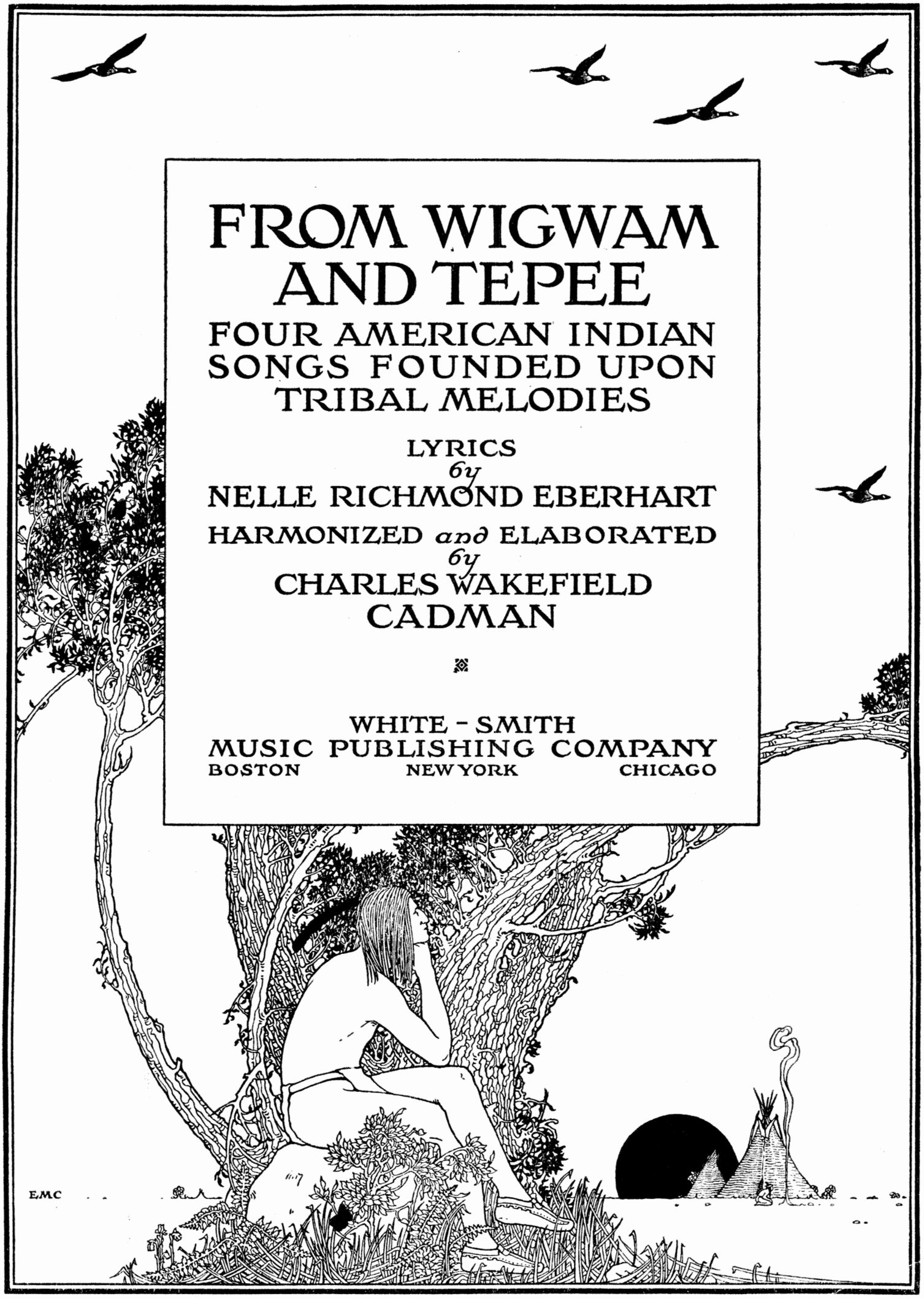
HIGH VOICE


FROM WIGWAM AND TEPEE
FOUR AMERICAN INDIAN SONGS FOUNDED UPON TRIBAL MELODIES
LYRICS
by
NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART
HARMONIZED and ELABORATED
by
CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN
WHITE - SMITH
MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

HIGH VOICE.

FROM WIGWAM AND TEPEE

FOUR AMERICAN INDIAN SONGS

FOUNDED UPON TRIBAL MELODIES

LYRICS BY

NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART

HARMONIZED AND ELABORATED BY

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

OPUS 57

1. The Place of Breaking Light
2. From the Long Room of the Sea
3. Ho, Ye Warriors on the Warpath
4. The Thunderbirds Come from the Cedars

WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

Copyright, 1914, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
International Copyright Secured

86257

The Place of Breaking Light

The Place of Breaking Light
Is red upon the sky;
Through the forest pines,
Belovéd, comes a sigh.
Is it sigh or winds
The dreaming cedars wake?
Doth thy signal gleam
Or wing-flash on the lake?

Ah, if my calling flute
Implore thee soft and clear,
In thy forest lodge,
Belovéd, wouldst thou hear?
Should my signal flash
Across the hills to thee,
Belovéd, wouldst thou come
To keep a tryst with me?

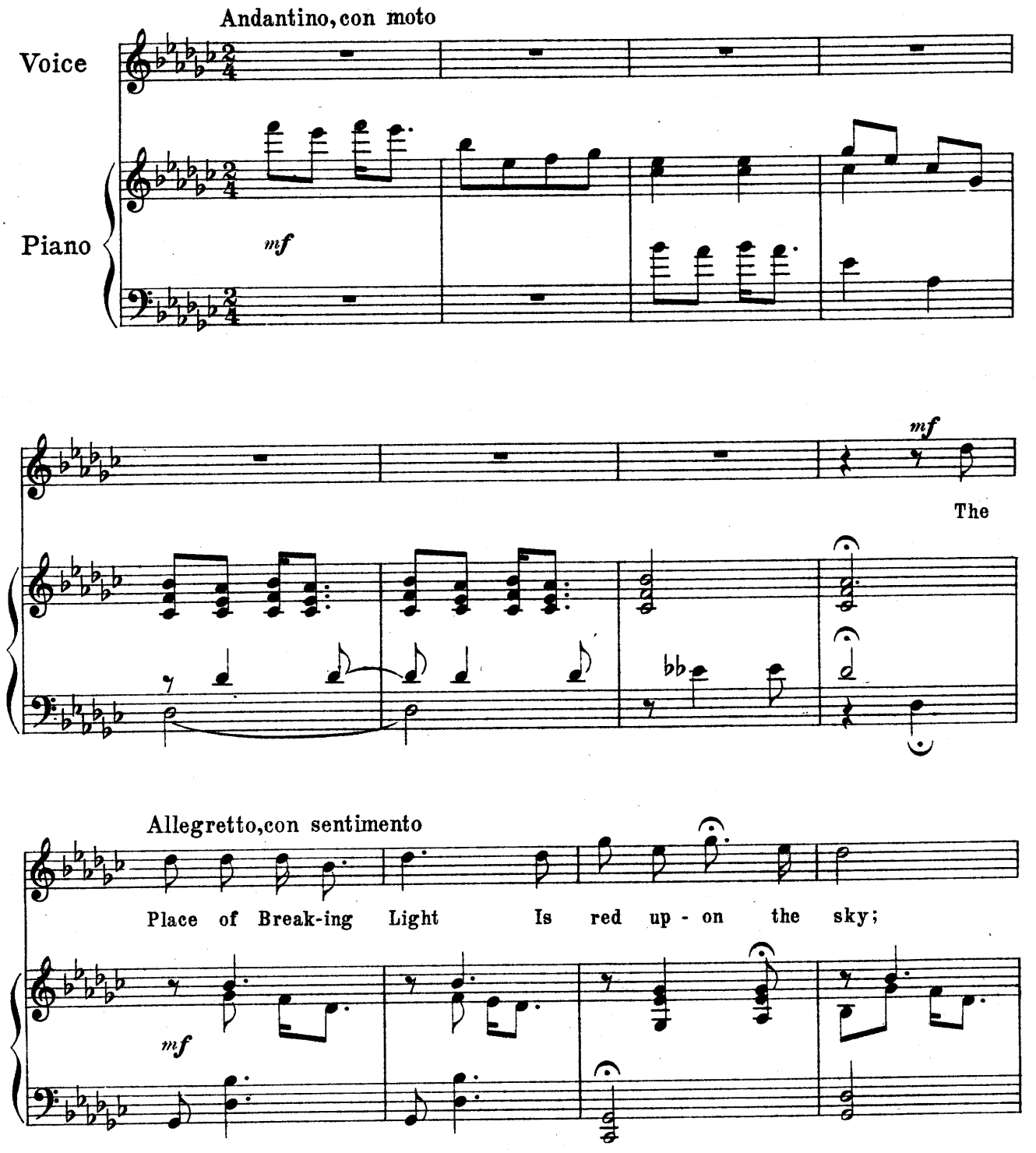
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

The melody of this song was suggested by a theme in Burton's "American Primitive Music."

