HIAWATHA.

Words by
JAS. O'DEA

(His Song to Minnehaha.)

Music by
NEIL MORET.

Allegro.

Oh the moon is all a-bleam on the stream Where I
In the tresses of your hair, lies a snare and its
dream here of you my pretty Indian maid. While the
there, Where my heart a willing captive is. Oh my

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rust - ling leaves are sing - ing high a - bove us o - ver - head
wood - land. queen I pray you'll hold it ev - er in your care

In the glo - ry of the bright sum - mer - night In the
In my lit - tle birch can - oe love with you Just we

light and the shad - ows of the for - est glade I am wait - ing here to
two down the stream of life in wed - ded bliss I would drift sweetheart with

kiss your lips so red There's a flood of mel - o -
you my lot to share When the birds up - on , the
then the song I sing with lips a flame. I am your own your Hi-a-wa-tha brave my heart is yours you know.

Dear one I love you so Oh Min-ne-ha-ha gen-tle maid de-cide de-cide and say you'll be My In-dian bride.

Otto Zimmerman
Migeo Printg
Cincinnati.