The Sunset Trail

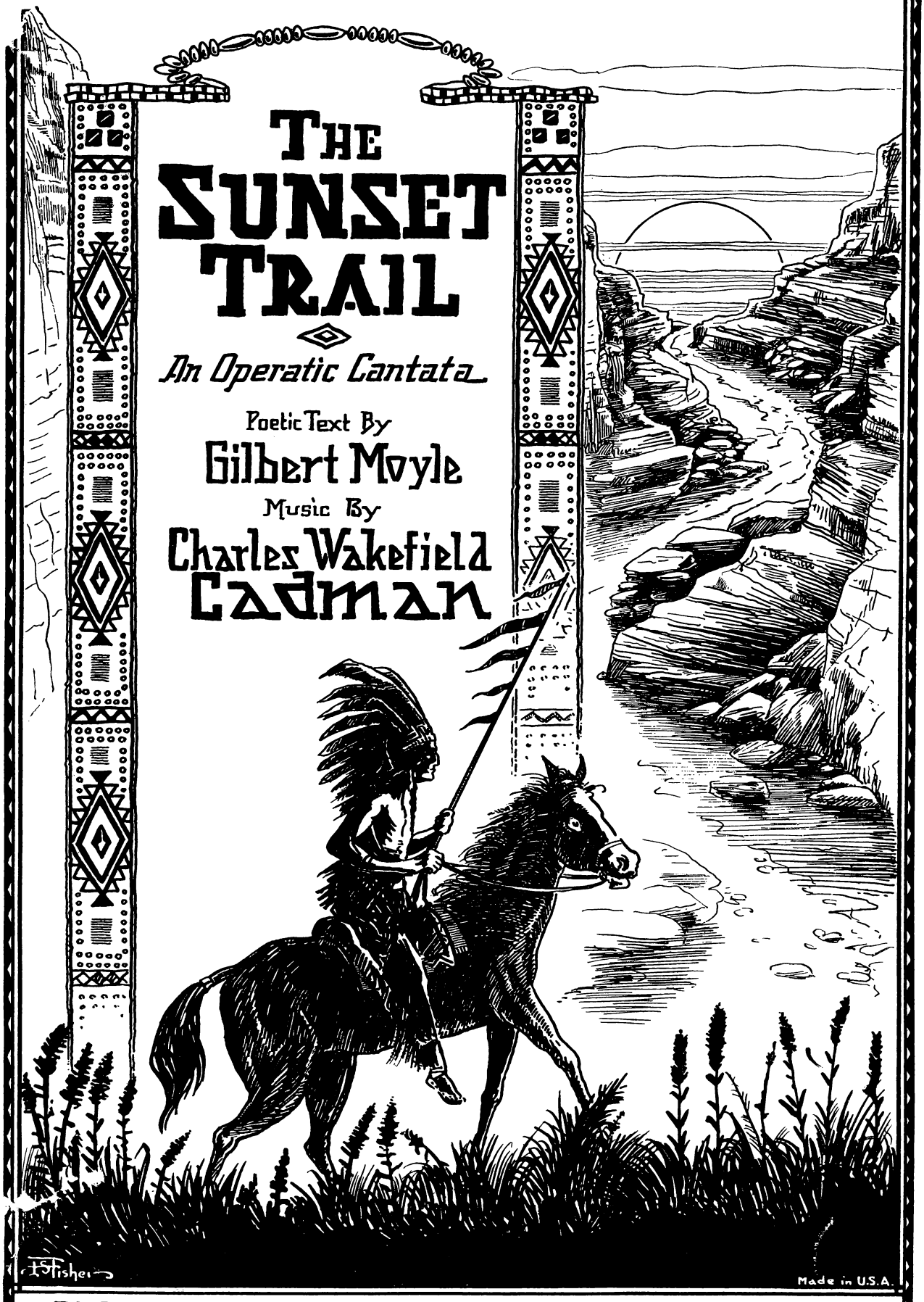
An Operatic Cantata

Poetic Text By

Gilbert Moyle

Music By

Charles Wakefield Cadman



White-Smith Music Publishing Company
BOSTON -- NEW YORK -- CHICAGO

Made in U.S.A.

THE
SUNSET TRAIL

AN OPERATIC CANTATA

Depicting the Struggles of the American Indians Against the Edict of the United States Government Restricting them to Prescribed Reservations.

POETIC TEXT BY

GILBERT MOYLE

MUSIC BY

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

Characters:

Wildflower	Contralto	**Gray Wolf**	Bass
Redfeather	Tenor	**Old Man**	Tenor
Chief	Baritone	**Medicine Man**	Tenor

Chorus of Warriors and Women of the Tribe.

WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

Copyright, 1925, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.

International Copyright Secured

THE SUNSET TRAIL

An Operatic Cantata

THE ARGUMENT

The Indians are gathered in council about a smouldering camp fire. The council opens with a prayer to the Great Spirit. GREY WOLF, the aggressive warrior, urges the tribe to renewed struggle against the whites, asserting that a prophet has foretold victory for the red men, and a return of the old freedom to roam the plains. OLD MAN counsels peace and submission to the White Father. MEDICINE MAN supports GREY WOLF'S contention by declaring that the holy men have noted signs portending great events. CHIEF orders the tribesmen to go into the hills and communewith the Great Spirit.

Scene II reveals the camp at break of day. REDFEATHER, the young warrior, appears to serenade his sweetheart, WILDFLOWER. After his stirring love song, WILDFLOWER emerges from her tepee and joins him in a duet, at the close of which she permits REDFEATHER to enfold her in his blanket, the accepted tribal act to establish a betrothal.

MEDICINE MAN and warriors enter singing the ceremonial song, "Awake, Awake!" to rouse the camp. A brave dashes in to report that the white soldiers have come to compel the tribe to go to the reservation. The warriors are called together and, led by the CHIEF and GREY WOLF, they depart to meet the whites in battle, despite the counsel of OLD MAN. The women utter a prayer for their braves and invoke victory from the Great Spirit. After an interval sounds of battle are heard in the distance. Presently the defeated braves straggle in, among them REDFEATHER, who is mortally wounded. WILDFLOWER rushes to meet him; he falls and, after promising to wait for her in the Spirit Land, dies in her arms. The tribe joins the CHIEF in a prayer to the Great Spirit, expressing submission to the will of destiny.

THE SUNSET TRAIL

An Operatic Cantata

PART I

Scene, an Indian camp in the mountains; time, sunset. Indians are gathered in silence about a smouldering fire. Chief, rising, addresses the Great Spirit.

CHIEF AND CHORUS

Great Spirit, O Great Spirit,
Thy people take
The sunset trail of destiny
Who once possessed
The fair rich valleys of the dawn.
Around a dying camp fire now
They dream old dreams of glory gone;
Old visions fade, more faintly come
The echoes of their battle song.
But still unconquered, free,
Still unafraid they face
Sunset and destiny.

Great Spirit, O Great Spirit,
Thou hast willed!
Great Spirit, O Great Spirit,
How high our yearnings, and how deep
Our woe.
Great Spirit, O Great Spirit,
Now sinks the sun;
The sound of battle dies away,
The day is done.

Great Spirit, O Great Spirit,
Thou hast willed!
Great Spirit, O Great Spirit,
We bow to destiny;
Over the sunset trail we come
To Thee, to Thee.
Great Spirit, O Great Spirit,
Thou hast willed!

GREY WOLF

The trails of other days
That led into the dawn,
Hear ye!
Grieve not for battles lost,
Days that are gone,
Hear ye!
For I have walked with him
Who hath communed with God.
Hear ye!

REDFEATHER

The Prophet!
Saw you the Prophet?

GREY WOLF

Hear ye!
The olden days shall come again,
The buffalo will roam the plain
That once more shall be ours.
So spake the Prophet!

REDFEATHER

The Prophet! It is he
Of whom the holy men have told.

GREY WOLF

The Prophet, yea, the Prophet!
In this unhappy hour he speaks
To bid our souls be strong.
And he who was foretold shall come
To reunite our scattered tribes.
One people shall they ever be,
In numbers as the stars,
And they shall repossess the earth.
So spake the Prophet, and bade us be strong!

CHORUS

Come, ye warriors,
The day of battle dawns;
Come, ye warriors,
The field of glory calls.
Come, ye warriors, come!

GREY WOLF

There shall be earthquakes and new earth
Shall cover all the land.
The white man shall be driven back.
So spake the Prophet!

CHORUS

Come, ye warriors,
The day of battle dawns;
Come, ye warriors,
The field of glory calls.
Come, ye warriors, come!

OLD MAN

O ye warriors, hear me!
The Great Father has forbidden
All the tribes to dance the ghost dance
That the Prophet has commanded.
If we disobey the Father,
He will send his stalwart warriors
With their weapons touched with lightnings.
I have spoken.

GREY WOLF

Not thus had we been counseled
By the warriors of the past.
They shrank not from battle.

(Murmuring among the braves)

MEN

Shall we be laughed at by the women?
Or shall we heed the Prophet?

(Chief commands silence)

CHIEF

Long since was it foretold
Around our fathers' camp fires
That one should come to be our liberator.
Lo, in the sunset hour,
A prophet has appeared.
The holy men alone
Shall say if he speak truly.

MEDICINE MAN

Last night the clouds passed and on yonder hill
A buffalo stood in the moonlight.
And when the morning broke
An eagle was observed above the camp.
No sign is wanting that great things portend;
For 'tis through birds and flowers and lowly things
The Mystery unfolds.
Long have the holy men of many tribes
Its purpose sought, and now
One may with clearer vision see
And understand.

CHIEF AND CHORUS

Go ye into the hills,
And in the silence of the night
Commune with the Great Spirit.

Yea, let us go into the hills,
For there the soul finds solitude
And is alone with Him.

PART II

Scene, same as Part One. Dawn. Music of the Indian flageolet (the lover's flute) is heard. Wildflower is within her lodge. The stage is empty when curtain rises, but as the sky colors Redfeather enters carrying his flageolet, upon which he has presumably been playing.

REDFEATHER

Why does my heart sing like a bird
That greets the warm new day?
Why is the world so lovely now
With flowers along the way?

I have found my love, I have found my mate;
I have found my love, I have found my mate!

And so my heart sings like a bird
That greets the warm new day,
And O the world is lovely now
With flowers along the way.

BOTH

I have found my love, I have found my mate;
I have found my love, I have found my mate!

(Wildflower emerges from tepee)

WILDFLOWER

My warrior of the noble heart!

REDFEATHER

My lovely flower, my song! . . . .
Come, my beloved, many dawns
Have whitened into day
While I have vainly waited;
Come, let us steal away.
Come, let us find the trail where love
Once dropped a flower and where
The heart goes singing evermore,
Come, let us wander there.

WILDFLOWER AND REDFEATHER

Together down life's silver stream,
Together we shall drift and dream,
And in some far, enchanted grove
Together build our lodge of love.

WILDFLOWER

Ah, my beloved, all the dawns
Of all the days have brought
The white dawn of our dreaming.
Now is the glory wrought!
Lo, from my father's lodge the trail
Leads to the bright new day,
And with a singing heart I come,—
Come with my love away.

WILDFLOWER AND REDFEATHER

Together down life's silver stream,
Together we shall drift and dream,
And in some far, enchanted grove
Together build our lodge of love.

(As the lovers are departing, wrapped in Redfeather's blanket, the Medicine Man and the warriors return)

CHORUS

Awake! The morn is come,
The night is gone. Awake!
Lo, in the glory dawns
The bright new day. Awake!

Awake! The sun is high,
The world is fair. Awake!
Lo, life calls anew
And bids you come. Awake!

BRAVE *(off stage)*

Ho, ye! Ho, ye! Ho, ye!

CHIEF

Warriors, ho!

BRAVE *(dashing in)*

Ho, ye! Ho, ye! Soldiers!
They have come
To take us to the reservation!

OLD MAN

Yea, they have come
And we must follow them
Over the hills afar,
Warriors, lay aside those arms
By which the other tribes have perished.

CHIEF

The fighting men shall say
If there be peace or battle.

GREY WOLF

The holy men have spoken.

THE MEN

Heed ye the Prophet! Heed ye the Prophet!

WOMEN *(wailing)*

Ah! Ah!

CHORUS

Come, ye warriors,
An eagle feather awaits;
Come, ye warriors, come!

(Warriors depart for battle)

WILDFLOWER

Singing my warrior goes,
Nor fears a hundred foes;
The battle calls and though he falls
Singing he goes.

But O the heart of me
No gladness knows,
Although it rides with him
Who singing goes.

Singing my warrior goes,
Nor fears a hundred foes;
The battle calls and though he falls,
Singing he goes.

WOMEN

O Great Spirit, O Great Spirit,
Lead them; guard them; grant them victory.

(There is sound of firing, battle shouts and hoof beats of horses. There is a pause and warriors straggle in defeated. Consternation in the camp. Old Man, who did not participate in the battle, reproaches Grey Wolf, one of the first to return.)

OLD MAN

Where is your prophet now?

GREY WOLF

Our medicine has failed!

CHIEF

We are vanquished, our bravest gone.
We are lost!

(Enter Redfeather, mortally wounded)

WILDFLOWER

O, my warrior!

REDFEATHER

Tomorrow in the spirit land
I shall sing at dawn and wait for you,
And sigh because you do not come.

WILDFLOWER

Ever at dawn
From out the spirit land
I shall hear your song,
And one day I shall come.

WILDFLOWER AND REDFEATHER

Together down life's silver stream,
Together we shall drift and dream,
And in some far enchanted grove
Together build our lodge of love.

(Redfeather dies)

OLD MAN

We have heeded a false prophet.

CHIEF

Thus are we punished!

CHIEF AND CHORUS

Great Spirit, O Great Spirit,
We bow to destiny;
Over the sunset trail we come
To Thee, to Thee.

CURTAIN

To J. C. Wilcox
and Denver Municipal Chorus

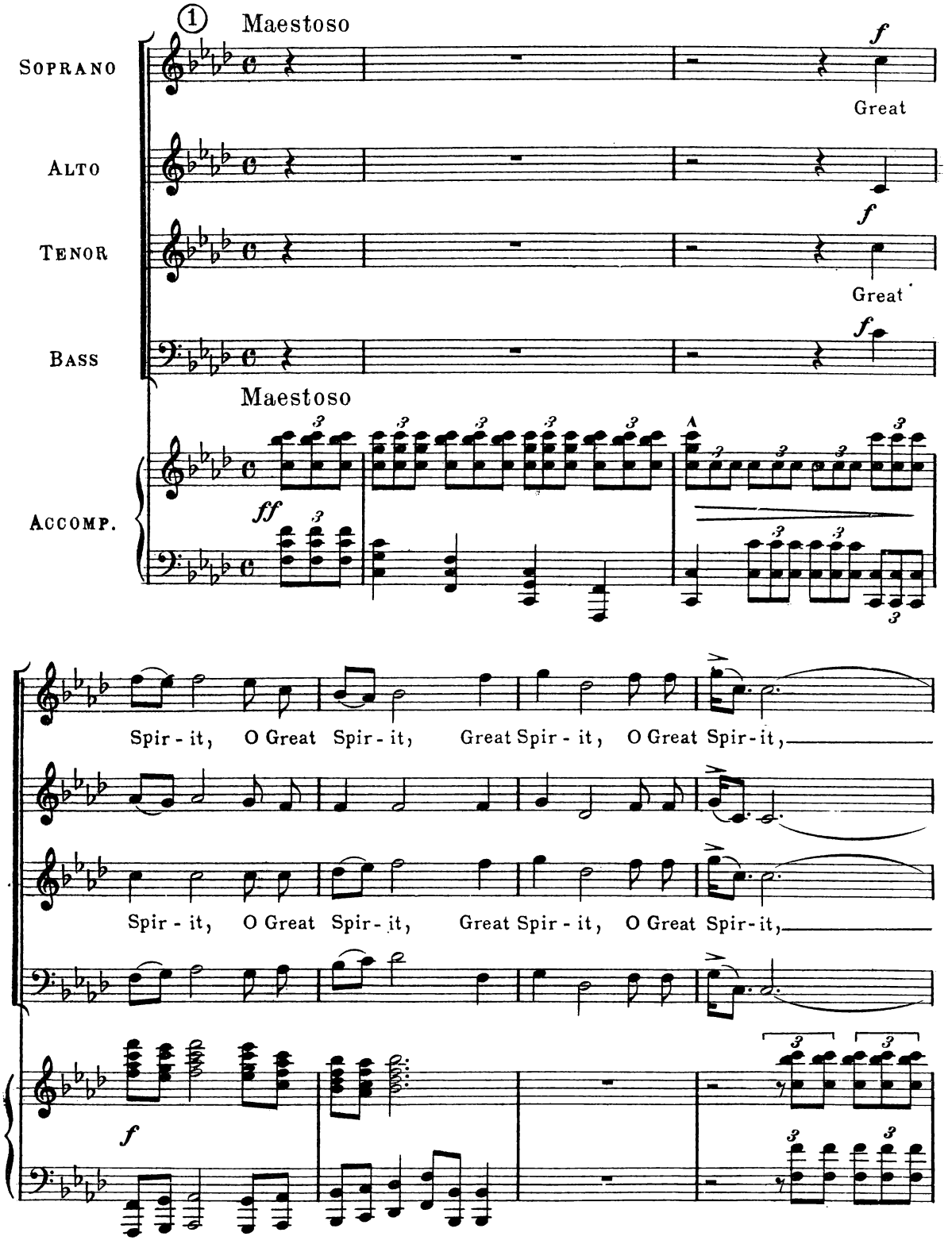
THE SUNSET TRAIL

An Operatic Cantata

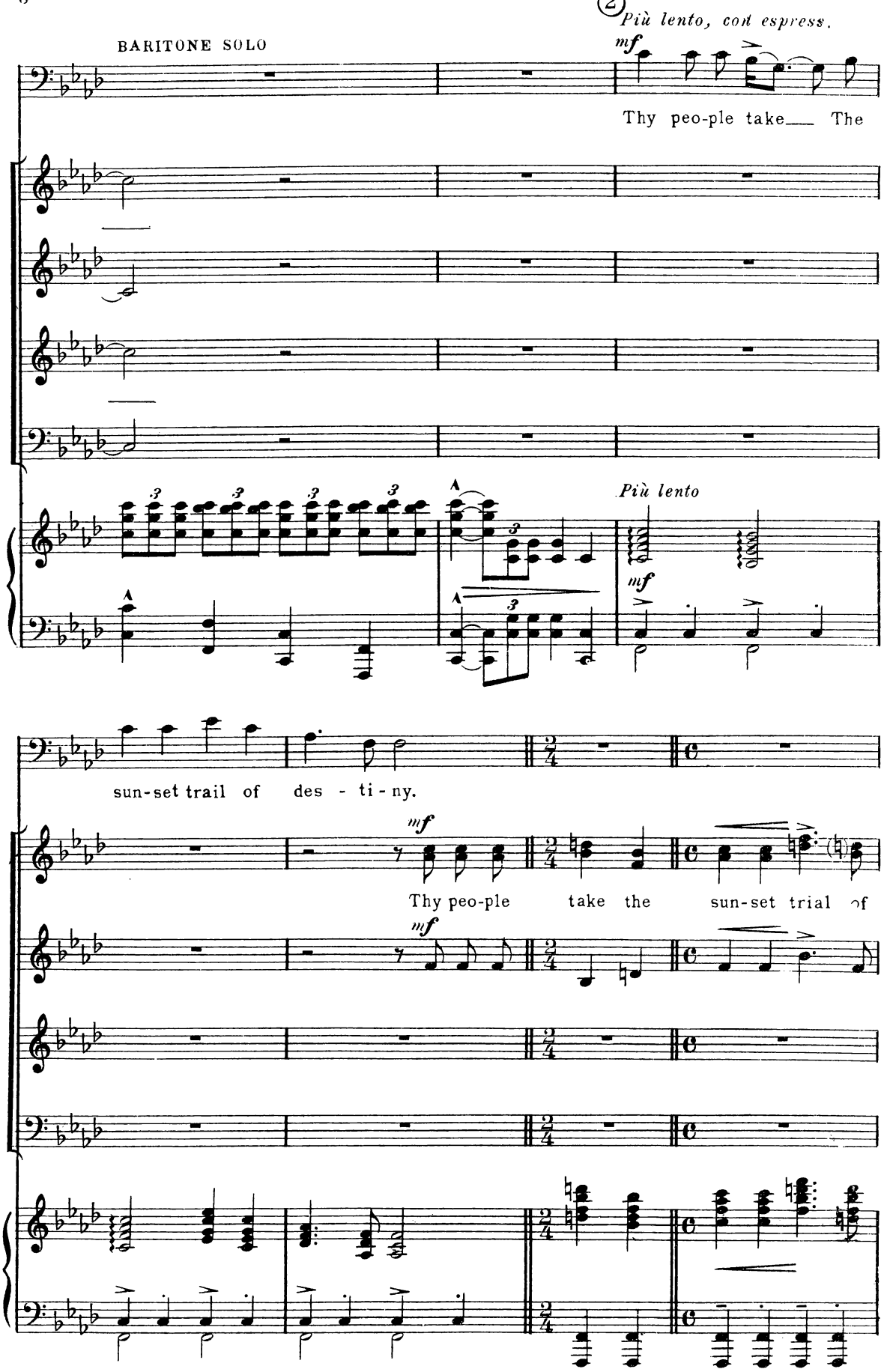
Text by
GILBERT MOYLE

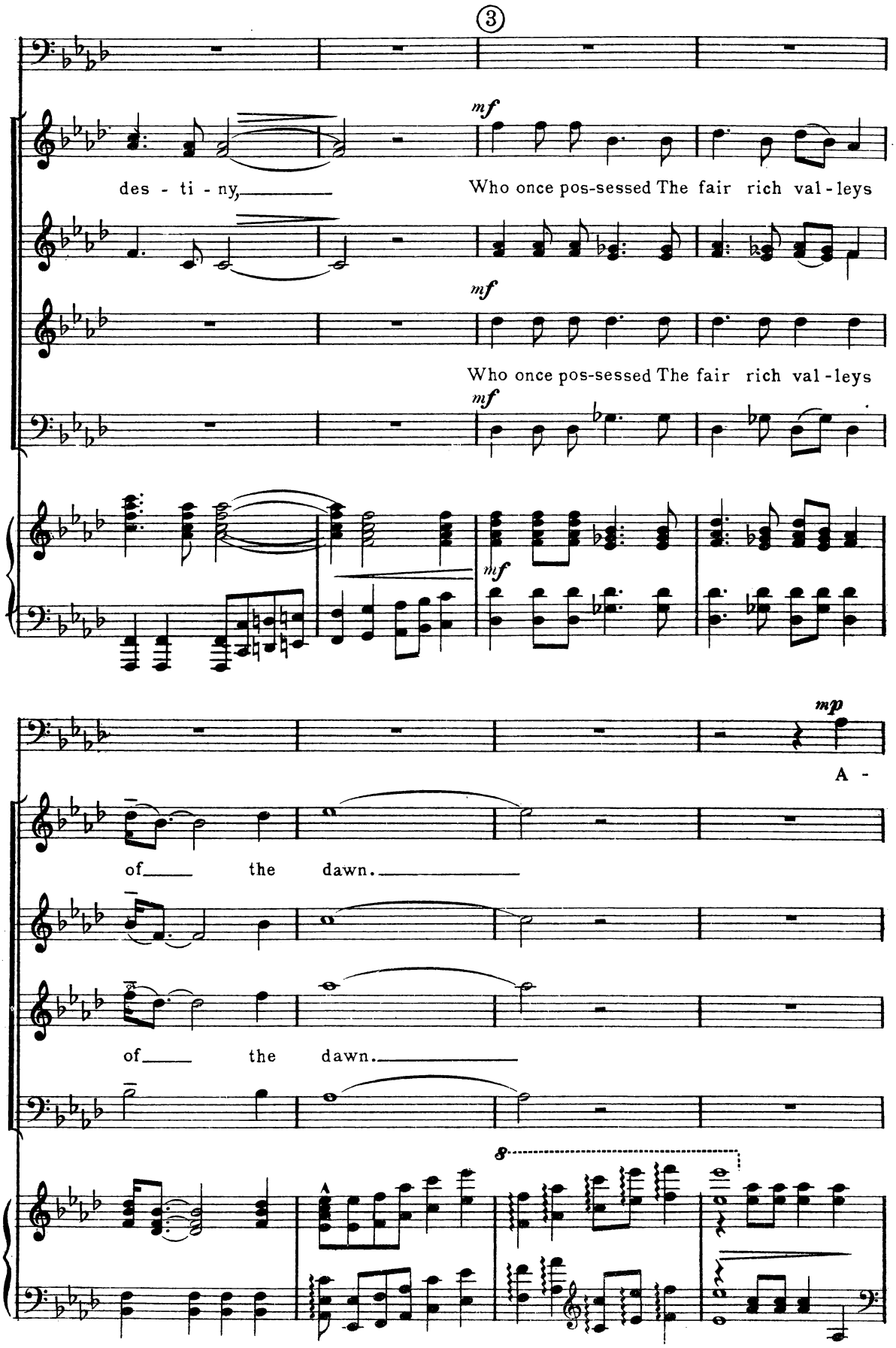
Music by
CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

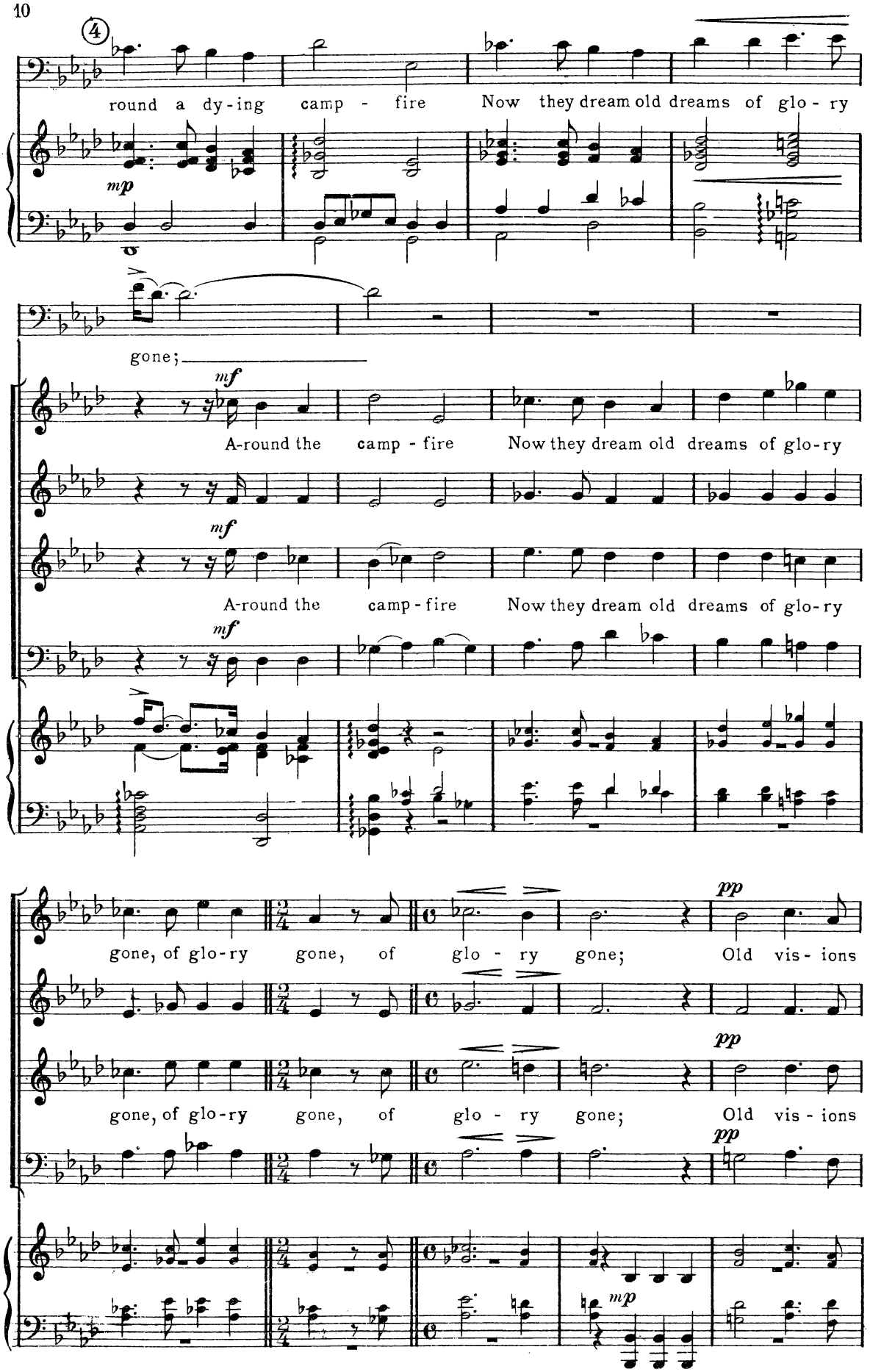
PART ONE

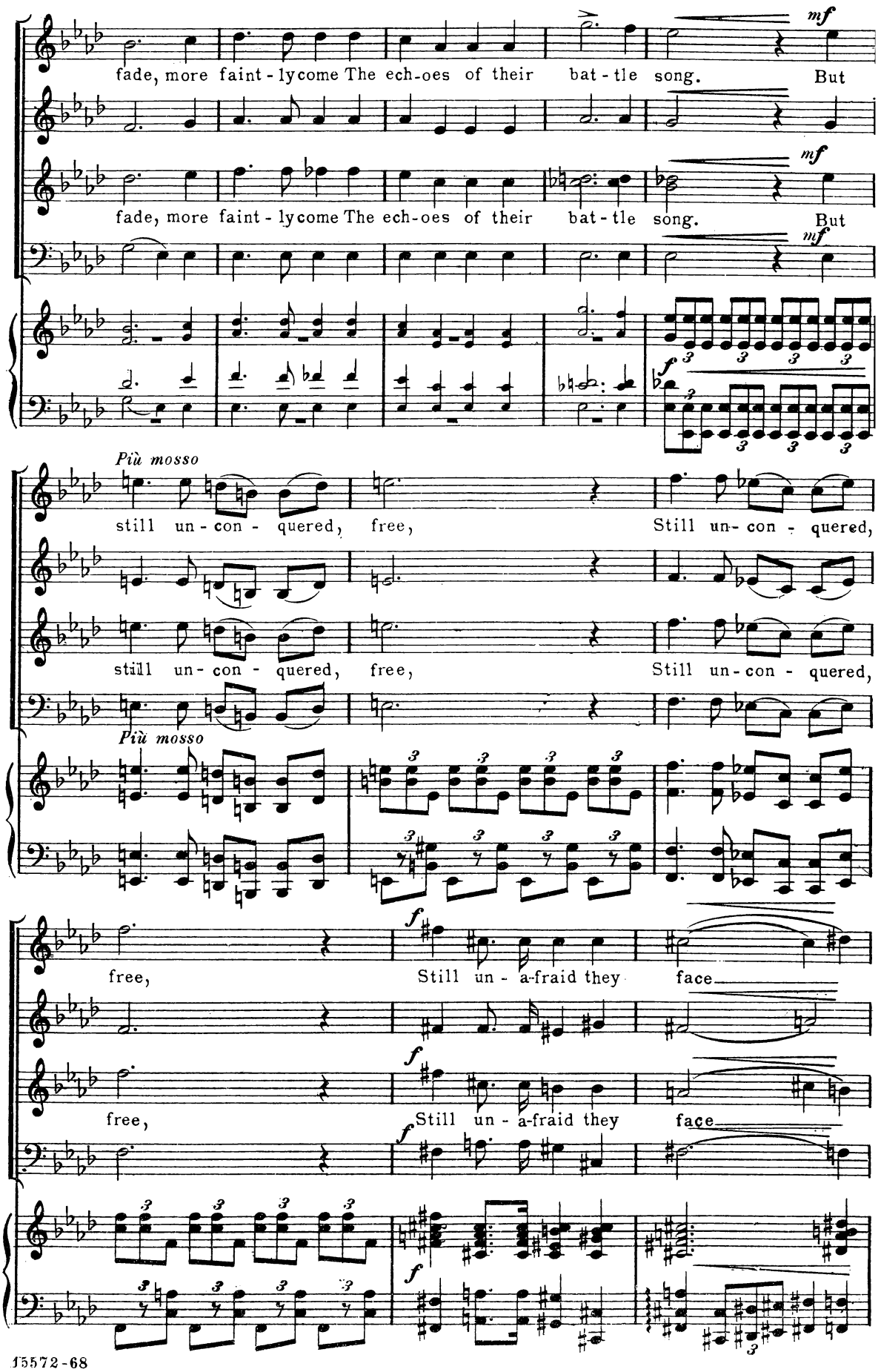


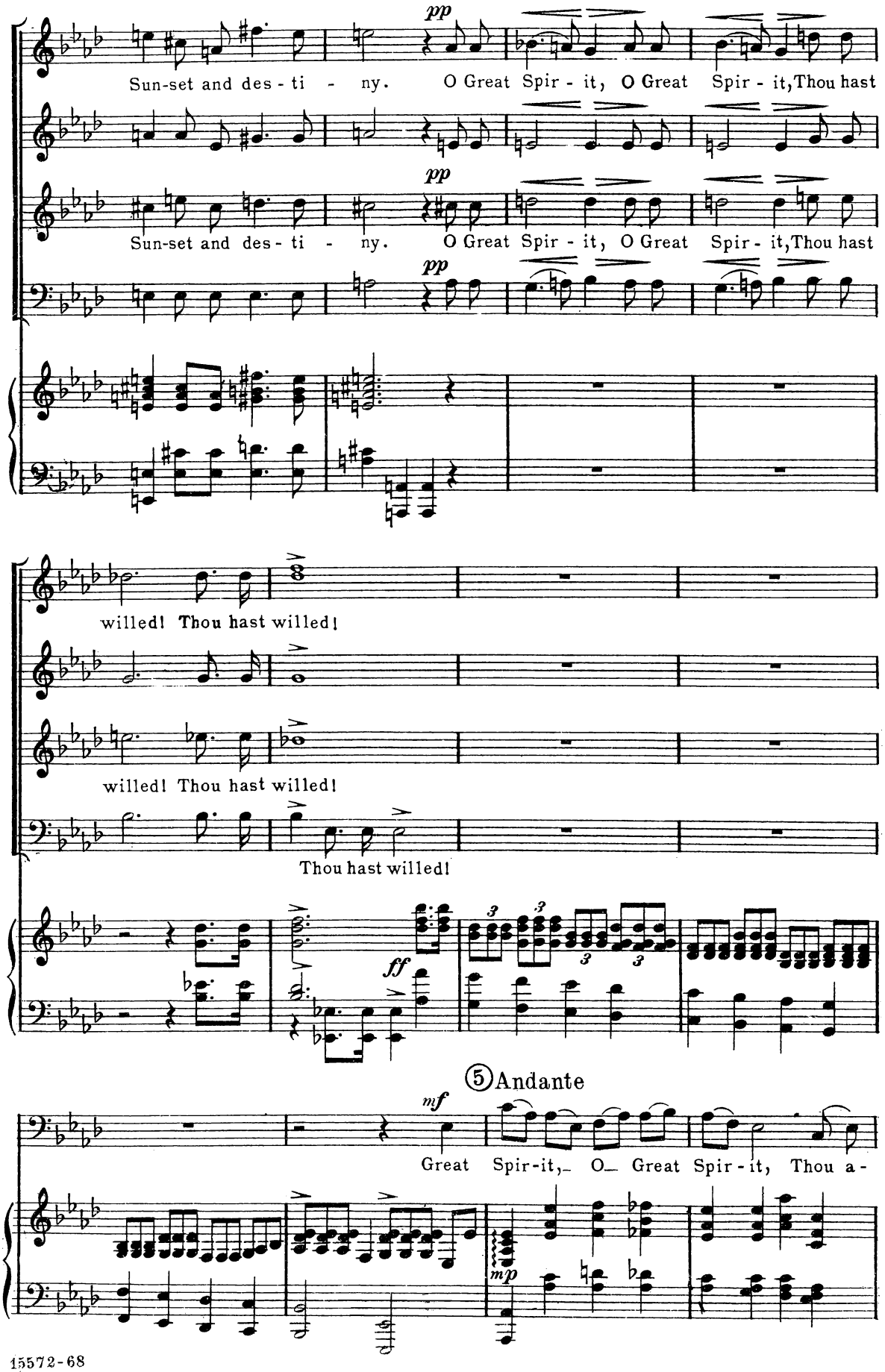
Copyright, 1925, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
International Copyright Secured.