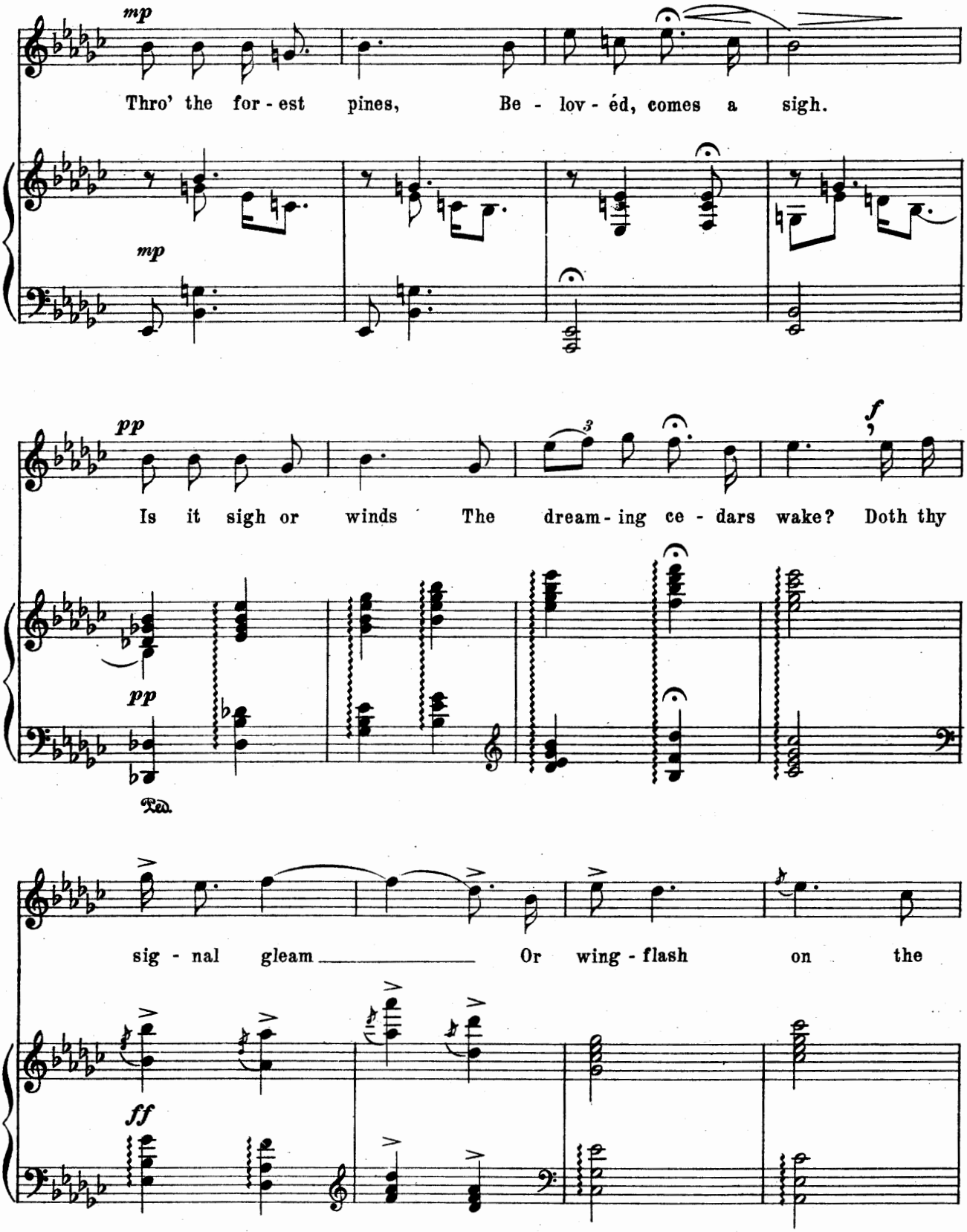
The Place of Breaking Light

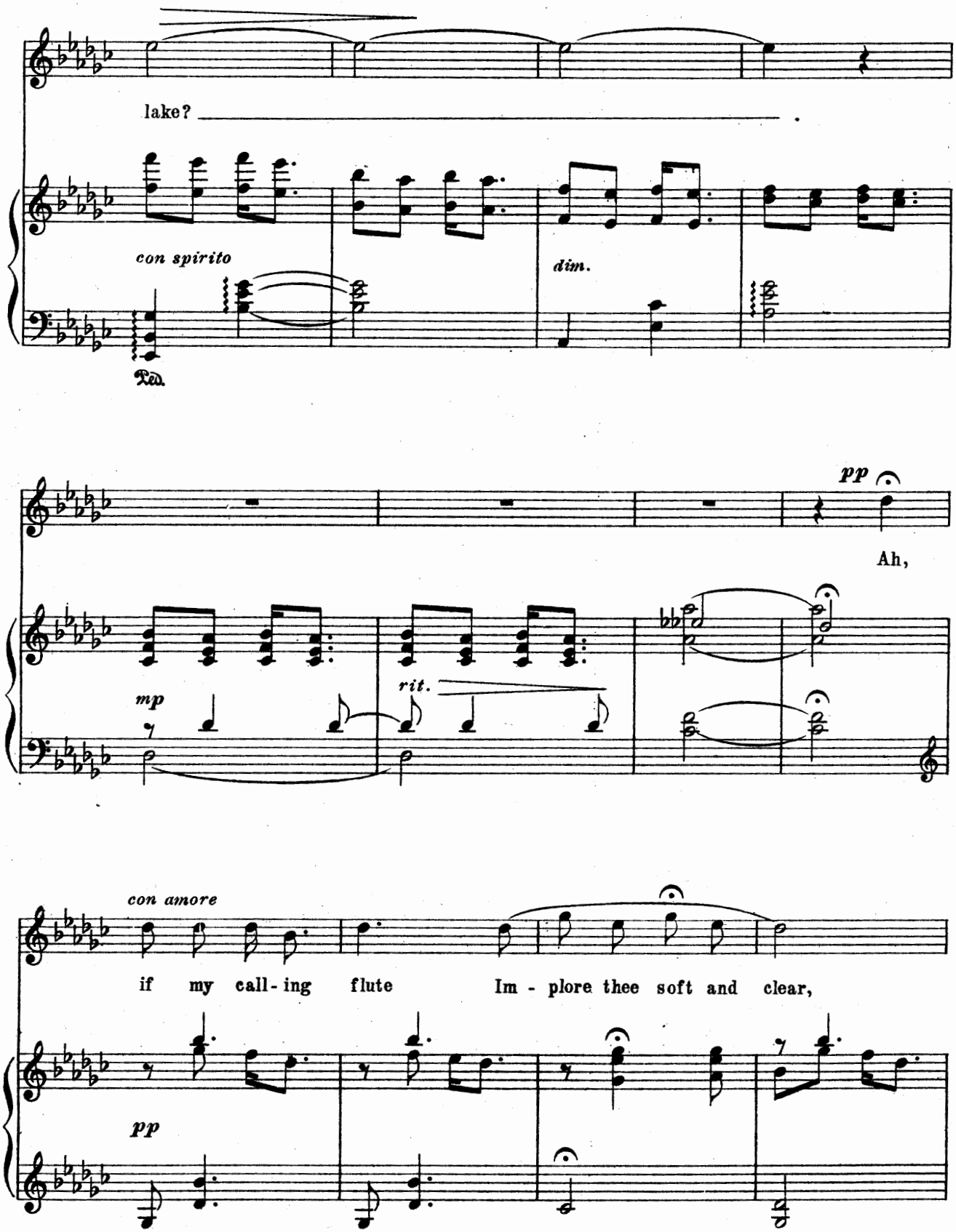
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

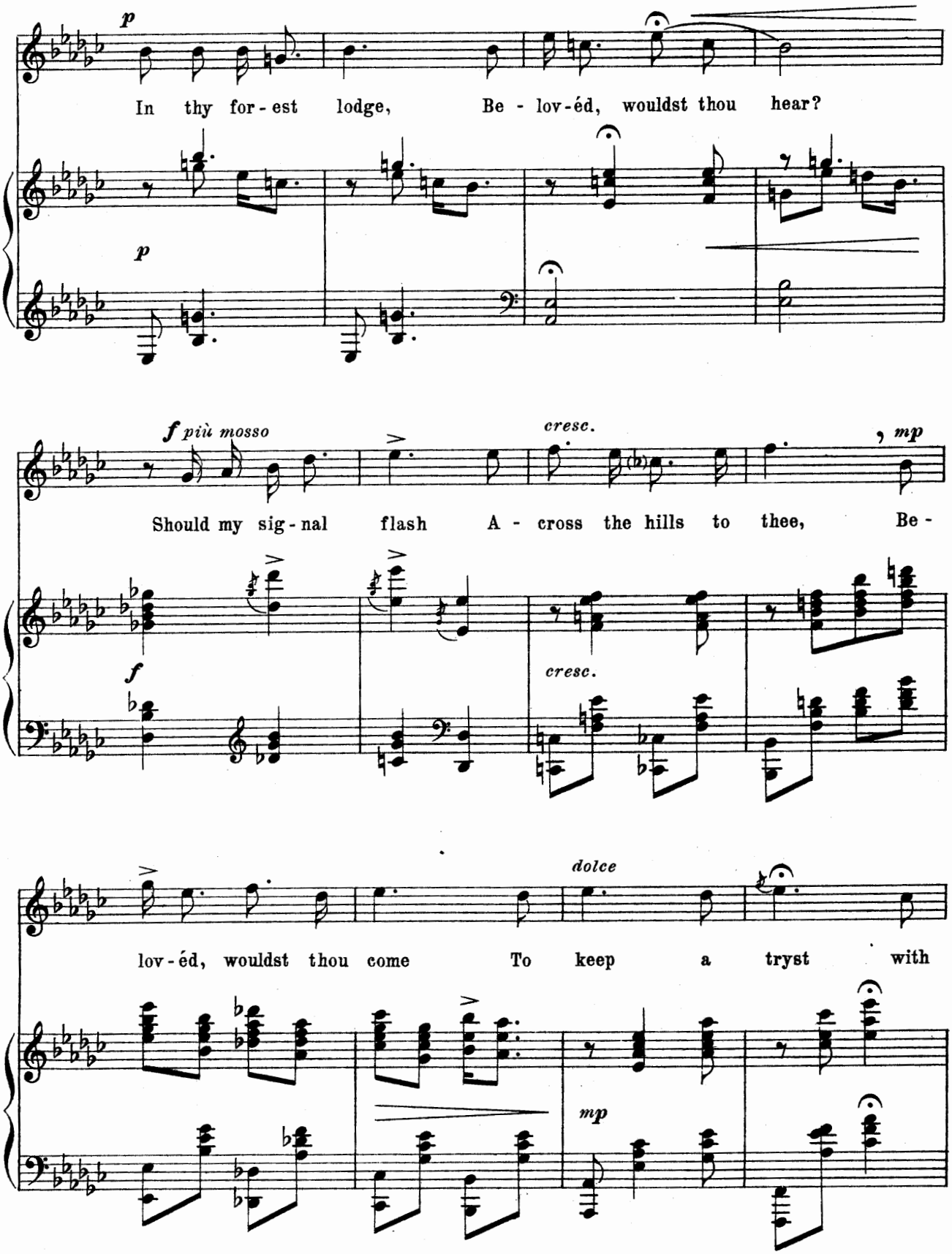
Charles Wakefield Cadman
Op.57, No.1

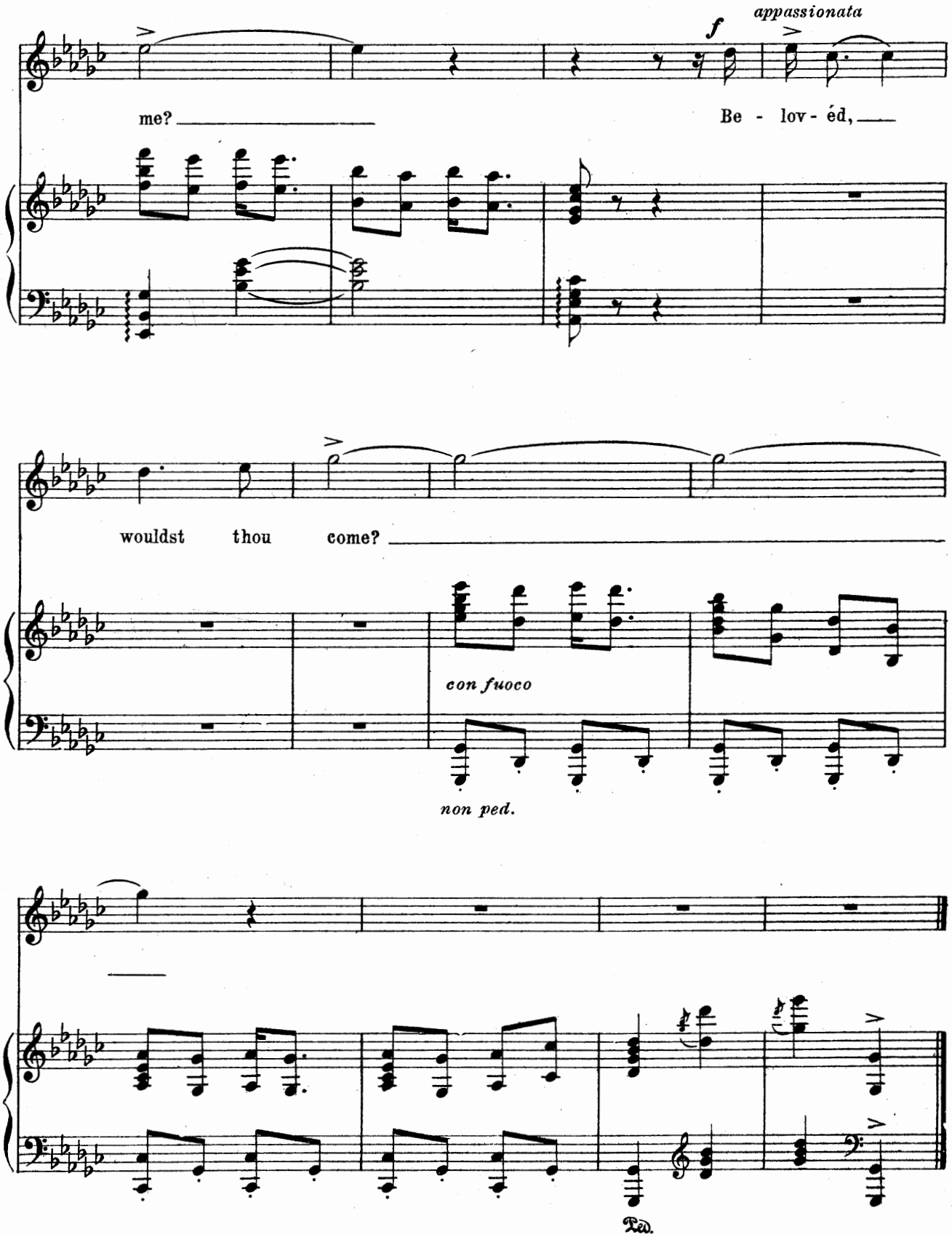


Copyright, 1914, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
International Copyright Secured


mp
Thro' the for - est pines, Be - lov - éd, comes a sigh.
mp
pp
Is it sigh or winds The dream - ing ce - dars wake? Doth thy
f
pp
Ped.
sig - nal gleam Or wing - flash on the
ff


lake?
con spirito
dim.
Ped.
pp
Ah,
mp
rit.
con amore
if my call - ing flute Im - plore thee soft and clear,
pp


p
In thy for - est lodge, Be - lov - éd, wouldst thou hear?
p
f più mosso
cresc.
mp
Should my sig - nal flash A - cross the hills to thee, Be -
f
cresc.
dolce
lov - éd, wouldst thou come To keep a tryst with
mp


appassionata
f
me?
Be - lov - éd,
wouldst thou come?
con fuoco
non ped.
Ped.

