NARCISSA

AN OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

∴

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dr. Marcus Whitman, Missionary and patriot	*Dramatic tenor*
Henry Spalding, Missionary Elijah, son of Pio-pio-mox-mox	*Lyric tenor*
Pio-pio-mox-mox, (Yellow Serpent) Chief of the Allied Tribes	*Baritone*
Delaware Tom, a renegade half-breed Delaware, (graduate of Dartmouth College)	*Baritone*
Rev. Hull Dr. John McLaughlin, Chief Factor Hudson Bay Co.	*Bass*
Narcissa Prentice (later Whitman)	*Dramatic Soprano*
Waskema, Indian prophetess	*Mezzo soprano*
Eliza Spalding, Henry's wife Siskadee, an Indian princess bethrothed to Elijah	*Contralto*

MINOR CHARACTERS

INTRODUCED FOR HISTORICAL EFFECT (Members of Chorus)

Mrs. Whitman, mother of Marcus

Eloise McLaughlin Rae, daughter of Dr. McLaughlin

Mde. McLaughlin, wife of Dr. McLaughlin, granddaughter of a great chief, and well educated

William Glen Rae, son-in-law to Dr. McLaughlin

Tom McKay, stepson to Dr. McLaughlin

Chorus in Act I., the congregation of old church in Rushville, N. Y.

Chorus in Act II., people of old Fort Vancouver and Indians

SYNOPSIS

ACT I: Marcus Whitman, after a long absence in the Northwest, returns to his native village accompanied by two Indians, arriving during the Sabbath morning service. He comes to plead for help that he may carry the gospel to the Indians of that far West.

Narcissa, his betrothed, begs to go with him, and Marcus, though fearing for her safety, finally yields, his own desire supplementing hers. They are united and sped on their westward journey amid tears and prayers of the congregation.

ACT II: Opens at the historic old Fort Vancouver, stronghold of the Hudson's Bay Company. Chief Factor, Dr. McLaughlin is daily expected home from his historic trip to England. He arrives laden with gifts for all. Amid the general festivities the signal gun is heard, and all is commotion and terror. The song of the approaching missionaries reassures the fort people, and the Whitman party is royally welcomed. Yellow Serpent, Chief of the Allied Tribes, invites Marcus to install his mission at Waiilatpu, promising him support and the friendship of the tribes.

ACT III: Autumn, several years later. The orphaned child of settlers lies in the cradle of Narcissa's dead baby. The coming of many immigrants, destroying pasture and driving away game, has made the Indians sullen and resentful. Delaware Tom, a half-breed Dartmouth graduate, incites them to open rebellion. The Whitmans are upheld by Yellow Serpent, Elijah, his young son and his betrothed, Siskadee. An outbreak is impending, but Narcissa with her beautiful voice weaves a spell about the superstitious Indians, subduing them temporarily. Dr. McLaughlin comes and new promises are made, but the arrival of another larger train of immigrants rekindles the anger of the Indians. Elijah, to avert an open rupture, plans an expedition to California, and promises Siskadee to return in the spring and make her his bride. Marcus discovers that Congress proposes to sell the Northwest to England for a pittance, and starts upon his heroic and historic midwinter overland journey to save the great Northwest to the United States of America.

ACT IV: The next spring. Marcus has returned successful. Indian maidens in gala attire go out to meet the returning braves. Waskema, the Indian prophetess, foretells impending catastrophe. Narcissa is apprehensive. Indian discontent grows. Soon the death wail is heard. The braves return, many horses riderless. Yellow Serpent, stricken with grief, relates the cowardly murder by a white man, of young Elijah while on his knees in prayer, at Sutter's Fort. The Indians are enraged. While Yellow Serpent goes to his lodge Delaware Tom incites the friendly Indians to massacre the immigrants. In their absence, the stranger tribes, guided by Tom, batter down the Mission house door, and kill the inmates, including Marcus and Narcissa, their "golden-singing-bird."

Dr. McLaughlin arrives, but too late. Yellow Serpent is summoned and swears vengeance on all who participated in the massacre. Siskadee mourns her lover, on the hillside; and through all wails the death chant of the Indian women.