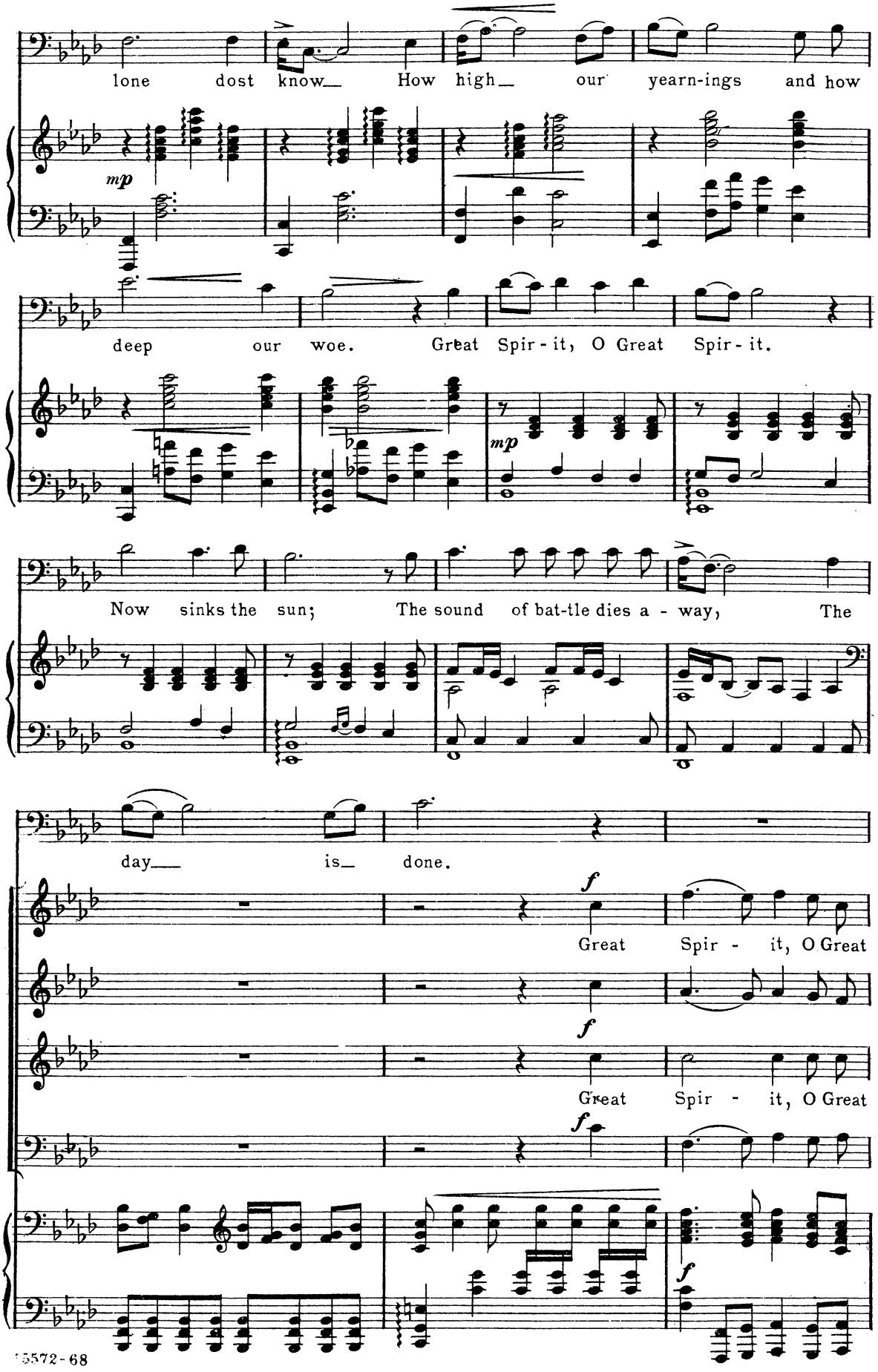

BARITONE SOLO
2 Più lento, con espress.
mf
Thy peo-ple take The
Più lento
mf
sun-set trail of des - ti - ny.
mf
Thy peo-ple take the sun-set trial of
mf

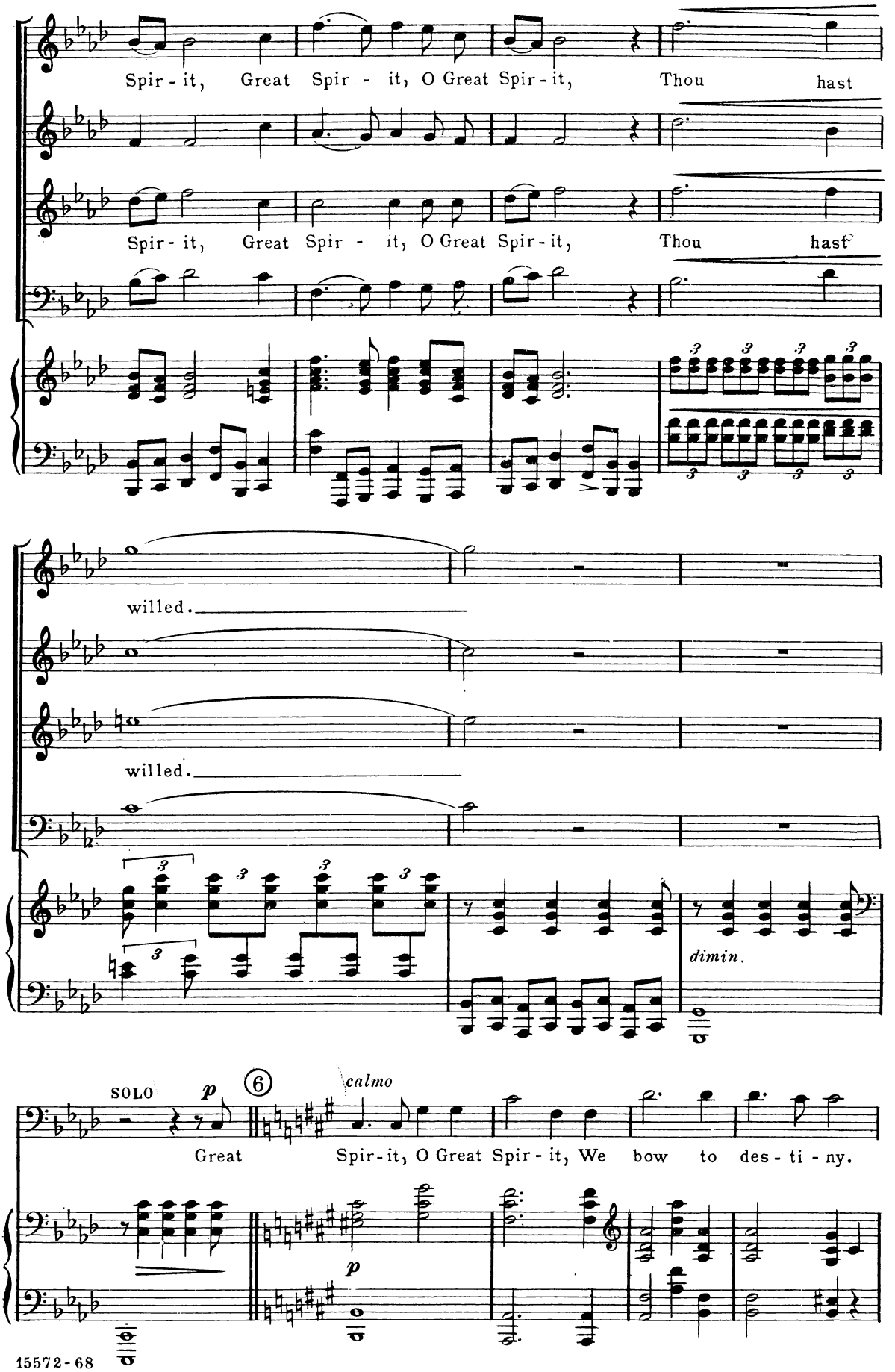

3
mf
des - ti - ny,
Who once pos-sessed The fair rich val-leys
mf
Who once pos-sessed The fair rich val-leys
mf
mf
mp
A -
of the dawn.
of the dawn.
8

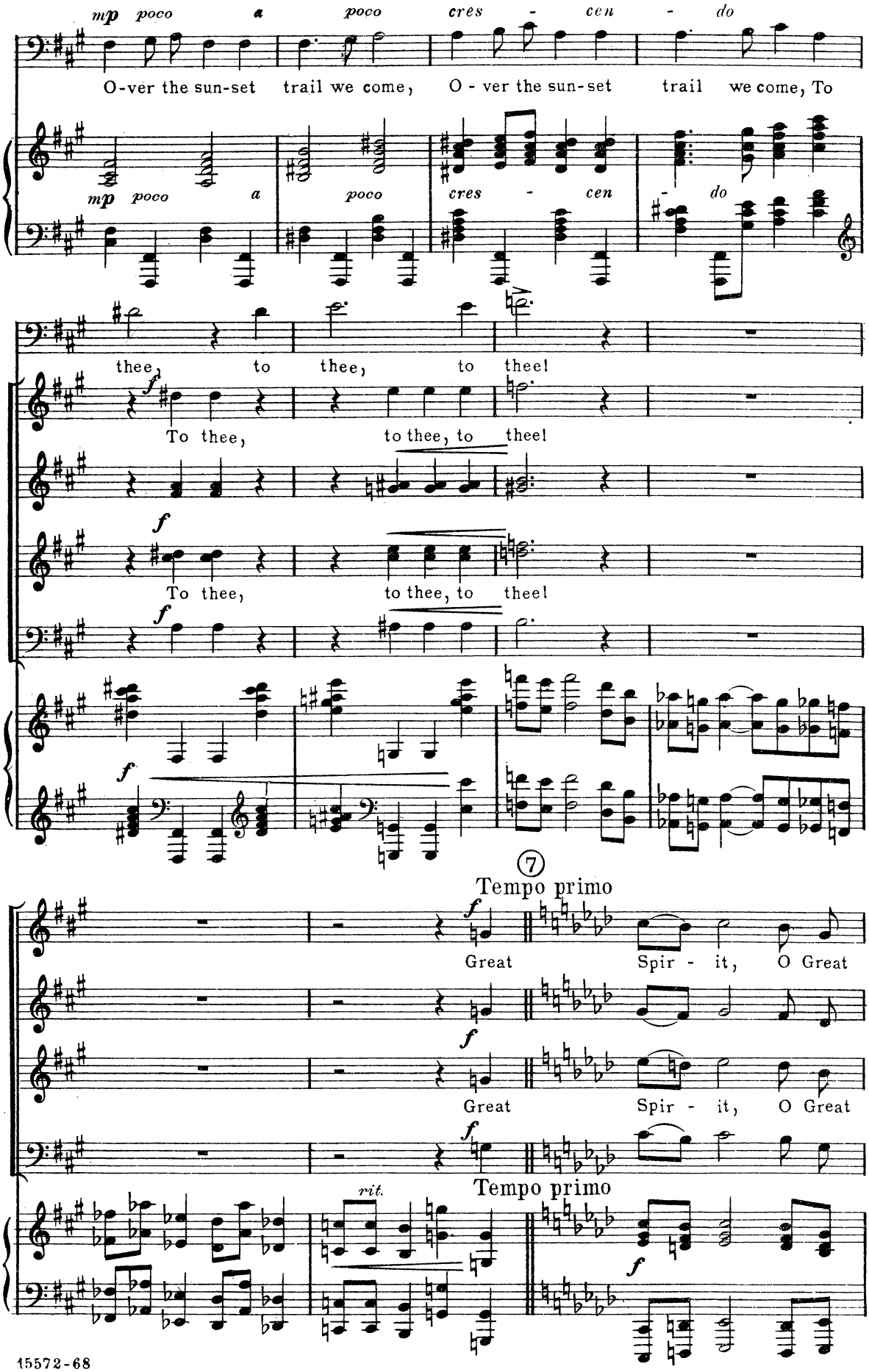

4
round a dy-ing camp - fire Now they dream old dreams of glo - ry
mp
gone;
mf
A-round the camp - fire Now they dream old dreams of glo-ry
mf
A-round the camp-fire Now they dream old dreams of glo-ry
mf
gone, of glo-ry gone, of glo - ry gone; Old vis - ions
pp
gone, of glo-ry gone, of glo - ry gone; Old vis - ions
pp
pp
mp

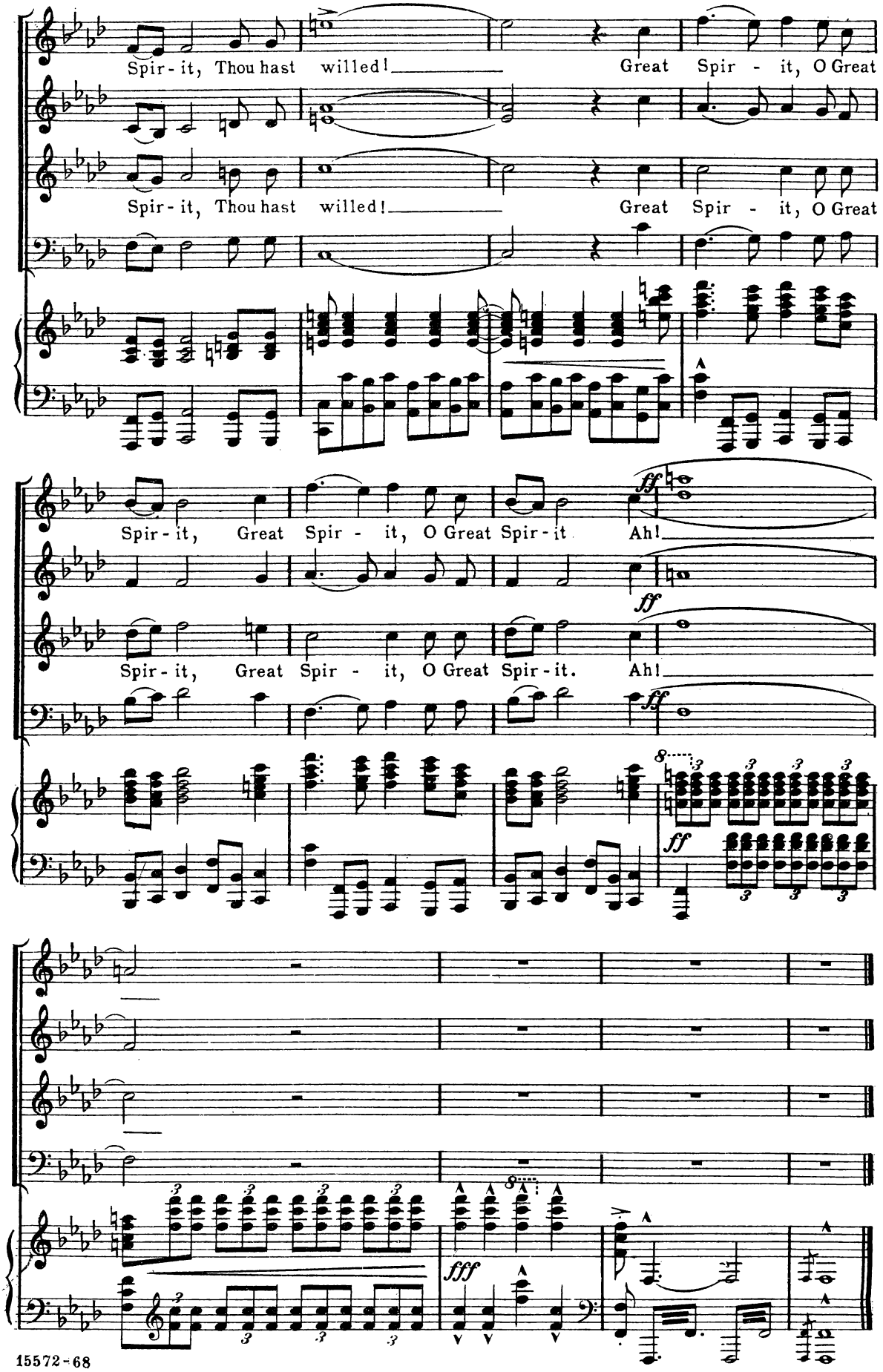

fade, more faint - lycome The ech-oes of their bat - tle song. But
mf
fade, more faint - lycome The ech-oes of their bat - tle song. But
mf
mf
f
Più mosso
still un - con - quered, free, Still un - con - quered,
still un - con - quered, free, Still un - con - quered,
Più mosso
free, Still un - a-fraid they face
f
free, Still un - a-fraid they face
f
f


pp
Sun-set and des - ti - ny. O Great Spir - it, O Great Spir - it, Thou hast
pp
Sun-set and des - ti - ny. O Great Spir - it, O Great Spir - it, Thou hast
pp
willed! Thou hast willed!
willed! Thou hast willed!
Thou hast willed!
ff
⑤ Andante
mf
Great Spir-it,— O— Great Spir - it, Thou a -
mp


lone dost know How high our yearn-ings and how
mp
deep our woe. Great Spir - it, O Great Spir - it.
mp
Now sinks the sun; The sound of bat-tle dies a - way, The
day is done.
f
Great Spir - it, O Great
f
Great Spir - it, O Great
f
f

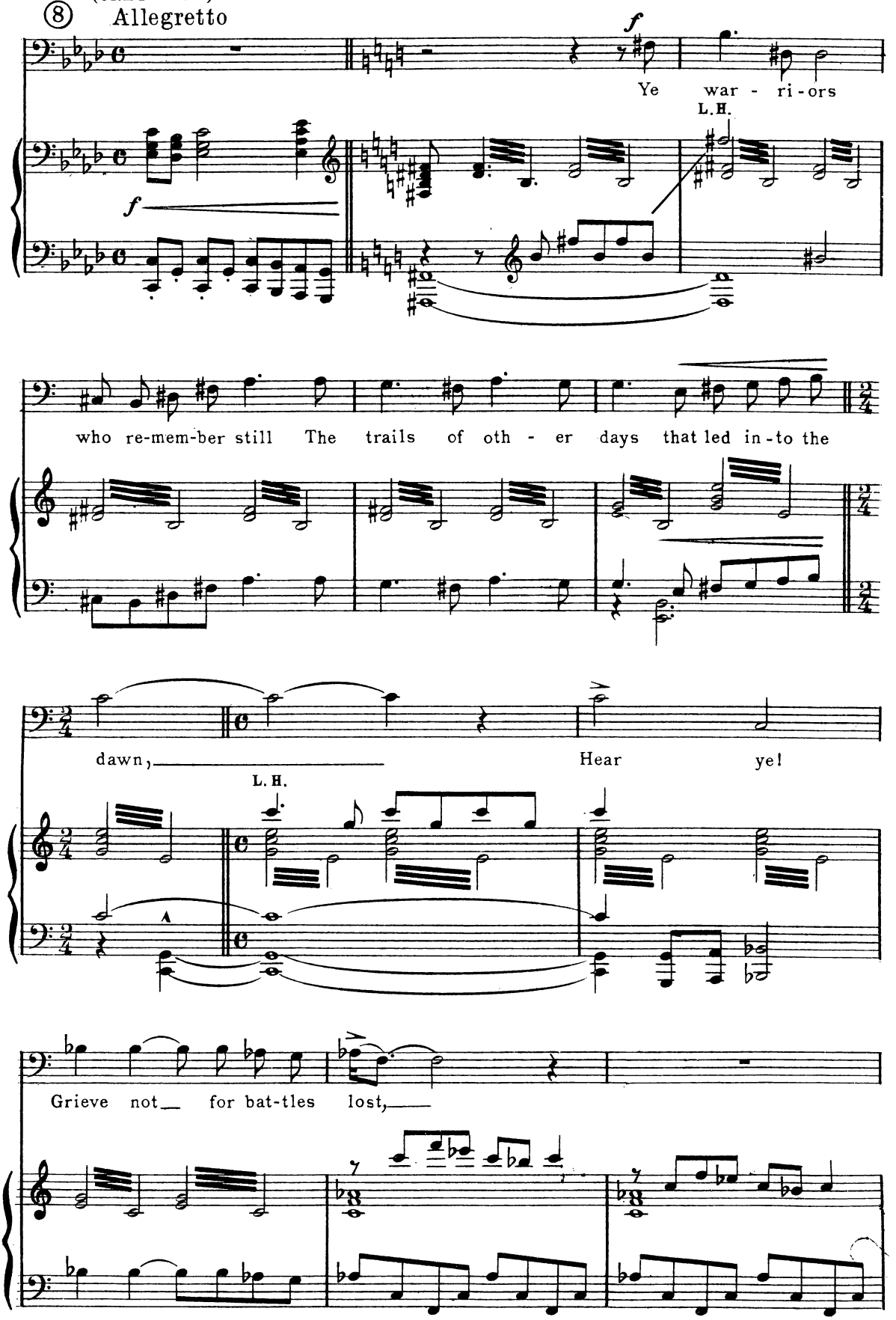

Spir - it, Great Spir - it, O Great Spir - it, Thou hast
Spir - it, Great Spir - it, O Great Spir - it, Thou hast
willed.
willed.
dimin.
SOLO
p
6
calmo
Great Spir-it, O Great Spir - it, We bow to des - ti - ny.
p

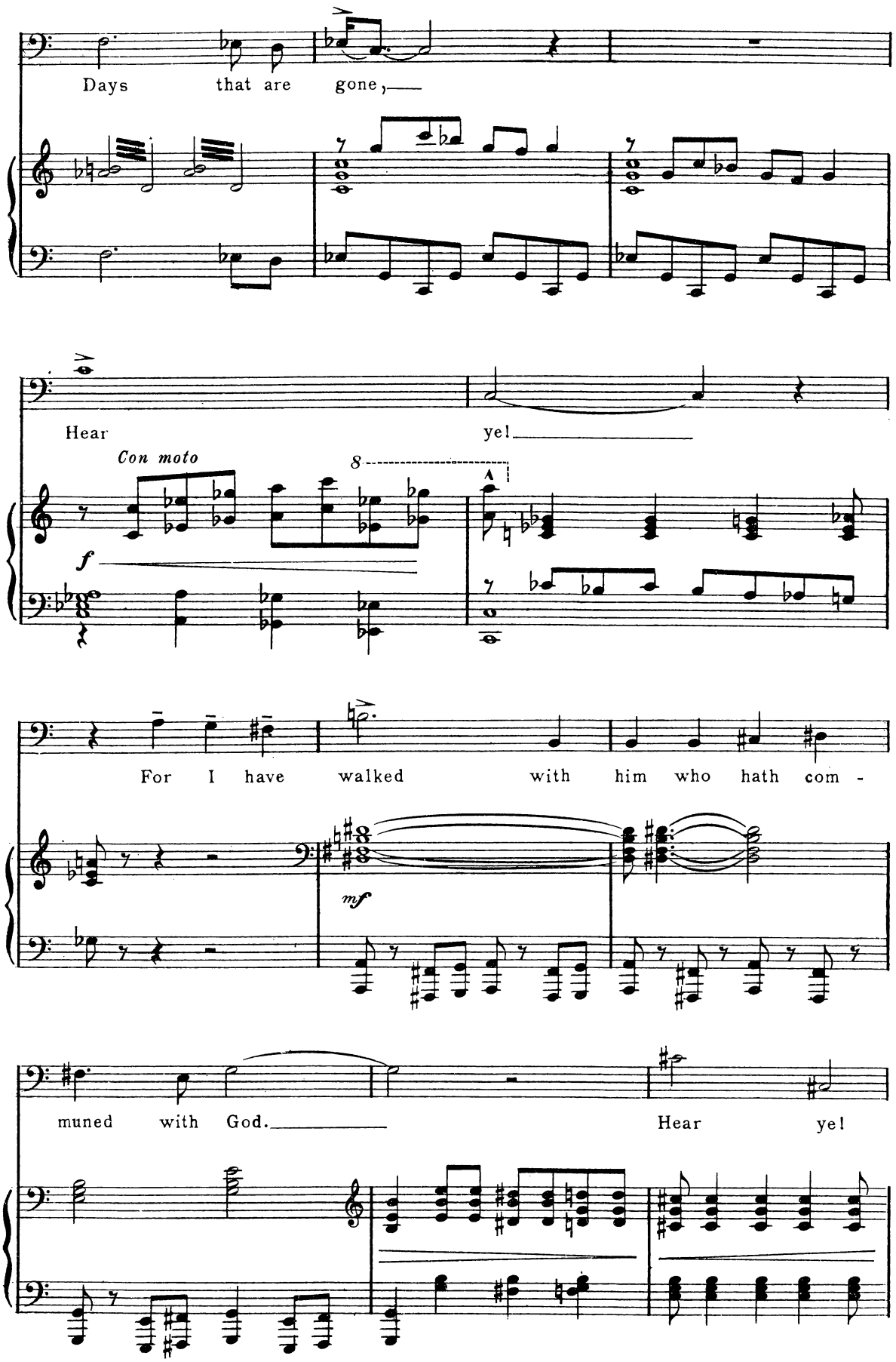

mp poco a poco cres - cen - do
O-ver the sun-set trail we come, O - ver the sun-set trail we come, To
thee, to thee, to thee!
f
To thee, to thee, to thee!
f
To thee, to thee, to thee!
f
7
Tempo primo
f
Great Spir - it, O Great
f
Great Spir - it, O Great
f
rit.
Tempo primo
f


Spir - it, Thou hast willed! Great Spir - it, O Great
Spir - it, Thou hast willed! Great Spir - it, O Great
Spir - it, Great Spir - it, O Great Spir - it Ah!
Spir - it, Great Spir - it, O Great Spir - it. Ah!
ff
ff
ff
ff
fff

