehaha Theme used throughout the work is not Indian



INTRODUCTION

Just how much influence the melodies of the aboriginal inhabitants of America are to have upon American composition is a question upon which musicians heartily disagree. Not a few there are who claim that in the melodies of the North American Indians we have the real American folk music. Citing Liszt's immortalizing of the Hungarian Czardas, the picture of Polish joys and sorrows which Chopin has given the world through his use of folk melodies and dance forms, the work of Grieg in Scandinavia, Dvorak in Bohemia, Tschaiakowsky in Russia and innumerable other examples of national composition based upon national folk music, these enthusiasts claim that in the haunting little musical fragments of the red men we have the basis for a national school of composition. Others, on the contrary, claim that, in view of the fact that the Indian music *is* folk music in its purest form, that is, the expression of the lives, superstitions and customs of a people as far removed, in point of mental contact, from real American life as the inhabitants of the most remote islands of the sea, for that reason Indian music *cannot* form the basis for American national composition. It may also be urged that the Indian melodies lose much of their effectiveness when taken away from the conditions with which they are associated by the Indians themselves. It is not certain that they are capable of the elaboration of the modern school of composition without losing so much of their original charm as practically to destroy their native worth. This question, like many others, must be left to the future to decide.

In the present setting of selections from our greatest poem of Indian life, Longfellow's "Hiawatha," genuine Indian melodies have been used as themes and the Indian rhythms kept throughout, for the sake of giving to the music the same aboriginal flavors suggested by the descriptions of the poem. For the same reason the temptation to give elaborate piano development has been resisted and the themes have been kept in the atmosphere of their native simplicity. The rolling drum accompaniment which the Indians use so commonly with their singing, is frequently suggested by the tremolo in the bass. The themes are used, in their application to the poem, in such a way as to preserve as nearly as possible the sentiments attached to them by the Indians themselves. For example the musical setting to the scene where Minnehaha's father sits mourning over the warriors, now dead, who used to buy his arrows, is based upon a little mourning theme which the old men of the Omaha tribe sing over and over again as they sit around the fire tearfully bewailing their friends slain in battle.

The Indian material is used with the permission of Professor F.W. Putnam Peabody Professor of American Archeology and Ethnology in Harvard University, and of Miss Alice C. Fletcher, from whose collection of Indian melodies many of the themes are taken.

S.K.C.
Evanston, Ill.

SAIDEE KNOWLAND COE

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 With the odors of the forest,
 With the dew and damp of meadows,
 With the curling smoke of wigwams,
 With the rushing of great rivers,
 With their frequent repetitions,
 And their wild reverberations,
 As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,

"From the lips of Nawadaha,
 The musician, the sweet singer?"

Should you ask where Nawadaha
 Found these songs so wild and wayward,
 Found these legends and traditions,
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 "In the bird's-nests of the forest,
 In the lodges of the beaver,
 In the hoof-prints of the bison,
 In the eyry of the eagle!"

"All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
 In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
 In the melancholy marshes?"

If still further you should ask me,
 Saying, "Who was Nawadaha?"
 Tell us of this Nawadaha,"
 I should answer your inquiries
 Straightway in such words as follow.

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
 In the green and silent valley,
 By the pleasant water-courses,
 Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.

"There he sang of Hiawatha,
 Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
 Sang his wondrous birth and being,

How he prayed and how he fasted,
 How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
 That the tribes of men might prosper,
 That he might advance his people!"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
 Love the sunshine of the meadow,
 Love the shadow of the forest,
 Love the wind among the branches,
 And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
 And the rushing of great rivers
 Through their palisades of pine-trees,
 And the thunder in the mountains,
 Whose innumerable echoes
 Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
 Listen to these wild traditions,
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,
 Love the ballads of a people,
 That like voices from afar off
 Call to us to pause and listen,
 Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
 Scarcely can the ear distinguish
 Whether they are sung or spoken;—
 Listen to this Indian Legend,
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
 Who have faith in God and Nature,
 Who believe that in all ages
 Every human heart is human,
 That in even savage bosoms
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings
 For the good they comprehend not,
 That the feeble hands and helpless,
 Groping blindly in the darkness,
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness
 And are lifted up and strengthened;—
 Listen to this simple story,
 To this song of Hiawatha!