From the Long Room of the Sea

From the long room of the sea
Came a spirit weeping,
In my wigwam stood by me,
Woke me from my sleeping.

In a whisper soft as breath,
Thus the spirit wailing:
"In the white canoe of death
Is thy warrior sailing."

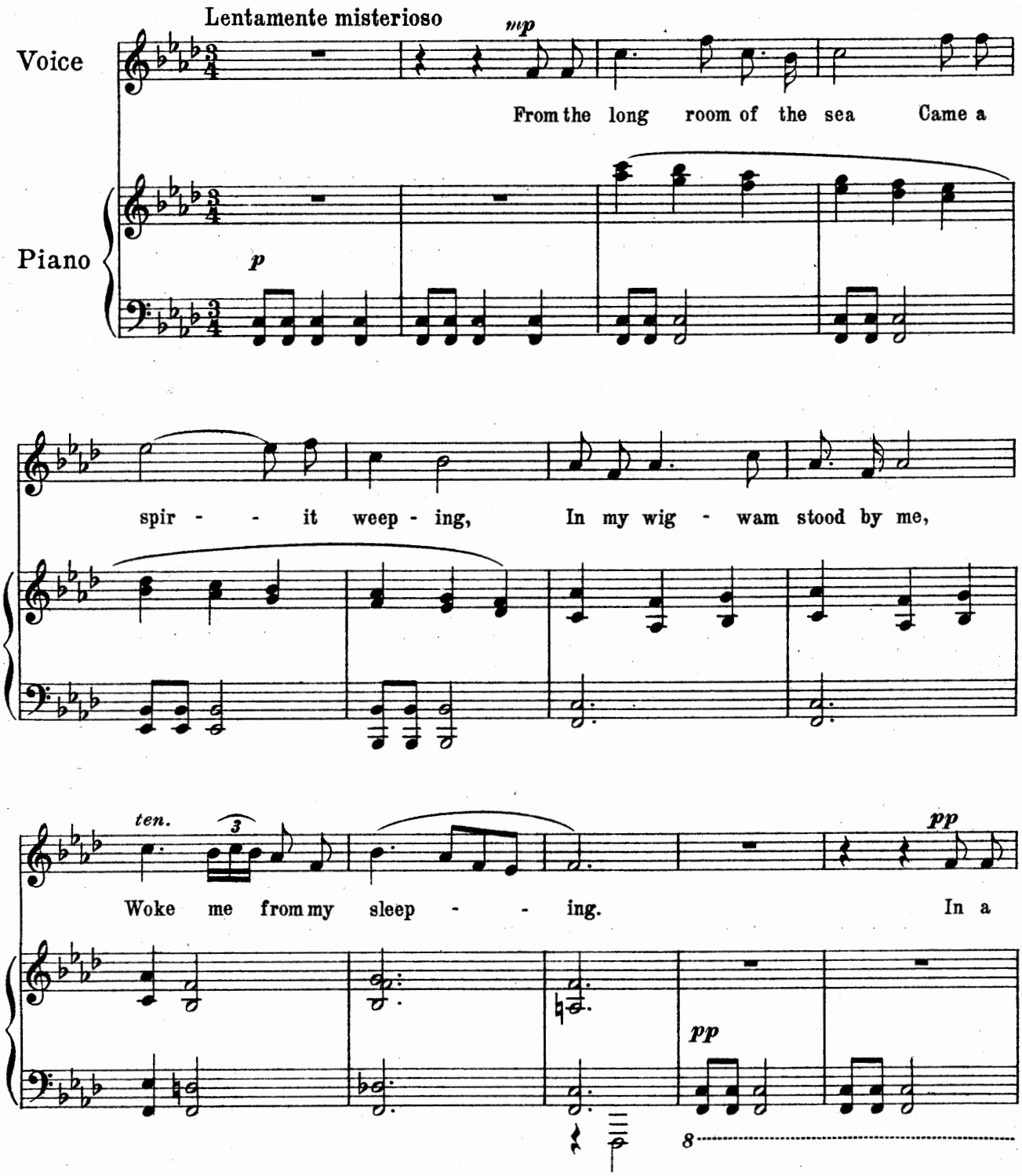
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

This song is a harmonization of a Chippewa air recorded by Frances Densmore. The "lengthy room of the sea" probably refers to the great depth of Lake Superior. The dead were supposed to reach the Blessed Isles in a white stone canoe.

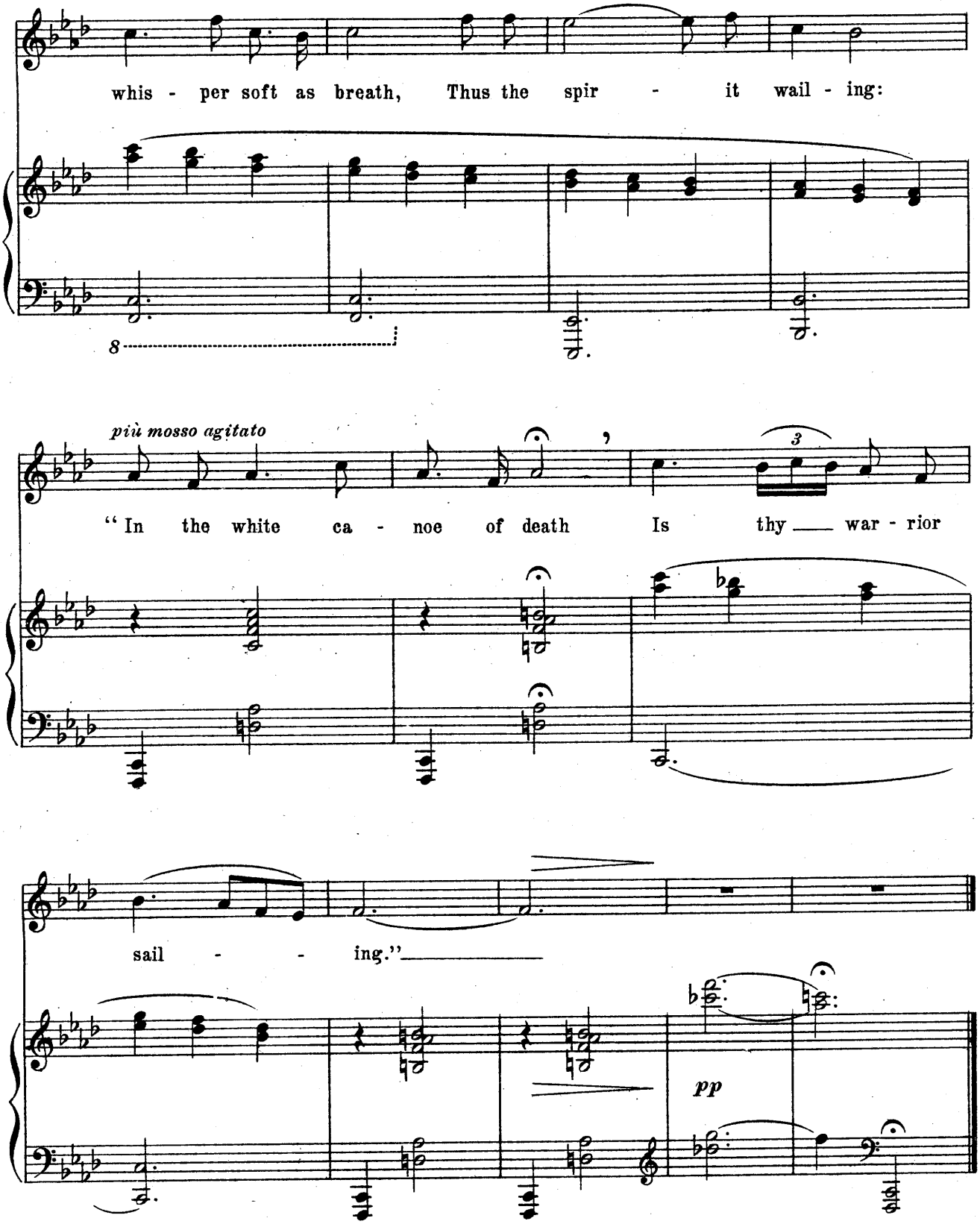
From the Long Room of the Sea

Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Charles Wakefield Cadman
Op. 57, No. 2



Copyright, 1914, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
International Copyright Secured


whis - per soft as breath, Thus the spir - it wail - ing:
più mosso agitato
"In the white ca - noe of death Is thy war - rior
sail - - ing."
pp

Ho, Ye Warriors on the Warpath

Ho, ye warriors on the warpath,
Lonely, camping in a land of strangers,
Ho, ye hunters, ye moccasin carriers,
Ye who build the fires,
All ye who have gone forth: —
  Lest your hearts know fear in darkness,
  Through the ghostly chill of midnight,
  I send my thoughts to you.

Ho, ye warriors on the warpath,
Moving silent through the mist of daybreak,
Ho, ye hunters, ye moccasin carriers,
Ye who build the fires,
All ye who have gone forth: —
  Lest your arrows fail in battle,
  Through the tender light of morning,
  I send my thoughts to you.

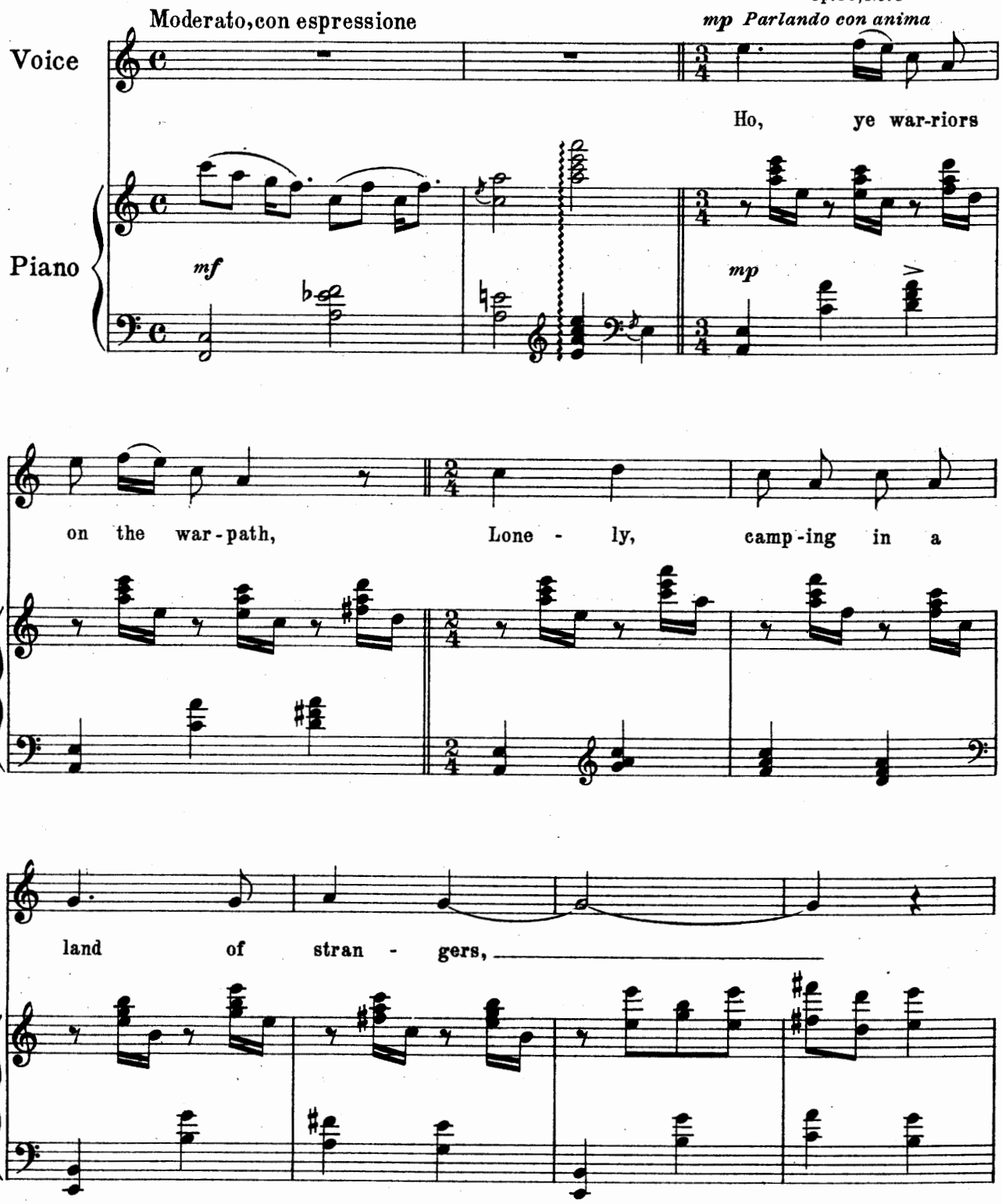
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