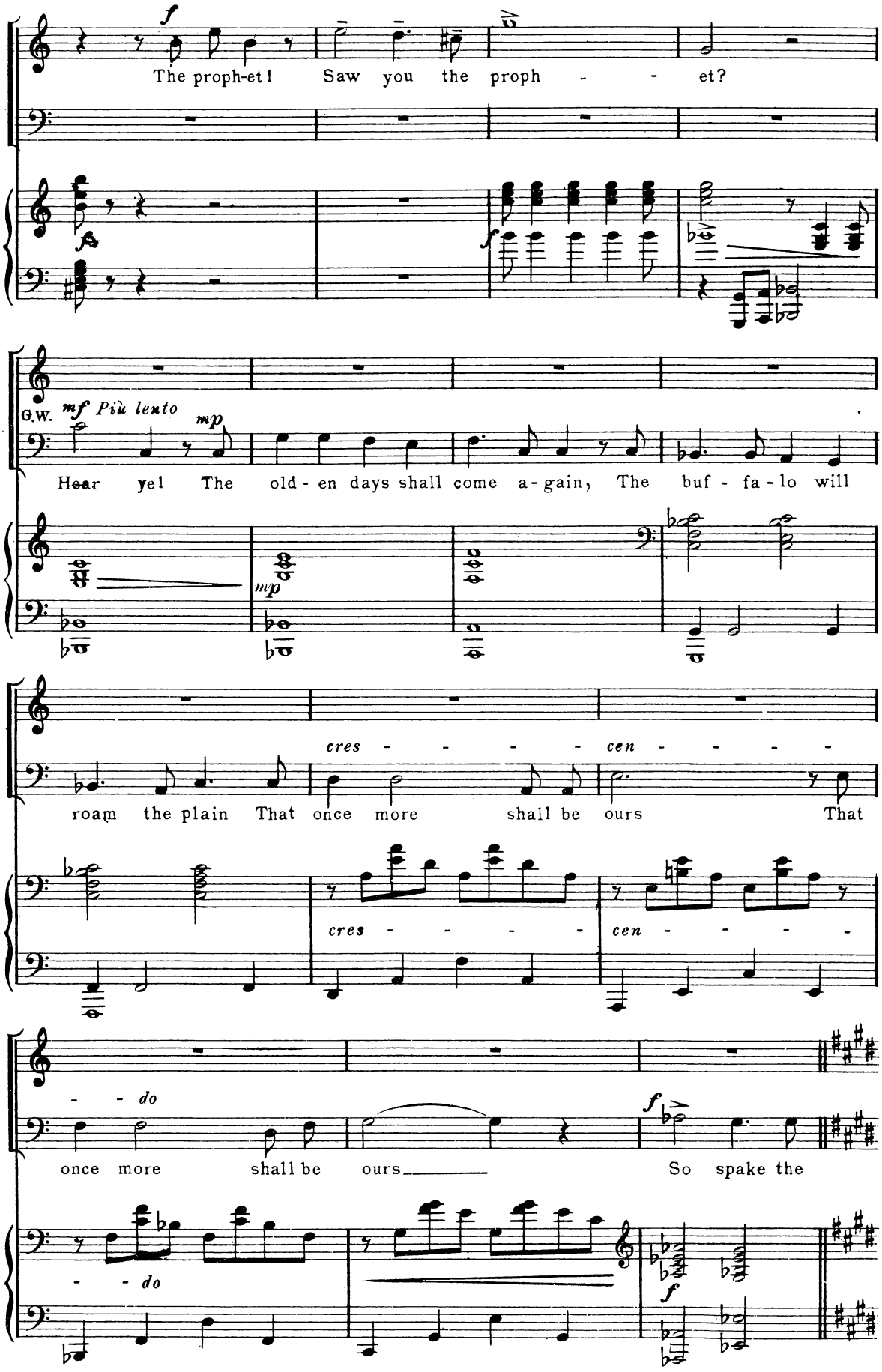
(GREY WOLF)

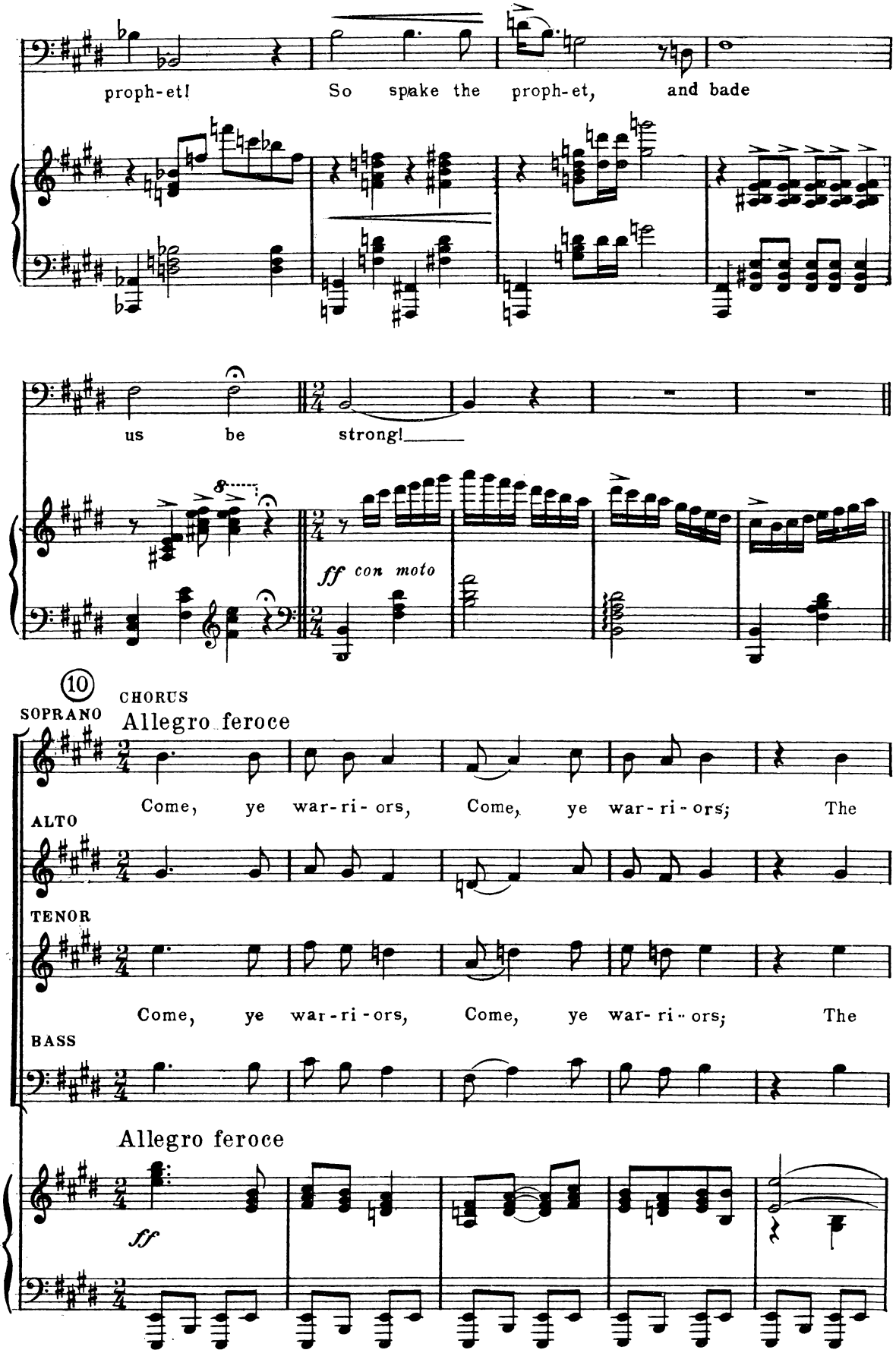
⑧ Allegretto

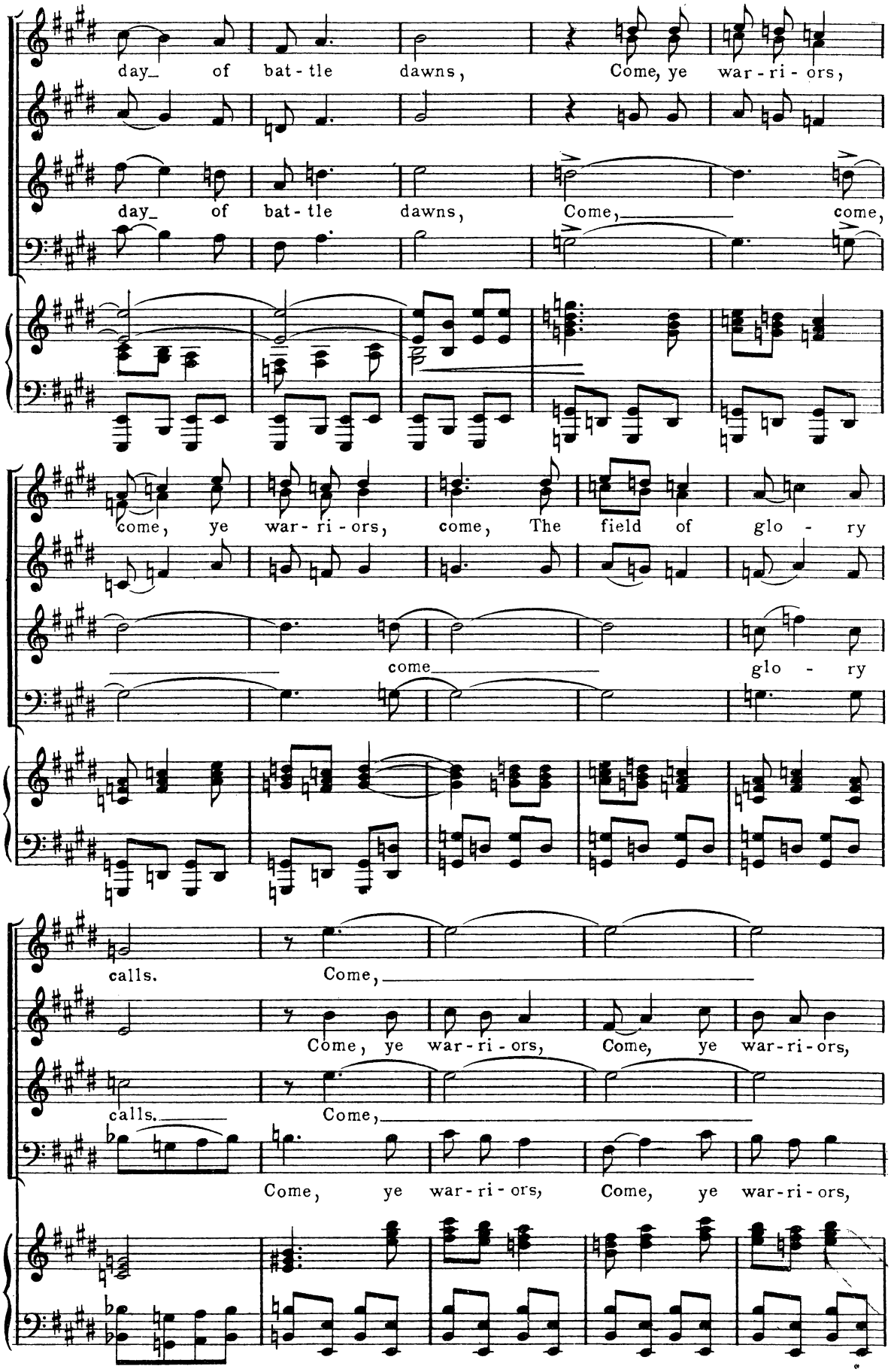


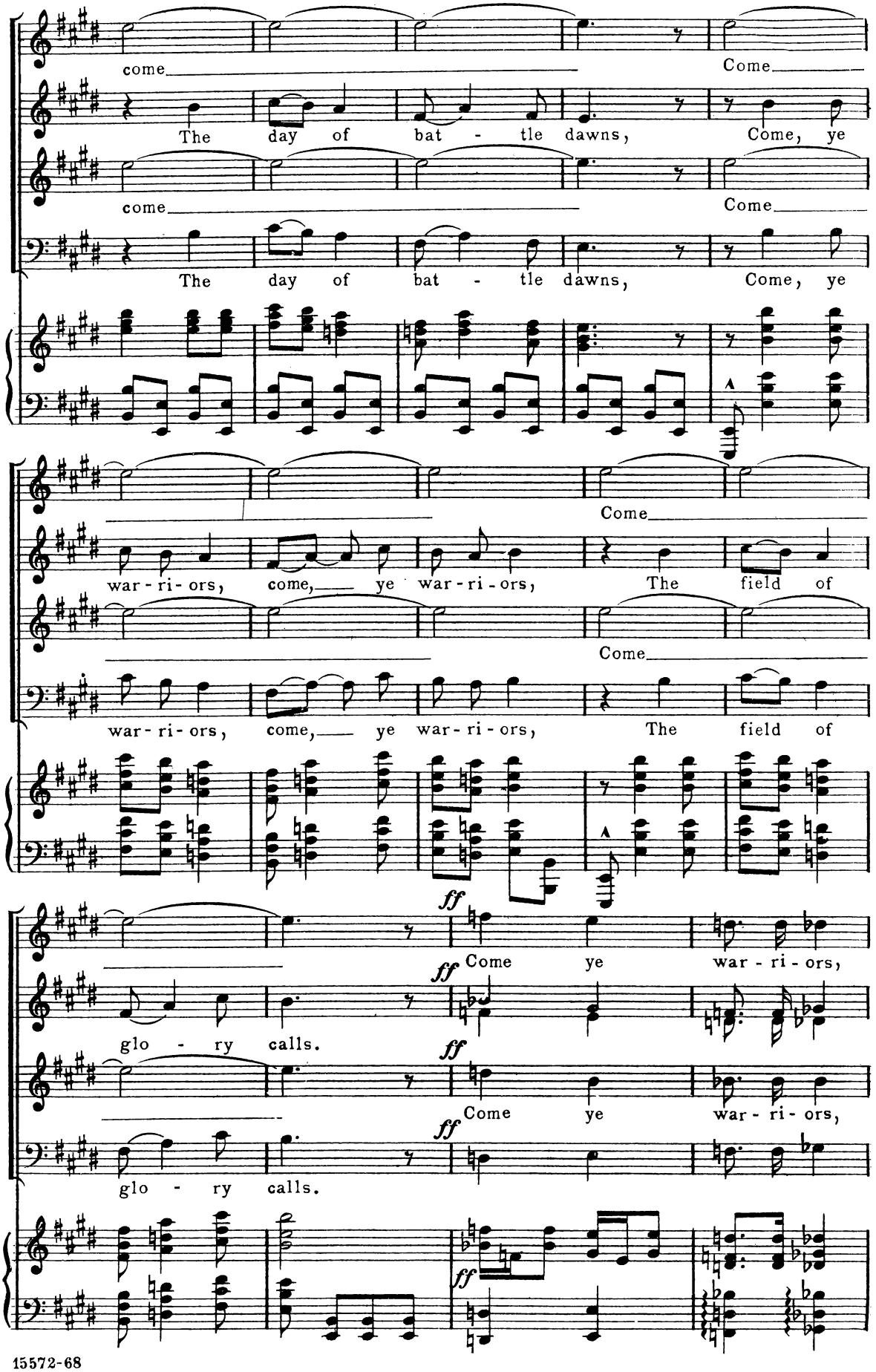

Days that are gone,
Hear ye!
Con moto
8
f
For I have walked with him who hath com -
mf
muned with God.
Hear ye!

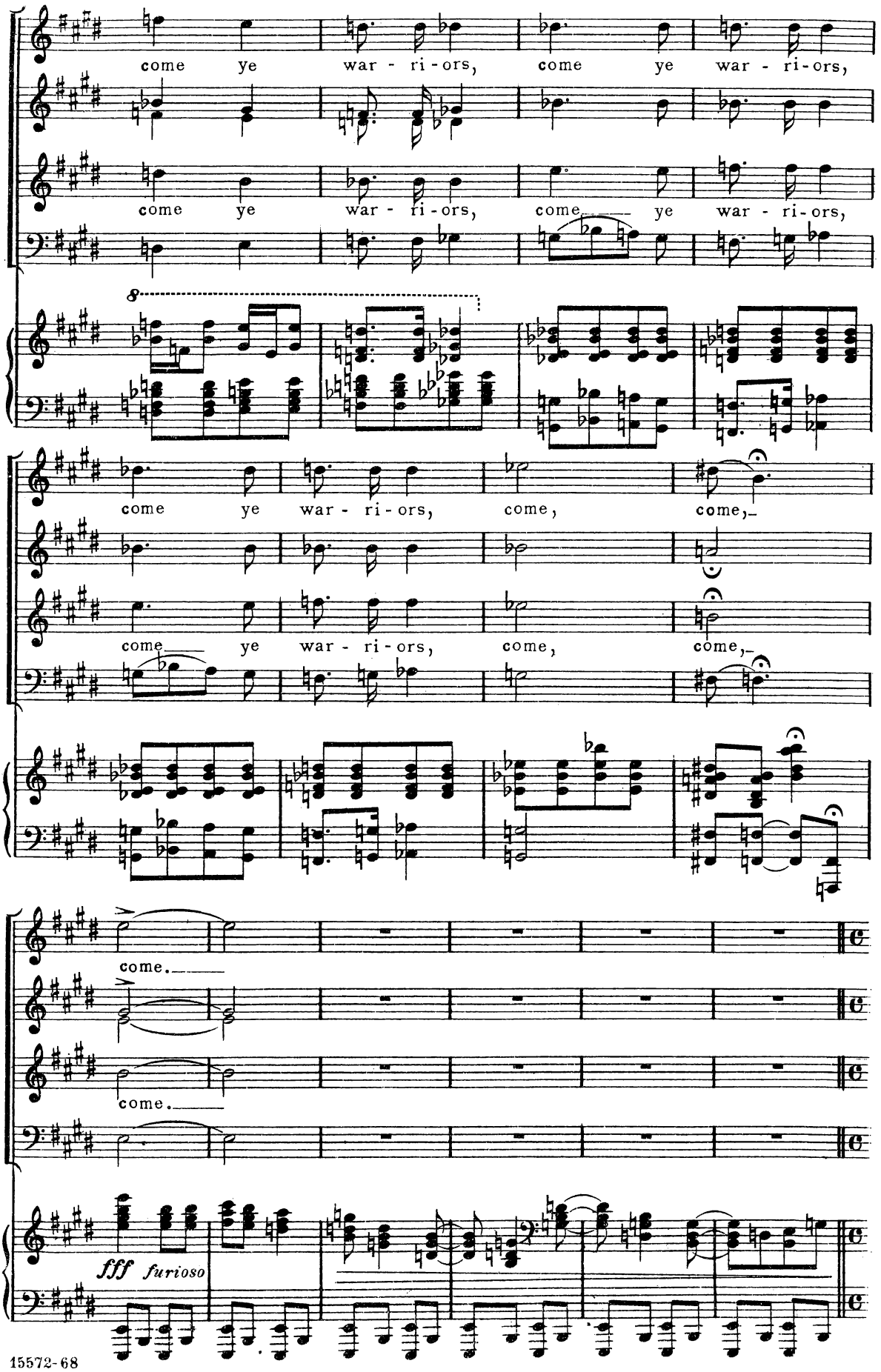
REDFEATHER


f
The proph-et! Saw you the proph - - et?
G.W.
mf Più lento
mp
Hear ye! The old - en days shall come a - gain, The buf - fa - lo will
mp
cres - - - - - cen - - - - -
roam the plain That once more shall be ours That
cres - - - - -
cen - - - - -
- - do
once more shall be ours
f
So spake the
- - do
f

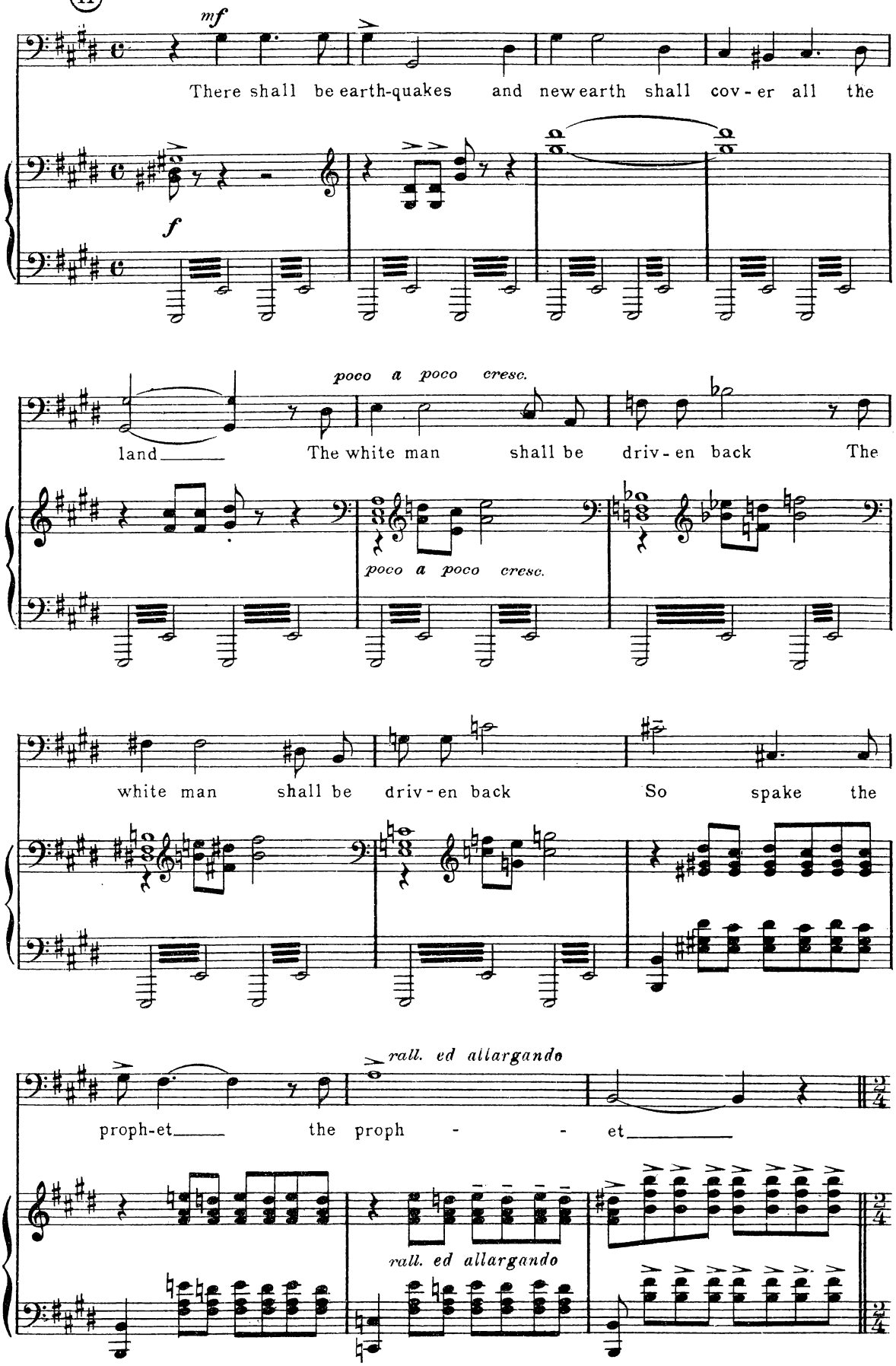

proph-et! So spake the proph-et, and bade
us be strong!
ff con moto
10
CHORUS
SOPRANO
Allegro feroce
Come, ye war-ri-ors, Come, ye war-ri-ors; The
ALTO
TENOR
Come, ye war-ri-ors, Come, ye war-ri-ors; The
BASS
Allegro feroce
ff

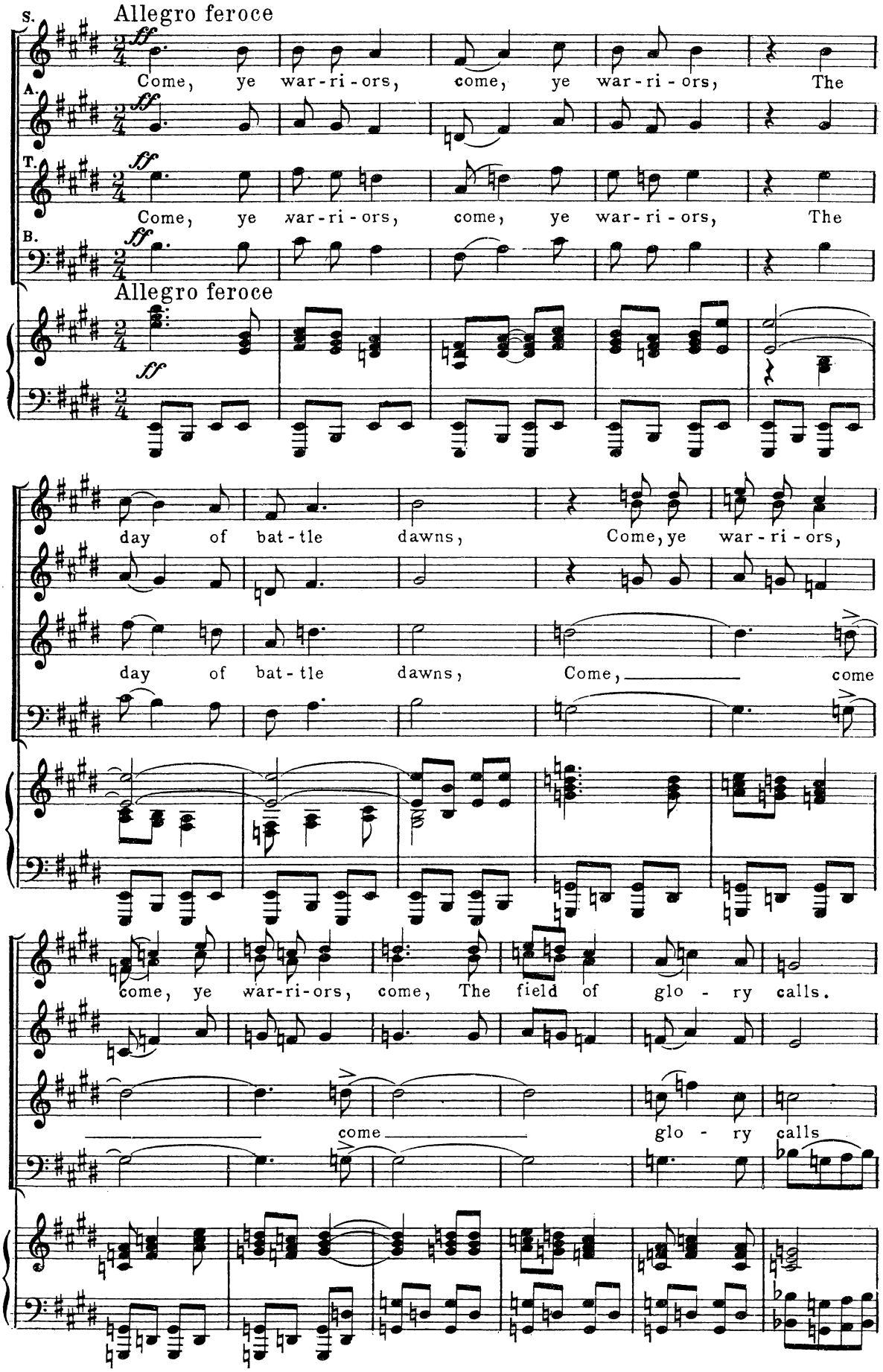

day_ of bat - tle dawns, Come, ye war - ri - ors,
day_ of bat - tle dawns, Come, come,
come, ye war - ri - ors, come, The field of glo - ry
come glo - ry
calls. Come,
Come, ye war - ri - ors, Come, ye war - ri - ors,
calls. Come,
Come, ye war - ri - ors, Come, ye war - ri - ors,

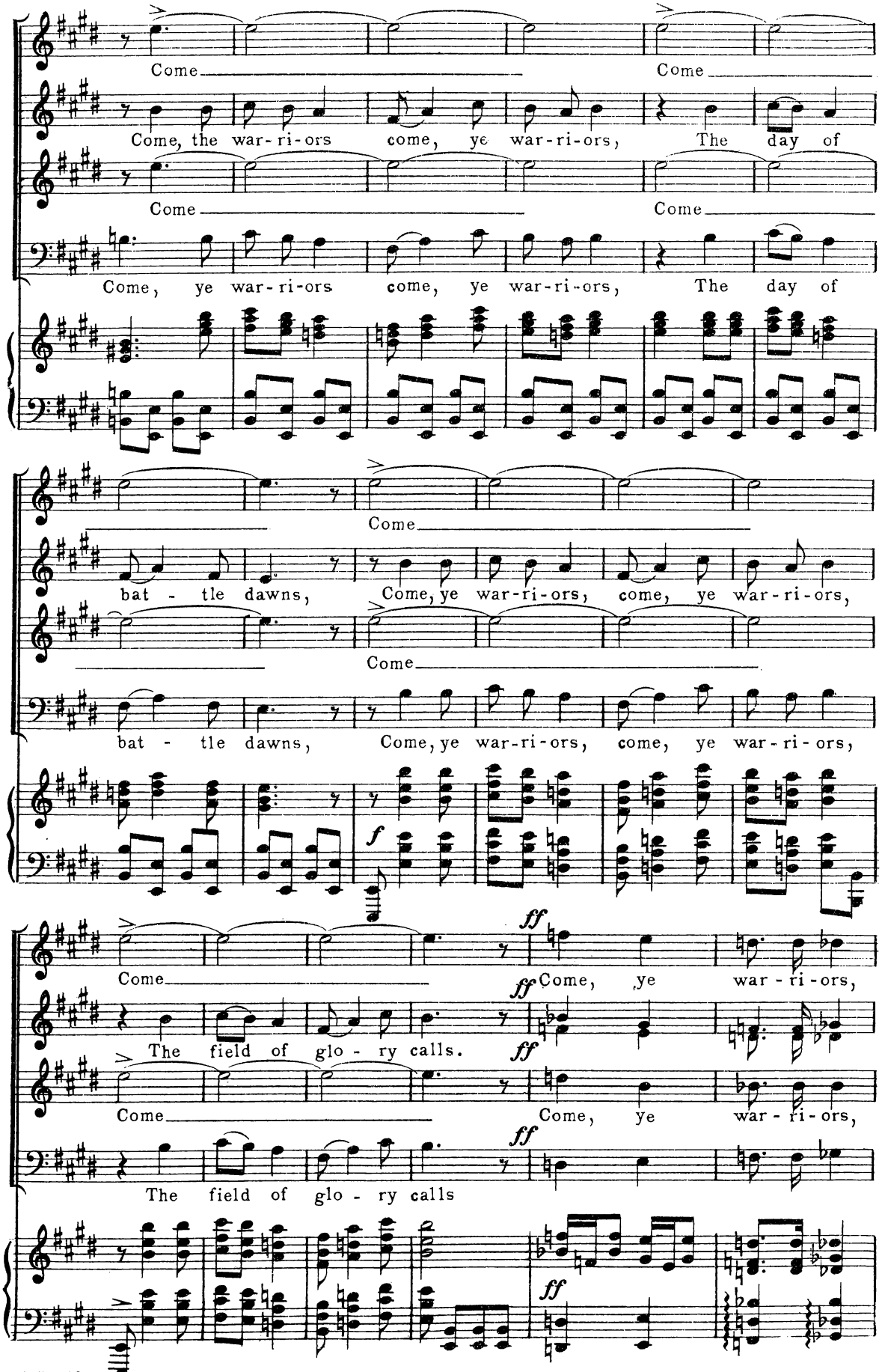

come
Come
The day of bat - tle dawns, Come, ye
come
Come
The day of bat - tle dawns, Come, ye
Come
war - ri - ors, come, ye war - ri - ors, The field of
Come
war - ri - ors, come, ye war - ri - ors, The field of
ff
Come ye war - ri - ors,
glo - ry calls.
ff
Come ye war - ri - ors,
glo - ry calls.
ff