FOREWORD

The early part of the nineteenth century was marked by a missionary spirit that swept America as a frenzy. Men and women cancelled obligations and broke ties of home and love that they might carry the gospel to perishing souls. Young women offered themselves to unknown perils, and young men answered the appeal as a direct command of God.

Dr. Marcus Whitman was one of these. This spirit prompted his study of medicine in addition to theology, and sent him early in the '30s to Oregon. To this passion was soon added that of patriotism. He saw the possibilities in that great domain, and that only the American flag could protect missionaries, their converts, or the American immigrants.

On the other hand civilization, tilling of the soil, the coming of many people, meant the rapid extinction of game, and lessening booty in furs. Consequently, it was the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company to keep the country wild and the Indian a savage fur-hunter unspoiled.

Dr. Whitman knew that he could not successfully carry the Cross of Christ except that it was protected by the American flag; and he believed in the moral right of America to the territory of old Oregon. Hence his perilous midwinter ride with a single companion across the continent, his vain appeal to the Secretary of State, and his impassioned and more successful petition to the President of the United States to safeguard the nation's interests in the Northwest.

This missionary passion is the theme of the opera, with patriotism as a second motive scarcely less powerful, the two combined in the opera as they were in Whitman's character; and showing almost as strongly in his wife.

The story of the drama follows history closely, merely compressing events in the matter of time, and selecting the more dramatic incidents from intensely dramatic lives.

As a strong and picturesque factor Dr. McLaughlin and the life at Fort Vancouver is introduced. It was baronial in magnificence. Four hundred could sit at the banquets in Bachelors' Hall, "lit by a thousand perfumed candles." It is related that Eloise McLaughlin was clad in richest Parisian garb, and read with her father in three languages.

Dr. McLaughlin was unfailingly kind to missionaries and immigrants, and this finally cost him his position with the Hudson's Bay Company.

An effort has been made to give the Indian sympathetic treatment. Misunderstood, defrauded, outraged, his relations with Americans make that chapter in our history one of growing shame. No plea of "the destiny of the white race" can ever wipe out the infamy.

The Whitmans least of all people deserved their martyrdom; yet according to Indian ethics,—probably as good as any in the sight of God,—their lives paid only a just debt.