The Indians are strong believers in thought transference. When the warriors are upon the warpath, the women sing "songs of encouragement" sending thoughts of strength and valor to the absent. The melody was suggested by a Sioux theme sung by the Chippewas and recorded by Frances Densmore.

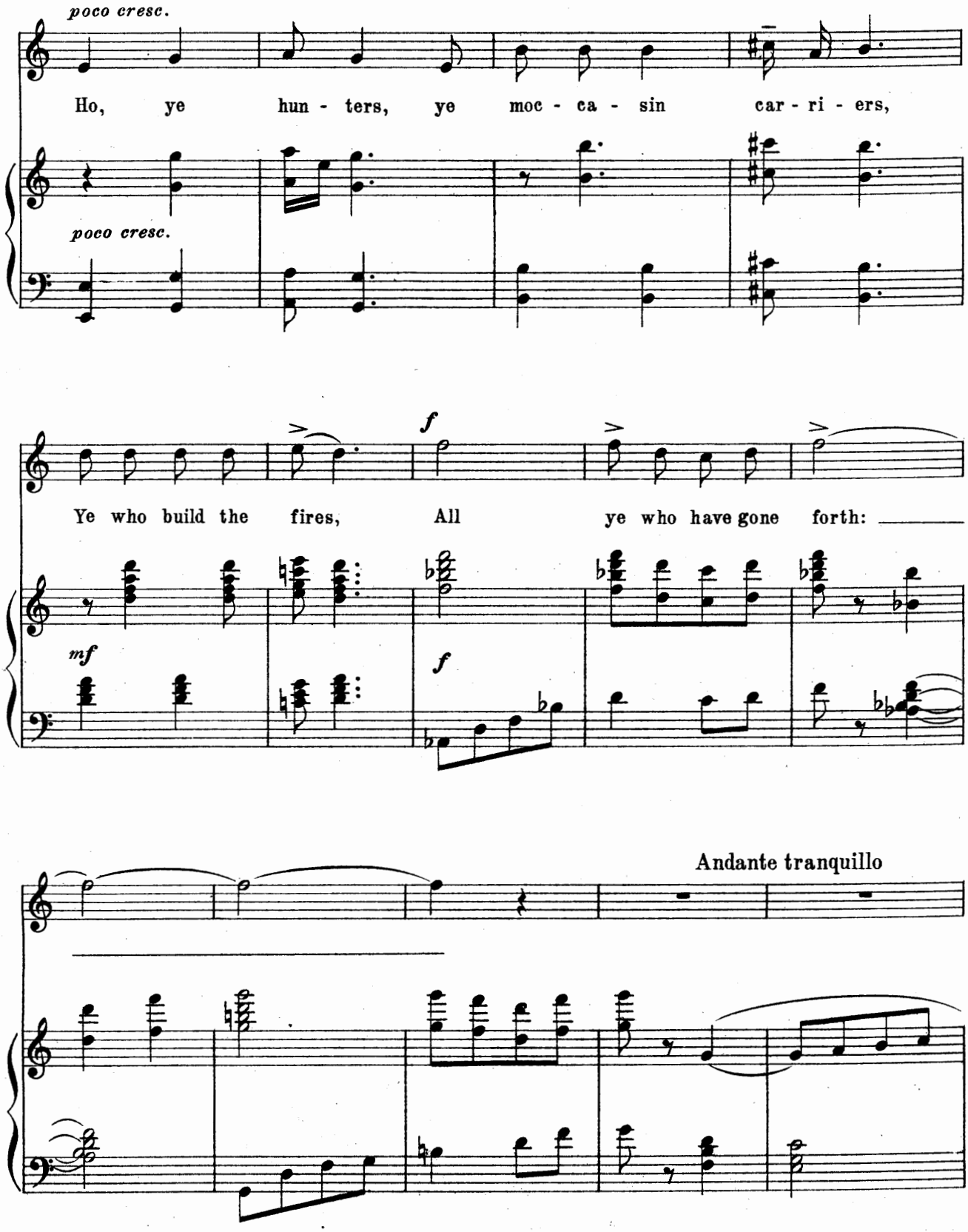
Ho, Ye Warriors on the Warpath

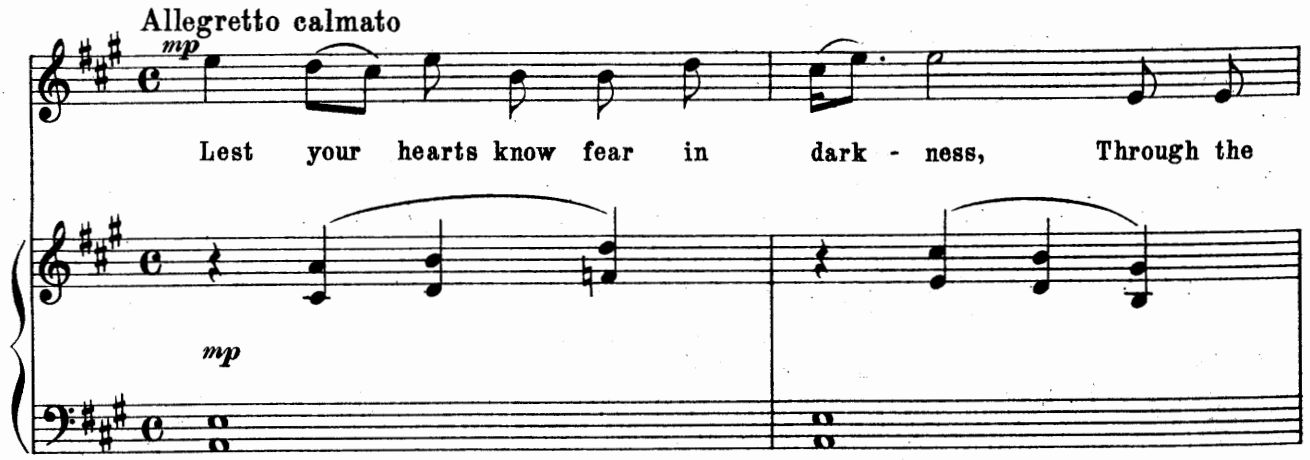
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