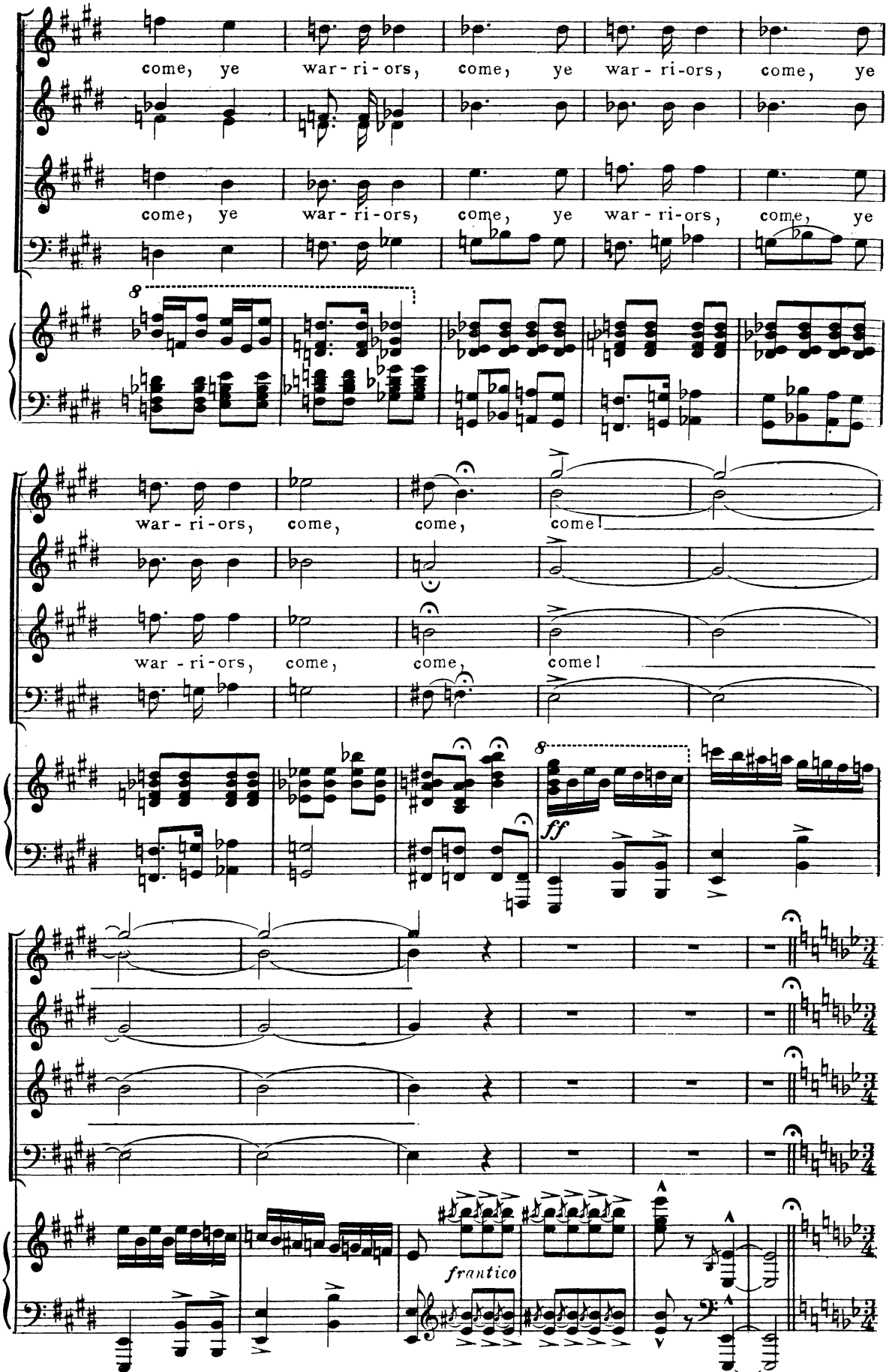

come ye war - ri-ors, come ye war - ri-ors,
come ye war - ri-ors, come ye war - ri-ors,
8
come ye war - ri-ors, come, come,
come ye war - ri-ors, come, come,
come.
come.
fff furioso

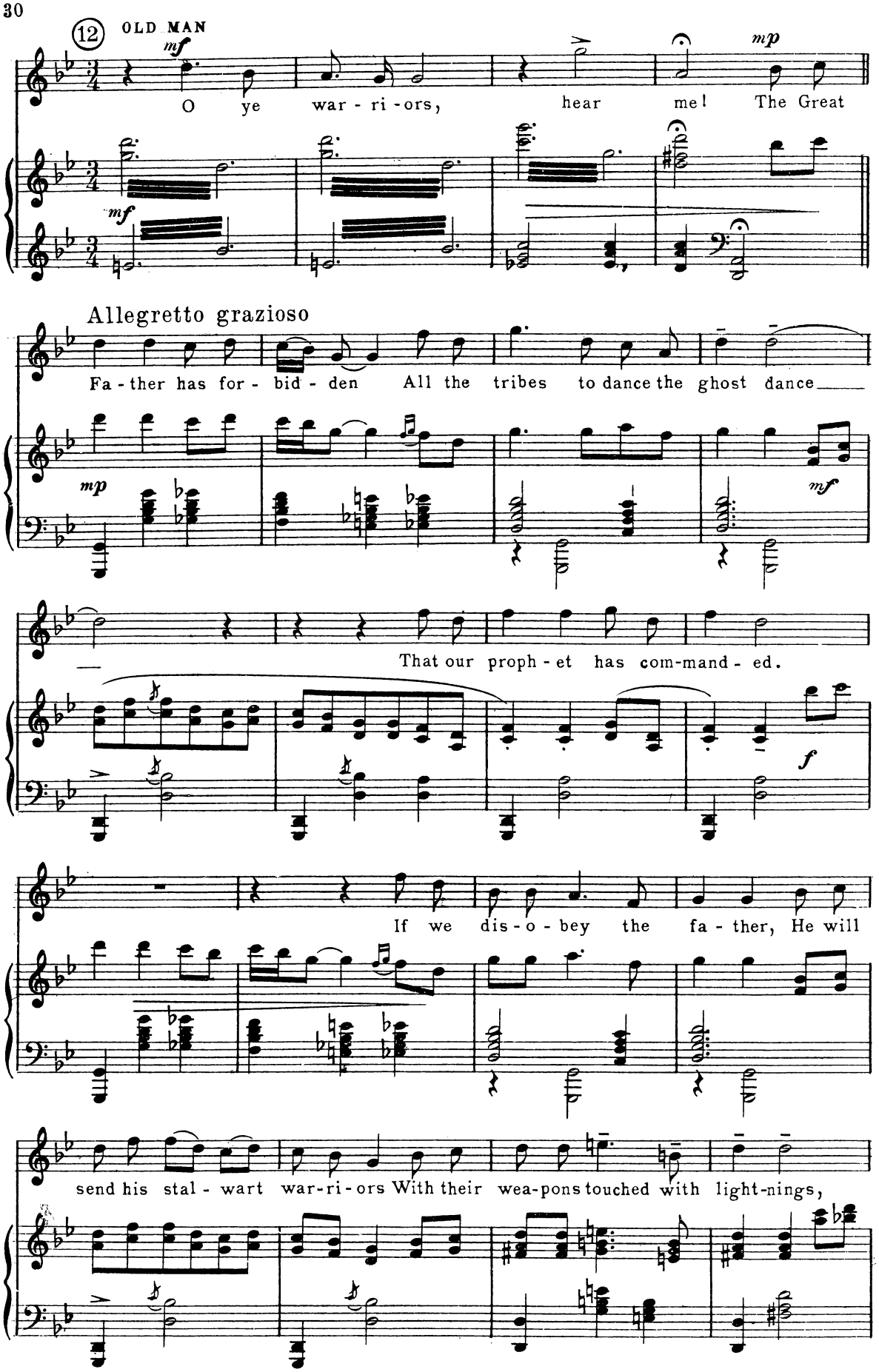
(11) GREY WOLF

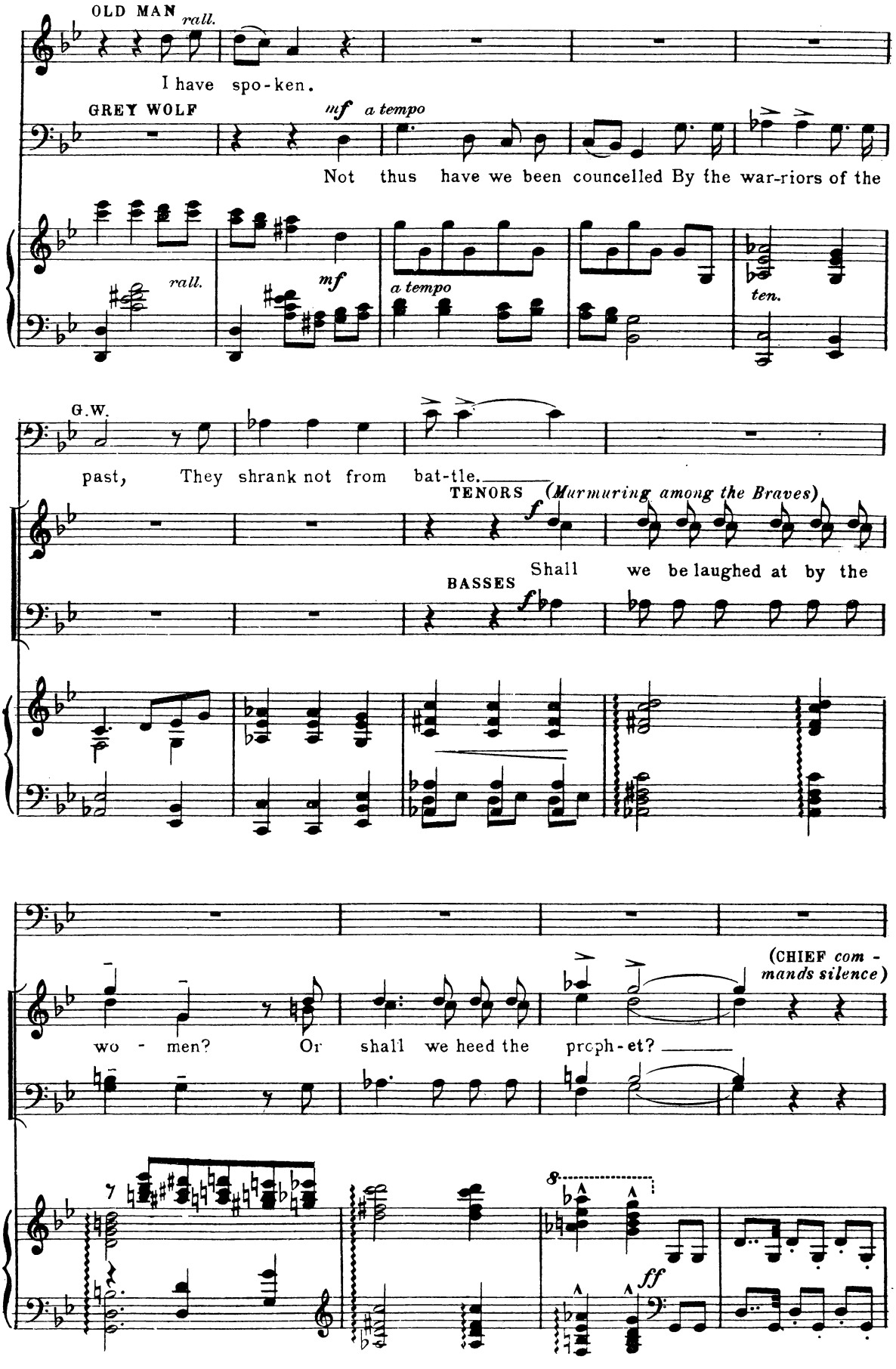

mf
There shall be earth-quakes and new earth shall cov-er all the
f
poco a poco cresc.
land The white man shall be driv-en back The
poco a poco cresc.
white man shall be driv-en back So spake the
rall. ed allargando
proph-et the proph - - et
rall. ed allargando

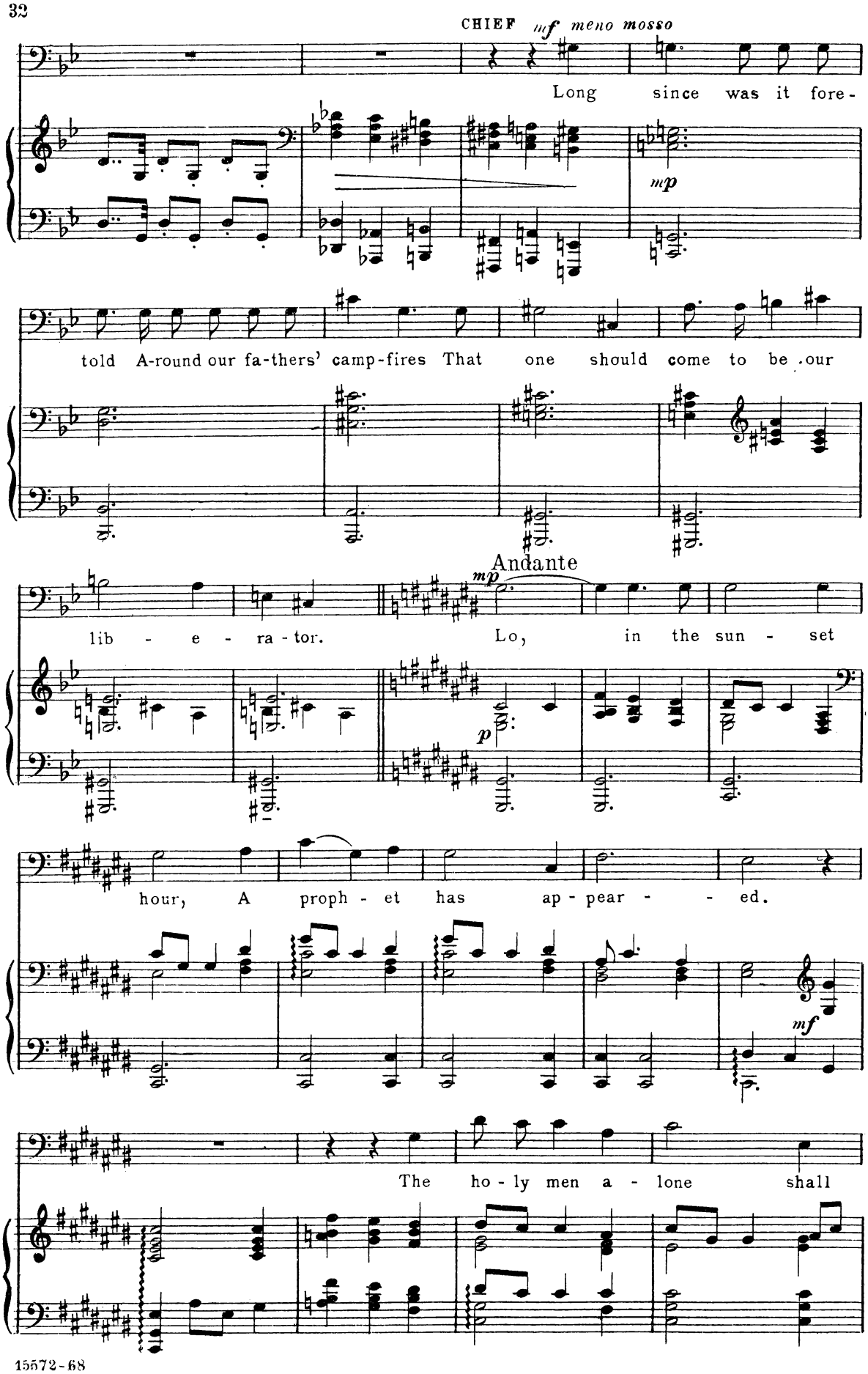

S.
Allegro feroce
ff
Come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye war-ri-ors, The
A.
ff
T.
ff
Come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye war-ri-ors, The
B.
ff
Allegro feroce
ff
day of bat-tle dawns, Come, ye war-ri-ors,
day of bat-tle dawns, Come, come
come, ye war-ri-ors, come, The field of glo-ry calls.
come glo-ry calls


Come
Come
Come, the war-ri-ors come, ye war-ri-ors, The day of
Come
Come
Come, ye war-ri-ors come, ye war-ri-ors, The day of
Come
bat - tle dawns, Come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye war-ri-ors,
Come
bat - tle dawns, Come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye war-ri-ors,
f
Come
ff
Come, ye war - ri-ors,
The field of glo - ry calls.
ff
Come
Come, ye war - ri-ors,
The field of glo - ry calls
ff

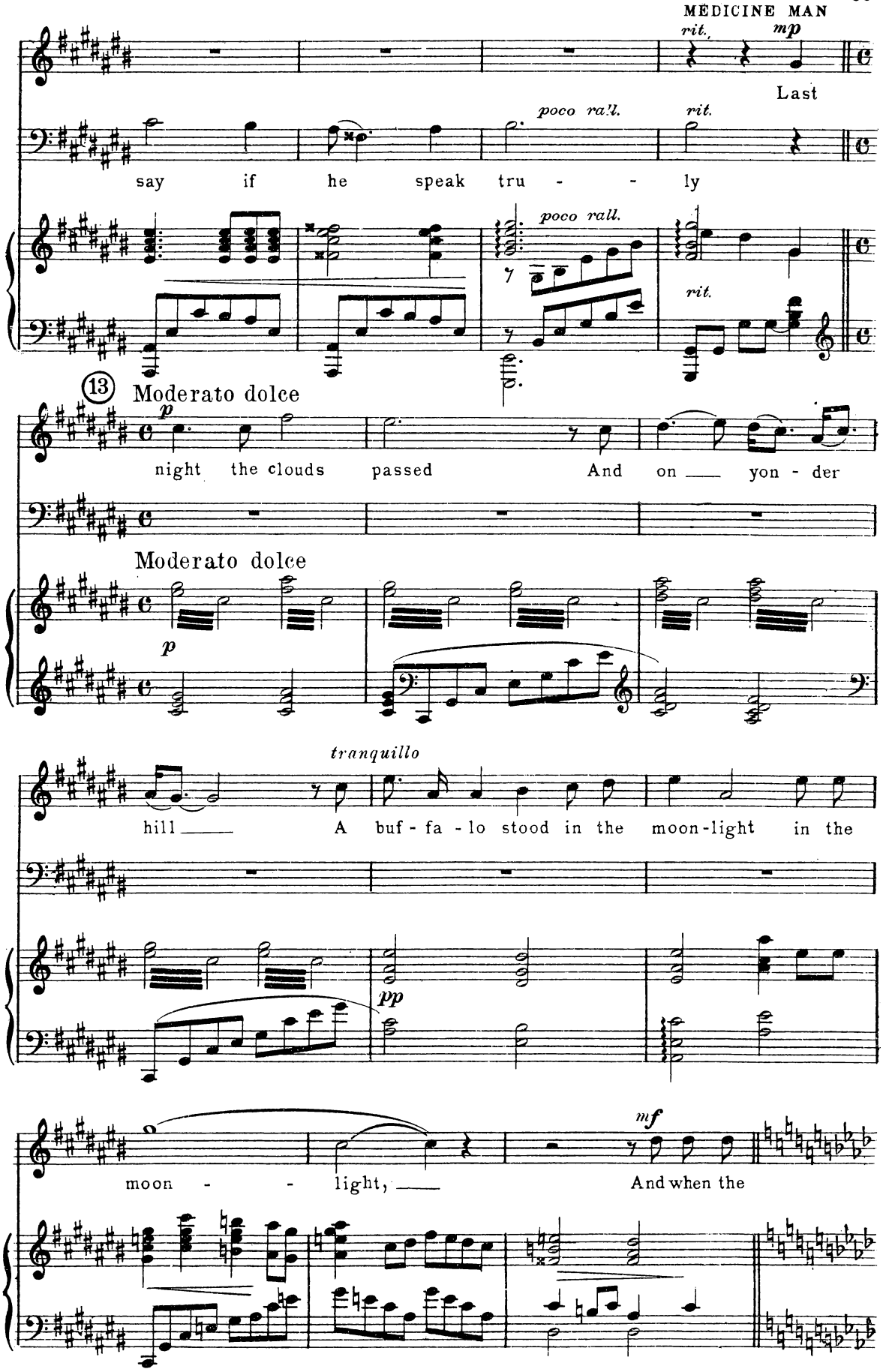

come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye
come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye
8
war-ri-ors, come, come, come!
war-ri-ors, come, come, come!
8
ff
frantico

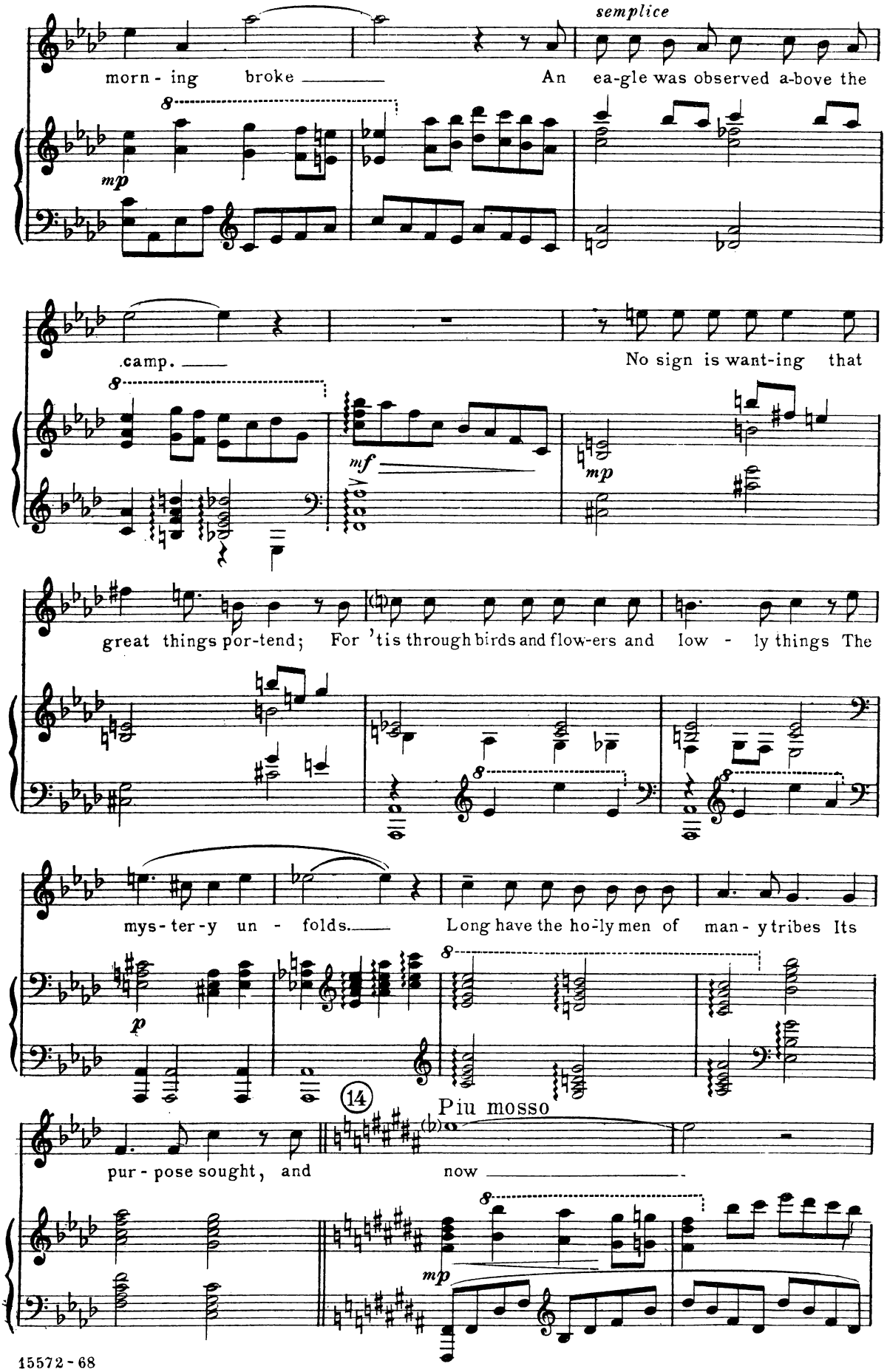

12
OLD MAN
mf
O ye war - ri - ors, hear me! The Great
mp
mf
Allegretto grazioso
Fa - ther has for - bid - den All the tribes to dance the ghost dance
mp
mf
That our proph - et has com-mand - ed.
f
If we dis - o - bey the fa - ther, He will
send his stal - wart war-ri - ors With their wea-pons touched with light-nings,

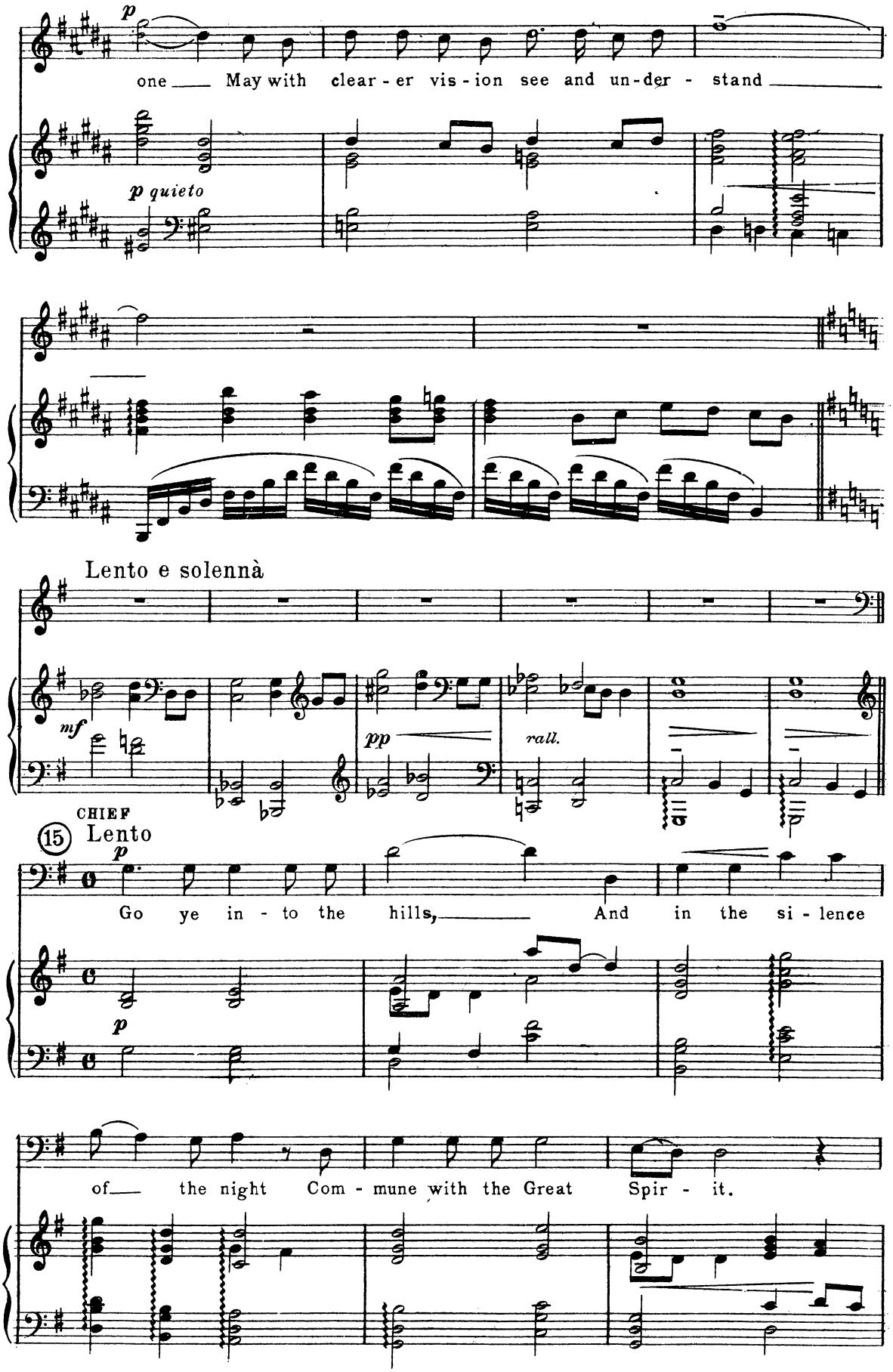

OLD MAN
rall.
I have spo-ken.
GREY WOLF
mf
a tempo
Not thus have we been councelled By the war-riors of the
rall.
mf
a tempo
ten.
G.W.
past, They shrank not from bat-tle.
TENORS
(Murmuring among the Braves)
f
Shall we be laughed at by the
BASSES
f
(CHIEF com-
mands silence)
wo - men? Or shall we heed the proph-et?
8
ff

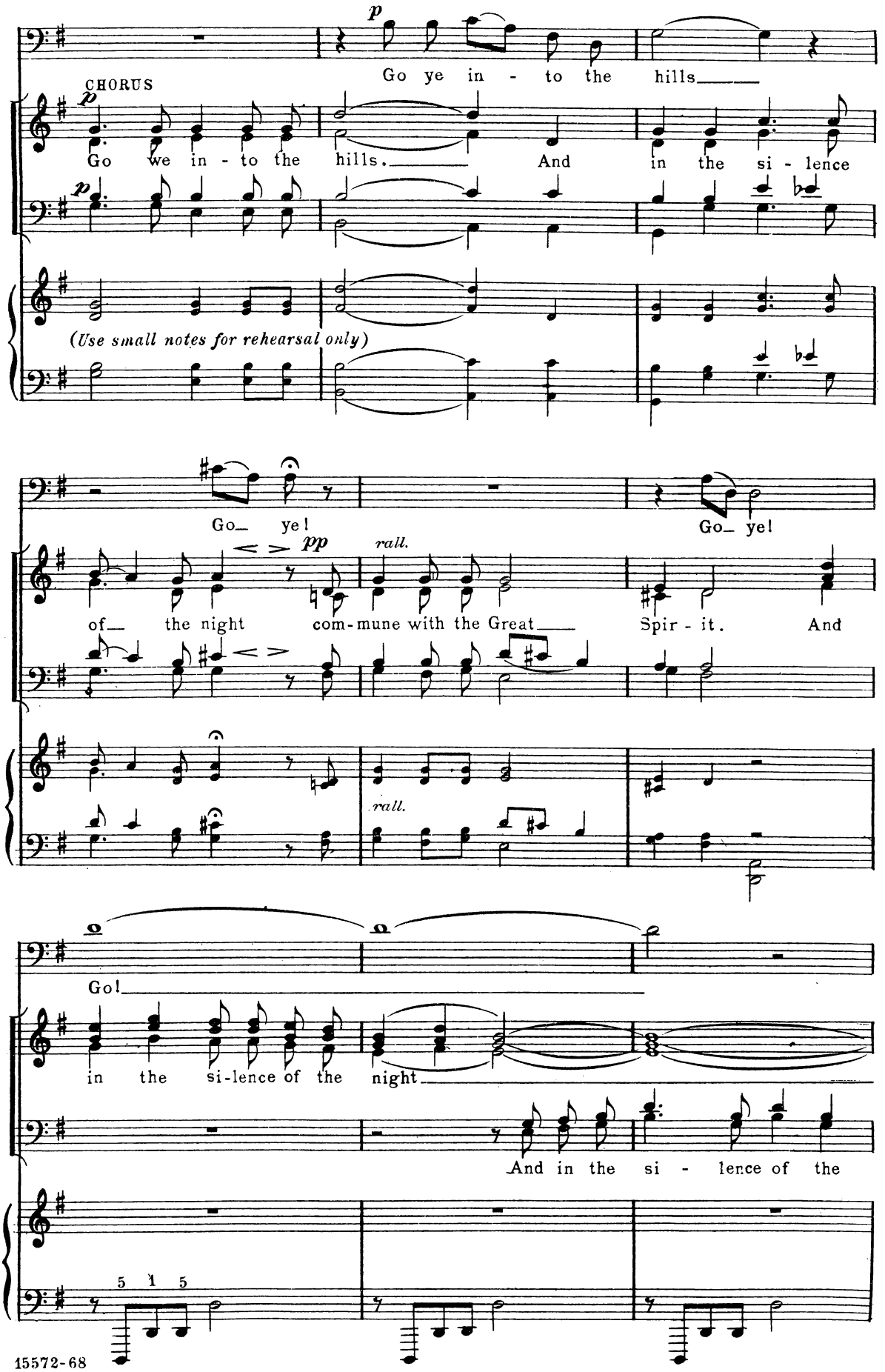

CHIEF mf meno mosso
Long since was it fore-
mp
told A-round our fa-thers' camp-fires That one should come to be our
Andante
mp
lib - e - ra - tor. Lo, in the sun - set
p
hour, A proph - et has ap - pear - - ed.
mf
The ho - ly men a - lone shall