S. P. C.

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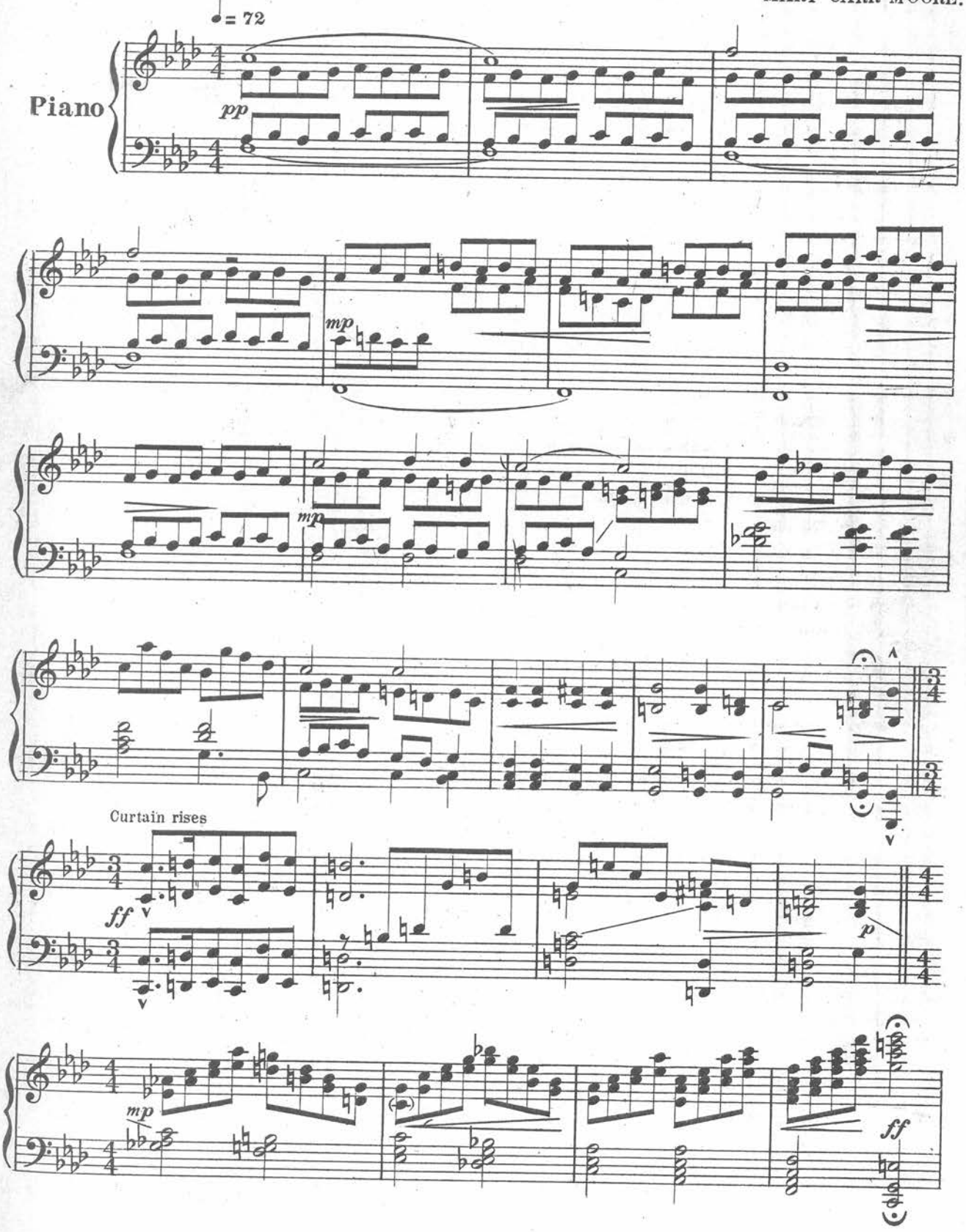