Mysteriously, suggesting drum beat heard in the distance



The musical score consists of five systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The notation includes various rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes. Dynamic markings include *cresc.*, *rit.*, *ff*, and *a tempo*. The tempo/mood instruction *Bold and warlike* is written above the fourth system.

cresc.

rit.

ff
a tempo

Bold and warlike

rit. *poco a poco*

Dreamily
♩ = 80

8

The image displays a page of musical notation for piano, consisting of five systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures (one sharp), and time signatures (4/4, 6/4, and 2/4). The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Performance instructions are written in italics: *rit*, *rit molto*, *a tempo*, *accel.*, *tremolo*, and *rit.*. The notation also includes dynamic markings like *8* and *3*, and various accidentals (sharps, flats, naturals). The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata.

First Part

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,

Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled old Nokomis

Slow rocking motion

Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!”
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?

With his great eyes lights the wigwam? Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;

Mysteriously. ♩ = 100

Heard the whispering of the pine-trees, Heard the lapping of the waters,

Sounds of music, words of wonder, "Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees, "Mudway-aushka!" said the water

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee, Flitting through the dusk of evening,

With the twinkle of its candle Lighting up the brakes and bushes, And he sang the song of children, Sang the song No-komis taught him:

“Wah-wah-taysee,
little fire-fly, Little, flitting,
white-fire insect, Little, dancing, white-fire creature,

Light me with your little candle, Ere upon
my bed I lay me, *rit - e - smorz.*
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!”

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them “Hiawatha's Chickens.”

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so switly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,

Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them “Hiawatha's Brothers.”

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawtha:
“Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!”

♩ = 100
Forth into the forest straightway *tremolo* All alone walked Hiawatha

Proudly, with his bow and arrows, And the birds sang round him, o'er him,

“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”

Sang the robin, the Opechee, Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" Up the oak-tree, close beside him,

Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo, In and out among the branches,

Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree, Laughed and said

between his laughing, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway Leaped aside, and at a distance

Sat erect upon his haunches, Half in fear and half in frolic,

Saying to the little hunter, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
 For his thoughts were with the red deer;
 On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
 Leading downward to the river,
 To the ford across the river,

Stealthily
 ♩ = 63

And as one in slumber walked he, Hidden in the alder bushes,

There he waited till the deer came, Till he saw two antlers lifted,

Saw two eyes look from the thicket, Saw two nostrils point to windward,

And a deer came down the pathway Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

♩ = 100

And his heart within him fluttered, Trembled like the leaves above him,

Like the birch-leaf palpitated, As the deer came down the pathway.

$\text{♩} = 63$

Then, upon one knee uprising, Hiawatha aimed an arrow;

With suppressed agitation
 $\text{♩} = 144$

pp

Scarcely a twig moved with his motion, Scarcely a leaf was stirred or

rustled, But the wary roebuck started,

ff - f Stamped with all his hoofs together, *pp* Listened with one foot uplifted,

ff rit. Leaped as if to meet the arrow; Ah! the stinging, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

With feeling

♩ = 72

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer.

pp rit.

♩ = 100

But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,

As he bore the
red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis

p *ff*

Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.

Joyfully

♩ = 120 8

mp *f* All the village came and feasted, *f* All the guests praised Hiawatha, *f*

8 *f* Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha! *f*

f Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee! *f*

With sharp attack

♩ = 100

ff *f* *f*

f *f*

This musical score is for a piano piece, page 17, in D major. It consists of five systems of music, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings.

The first system features a treble staff with eighth-note chords and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment. The second system includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking in the first measure and an *a tempo* marking in the third measure. The third system features a *f* (forte) dynamic marking in the first measure. The fourth system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The fifth system concludes with a *rit.* marking in the final measure.

♩ = 120 8

ff *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f*

8

f *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f*

8

f *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f*

8

pp *pp* *tr*

8

pp *pp* *tr* *8va* *ff* *f*

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string

Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder.
He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deer-skin;
When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured!

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting,

$\text{♩} = 100$

Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings, Richly wrought with

quills and wampum On his head his eagle-feathers,

tremolo Round his waist his belt of wampum.

Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dacotahs?