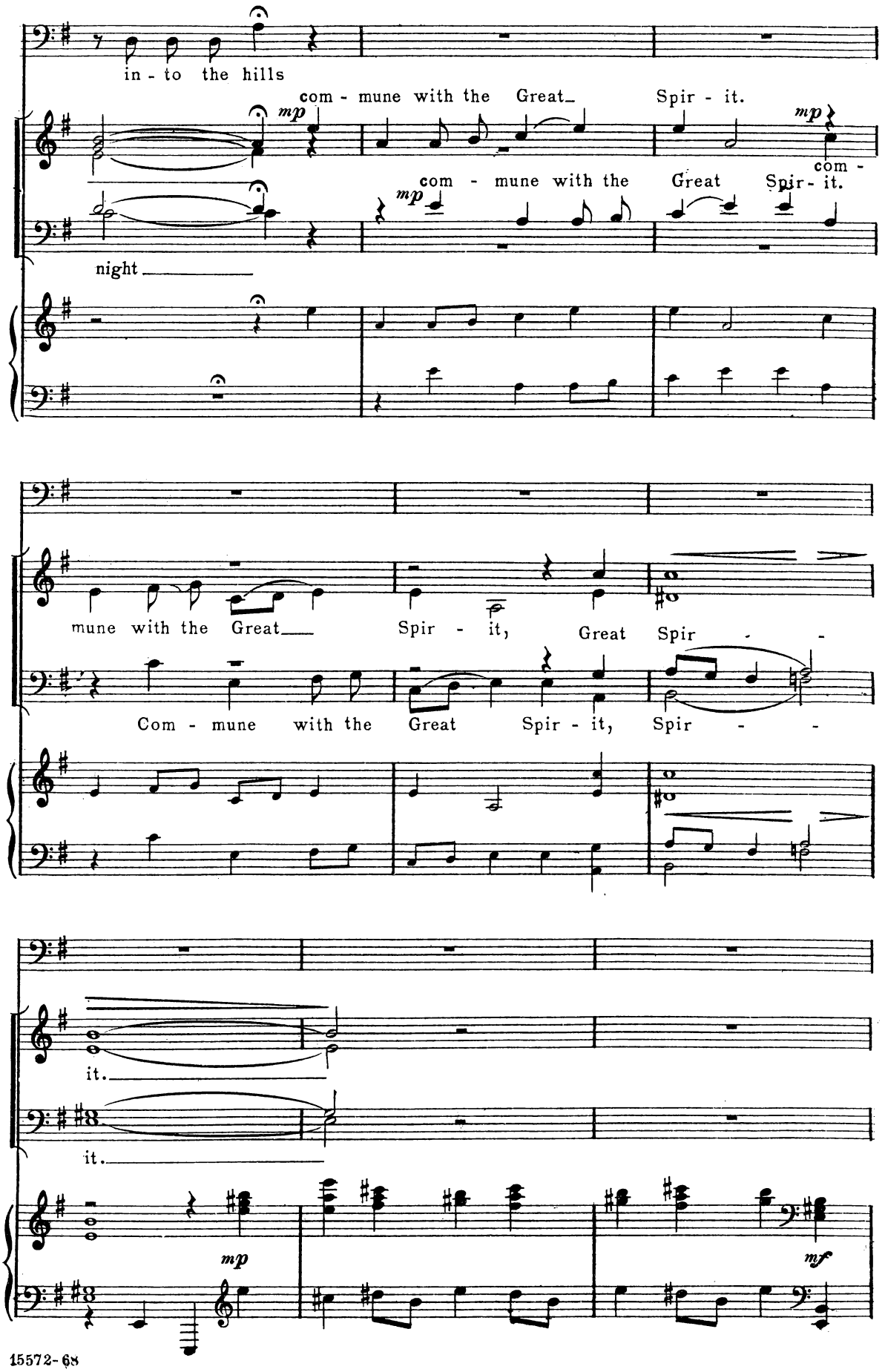
MEDICINE MAN

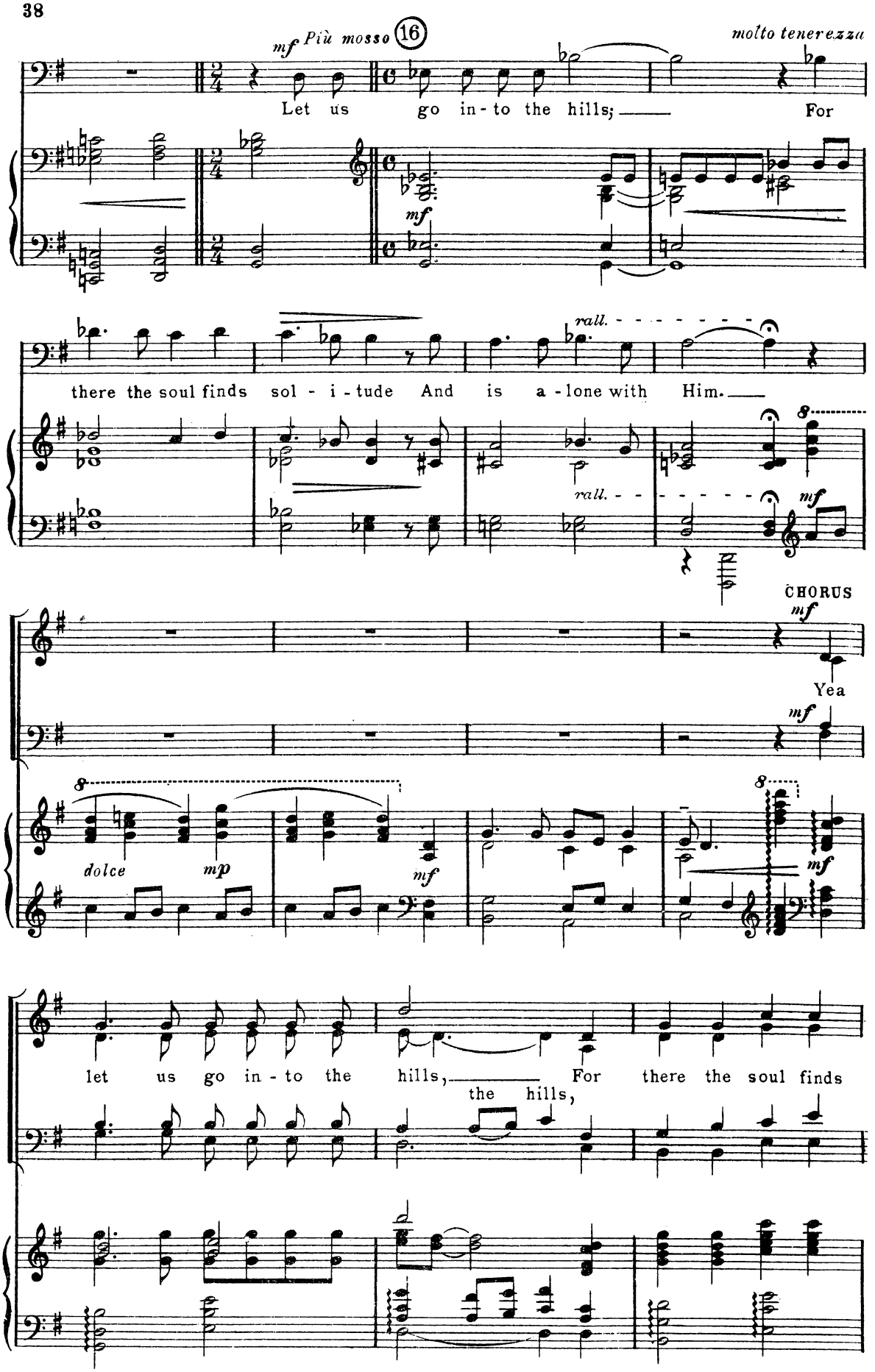


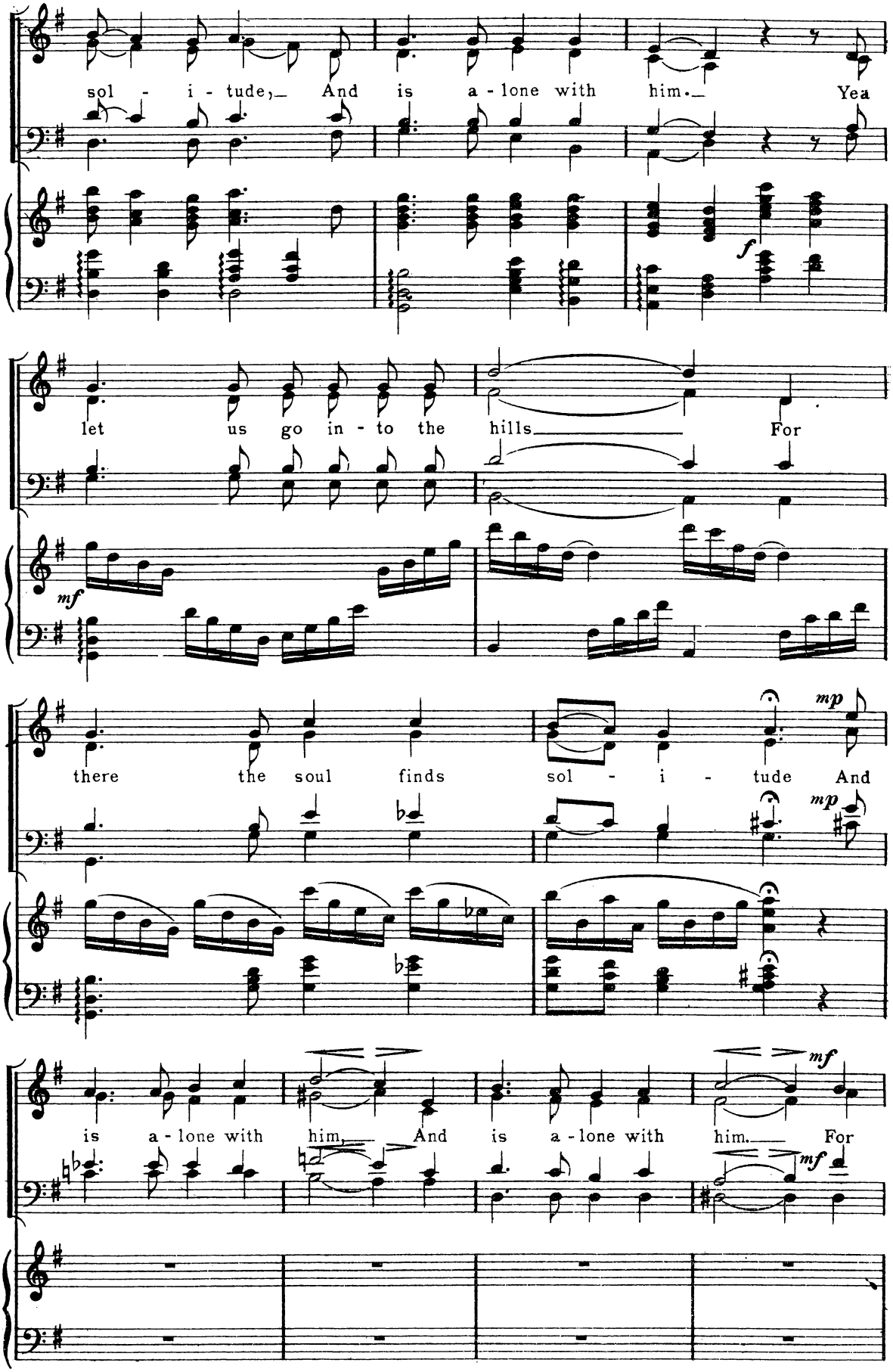

semplice
morn - ing broke
An ea-gle was observed a-bove the
mp
camp.
No sign is want-ing that
mf
mp
great things por-tend; For 'tis through birds and flow-ers and low - ly things The
mys - ter - y un - folds.
Long have the ho-ly men of man - y tribes Its
p
14
Piu mosso
pur - pose sought, and
now
mp

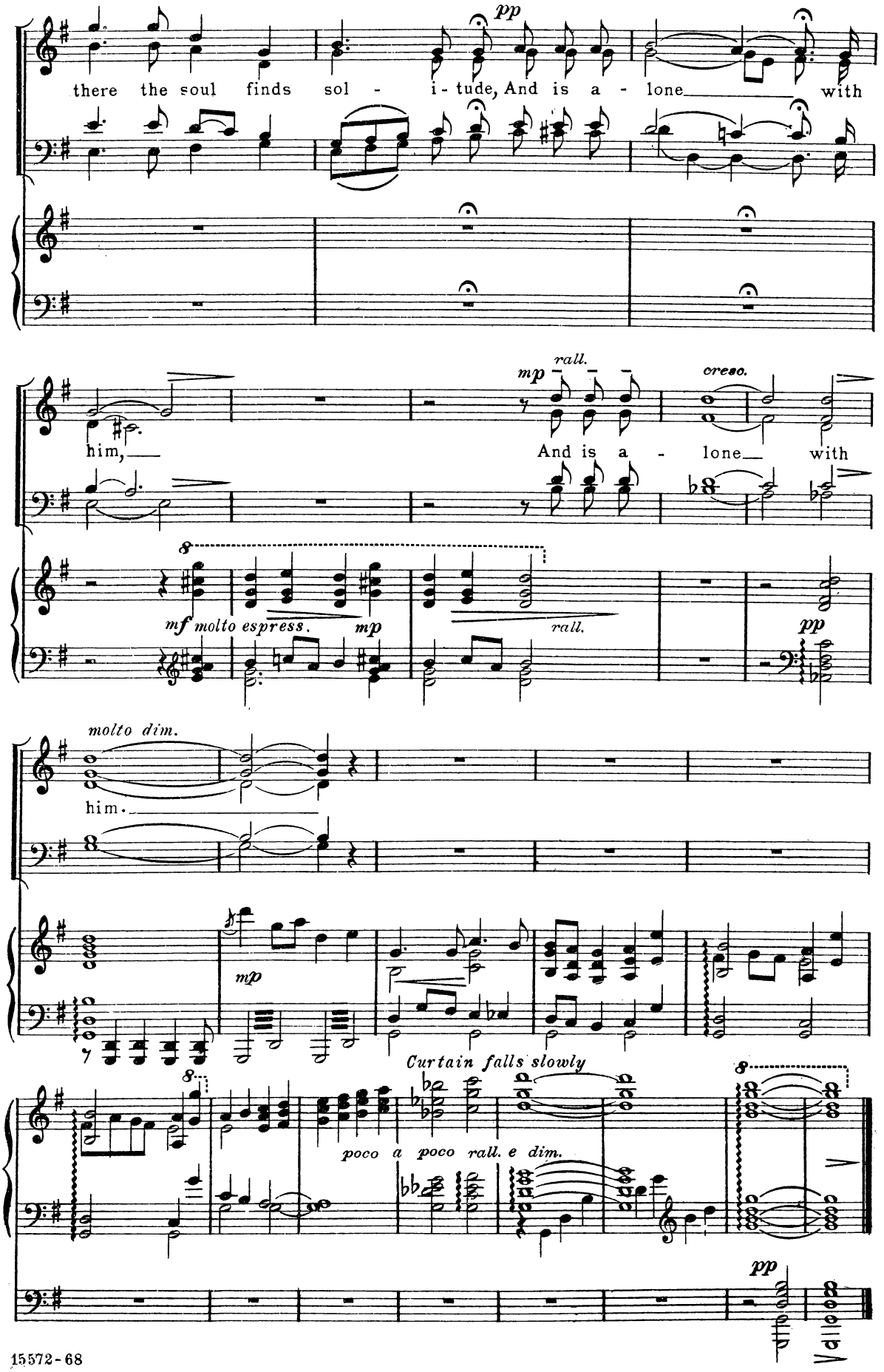

p
one ___ May with clear - er vis - ion see and un - der - stand ___
p quieto
Lento e solennà
mf
pp
rall.
CHIEF
15
Lento
p
Go ye in - to the hills, ___ And in the si - lence
p
of ___ the night Com - mune with the Great Spir - it.


p
Go ye in - to the hills
CHORUS
p
Go we in - to the hills. And in the si - lence
p
(Use small notes for rehearsal only)
Go ye!
Go ye!
pp
rall.
of the night com-mune with the Great Spir - it. And
rall.
Go!
in the si-lence of the night
And in the si - lence of the
5 1 5


in - to the hills
com - mune with the Great Spir - it.
mp
com -
com - mune with the Great Spir - it.
mp
night
mune with the Great Spir - it, Great Spir - -
Com - mune with the Great Spir - it, Spir - -
it.
it.
mp
mf

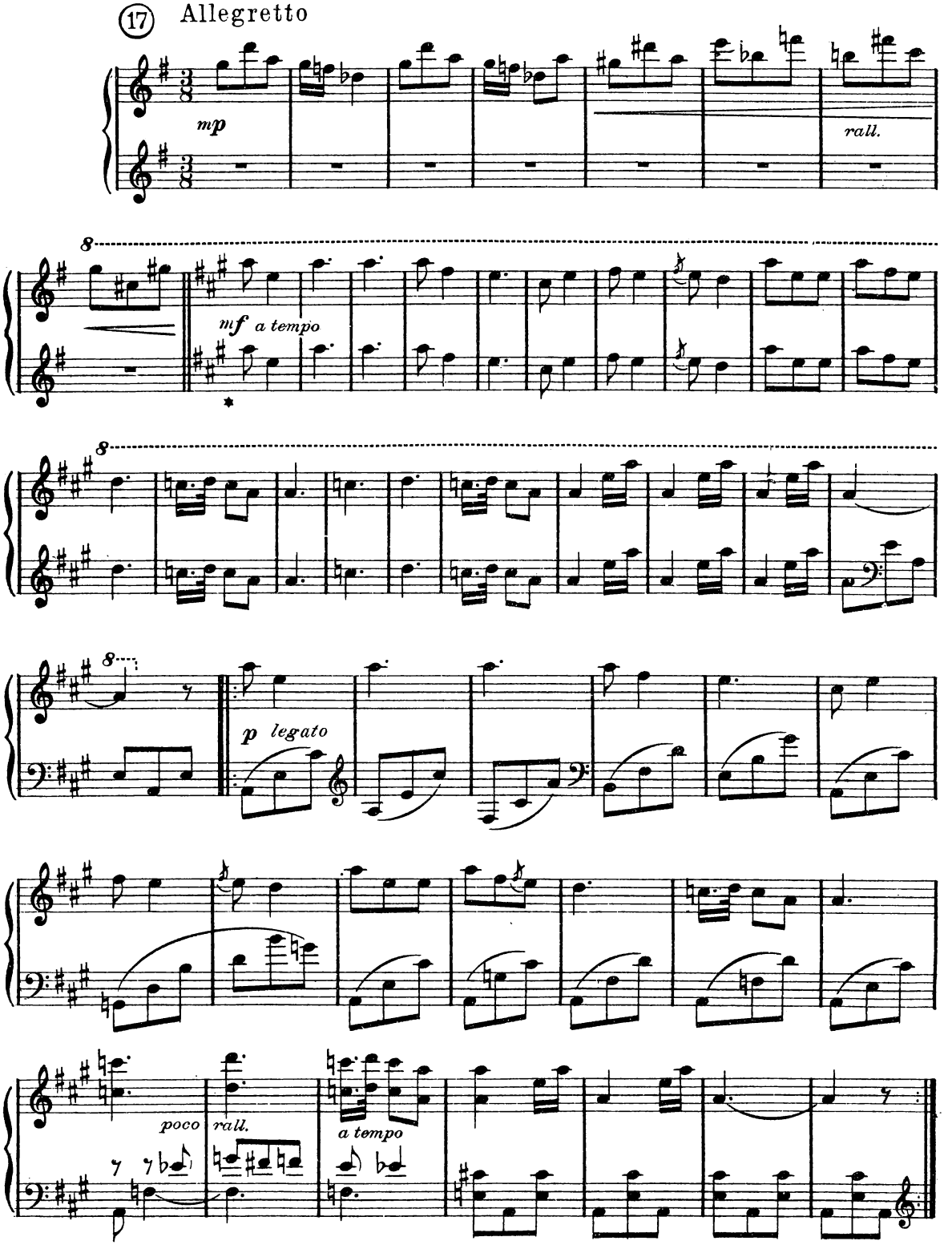

mf Più mosso 16
molto tenerezza
Let us go in-to the hills; For
mf
there the soul finds sol - i - tude And is a - lone with Him.
rall.
rall.
8
mf
CHORUS
mf
Yea
mf
8
dolce
mp
mf
8
mf
let us go in - to the hills, For there the soul finds
the hills,


sol - i - tude, And is a - lone with him. Yea
f
let us go in - to the hills For
mf
there the soul finds sol - i - tude And
mp
mp
is a - lone with him, And is a - lone with him. For
mf
mf

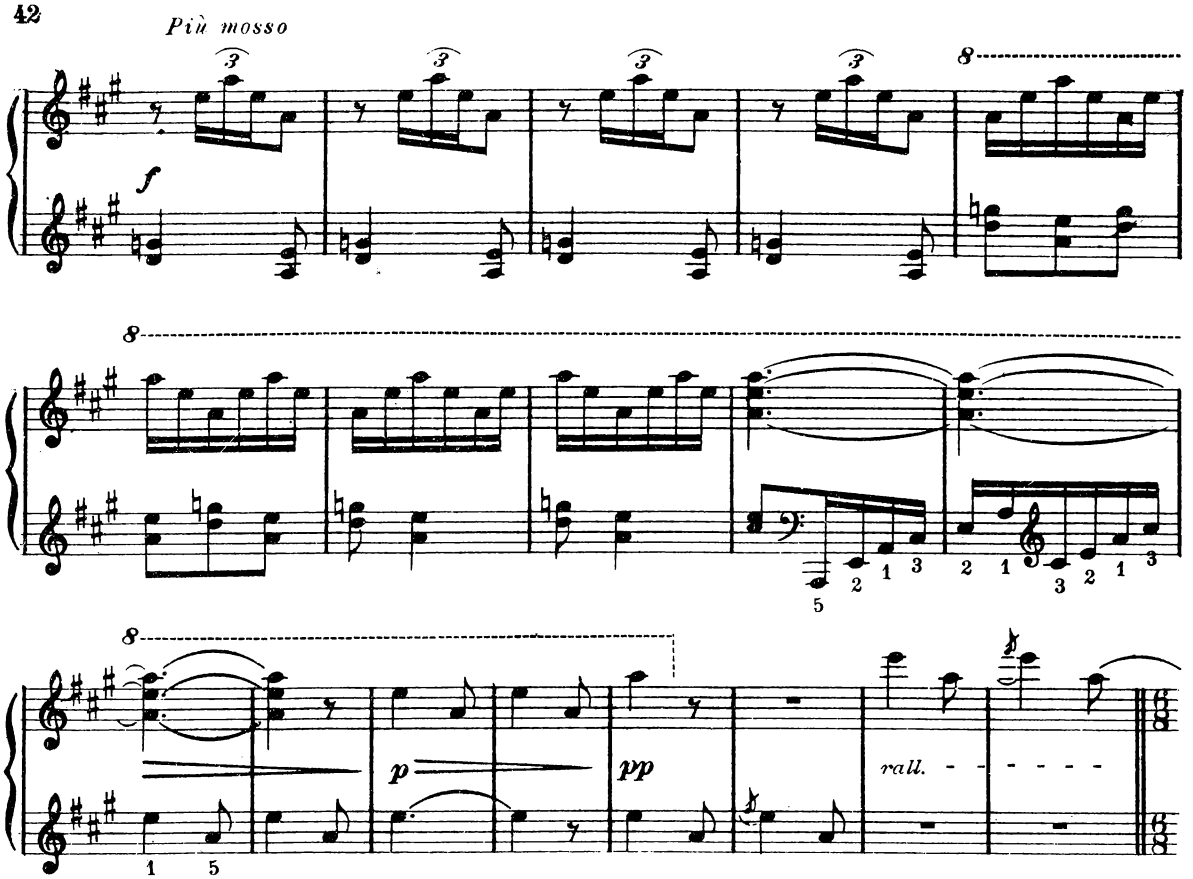

pp
there the soul finds sol - i - tude, And is a - lone with
him,
mp rall.
cresc.
And is a - lone with
8
mf molto espress.
mp
rall.
pp
molto dim.
him.
mp
Curtain falls slowly
8
poco a poco rall. e dim.
pp

PART TWO

SCENE two same as Part One. *DAWN. Music of the Indian flageolet (the lover's flute) is heard.* WILDFLOWER *is within her lodge, but sings in duet with* REDFEATHER *inside of the tepee until the time indicated in the score, when she joins him for the balance of the duet. The stage is empty when curtain rises, but as the sky colors,* REDFEATHER *enters carrying his flageolet, upon which he has presumably been playing.*

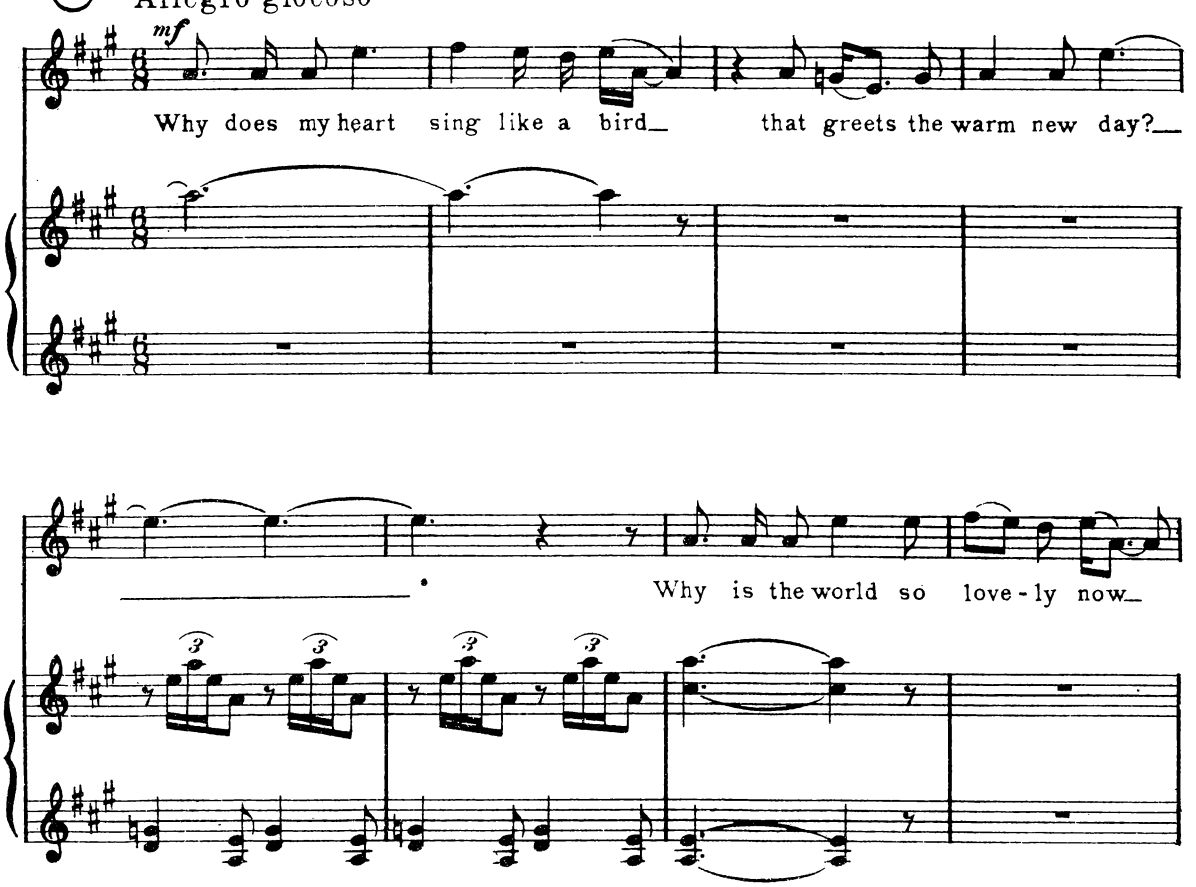


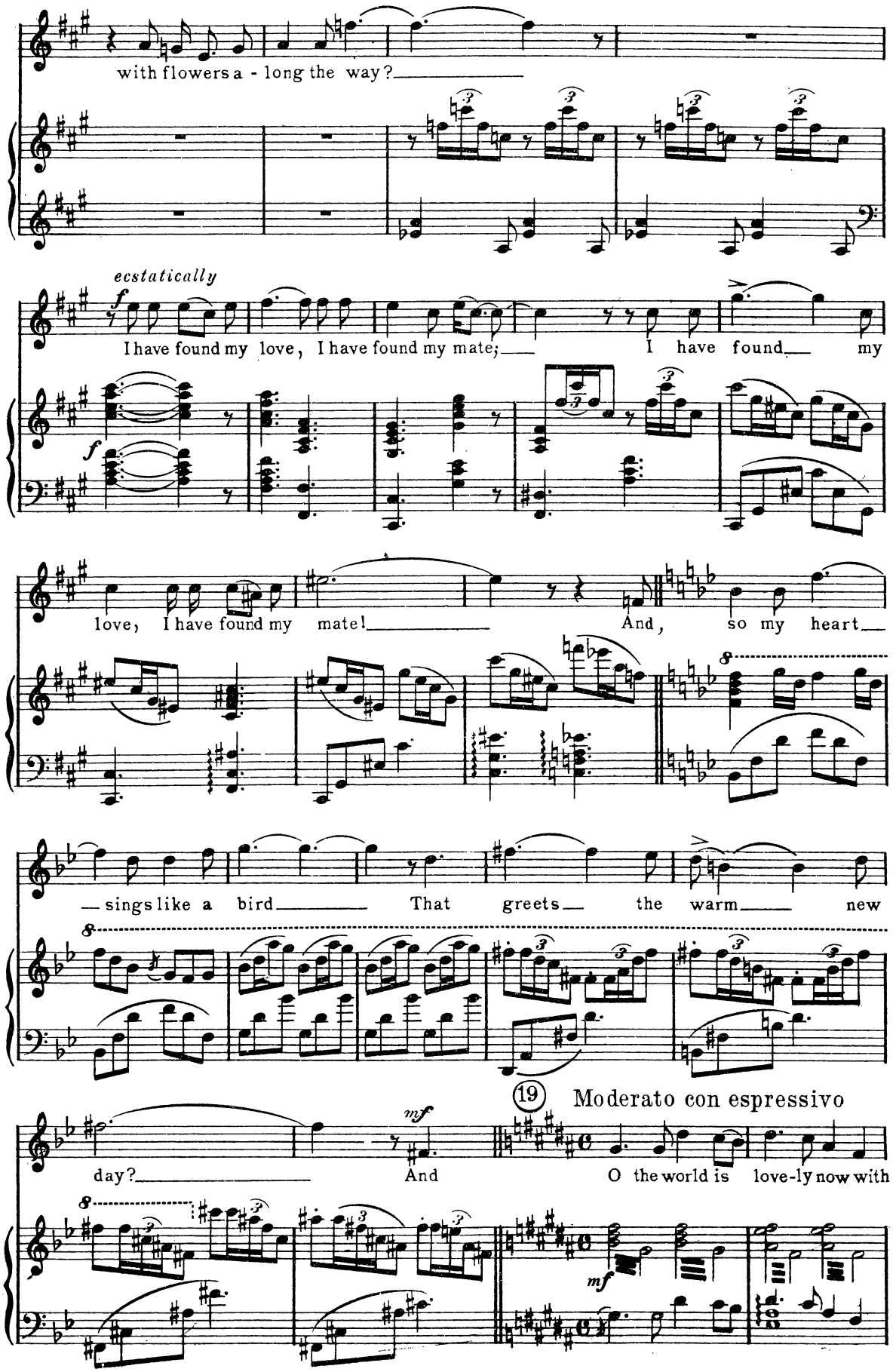
* Omaha flageolet tune, recorded by Cadman in 1909.