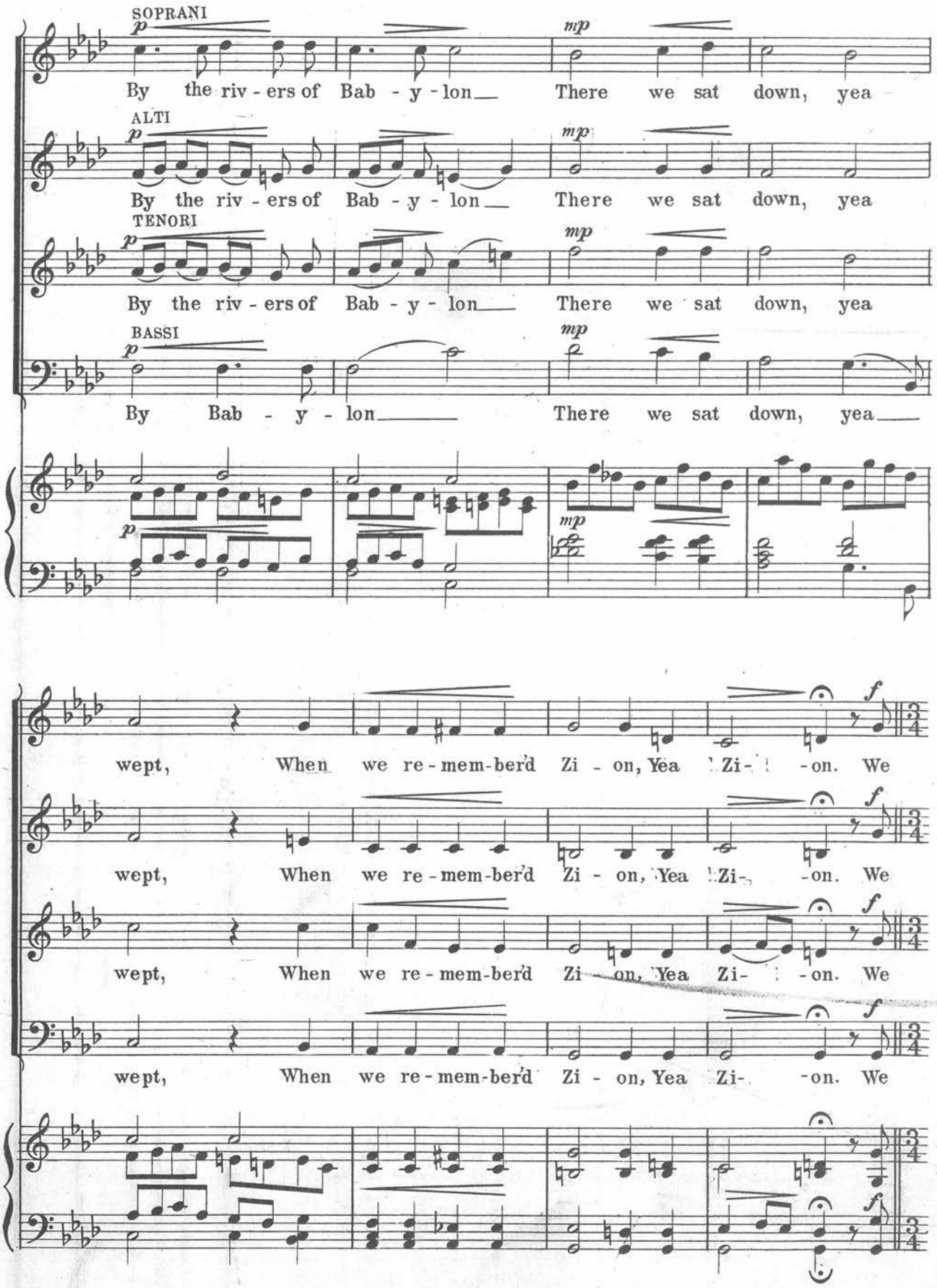
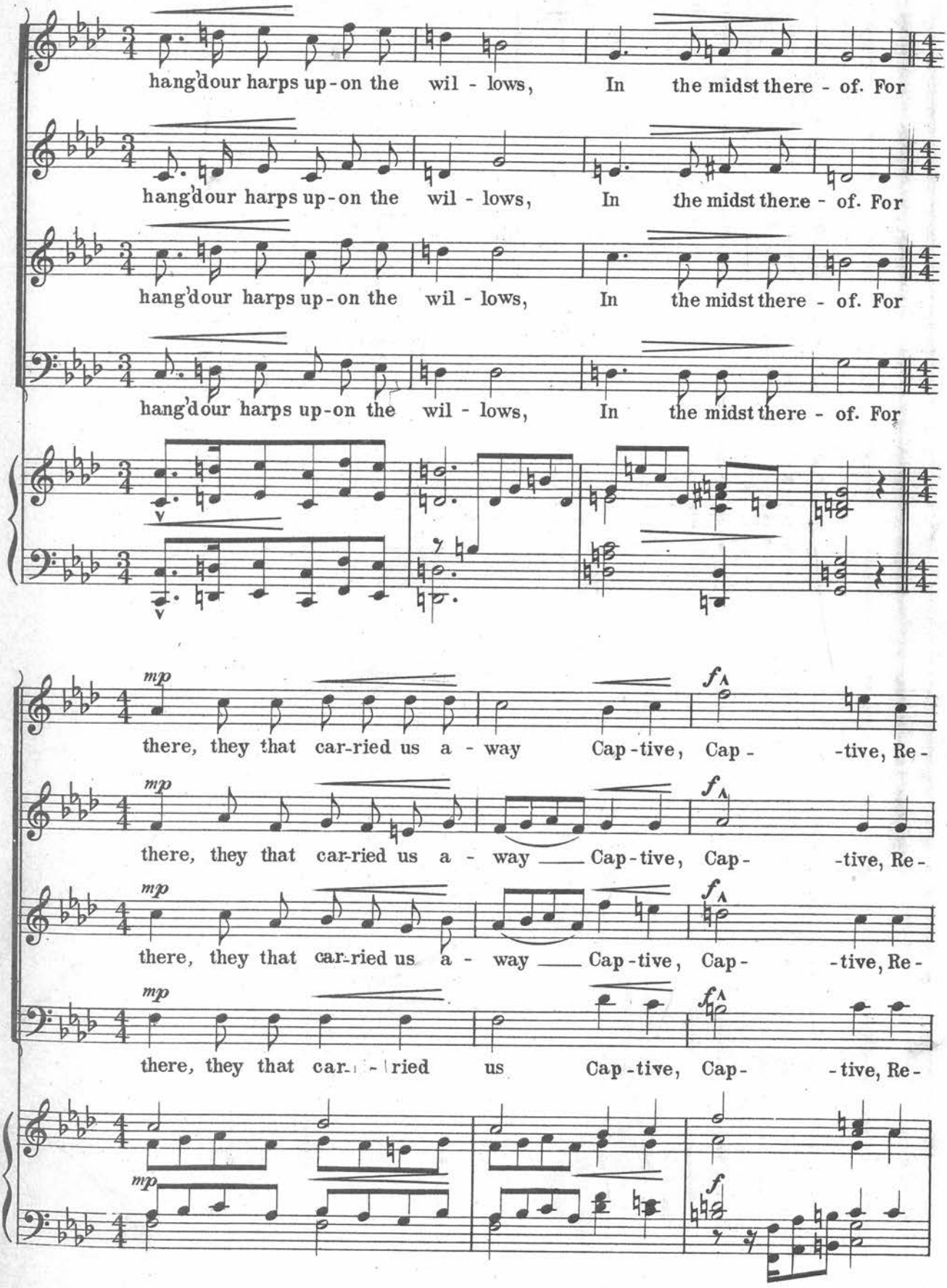
Narcissa