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments
From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,
As one hears the Laughing Water

♩ = 80

From behind its screen of branches? Who shall say what dreams of beauty

Filled the heart of Hiawatha?

tempo rubato

rit. e smorz.

pp

"As unto the bow the cord is,
 So unto the man is woman,
 Though she bends him, she obeys him,
 Though she draws him, yet she follows,
 Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha

Said within himself and pondered,

Much perplexed by various feelings,

Listless, longing,

8- loco

hoping, fearing, *rit.* *loco* Dreaming still of

The first system shows a piano introduction in G major, 7/8 time. The right hand has a melodic line with a fermata over measures 8 and 13, marked *loco*. The left hand has a simple accompaniment. The lyrics "hoping, fearing, rit." are under the first part, and "Dreaming still of" is under the second part.

$\text{♩} = 120$ Minnehaha, Of the lovely Laughing Water, In the land of the Dacotahs. *rit.*

The second system is in 2/4 time, marked $\text{♩} = 120$. The piano introduction features a rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a simple accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics "Minnehaha, Of the lovely Laughing Water, In the land of the Dacotahs." are under the melody, with *rit.* at the end.

Very slowly. Recitative style

"Wed a maiden of your people," Warning said the old Nokomis; "Go not eastward, go not westward,"

The third system is in 3/2 time, marked *Very slowly. Recitative style*. The piano introduction features a rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a simple accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics "Wed a maiden of your people," "Warning said the old Nokomis;" and "Go not eastward, go not westward," are under the melody.

For a stranger, whom we know not! Like a fire upon the hearth-stone Is a neighbor's homely daughter,

The fourth system is in 3/2 time. The piano introduction features a rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a simple accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics "For a stranger, whom we know not! Like a fire upon the hearth-stone Is a neighbor's homely daughter," are under the melody.

daughter, Like the starlight or the moonlight Is the handsomest of strangers!"

The fifth system is in 3/2 time. The piano introduction features a rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a simple accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics "daughter, Like the starlight or the moonlight Is the handsomest of strangers!" are under the melody.

♩ = 80 *wherever Love Theme occurs*

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,

Very pleasant is the

firelight,
But I like the starlight better,

Better do I like the moonlight!"

Recitative

Gravely then said old Nokomis:

"Bring not here an idle maiden, Bring not here a useless woman, Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;

Bring a wife with nimble fingers, Heart and hand that move together, Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
 "In the land of the Dacotahs
 Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,

$\text{♩} = 120$ wherever Minnehaha theme occurs

Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Handsomest of all the women.

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics placed below the notes.

I will bring her to your wigwam, She shall run upon your

The second system continues the melody. It includes a measure with a triplet of eighth notes marked with '8' and '13'. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note pattern.

errands, Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,

The third system shows a change in the piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing a more active role. The melody continues with the lyrics 'errands, Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,'.

Be the sunlight of my people!"

The fourth system concludes the piece. It features a final, more complex piano accompaniment with a descending scale in the right hand. The melody ends with the lyrics 'Be the sunlight of my people!'.

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
 "Bring not to my lodge a stranger
 From the land of the Dacotahs!
 Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
 Often is there war between us,
 There are feuds yet unforgotten,
 Wounds that ache and still may open!"
 Laughing answered Hiawatha:

"For that reason, if no other,
 Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
 That our tribes might be united,
 That old feuds might be forgotten,
 And old wounds be healed forever!"
 Thus departed Hiawatha
 To the land of the Dacotahs,
 To the land of handsome women;

$\text{♩} = 100$ *pp* *8va*

Striding over moor and meadow, Through interminable forests, Through uninterrupted silence.

8va loco *8va loco* *8va loco*

With his moccasins of magic, At each stride a mile he measured; Yet the way seemed long before him,

And his heart outran his footsteps; And he journeyed without resting,

8

Till he heard the cataract's laughter,

8 *loco*

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha Calling to him through the silence.

"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured, "Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

(Listening)

loco *rit.*

On the outskirts of the forest,
 'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
 Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
 But they saw not Hiawatha;
 To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
 To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"
 Sent it singing on its errand,
 To the red heart of the roebuck;
 Threw the deer across his shoulder,
 And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
 Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
 Making arrow-heads of jasper,
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
 At his side, in all her beauty,
 Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
 Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
 Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
 Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
 And the maiden's of the future.