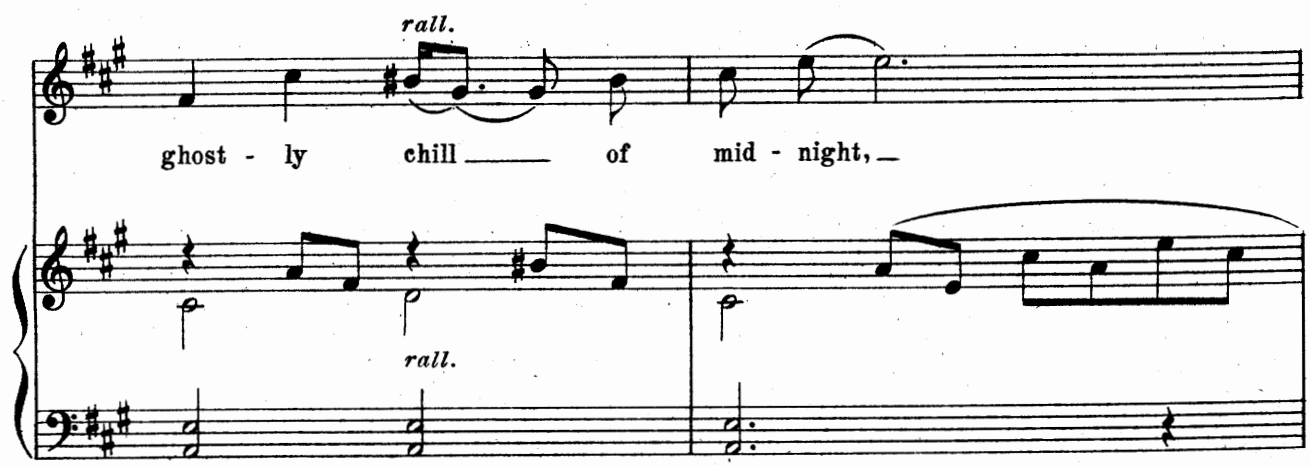
Charles Wakefield Cadman
Op. 57, No. 3

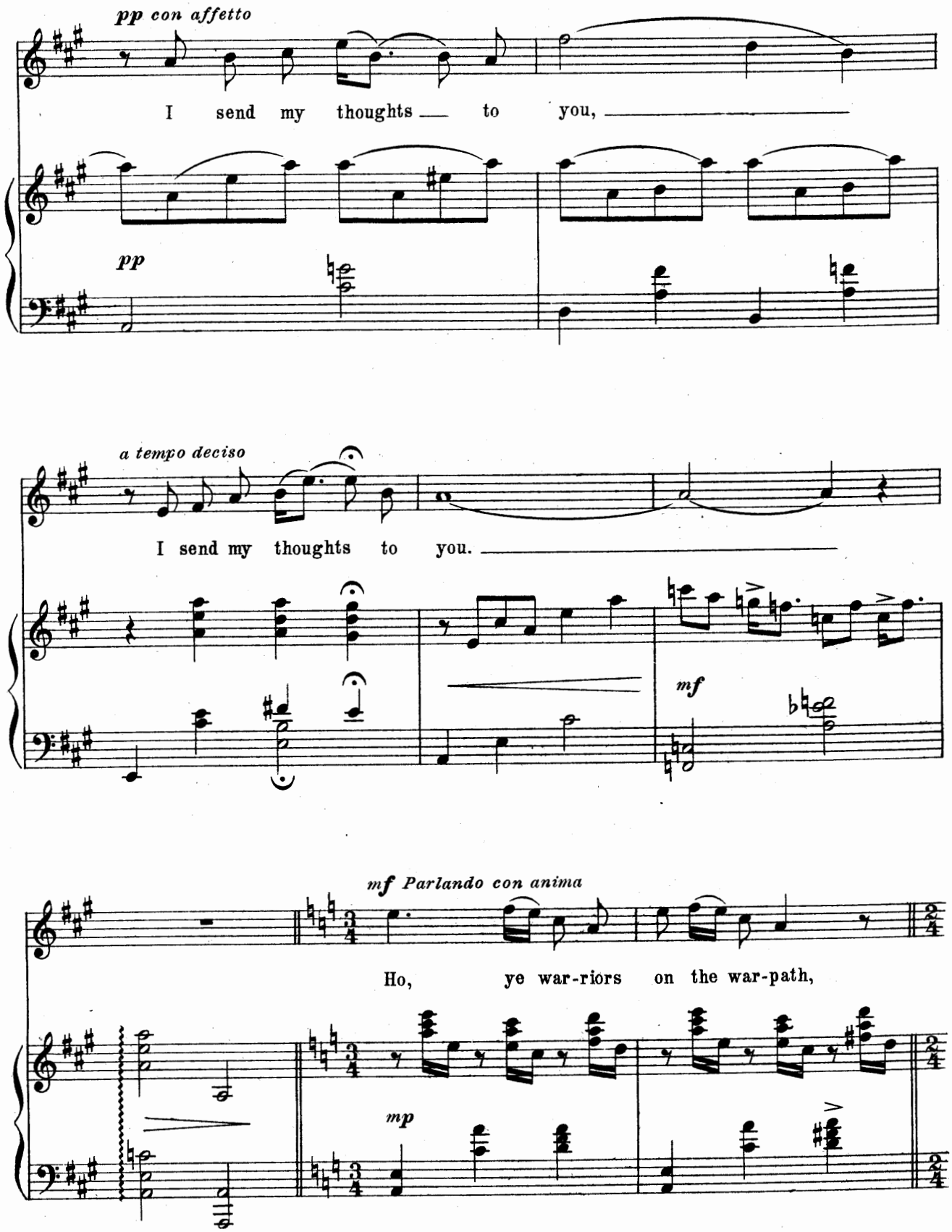


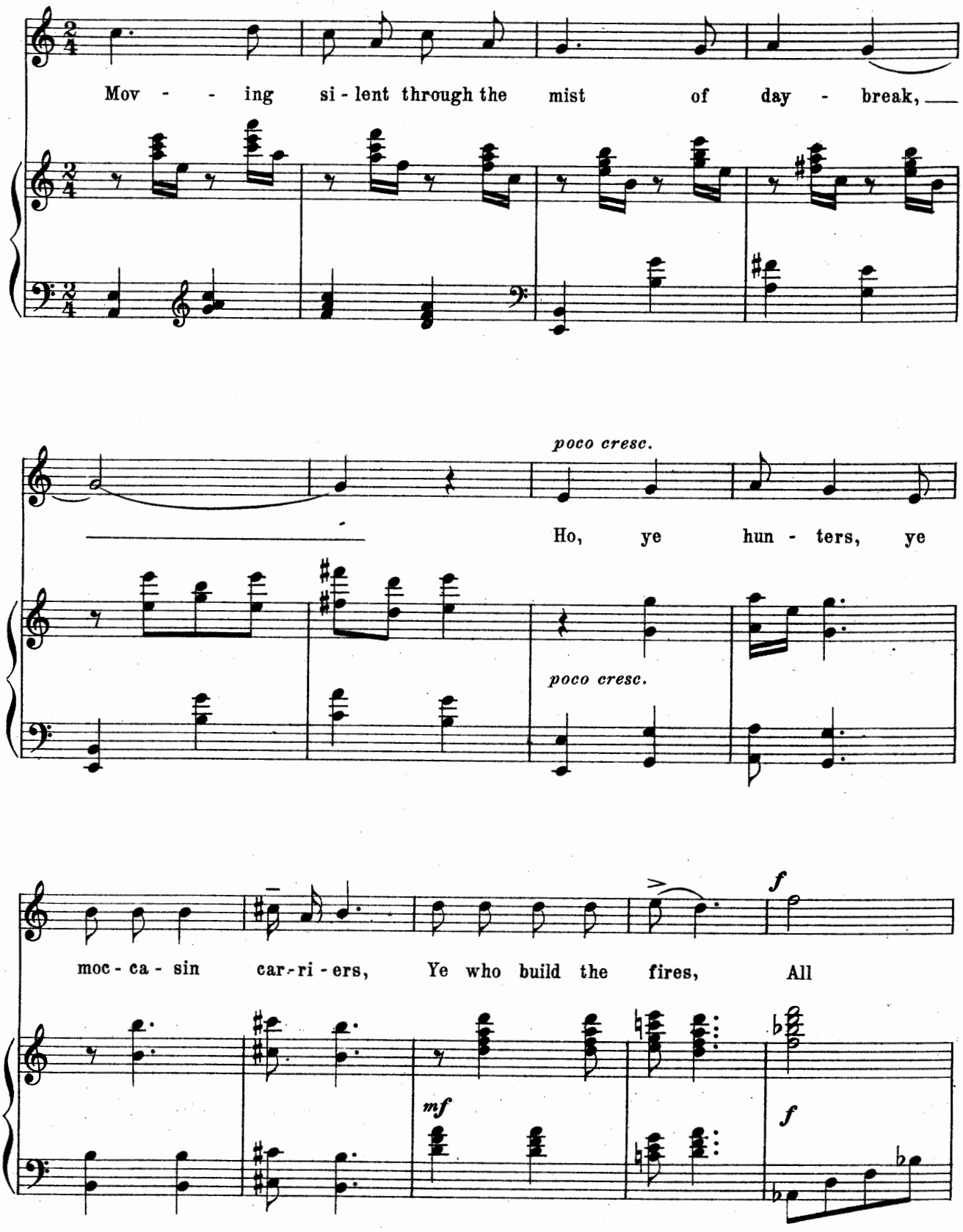
Copyright, 1914, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
International Copyright Secured

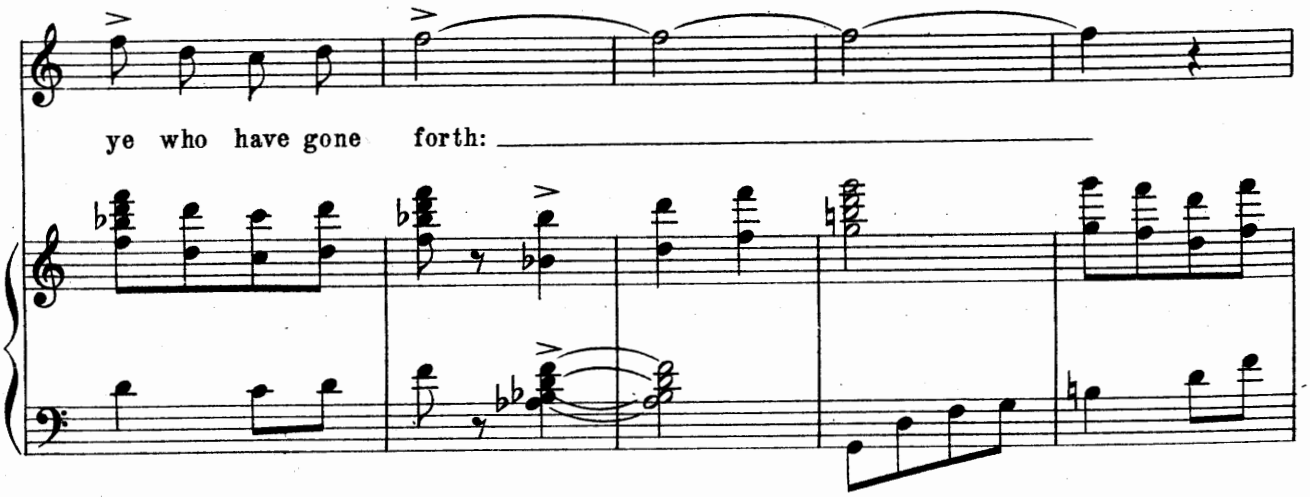

poco cresc.
Ho, ye hun - ters, ye moc - ca - sin car - ri - ers,
poco cresc.
f
Ye who build the fires, All ye who have gone forth:
mf
f
Andante tranquillo

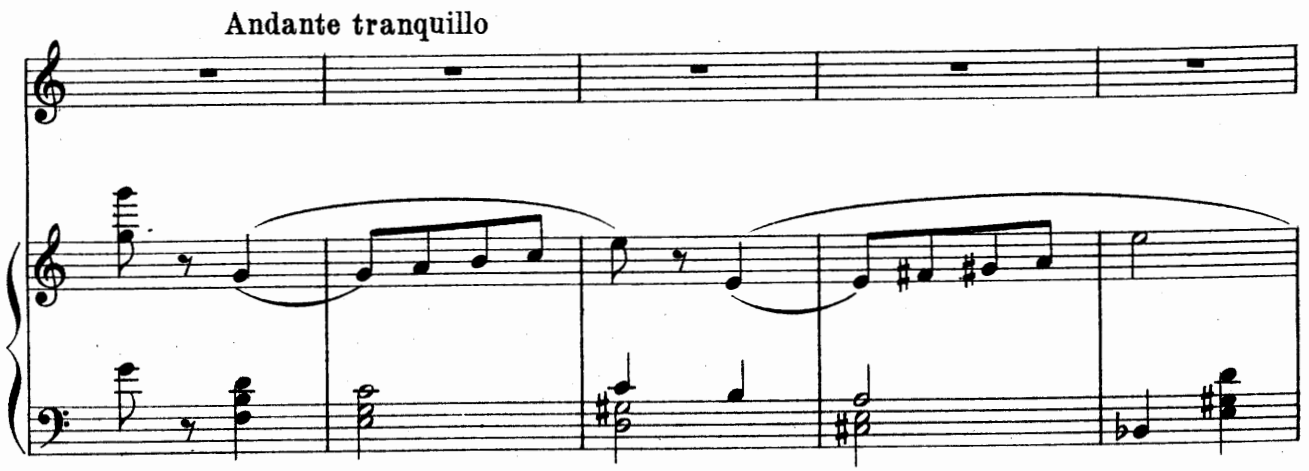

Allegretto calmato
mp
Lest your hearts know fear in dark - ness, Through the
mp

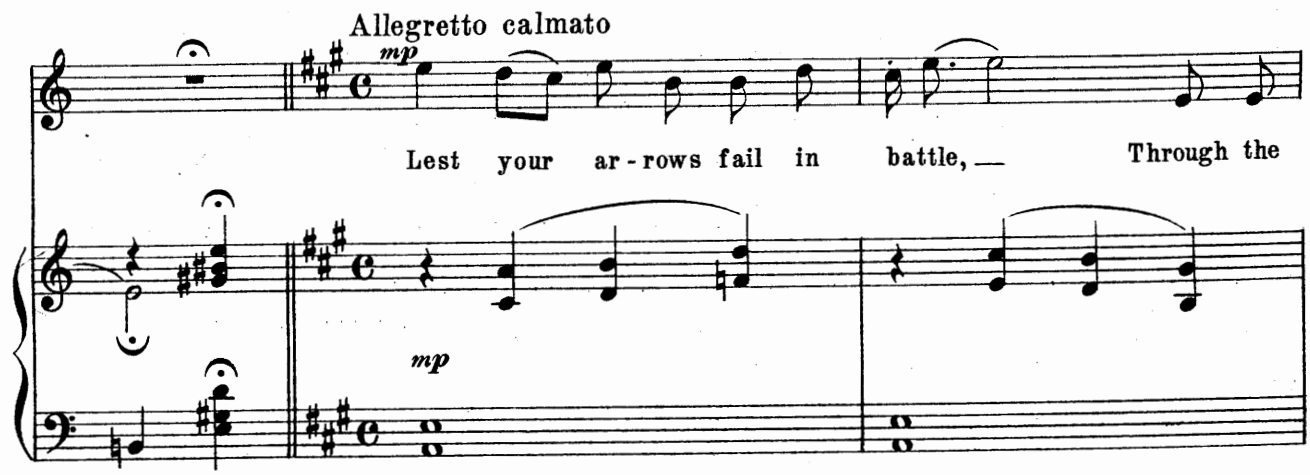

rall.
ghost - ly chill of mid - night,
rall.