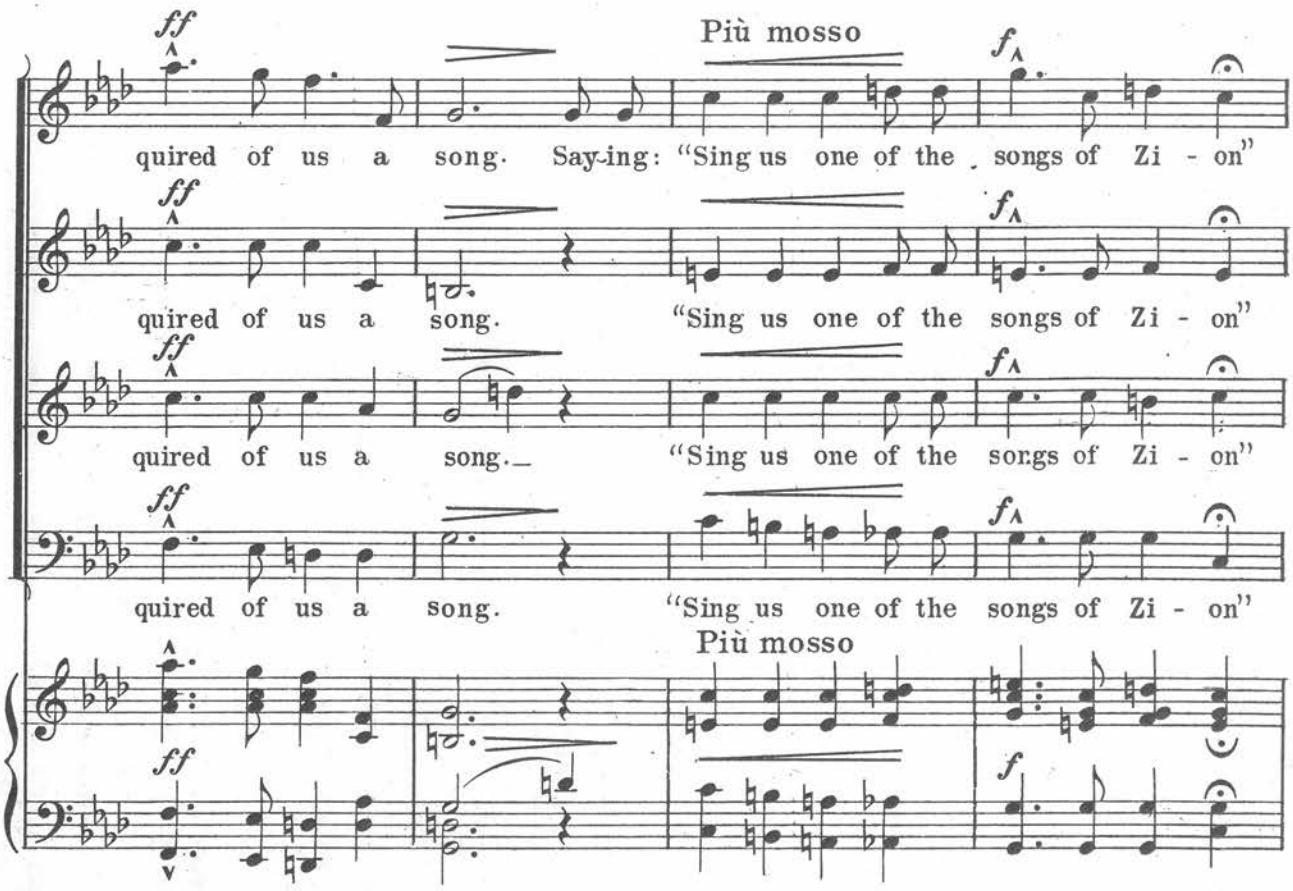
Act I.