♩ = 72

He was thinking, as he sat there, Of the days when with such arrows He had struck the deer and bison,

On the Muskoday, the meadow; Shot the wild goose, flying southward,

On the wing, the clamorous Wawa: Thinking of the great war-parties,

How they came to buy his arrows, *ff* Could not fight without his arrows.

pp Ah, no more such noble warriors Could be found on earth as they were! Now

the men were all like women, Only used their tongues for weapons! *rit.* *pp*

$\text{♩} = 80$

mf She was thinking of a hunter,

From another tribe and country,

Who one morning, in the

Young and tall and very handsome,

Spring-time, Came to buy her father's arrows,

Sat and rested in the wigwam, *rit.*

Slowly

pp

Lingered long about the doorway,

Looking back as he

Dreamily

rit. molto

departed.

a tempo

She had heard her father

praise him,

Praise his courage and his wisdom;

Would he come again for arrows

rit.

To the Falls of Minnehaha?

On the mat her hands lay idle,

And her eyes were very

$\text{♩} = 100$

rit.

ppp

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,

dreamy.

ppp

Heard a rustling in the branches,

cresc.

And with glowing cheek and forehead,

With the deer upon his shoulders,

cresc.

Suddenly from out the woodlands

f

Hiawatha stood before them.

8va

ff



Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,

Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,



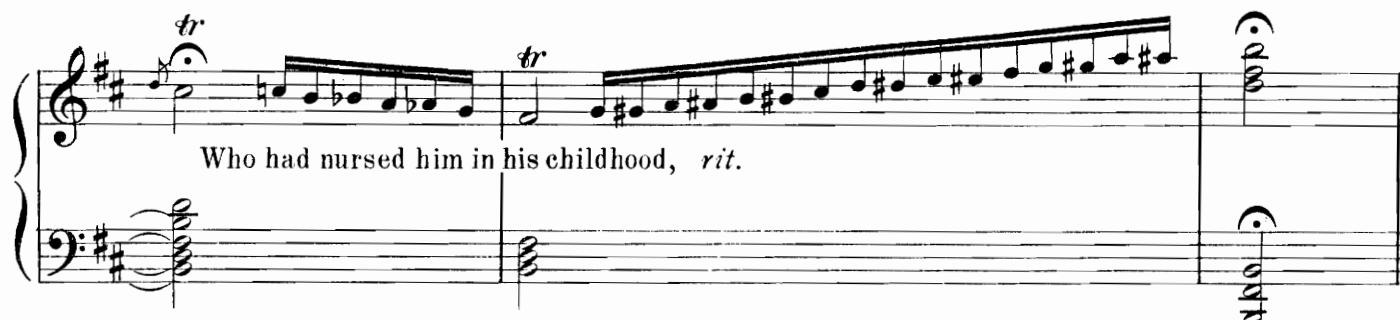
Listened while the guest was speaking,

Yes, as in a dream she listened



To the words of Hiawatha,

As he talked of old Nokemis,



Who had nursed him in his childhood, *rit.*

As he told of his companions,

And of happiness and plenty

In the land of the Ojibways,

In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."

Thus continued Hiawatha,

And then added, speaking slowly,

"That this peace may last forever,

And our hands be clasped more closely,

And our hearts be more united,

Give me as my wife this maiden,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water,

Lovliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

♩ = 120

And the lovely Laughing Water

Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,

Neither willing nor reluctant,

As she went to Hiawatha,

Softly

♩ = 72

took the seat beside him, While she said, and blushed to say it, "I will follow

you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;

$\text{♩} = 120$

Hand in hand they went together,

Through the woodland and the meadow,

$\text{♩} = 60$

Left the old man standing lonely

At the doorway of his wigwam,

$\text{♩} = 80$
8

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha

Calling to them from the distance,

8

Crying to them from afar off,

"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"
rit.

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:

♩ = 72

"Thus it is our daughters leave us, Those we love, and those who love us! Just when

they have learned to help us, When we are old and lean upon them, Comes a youth

with flaunting feathers, With his flute of reeds, a stranger Wanders

piping through the village, Beckons to the fairest maiden, And she follows

where he leads her, Leaving all things for the stranger!"

$\text{♩} = 100$

Pleasant was the journey homeward! All the birds sang loud and sweetly

Songs of happiness and heart's-ease; Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,

"Happy are you, Hiawatha, Having such a wife to love you!"