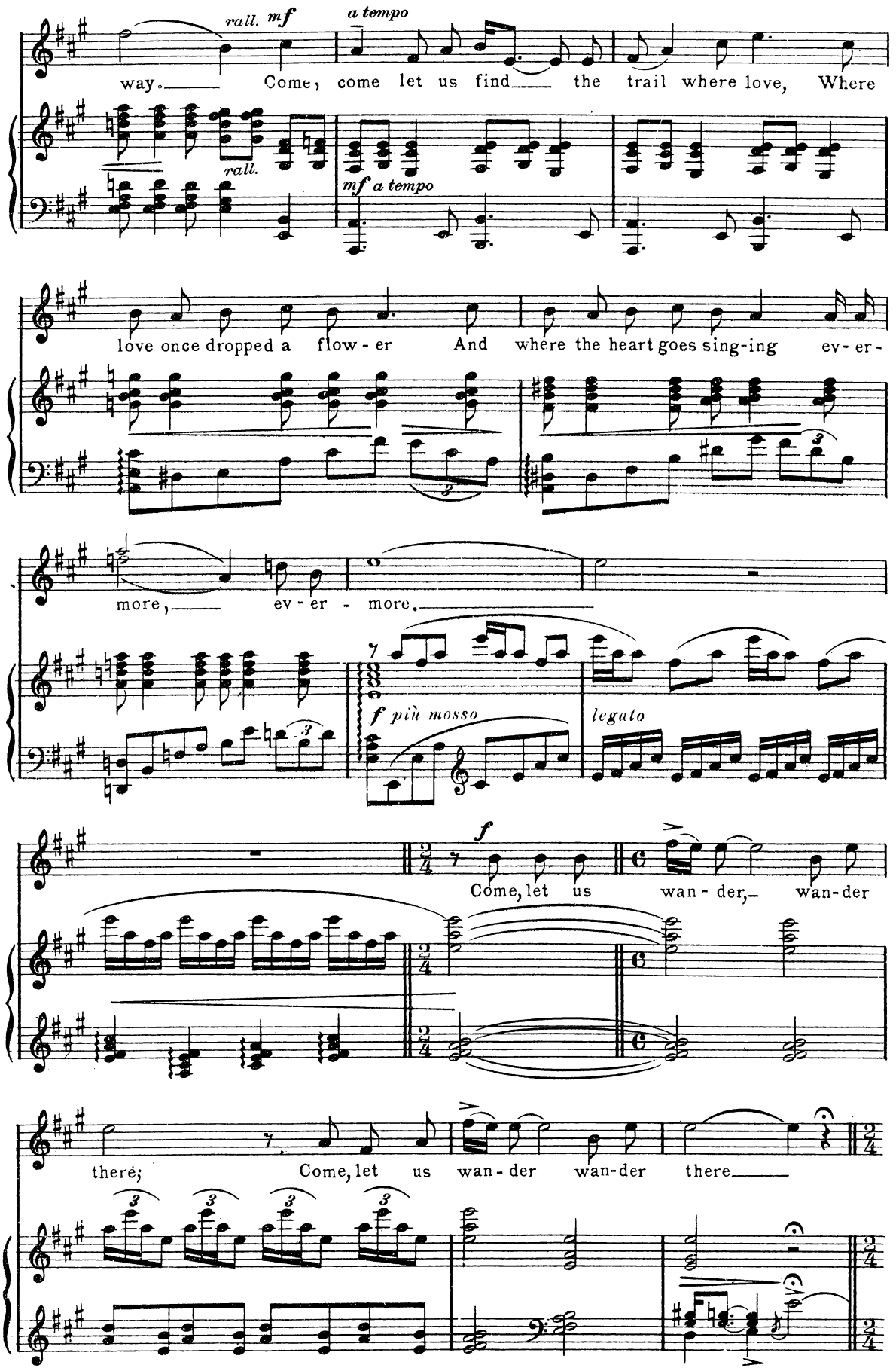


REDFEATHER

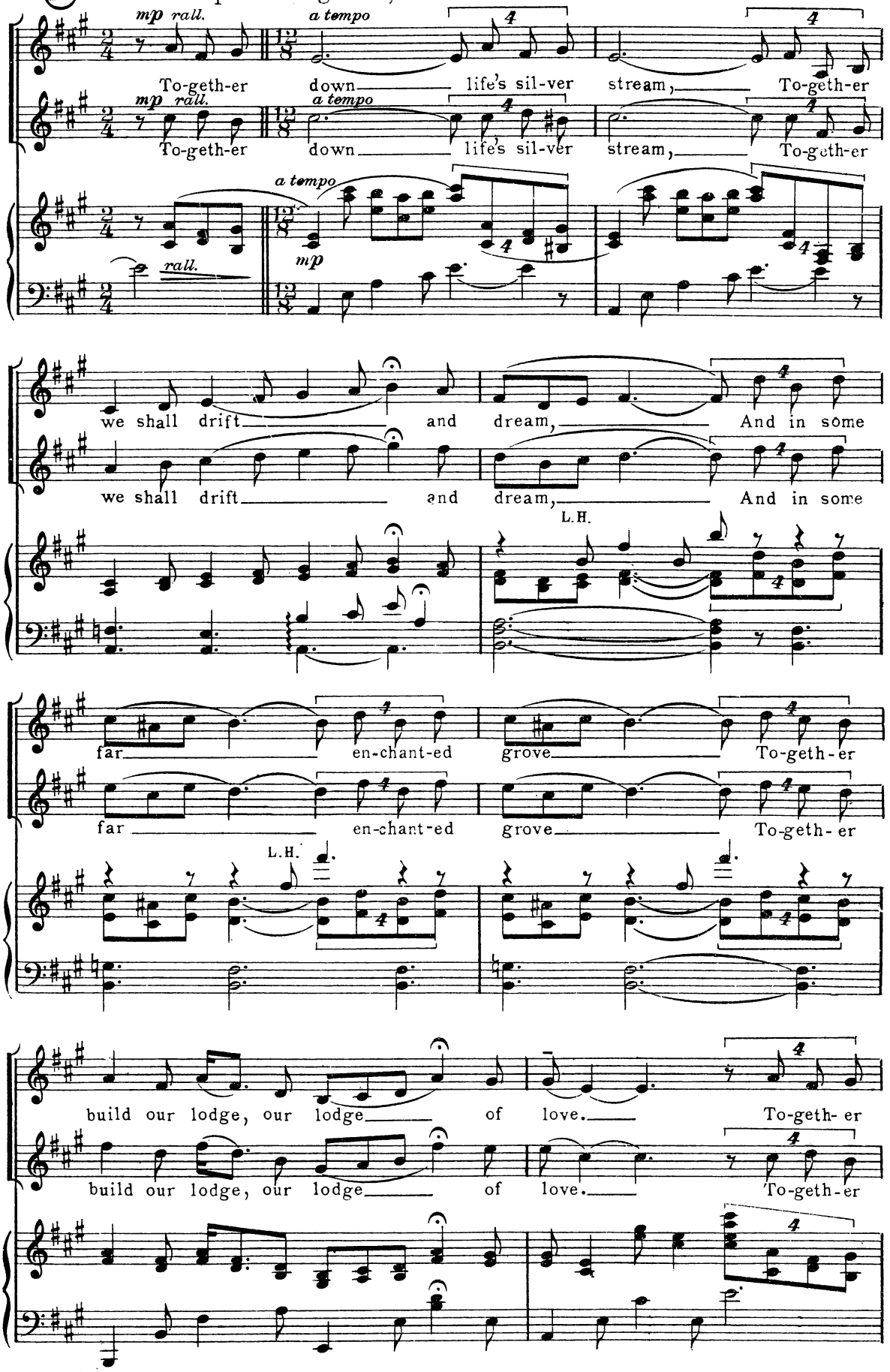
(18) Allegro giocoso

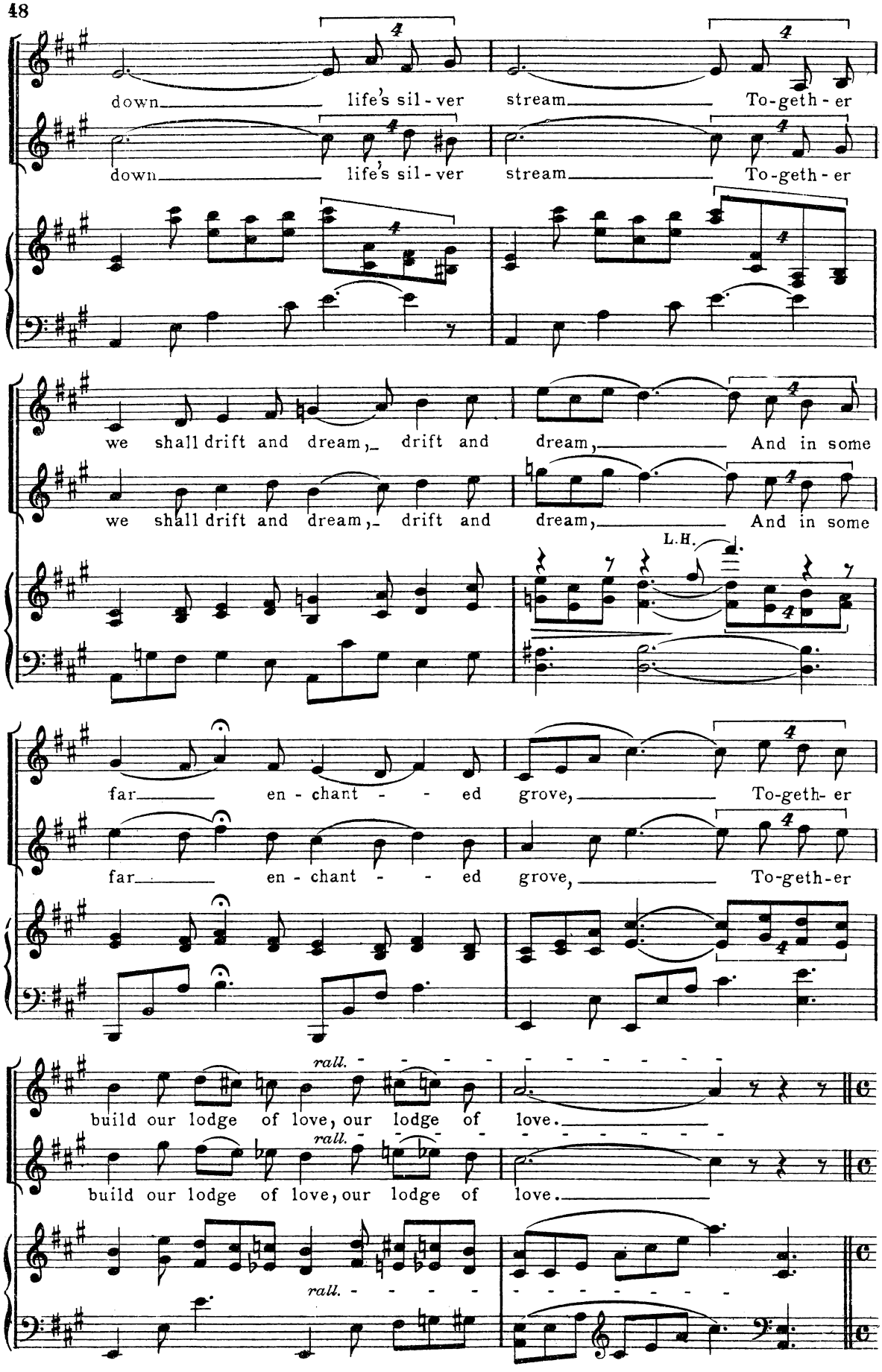



with flowers a - long the way?
ecstatically
I have found my love, I have found my mate; I have found my
love, I have found my mate! And, so my heart
sings like a bird That greets the warm new
day? And
19 Moderato con espressivo
O the world is love-ly now with


rall. mf
a tempo
way. Come, come let us find the trail where love, Where
rall.
mf a tempo
love once dropped a flow - er And where the heart goes sing-ing ev- er-
more, ev - er - more.
f più mosso
legato
f
Come, let us wan - der, wan - der
there; Come, let us wan - der wan - der there

(21) Moderato quasi allegretto, affetuoso




down life's sil - ver stream To-geth - er
down life's sil - ver stream To-geth - er
we shall drift and dream, drift and dream, And in some
we shall drift and dream, drift and dream, And in some
L.H.
far en - chant - - ed grove, To-geth- er
far en - chant - - ed grove, To-geth-er
rall.
build our lodge of love, our lodge of love.
rall.
build our lodge of love, our lodge of love.
rall.

22 WILDFLOWER

Allegretto

mf

Ah, my be - lov - ed,— all the

dawns of all the days— have brought the

white dawn of our dream - - -

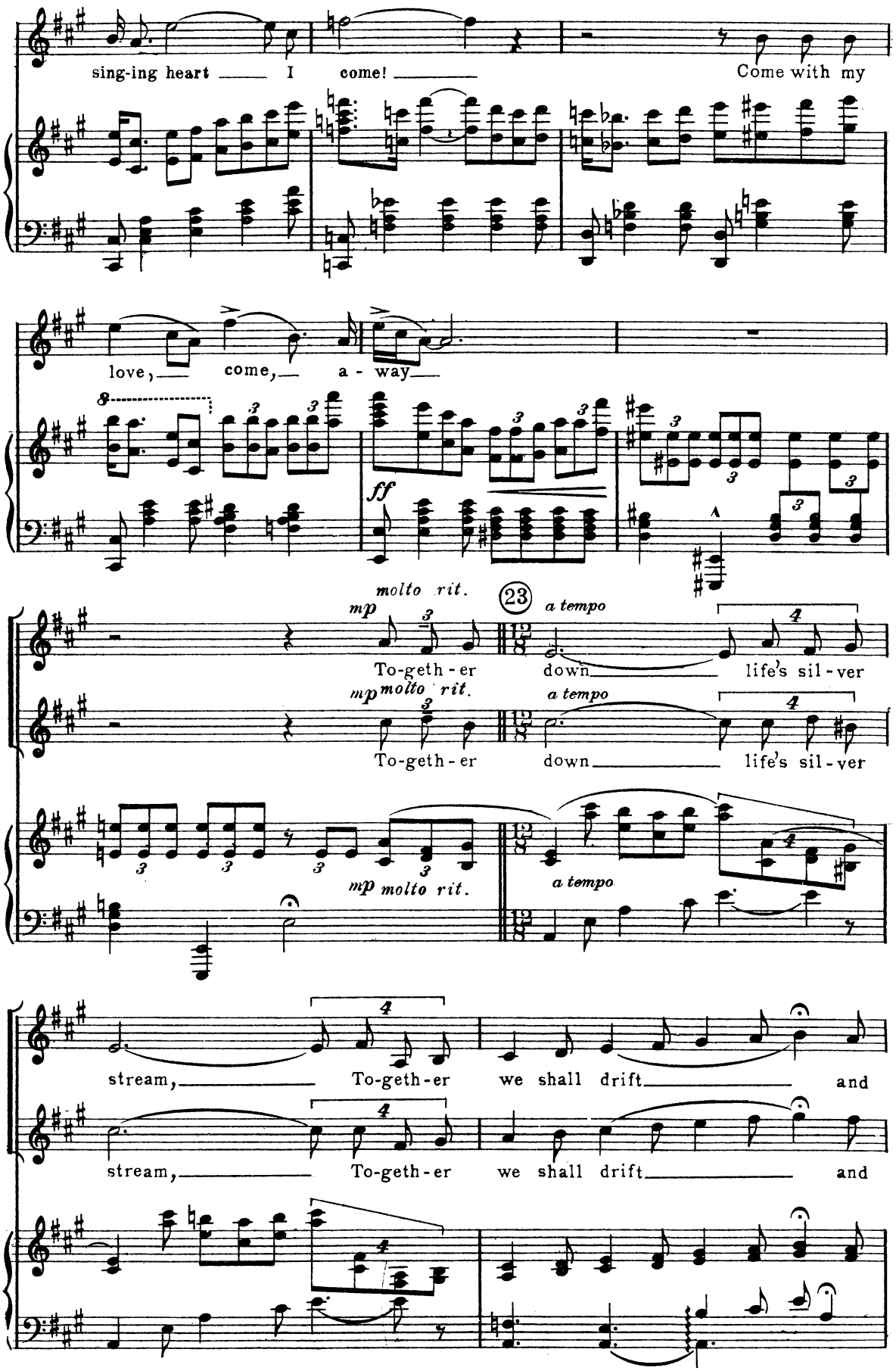
mf *Più mosso e giocoso*

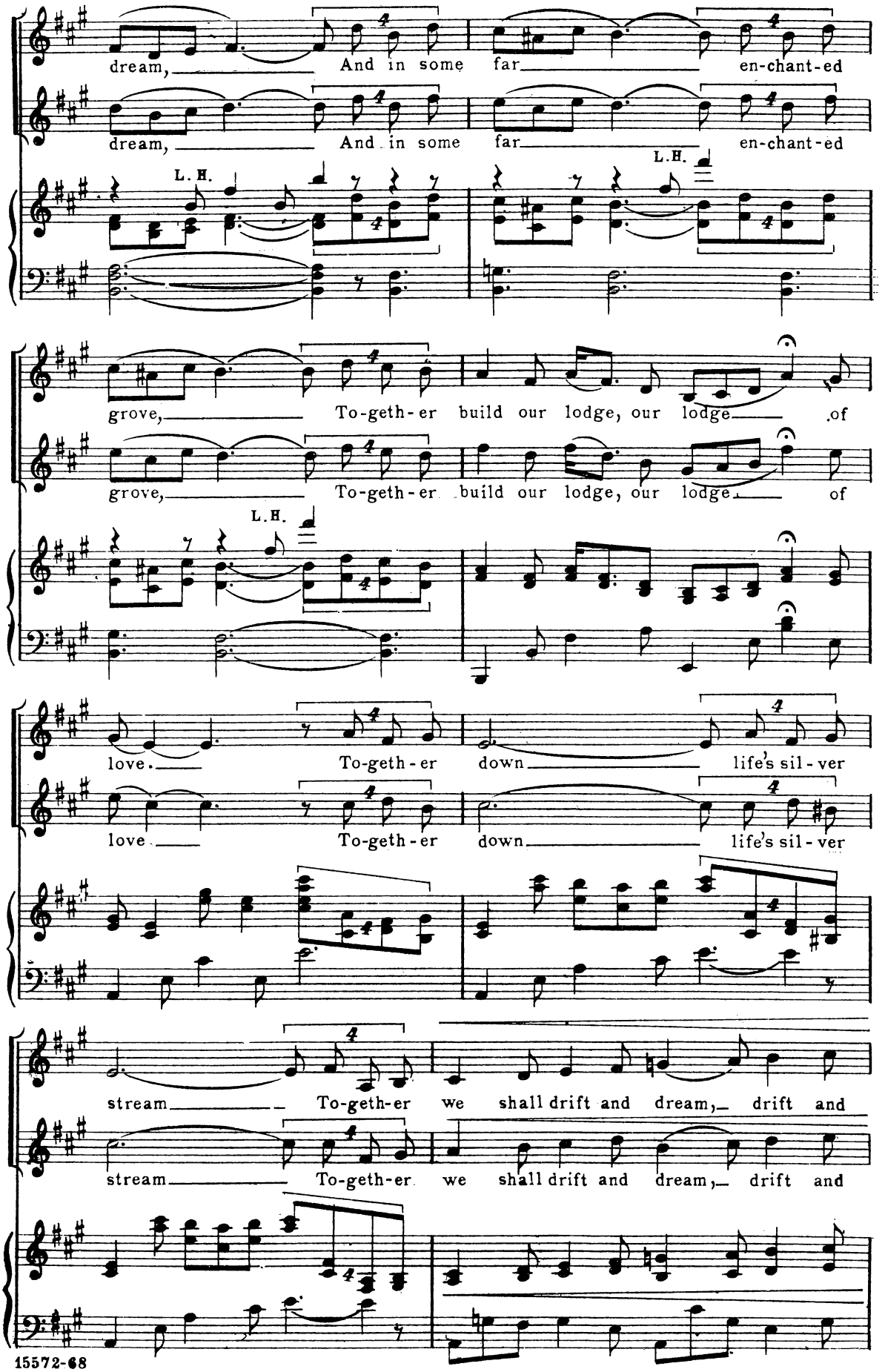
ing. Now is the glo-ry wrought! Lo,— from my

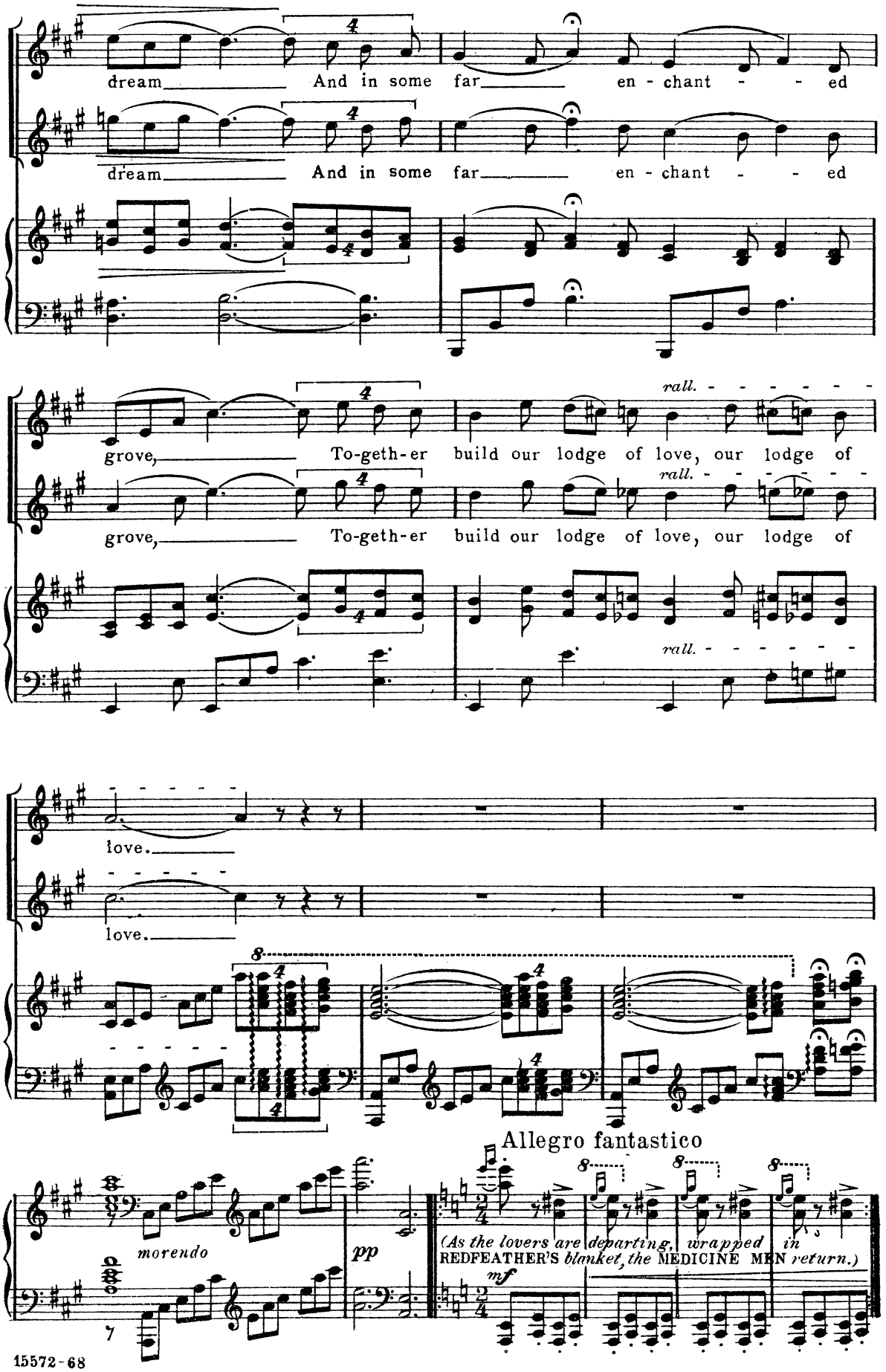
mf *cresc.*

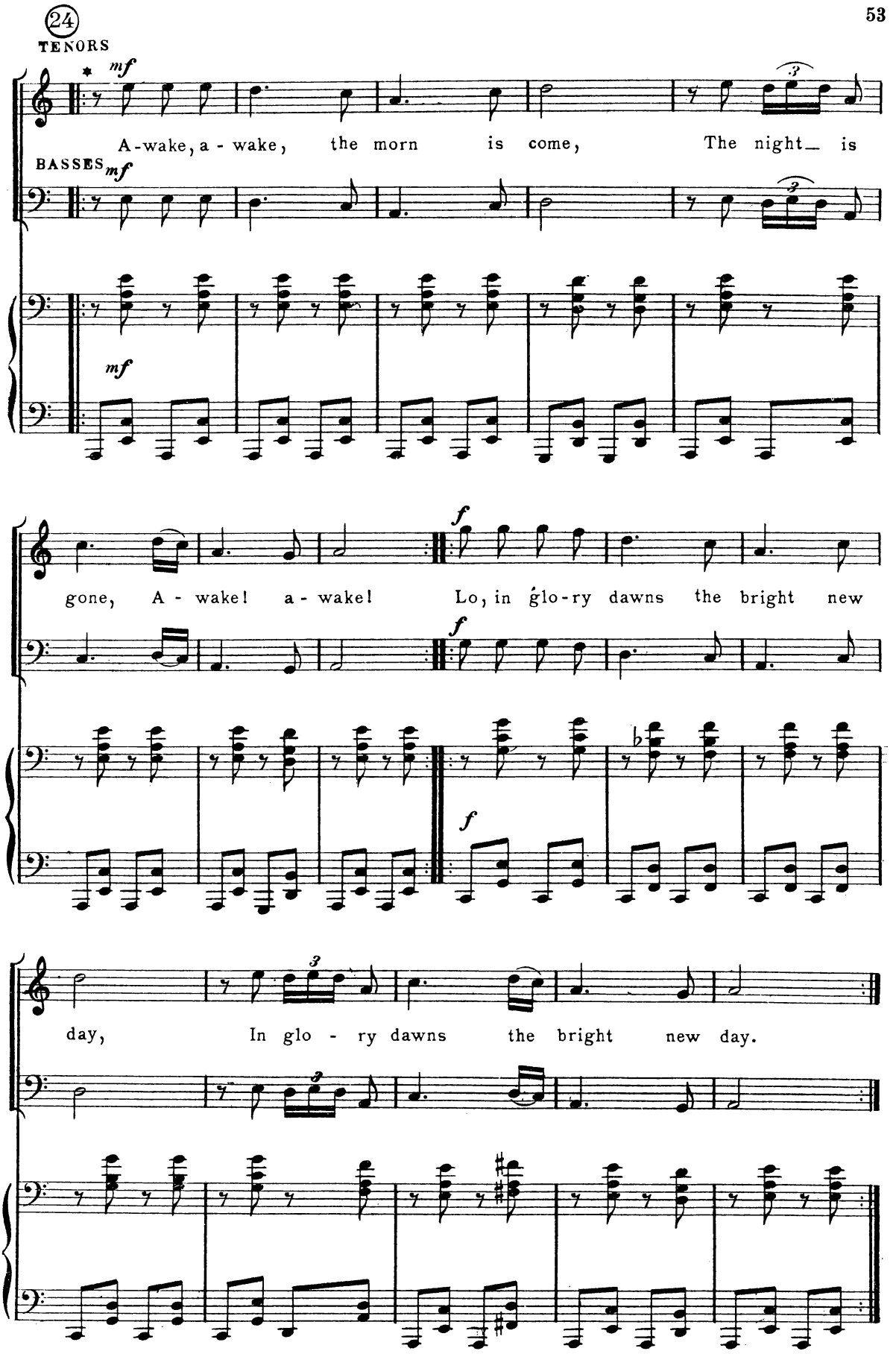
fa-ther's lodge the trail leads to the bright new day, And with a

f


sing-ing heart I come! Come with my
love, come, a - way
ff
molto rit.
mp
23
a tempo
To-geth - er down life's sil - ver
mp molto rit.
a tempo
To-geth - er down life's sil - ver
mp molto rit.
a tempo
stream, To-geth - er we shall drift and
stream, To-geth - er we shall drift and


dream, And in some far en-chant-ed
dream, And in some far en-chant-ed
L.H.
L.H.
grove, To-geth-er build our lodge, our lodge of
grove, To-geth-er build our lodge, our lodge of
L.H.
love. To-geth-er down life's sil-ver
love To-geth-er down life's sil-ver
stream To-geth-er we shall drift and dream, drift and
stream To-geth-er we shall drift and dream, drift and


dream And in some far en - chant - - ed
dream And in some far en - chant - - ed
grove, To-geth-er build our lodge of love, our lodge of
rall.
grove, To-geth-er build our lodge of love, our lodge of
rall.
rall.
love.
love.
Allegro fantastico
morendo
pp
(As the lovers are departing, wrapped in
REDFEATHER'S blanket, the MEDICINE MEN return.)
mf



* A Delaware Indian theme is employed here. C.W.C.

S. CHORUS *ff*

A-wake! A - wake! The sun is high, The world is

A. *ff*

A-wake! A - wake! Life calls a - new And bids you

T. *ff*

A-wake! A - wake! The sun is high, The world is

B. *ff*

A-wake! A - wake! Life calls a - new And bids you

ff

1 2

fair, A - wake! A - wake! wake! a - wake!

come, A - wake! A - wake!

fair, A - wake! A - wake! wake! a - wake!

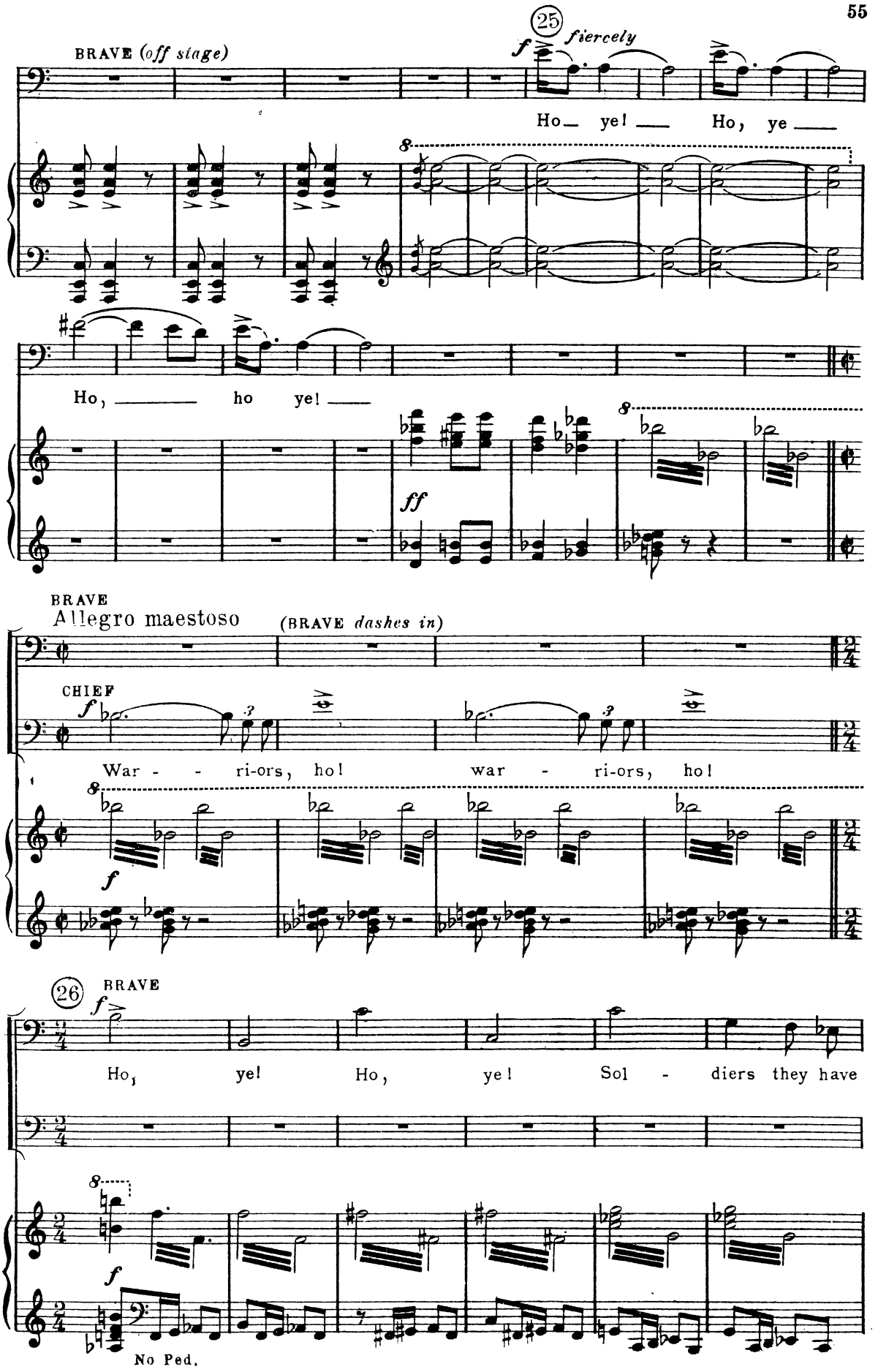
come, A - wake! A - wake!