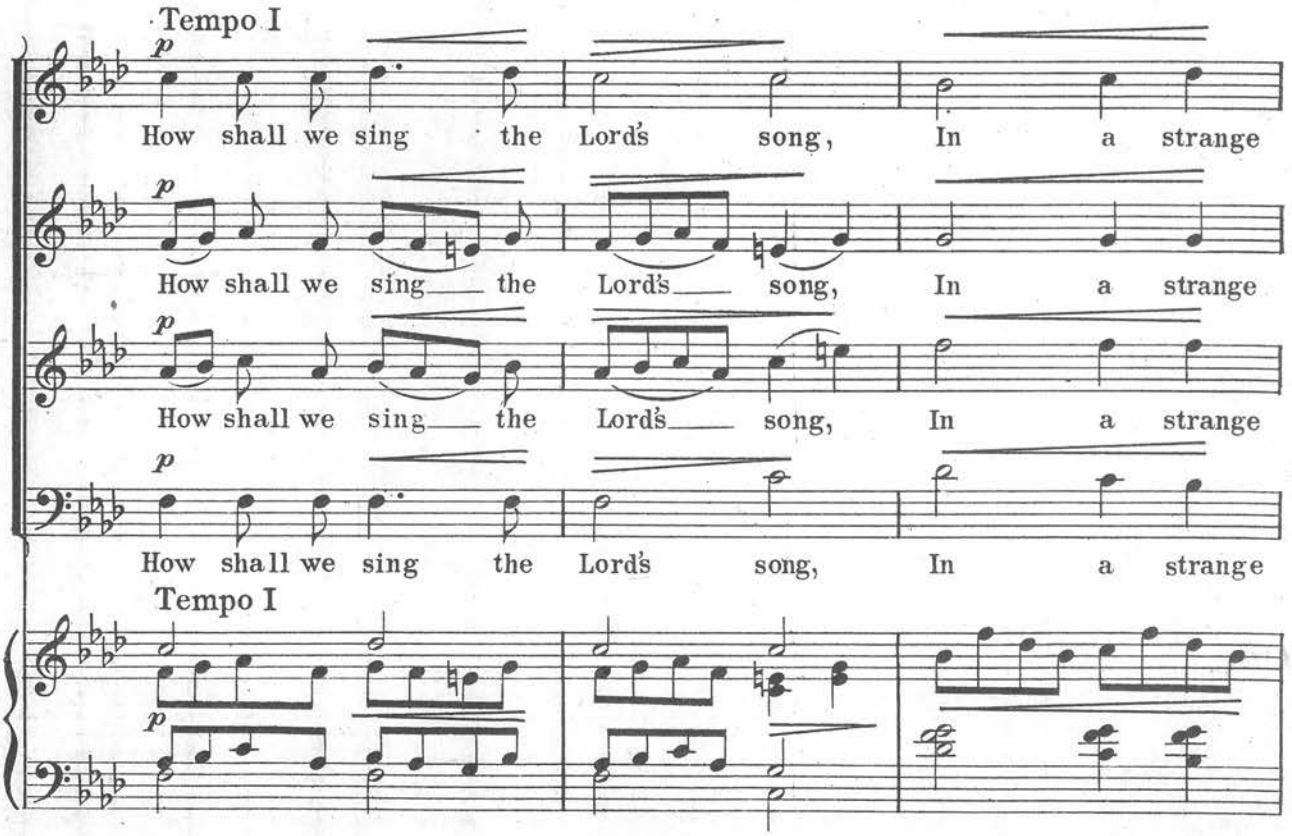
SARAH PRATT CARR. MARY CARR MOORE.