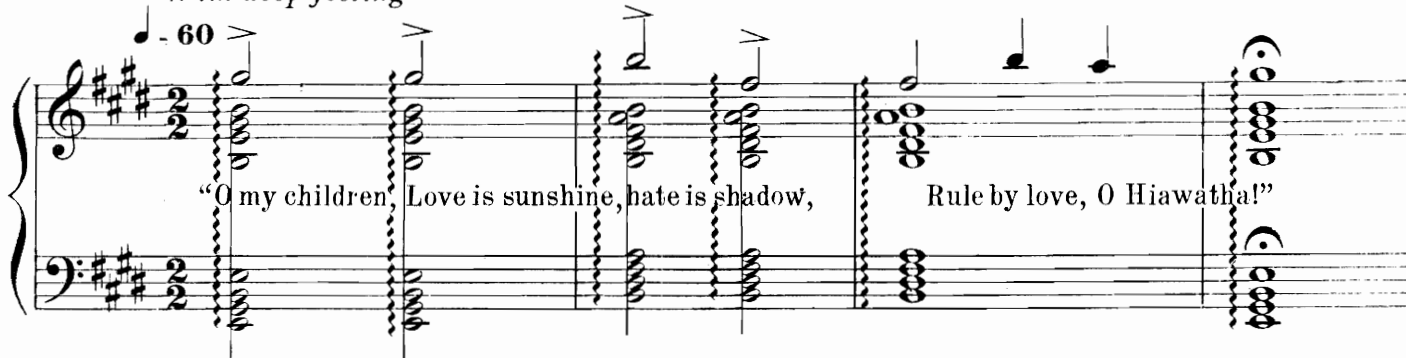
Sang the robin, the Opechee, "Happy are, Laughing Water,

Having such a noble husband!"

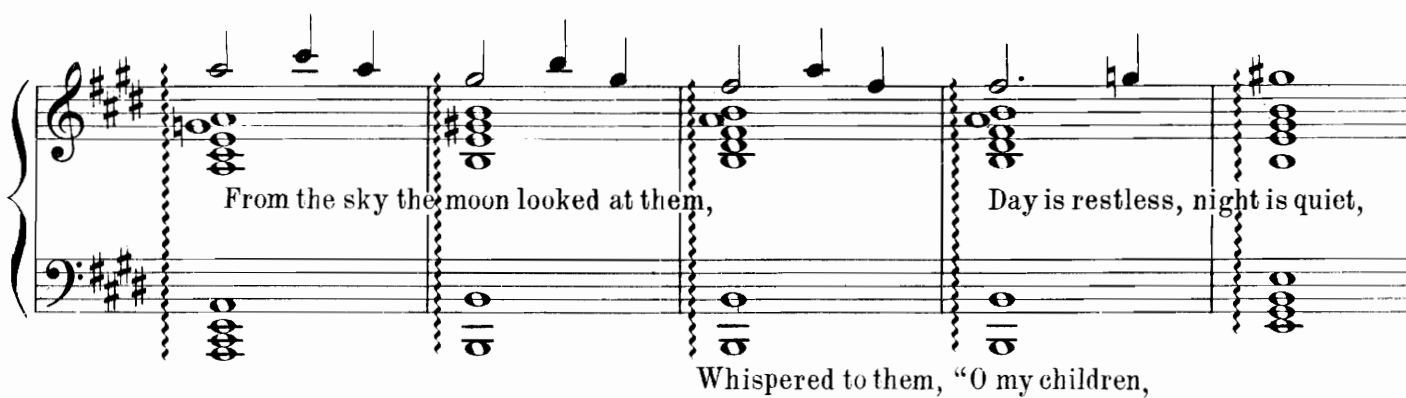
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them,