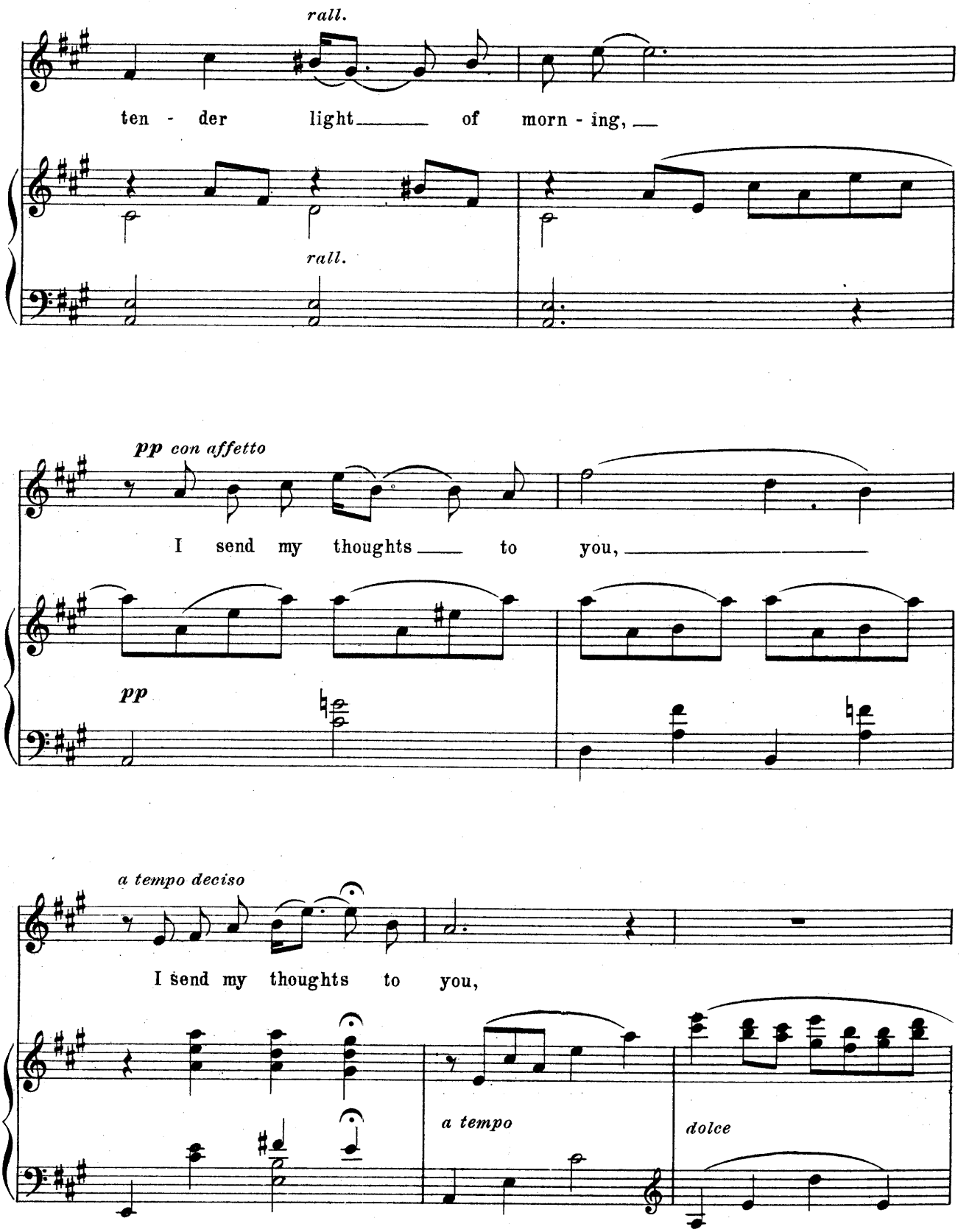

pp con affetto
I send my thoughts to you,
pp
a tempo deciso
I send my thoughts to you.
mf
mf Parlando con anima
Ho, ye war-riors on the war-path,
mp

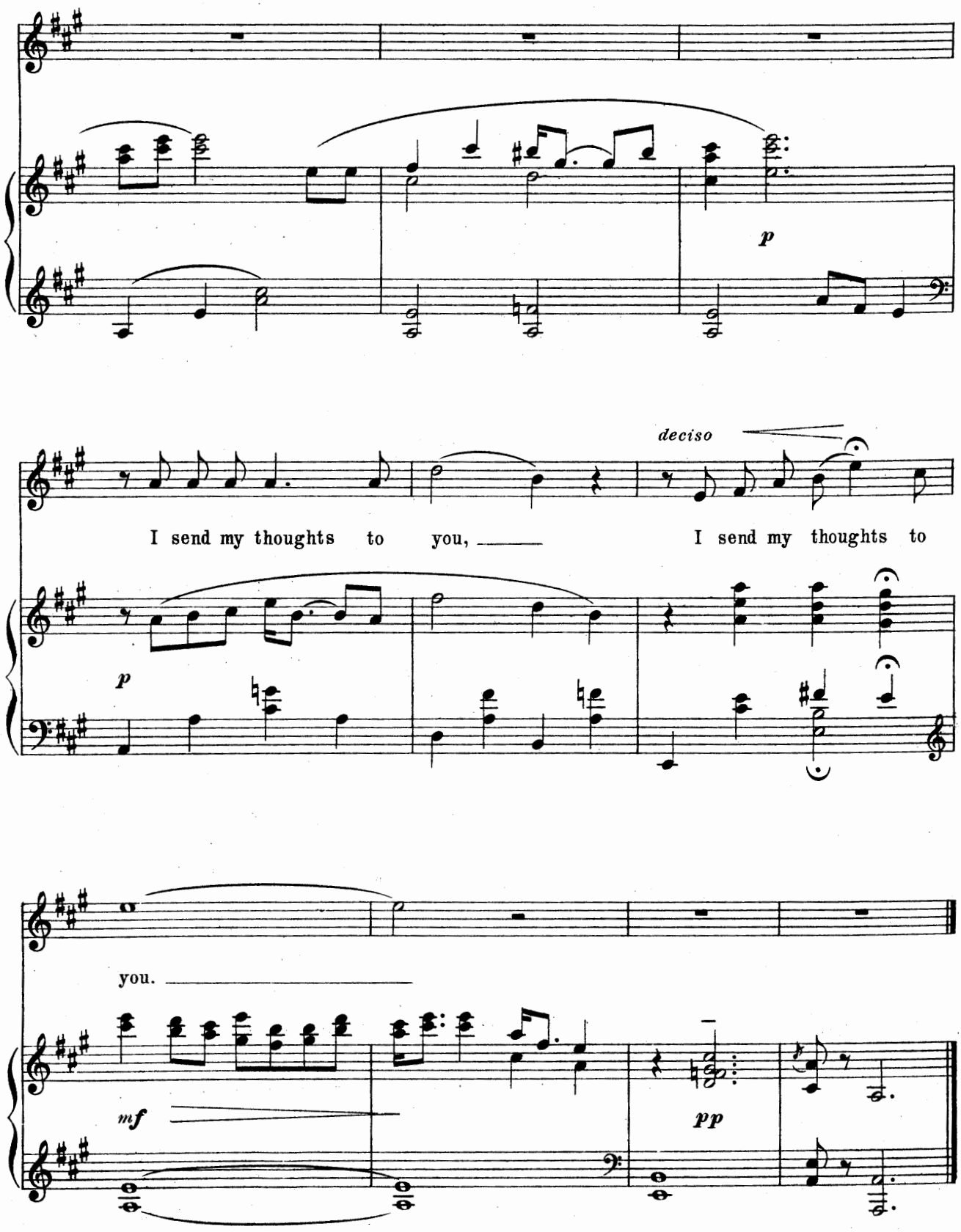

Mov - - ing si - lent through the mist of day - break,
poco cresc.
Ho, ye hun - ters, ye
poco cresc.
moc - ca - sin car - ri - ers, Ye who build the fires, All
f
mf
f


ye who have gone forth:


Andante tranquillo


Allegretto calmato
mp
Lest your ar - rows fail in battle, Through the
mp


rall.
ten - der light of morn - ing,
rall.
pp con affetto
I send my thoughts to you,
pp
a tempo deciso
I send my thoughts to you,
a tempo
dolce


p
deciso
I send my thoughts to you,
I send my thoughts to
p
you.
mf
pp

The Thunderbirds Come from the Cedars

The thunderbirds come from their forest of cedars,
The Thunder God roars as they hide the sun's beams;
The wind's path I tread with their black wings above me,
Yet fearless am I who have known them in dreams.

The swallows before and the bird-hawks that follow,
They herald the storm and the Thunder God's might;
Yet brave is my heart when his yellow eye flashes,
And forth at my call comes the Maker of Light.
E tho he the tho!

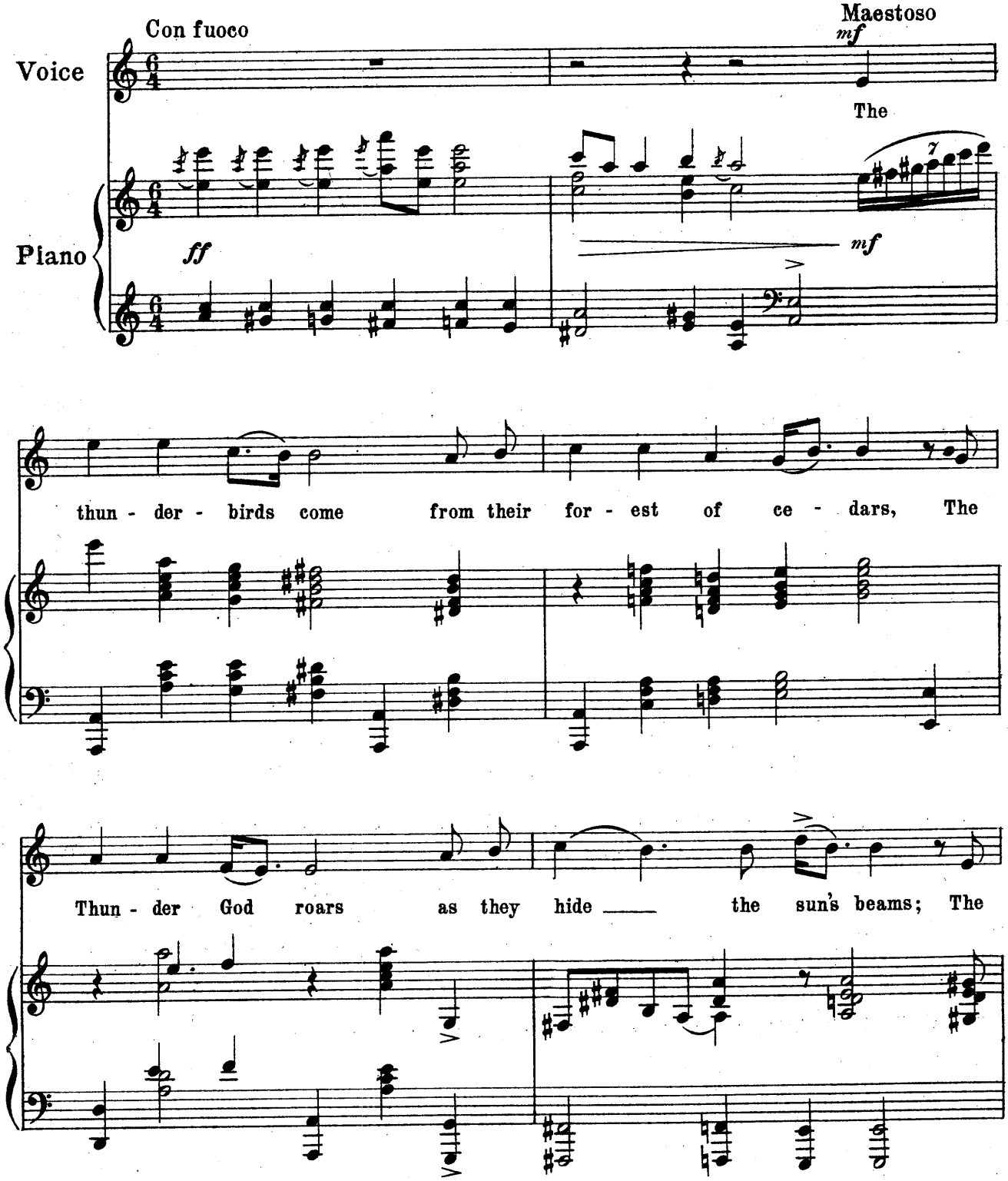
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

This melody is built on a theme recorded by Francis La-Flesche and Alice Cunningham Fletcher. The song refers to one "on whom the Thunder has compassion." Such a person who has seen the thunder beings in dreams is invested with occult powers and has control over the elements. The thunderbirds live in the forest of cedars and are connected with both storms and war. The lightning is the yellow eye of the Thunder.