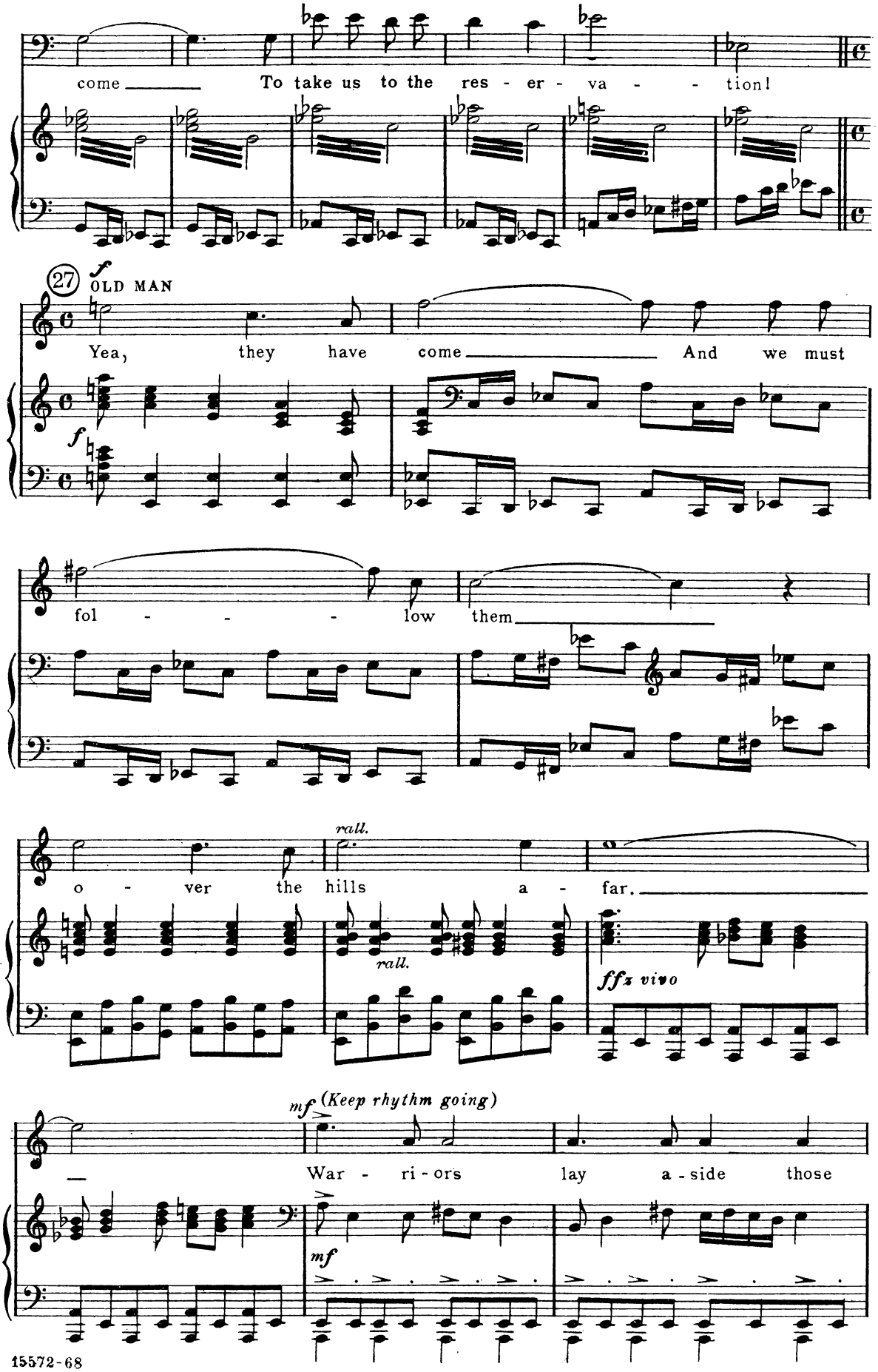
8

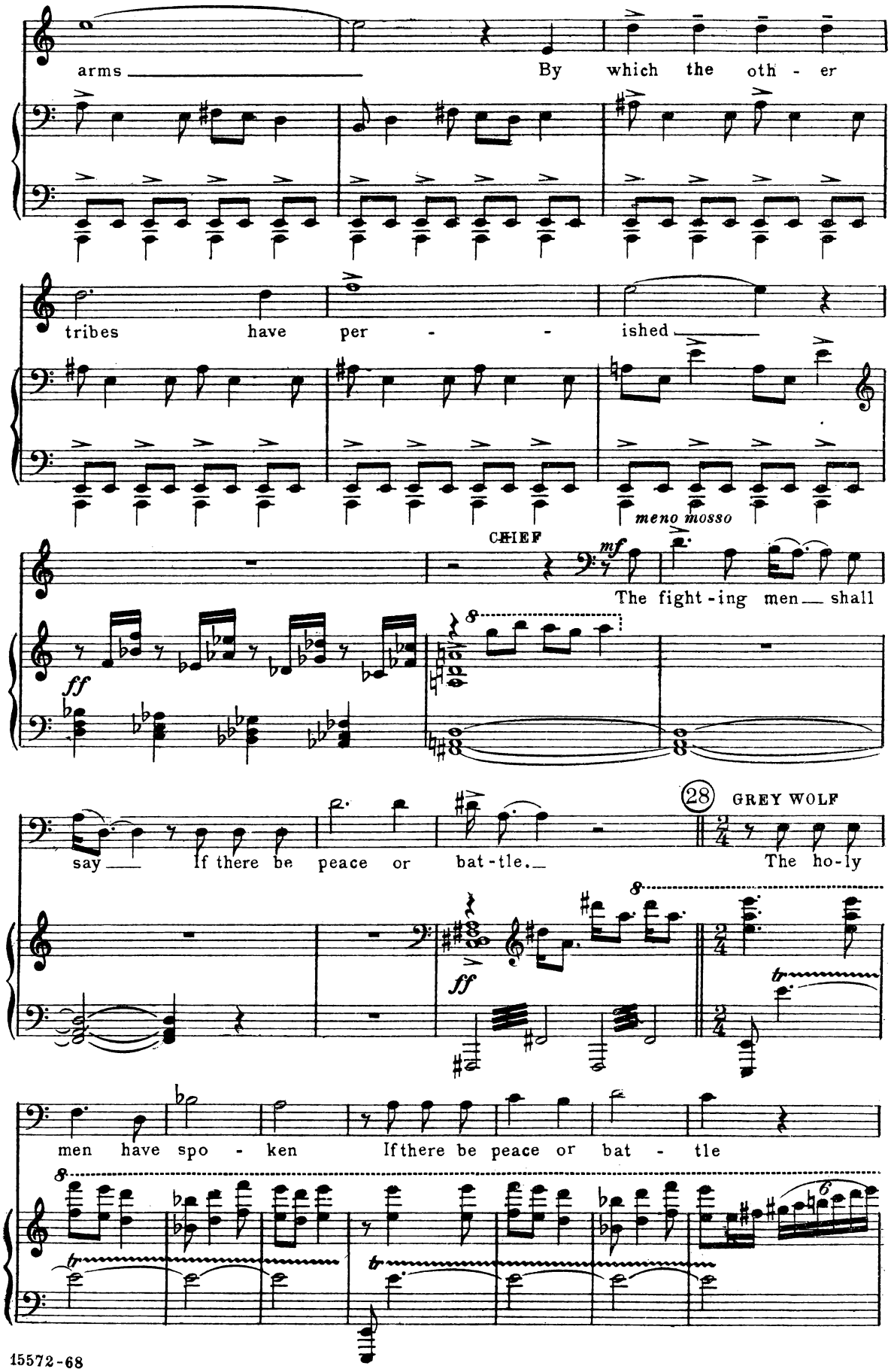
frenètico

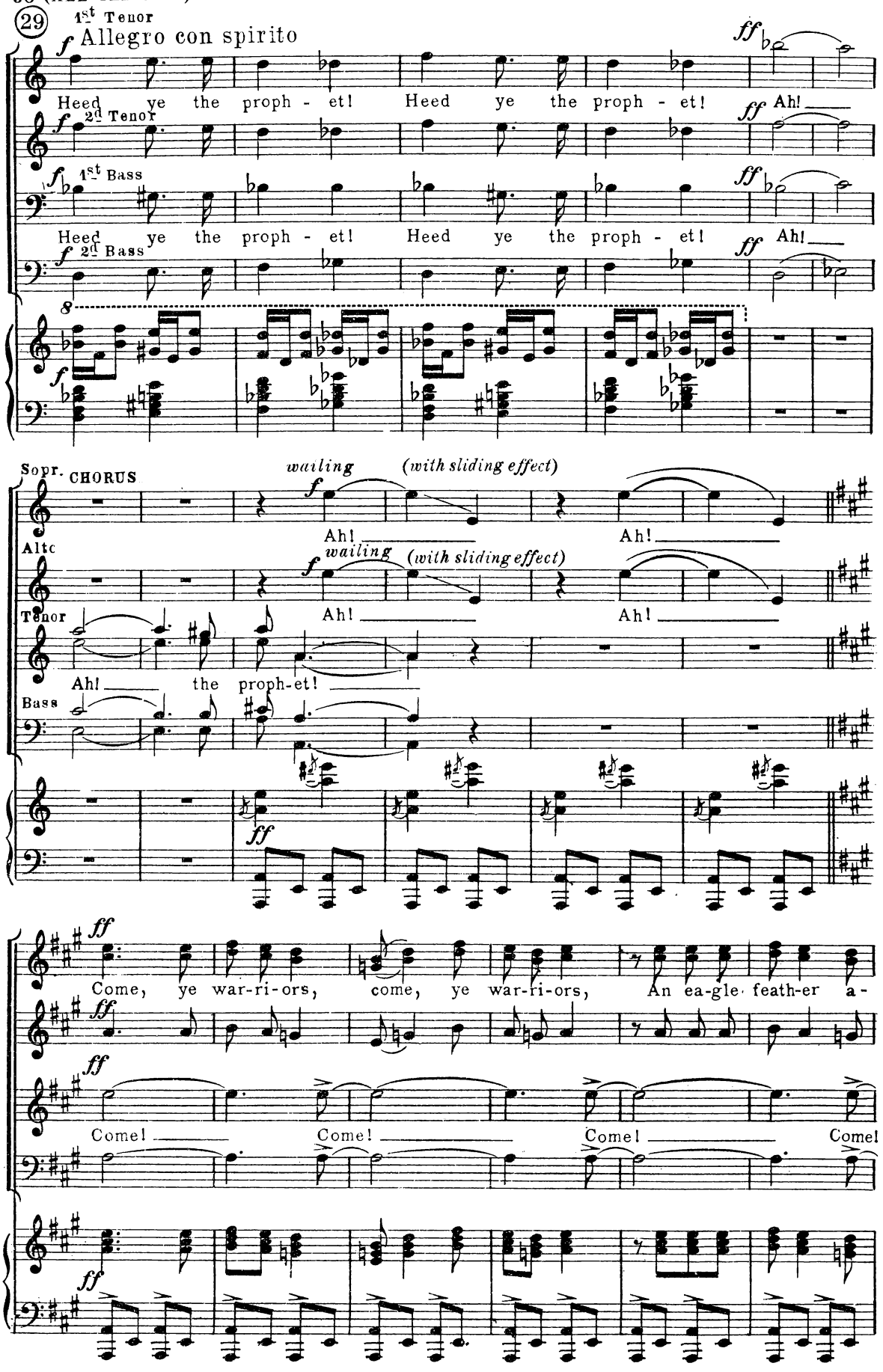
8

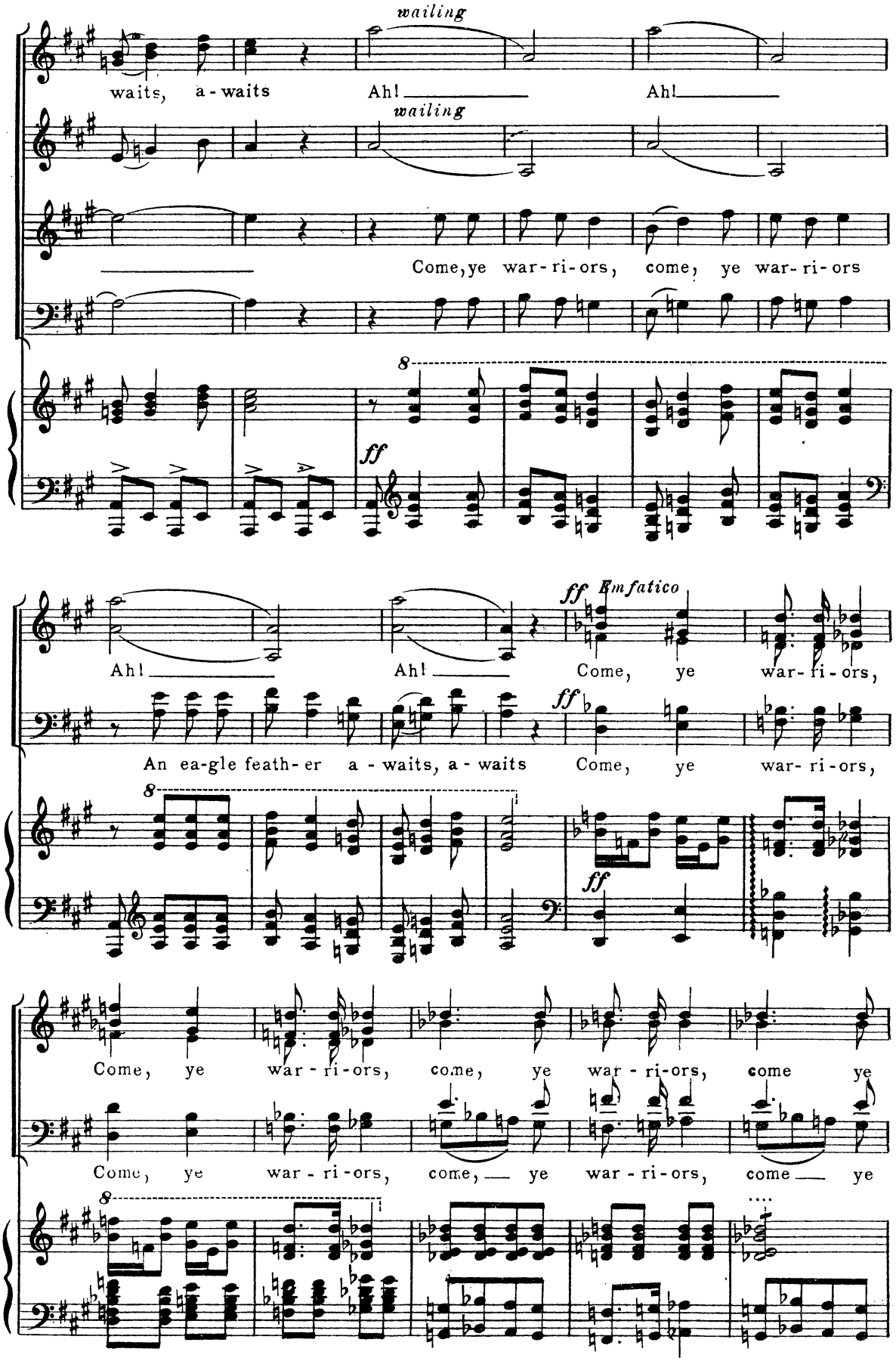
fff

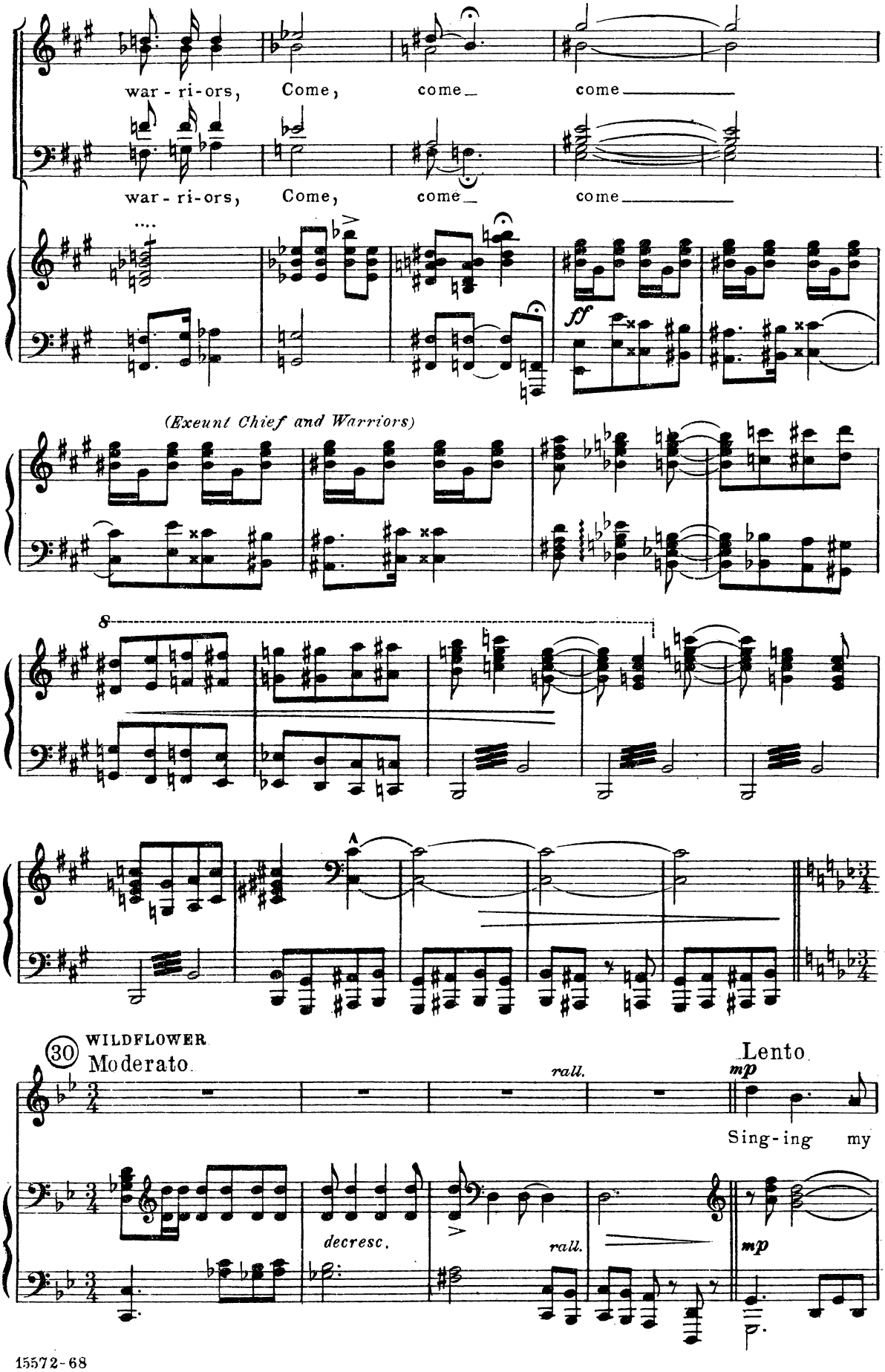

25
fiercely
BRAVE (off stage)
Ho_ ye! ___ Ho, ye ___
Ho, ___ ho ye! ___
ff
BRAVE
Allegro maestoso
(BRAVE dashes in)
CHIEF
War - - ri-ors, ho! war - ri-ors, ho!
26
BRAVE
Ho, ye! Ho, ye! Sol - diers they have
No Ped.

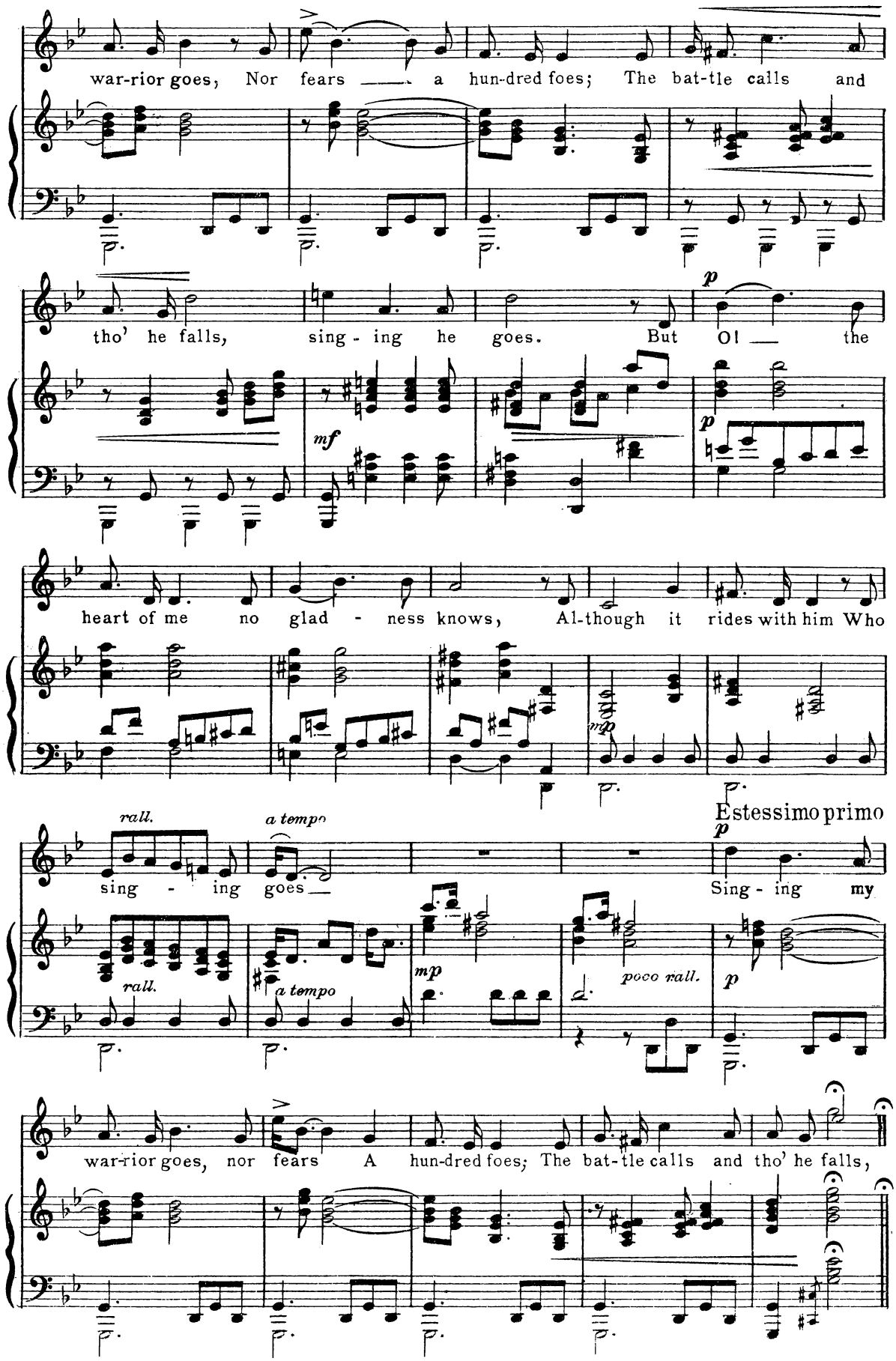

come
To take us to the res - er - va - - tion!
27
f
OLD MAN
Yea, they have come
And we must
f
fol - - - - low them
rall.
o - ver the hills a - far.
rall.
fffz vivo
mf (Keep rhythm going)
War - ri - ors lay a - side those
mf

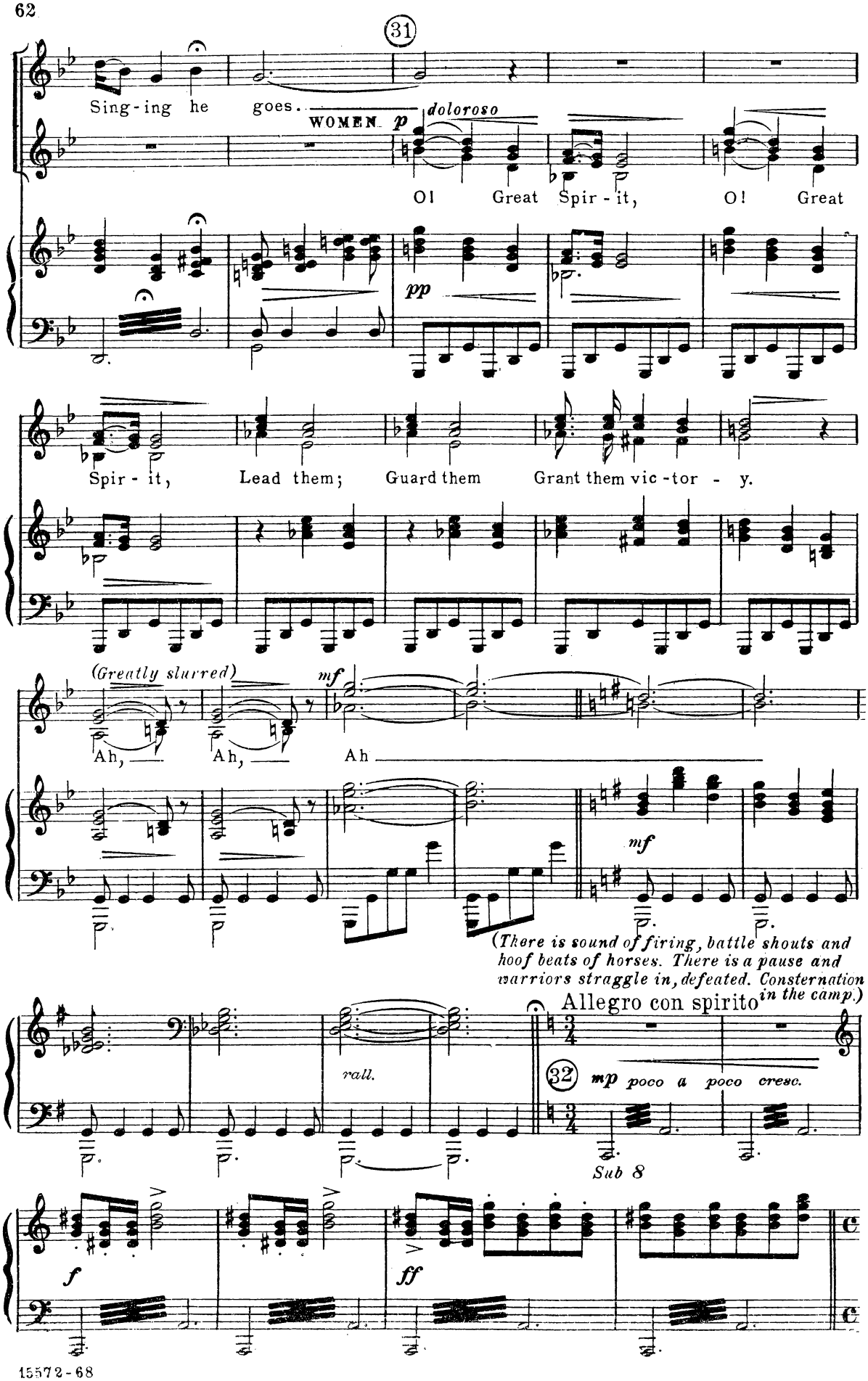

arms
By which the oth - er
tribes have per - - ished
meno mosso
CHIEF
mf
The fight - ing men shall
ff
say
If there be peace or bat - tle.
28
GREY WOLF
The ho - ly
ff
men have spo - ken
If there be peace or bat - tle

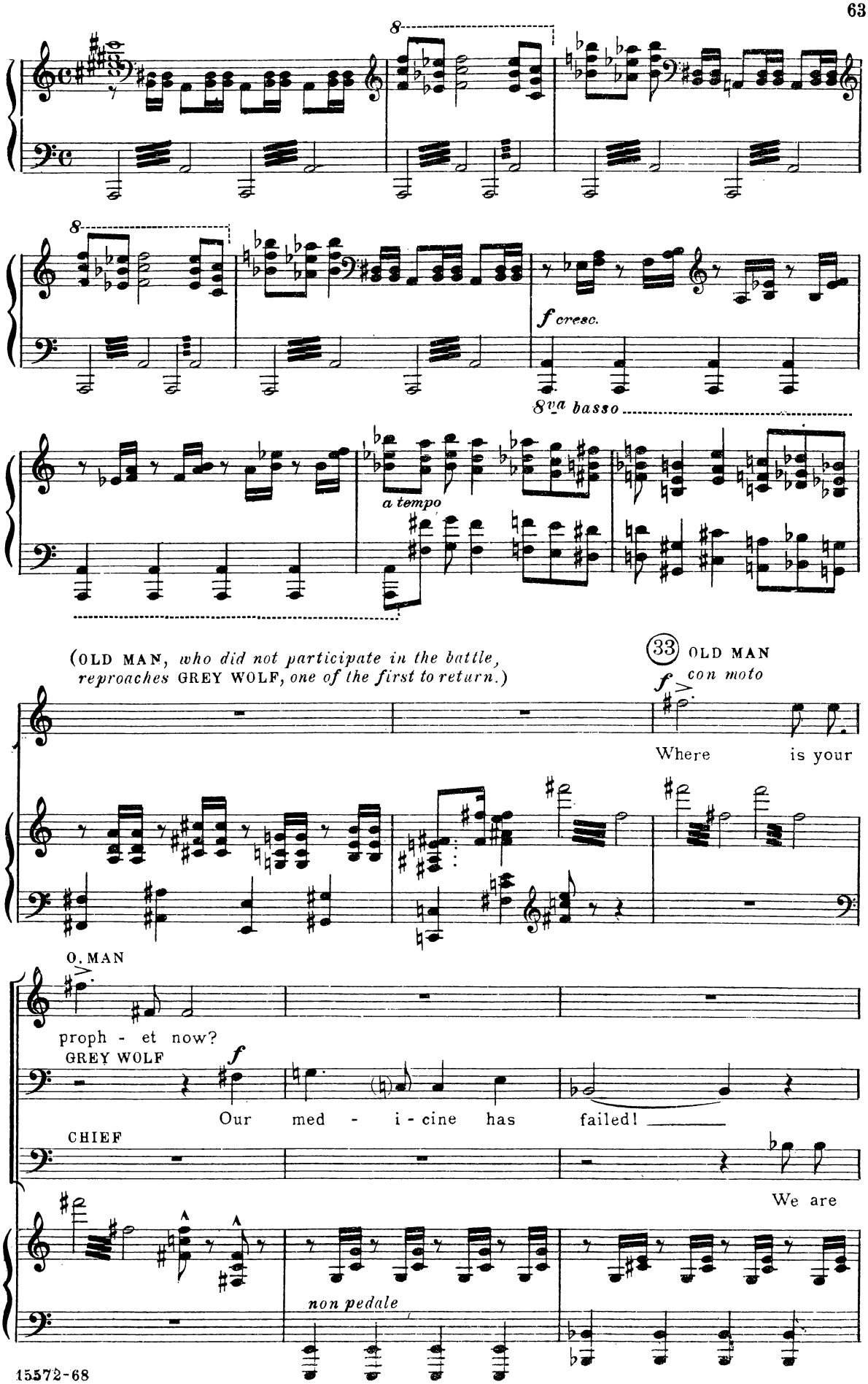

29
1st Tenor
Allegro con spirito
f
ff
Heed ye the proph - et! Heed ye the proph - et!
Ah!
2d Tenor
1st Bass
Heed ye the proph - et! Heed ye the proph - et!
Ah!
2d Bass
8
Sopr.
CHORUS
wailing
(with sliding effect)
Ah! Ah!
Altc
Tenor
Ah! the proph-et!
Bass
Come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye war-ri-ors, An ea-gle feath-er a-
Come! Come! Come! Come!