With deep feeling

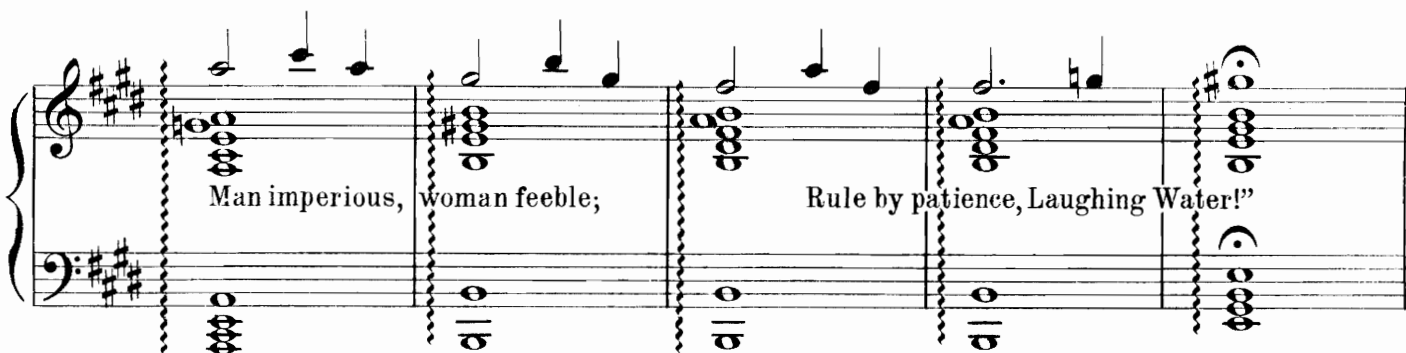
♩ - 60



"O my children, Love is sunshine, hate is shadow, Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"



From the sky the moon looked at them, Day is restless, night is quiet,
Whispered to them, "O my children,



Man imperious, woman feeble; Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis

♩ - 80



Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his people, Minnehaha, Laughing Water,

Handsome of all the women In the land of the Dacotahs,

In the land of handsome women.

In the land of handsome women.

In the land of handsome women.

Second Part

One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.

On their faces gleamed the fire-light,

And behind them crouched their shadows.

Homeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden;
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her.

Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;

As two women entered softly,

And they said, with gentle voices:
"We are ghosts of the departed,

Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you.

Farewell, noble Hiawatha!

We have found you great and noble.
Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden darkness
Fell and filled the silent wigwam.
Hiawatha heard a rustle
As of garments trailing by him,
Heard the curtain of the doorway
Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night air,
For a moment saw the starlight;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spirits.

Very slowly, the music always leading off

pp O the long and dreary Winter!

O the cold and cruel Winter! Ever thicker, thicker, thicker

Froze the ice on lake and river, Ever deeper, deeper, deeper

Fell the snow o'er all the landscape, Fell the covering snow, and drifted

Through the forest, round the village. Hardly from his buried wigwam

Could the hunter force a passage; With his mittens and his snow-shoes Vainly walked he through the forest,

Sought for bird or beast and found none, Saw no track of deer or rabbit,

In the snow beheld no footprints, In the ghastly, gleaming forest

Fell, and could not rise from weakness, Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever! O the wasting of the famine! O the blasting

of the fever! O the wailing of the children! O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow

At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

♩ = 72

Forth into the empty forest Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;

In his heart was deadly sorrow, In his face a stony firmness;

On his brow the sweat of anguish Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

Religioso. Slow, with dignity
Double drumbeat

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!" Cried he with his face uplifted

In that bitter hour of anguish, "Give your children food, O father!"

Give us food, or we must perish! Give me food for Minnehaha, For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest, Through the forest vast and vacant

Rang that cry of desolation, But there came no other answer Than

the echo of his crying, Than the echo of the woodlands.

Listening
pp

rit.

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward

From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,

$\text{♩} = 72$

"I will follow

you, my husband!"

8va

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She, the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"

Slow recitative

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis, "Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

With agitation

$\text{♩} = 72$ 8

"Look!" she said; "I see my father

8

Standing lonely at his doorway, Beckoning to me from his wigwam In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No my child!" said old Nokomis, "Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!"

$\text{♩} = 80$

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness, I can feel his icy fingers

Clasping mine amid the darkness! Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,

Heard the voice of Minnehaha

Calling to him in the darkness.

Listening
pp

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:

Wailing

"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
pp

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha

Lying dead and cold before him,

And his bursting heart within him

Uttered such a cry of anguish

That the forest moaned and shuddered,

That the very stars in heaven Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless, On the bed of Minnehaha, At the

feet of Laughing Water, At those willing feet, that never More would lightly run to meet him,

rall molto
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha; In the

snow a grave they made her, In the forest deep and darksome, Underneath the moaning hemlocks;

Clothed her in her richest garments, Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,

Covered her with snow, like ermine; Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted, On her grave four times was kindled, For her

soul upon its journey To the Islands of the Blessed.

From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,

Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
"Farewell!" said he,

$\text{♩} = 60$

"Minnehaha!"

Farewell, O my Laughing Water!

All my heart is buried with you,

All my thoughts go onward with you!

Come not back again to labor,

Come not back again to suffer,

Where the Famine and the Fever

Wear the heart and waste the body.

Soon my task will be completed, Soon your footsteps I shall follow

mf Voice following the music
To the Islands of the Blessed,

To the Kingdom of Ponemah, To the Land of the Hereafter!"

mp

Very slowly