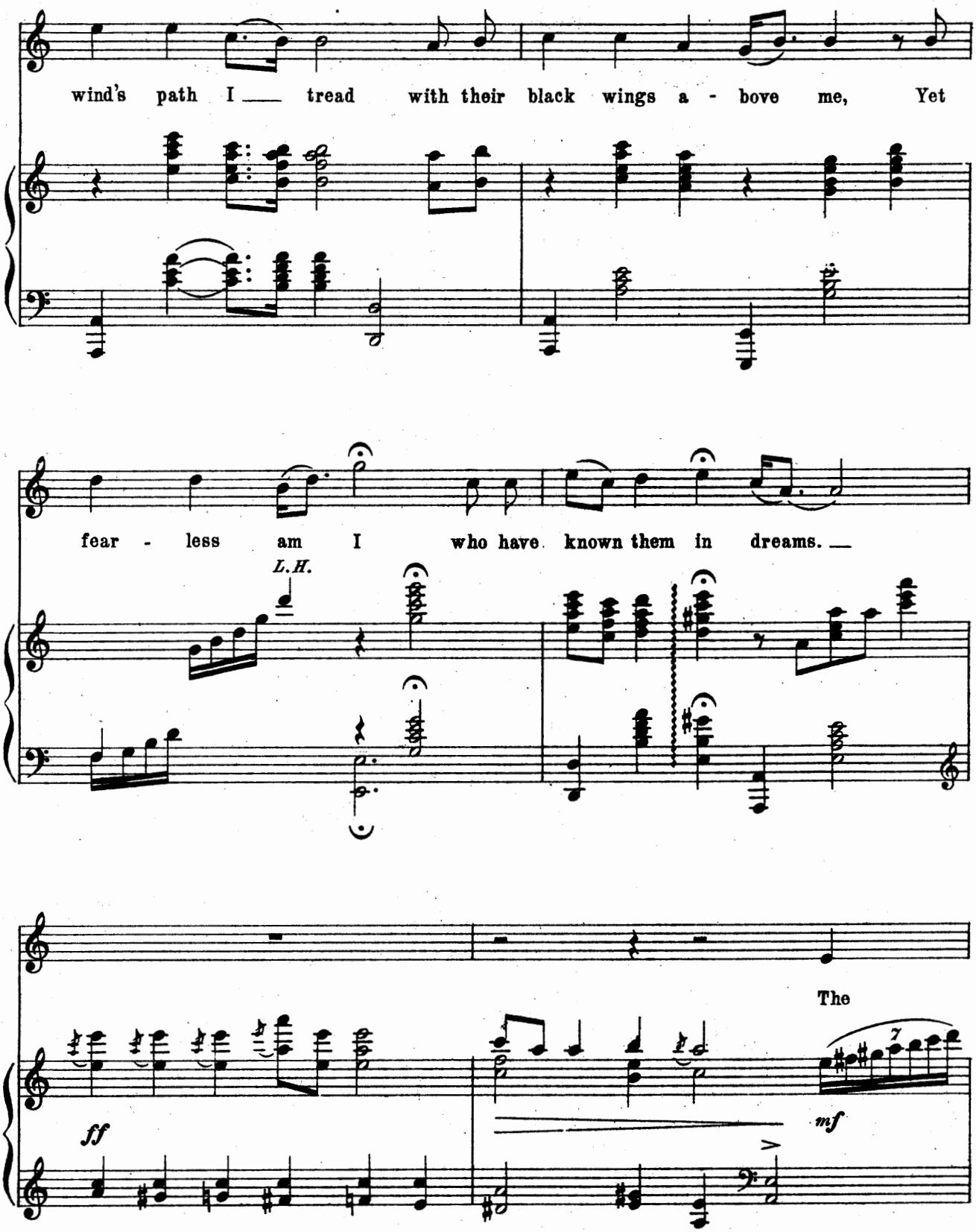
The Thunderbirds Come from the Cedars

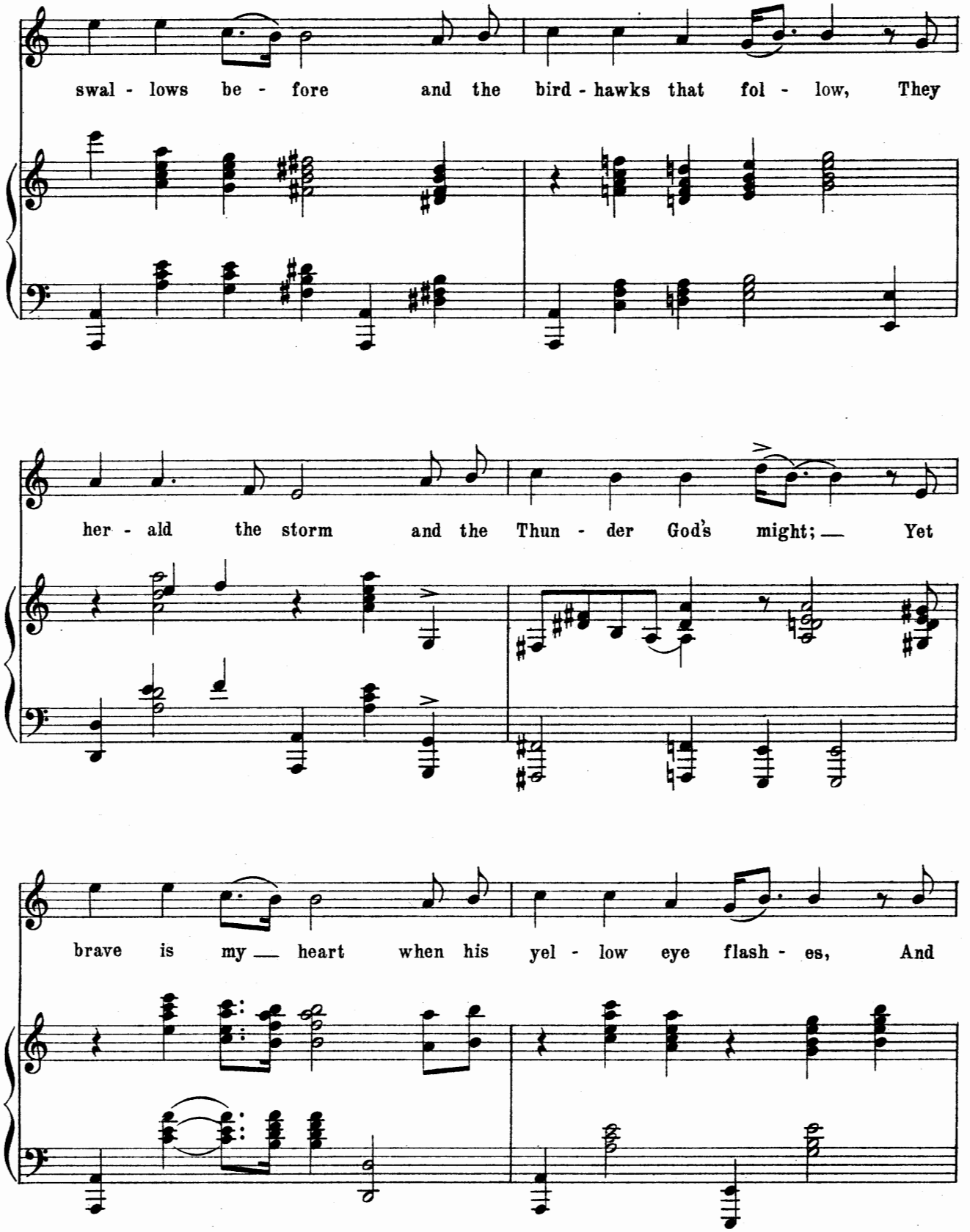
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

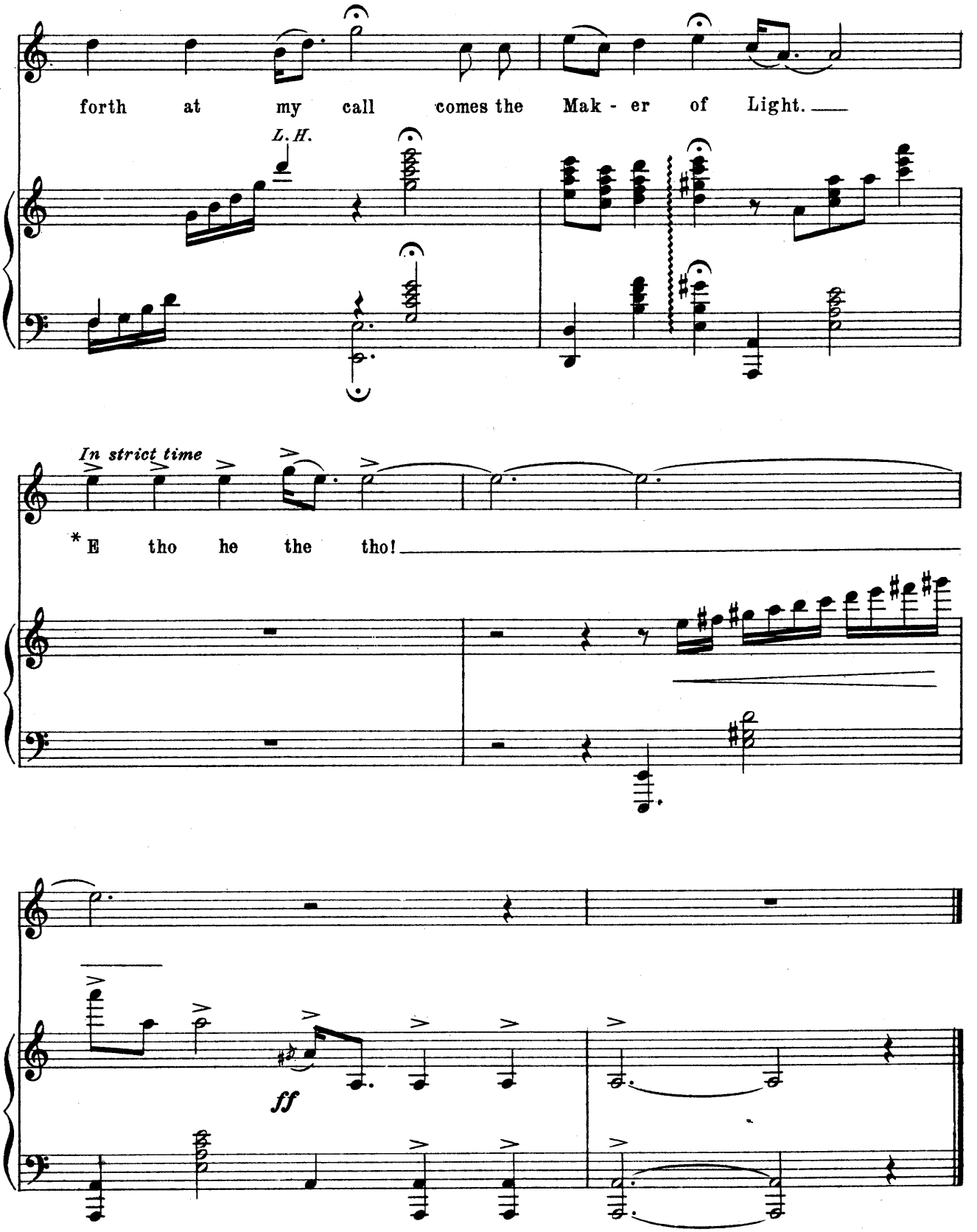
Charles Wakefield Cadman
Op.57, No.4



Copyright, 1914, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
International Copyright Secured


wind's path I tread with their black wings a - bove me, Yet
fear - less am I who have known them in dreams.
L.H.
The
ff
mf