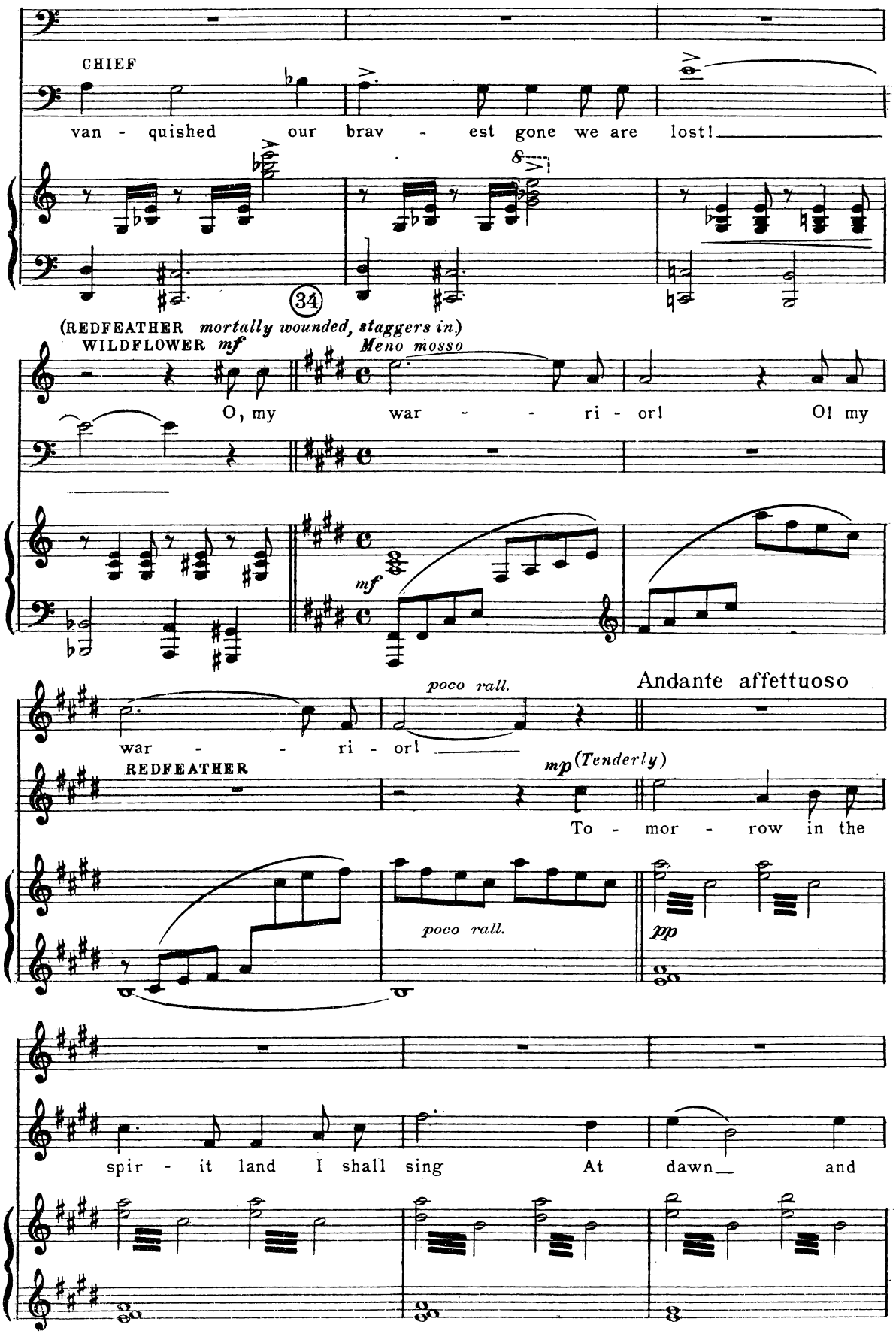

wailing
waits, a-waits Ah! Ah!
wailing
Come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye war-ri-ors
ff
Ah! Ah!
ff Emfatico
Come, ye war-ri-ors,
An ea-gle feath-er a-waits, a-waits Come, ye war-ri-ors,
ff
Come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye war-ri-ors, come ye
Come, ye war-ri-ors, come, ye war-ri-ors, come ye

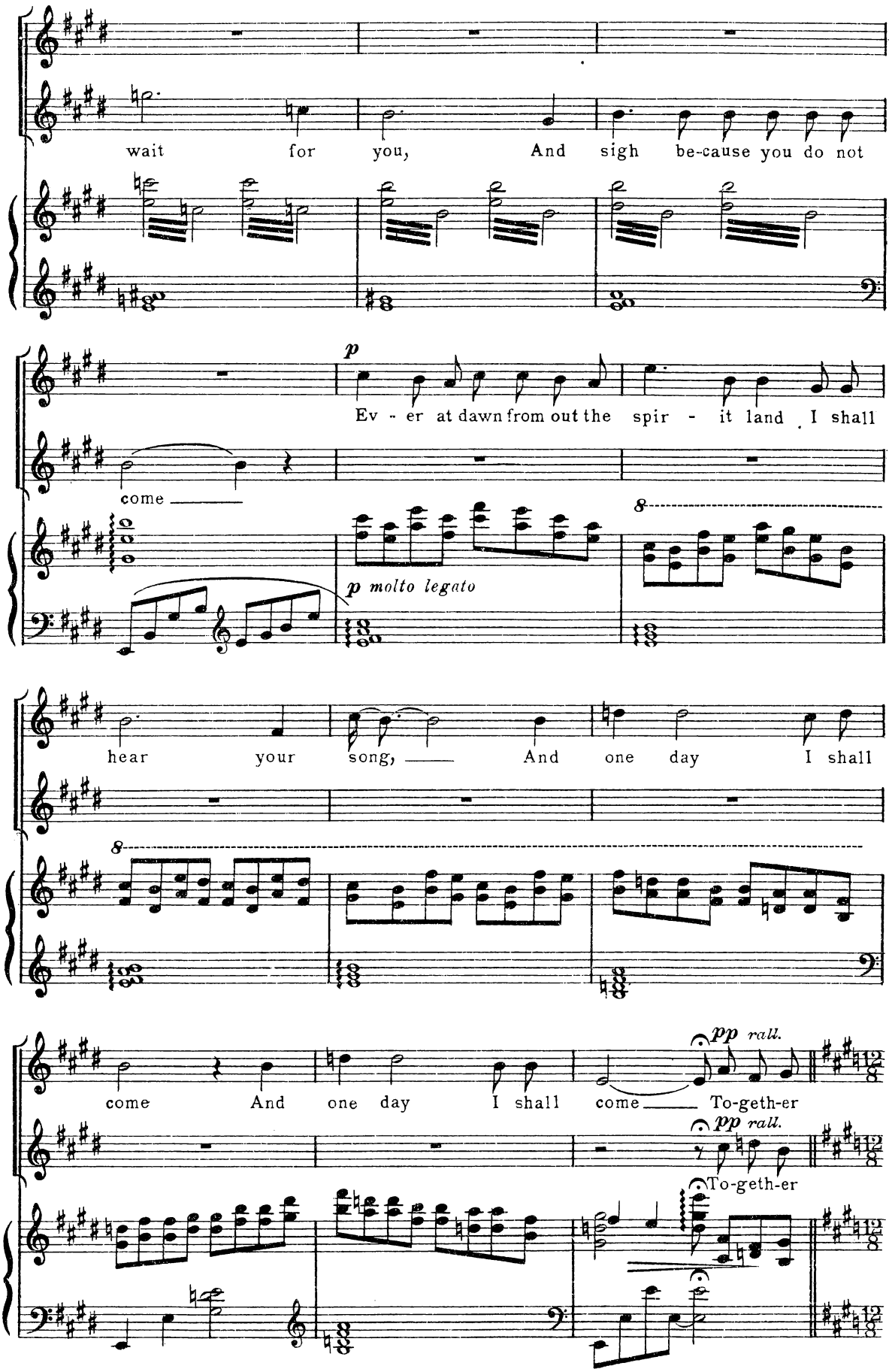

war - ri-ors, Come, come_ come_
war - ri-ors, Come, come_ come_
ff
(Exeunt Chief and Warriors)
8
30 WILDFLOWER
Moderato.
rall.
Lento
mp
Sing-ing my
decresc.
rall.
mp

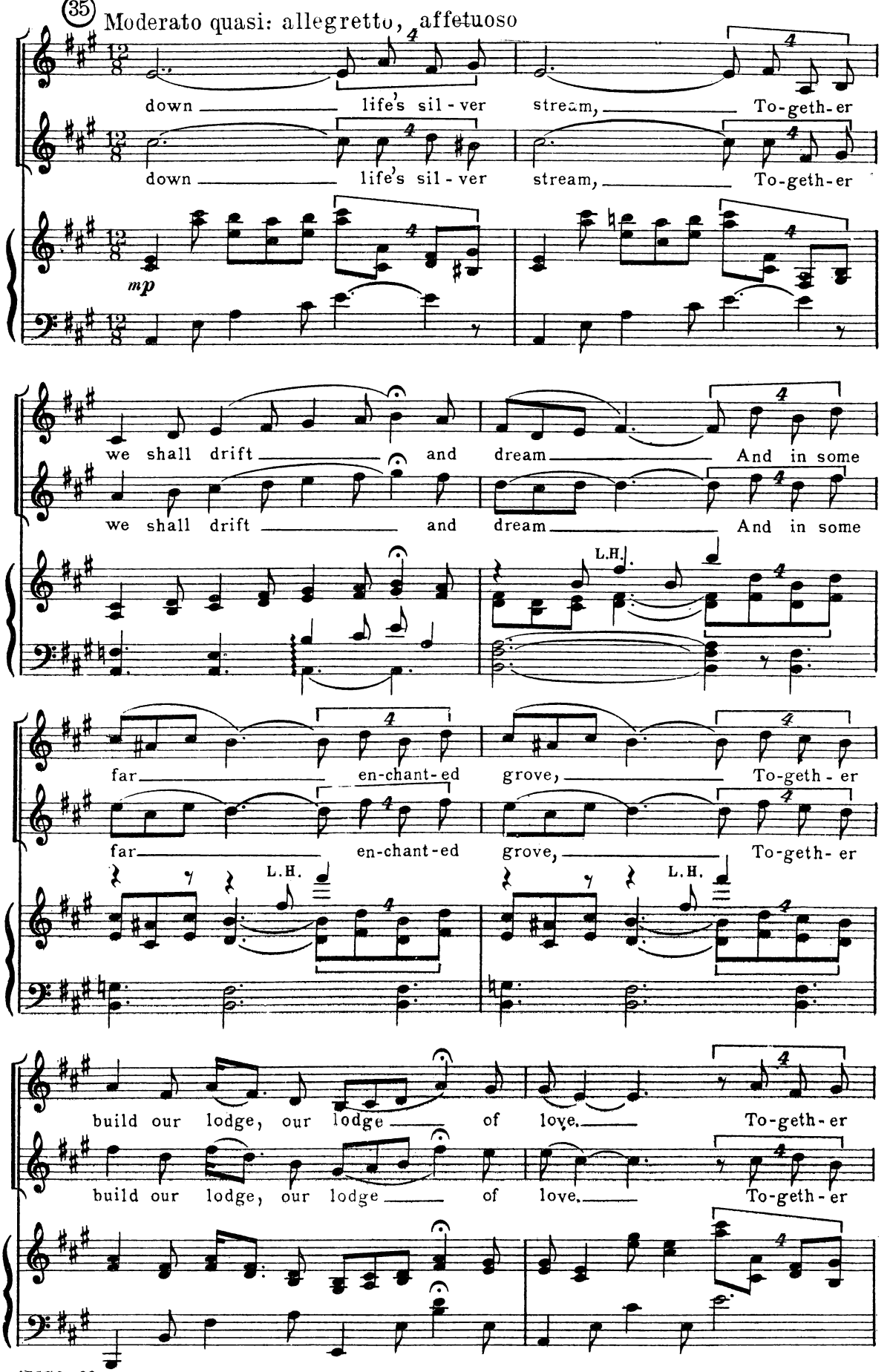

war-rior goes, Nor fears a hun-dred foes; The bat-tle calls and
tho' he falls, sing - ing he goes. But O! the
heart of me no glad - ness knows, Al-though it rides with him Who
rall.
sing - ing
a tempo
goes
Estessimo primo
Sing - ing my
poco rall.
war-rior goes, nor fears A hun-dred foes; The bat-tle calls and tho' he falls,

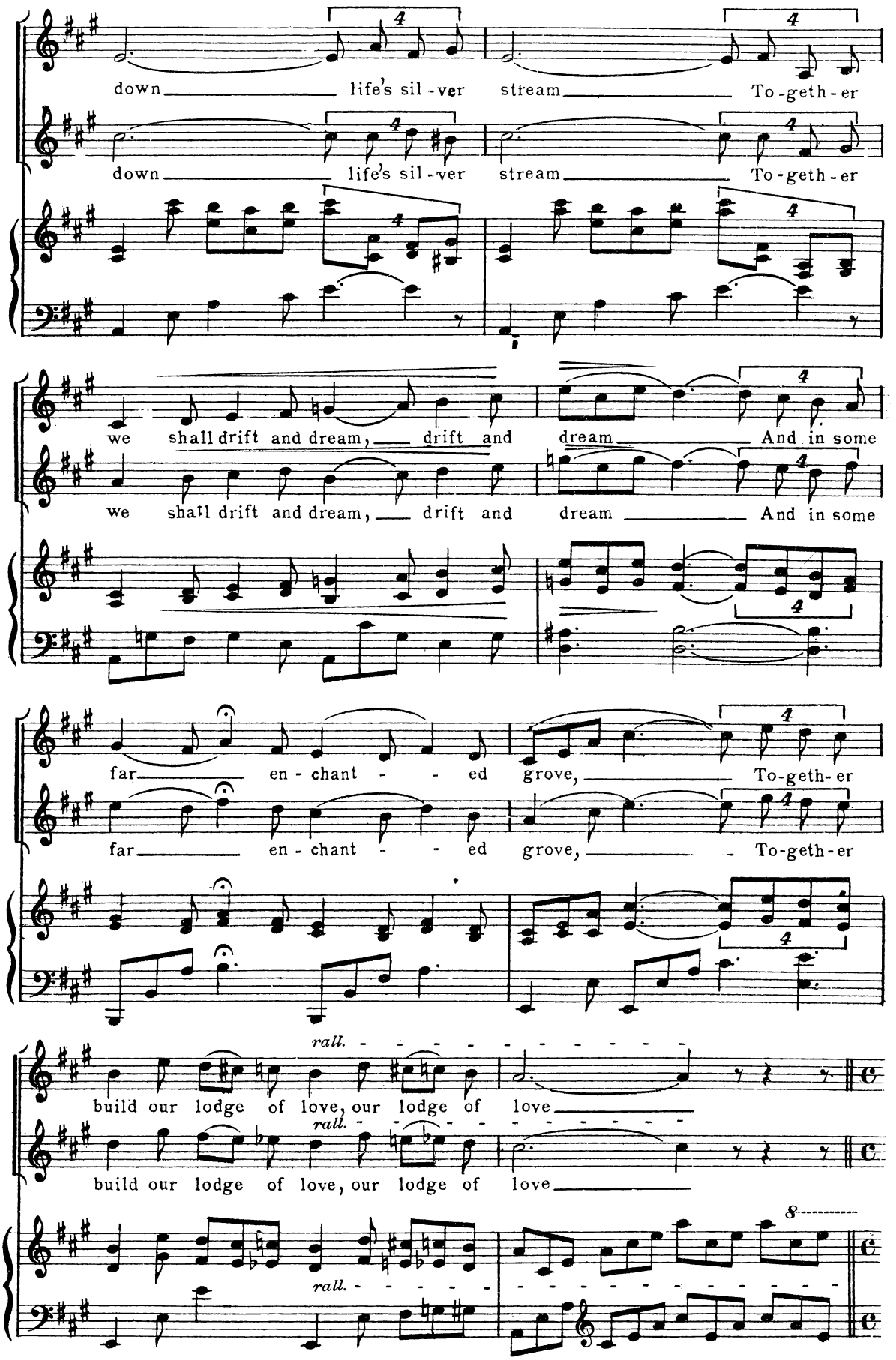

31
Sing-ing he goes.
WOMEN p doloroso
O! Great Spir-it, O! Great
pp
Spir-it, Lead them; Guard them Grant them vic-tor-y.
(Greatly slurred)
mf
Ah, Ah, Ah
mf
(There is sound of firing, battle shouts and hoof beats of horses. There is a pause and warriors straggle in, defeated. Consternation in the camp.)
Allegro con spirito
rall.
32
mp poco a poco cresc.
Sub 8
f
ff

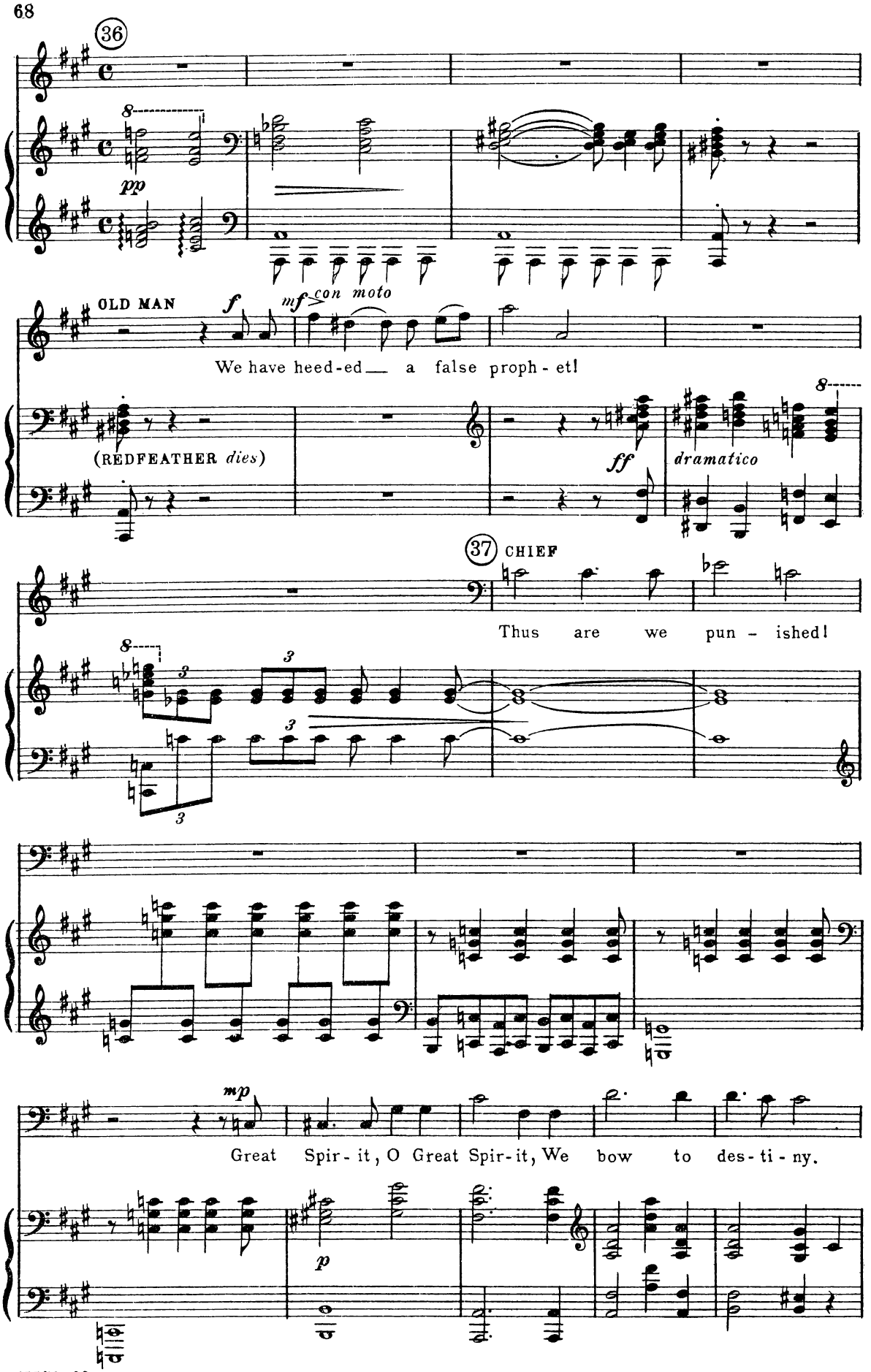

8
8
f cresc.
8va basso
a tempo
(OLD MAN, who did not participate in the battle, reproaches GREY WOLF, one of the first to return.)
33 OLD MAN
f con moto
Where is your
O, MAN
proph - et now?
GREY WOLF
f
Our med - i - cine has failed!
CHIEF
We are
non pedale

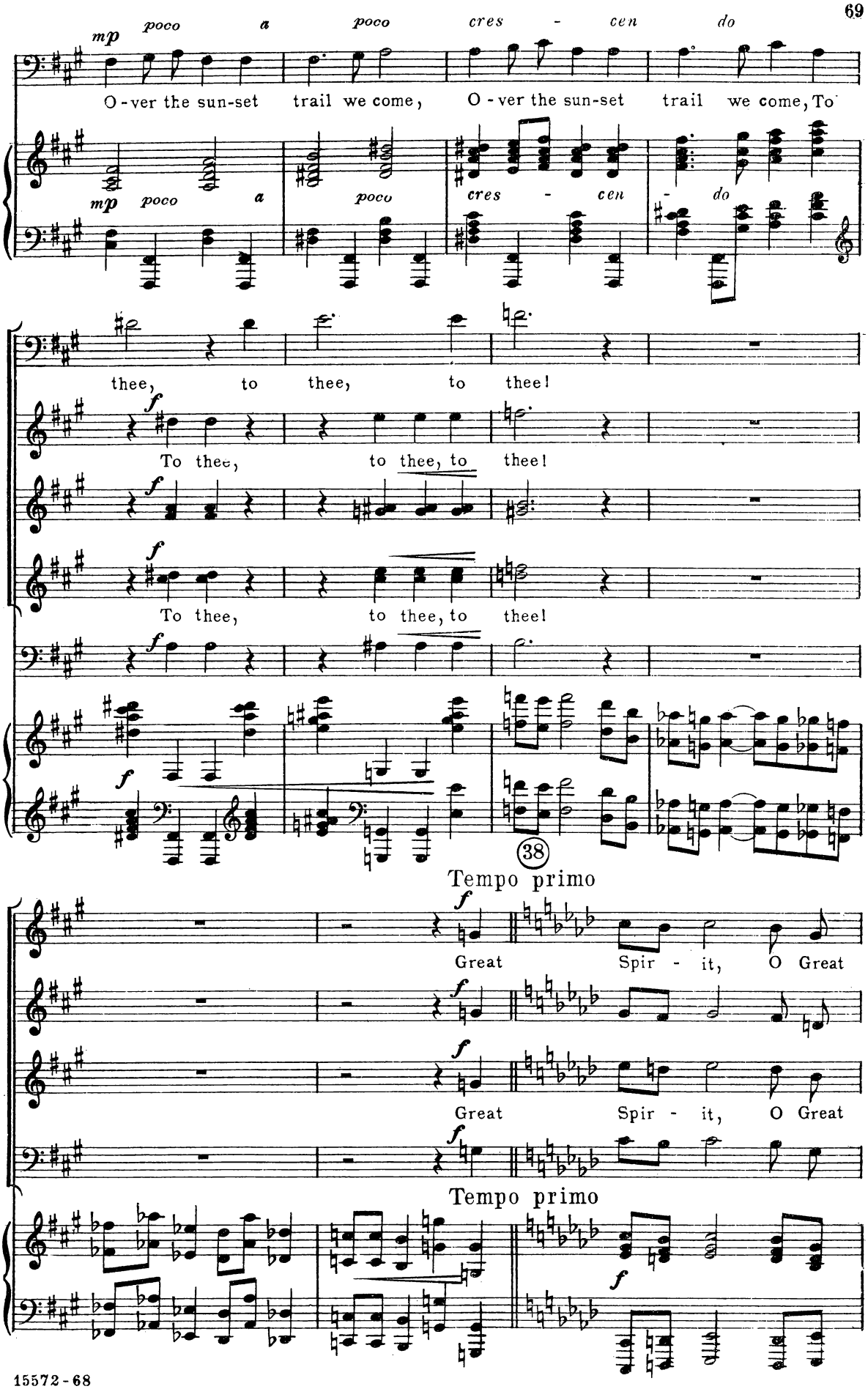

CHIEF
van - quished our brav - est gone we are lost!
34
(REDFEATHER mortally wounded, staggers in)
WILDFLOWER mf
Meno mosso
O, my war - - ri - or! O! my
mf
poco rall.
Andante affettuoso
war - - ri - or!
REDFEATHER
mp (Tenderly)
To - mor - row in the
poco rall.
pp
spir - it land I shall sing At dawn and

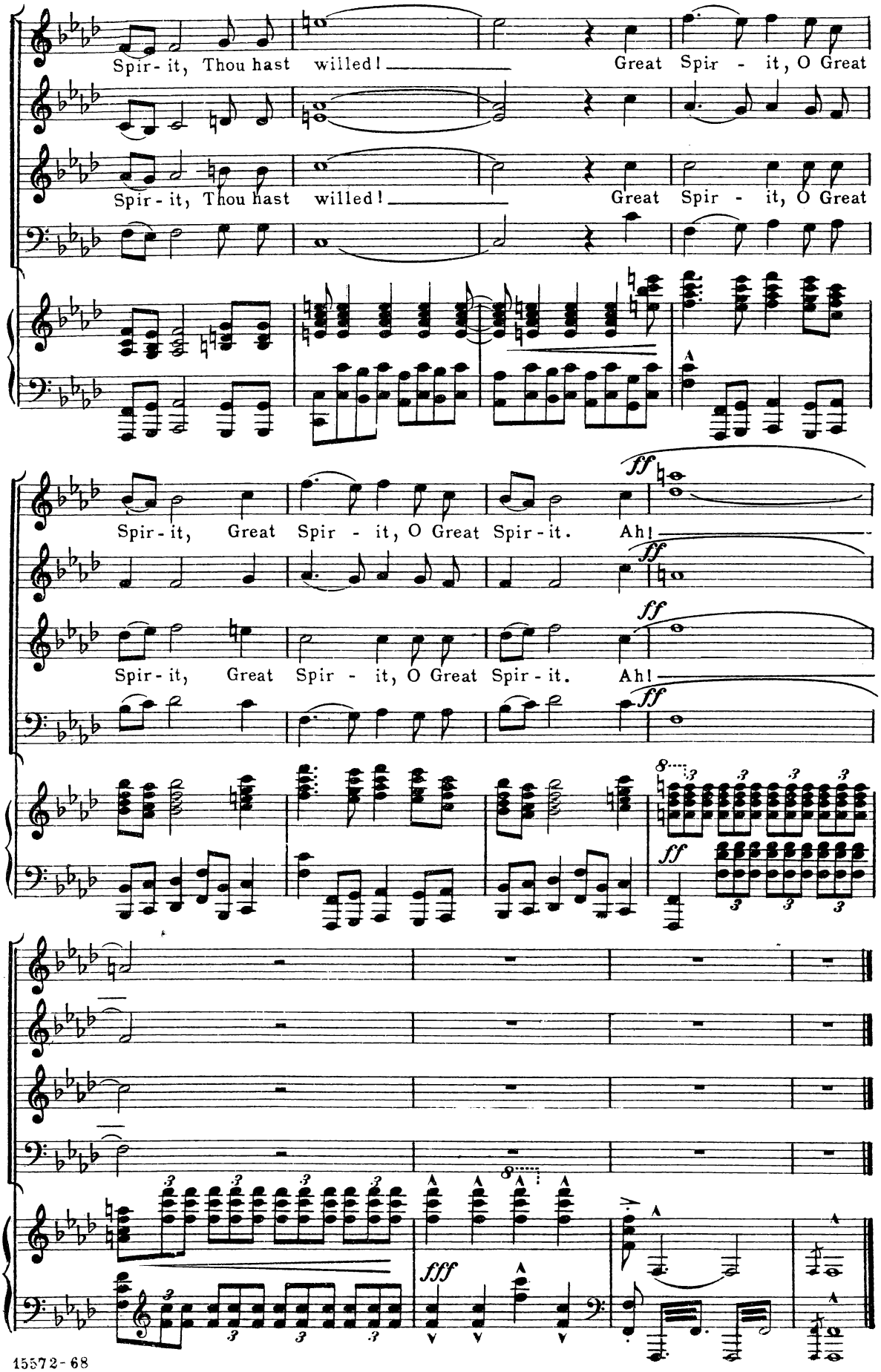

wait for you, And sigh be-cause you do not
p
Ev - er at dawn from out the spir - it land I shall
come
p molto legato
8
hear your song, And one day I shall
8
come And one day I shall come To-geth-er
pp rall.
pp rall.
To-geth-er


35
Moderato quasi: allegretto, affetuoso
down life's sil - ver stream, To-geth-er
down life's sil - ver stream, To-geth-er
mp
we shall drift and dream And in some
we shall drift and dream And in some
L.H.
far en-chant-ed grove, To-geth - er
far en-chant-ed grove, To-geth- er
L.H.
L.H.
build our lodge, our lodge of love. To-geth-er
build our lodge, our lodge of love. To-geth-er


down life's sil-ver stream To-geth-er
down life's sil-ver stream To-geth-er
we shall drift and dream, drift and dream And in some
we shall drift and dream, drift and dream And in some
far en-chant-ed grove, To-geth-er
far en-chant-ed grove, To-geth-er
rall.
build our lodge of love, our lodge of love
rall.
build our lodge of love, our lodge of love
rall.
8


36
pp
OLD MAN
f
mf con moto
We have heed-ed a false proph-et!
(REDFEATHER dies)
ff
dramatico
37 CHIEF
Thus are we pun-ished!
mp
Great Spir-it, O Great Spir-it, We bow to des-ti-ny.
p


mp poco a poco cres - cen do
O - ver the sun-set trail we come, O - ver the sun-set trail we come, To
mp poco a poco cres - cen - do
thee, to thee, to thee!
f
To thee, to thee, to thee!
f
To thee, to thee, to thee!
f
f
38
Tempo primo
f
Great Spir - it, O Great
f
Great Spir - it, O Great
f
Tempo primo
f


Spir - it, Thou hast willed! Great Spir - it, O Great
Spir - it, Thou hast willed! Great Spir - it, O Great
Spir - it, Great Spir - it, O Great Spir - it. Ah!
Spir - it, Great Spir - it, O Great Spir - it. Ah!
ff
fff

The Belle of Havana

A Dramatic Operetta in Three Acts

Book by
George Murray Brown

Music by
Charles Wakefield Cadman

Price $1.50
in U. S. A.

White-Smith Music Publishing Company
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
Made in U.S.A.

R.W. HARRINGTON