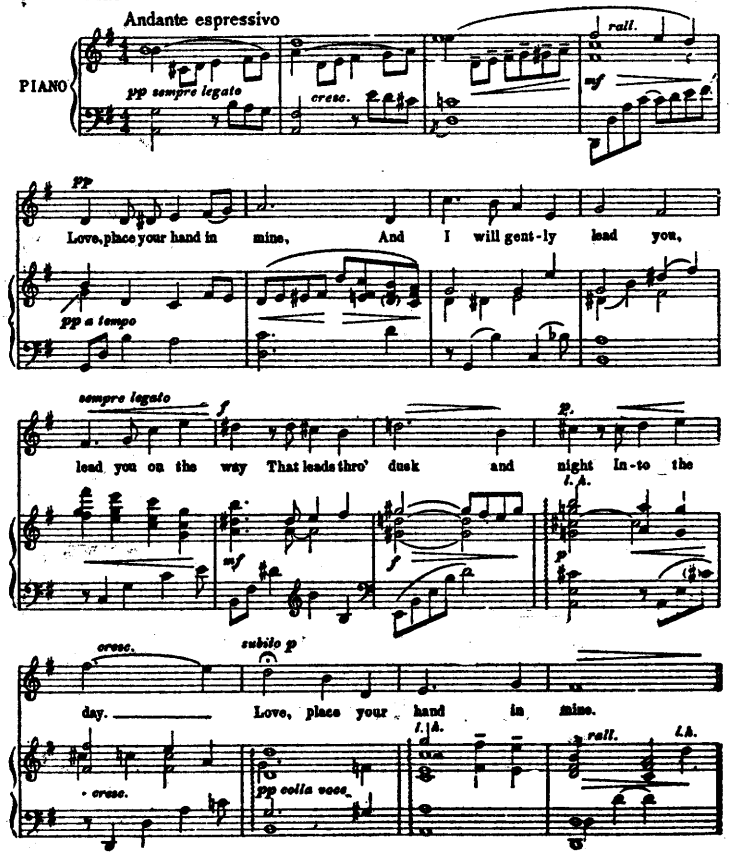

swal - lows be - fore and the bird - hawks that fol - low, They
her - ald the storm and the Thun - der God's might; — Yet
brave is my — heart when his yel - low eye flash - es, And



*Note. Pronounced A, tho - hay-thay-tho. These are vocables without any definite meaning, and are used by the Indians much the same as the Caucasian expressions of *Ah! Oh*, or *Ha!*

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE

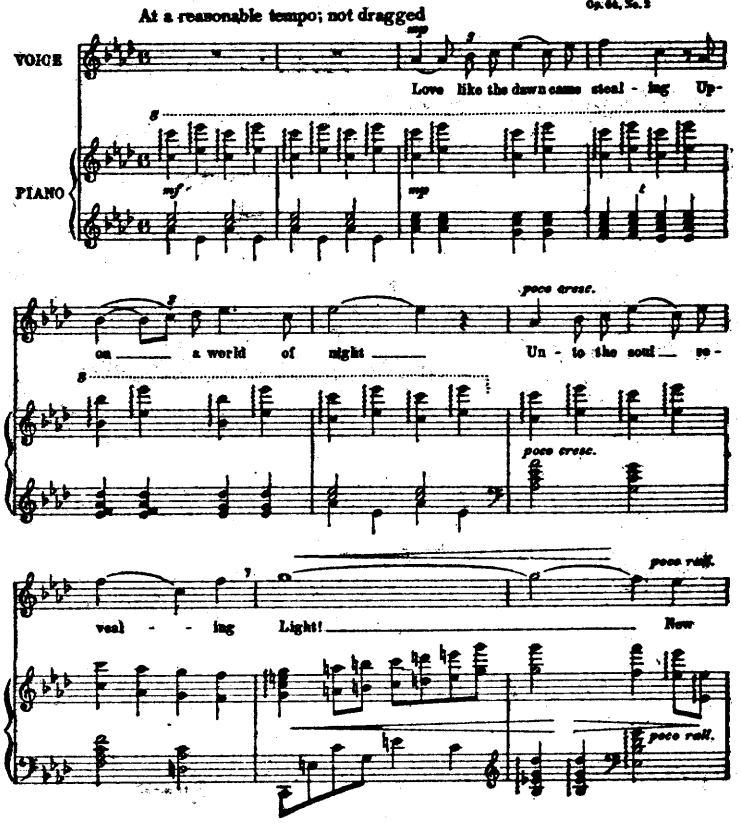
FRITZ HART — WILLIAM REDDICK



Copyright, 1917, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
International Copyright Secured

Love Like the Dawn Came Stealing

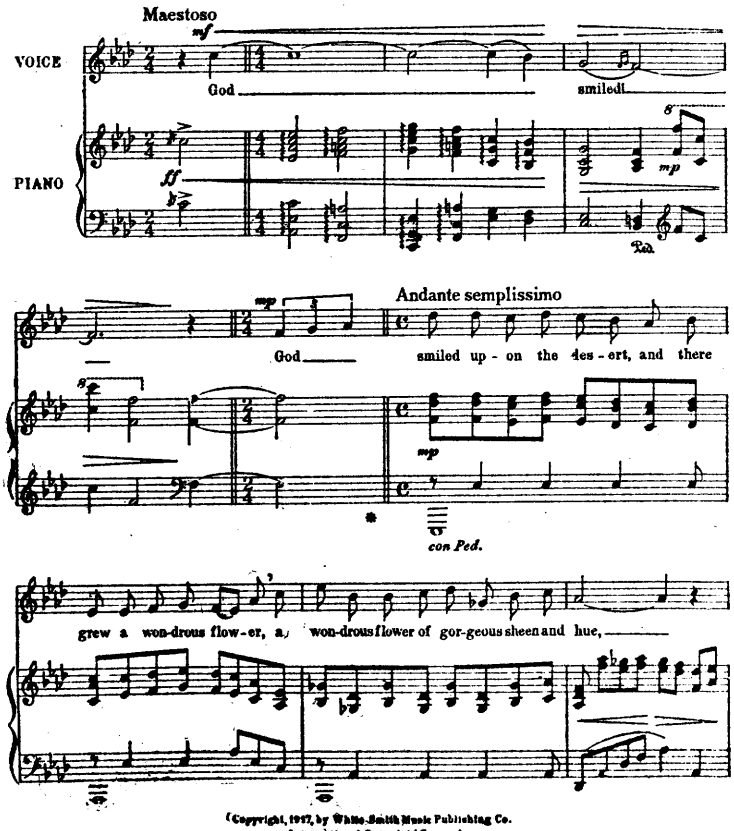
Gilbert Moyle — Charles Wakefield Cadman, Op. 64, No. 2



Copyright, 1917, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
International Copyright Secured

God Smiled Upon the Desert

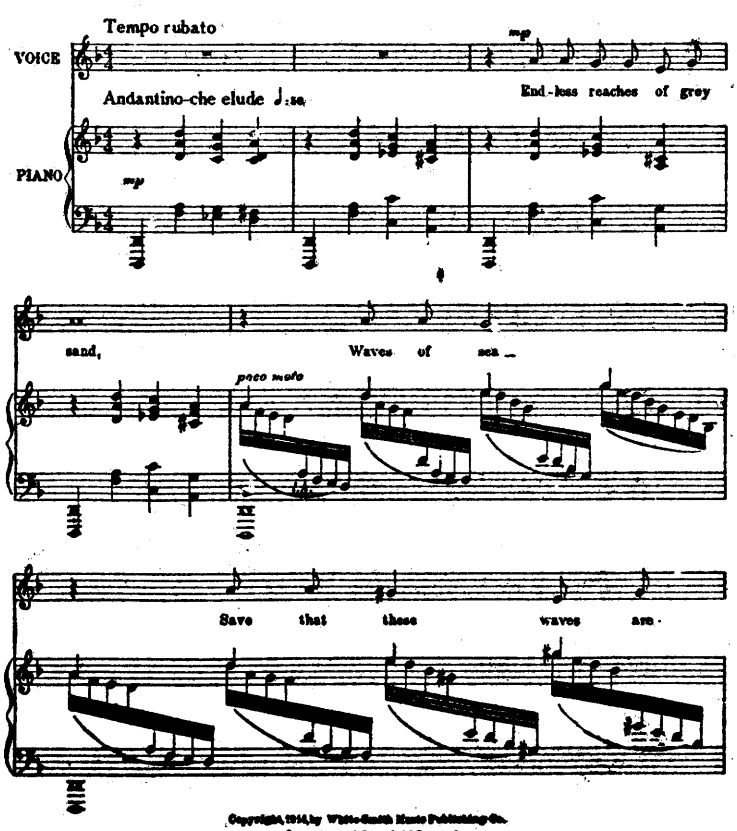
ELIZABETH GORDON — CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN, Op. 64-No. 3



Copyright, 1917, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
International Copyright Secured

NIGHT IN THE DESERT

FAITH BOBINCKE — GERTRUDE ROSS



Copyright, 1916, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
International Copyright Secured

The Heart of Farazda

AN ARABIAN SONG CYCLE BY

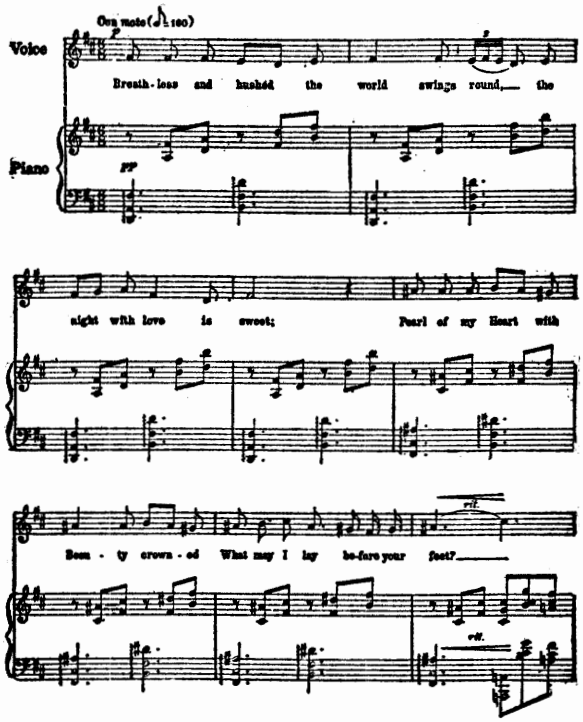
MALCOLM DANA McMILLAN

LOW VOICE HIGH VOICE

III.

In the Rose Garden

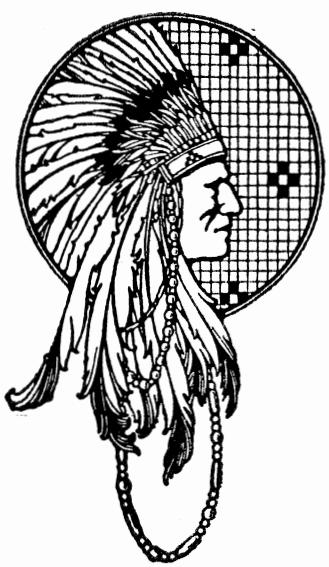
Serenade



CONTENTS

1. THE QUESTION 2. BEFORE HER MIRROR
3. IN THE ROSE GARDEN
4. AFTER THE MOSQUE 5. THE CRY OF AZRAEL

(These Songs are not Published Separately)

"Nicely conceived as regards atmosphere"—*Musical America.*
"The composer has given it a distinctive Oriental color"—*The Musician.*

RETAIL PRICE, $1.00