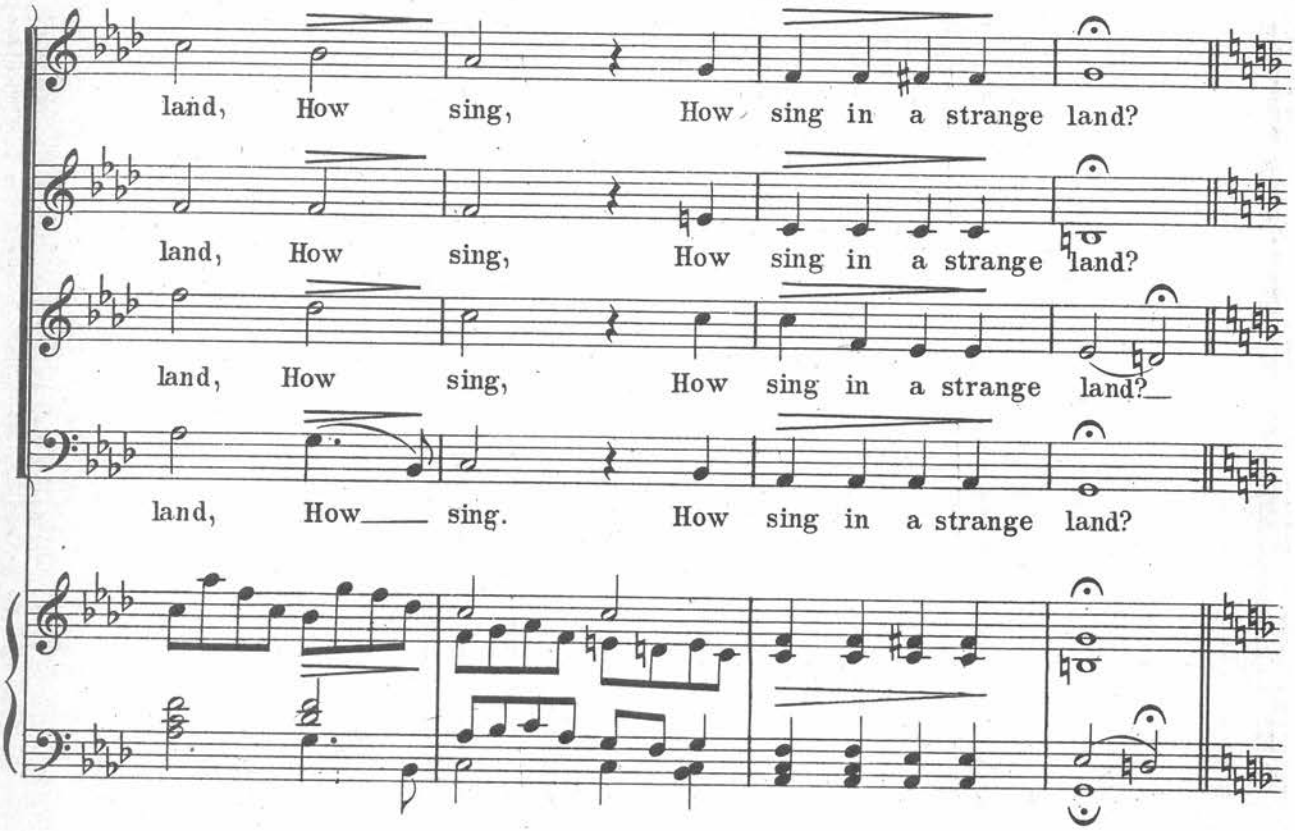


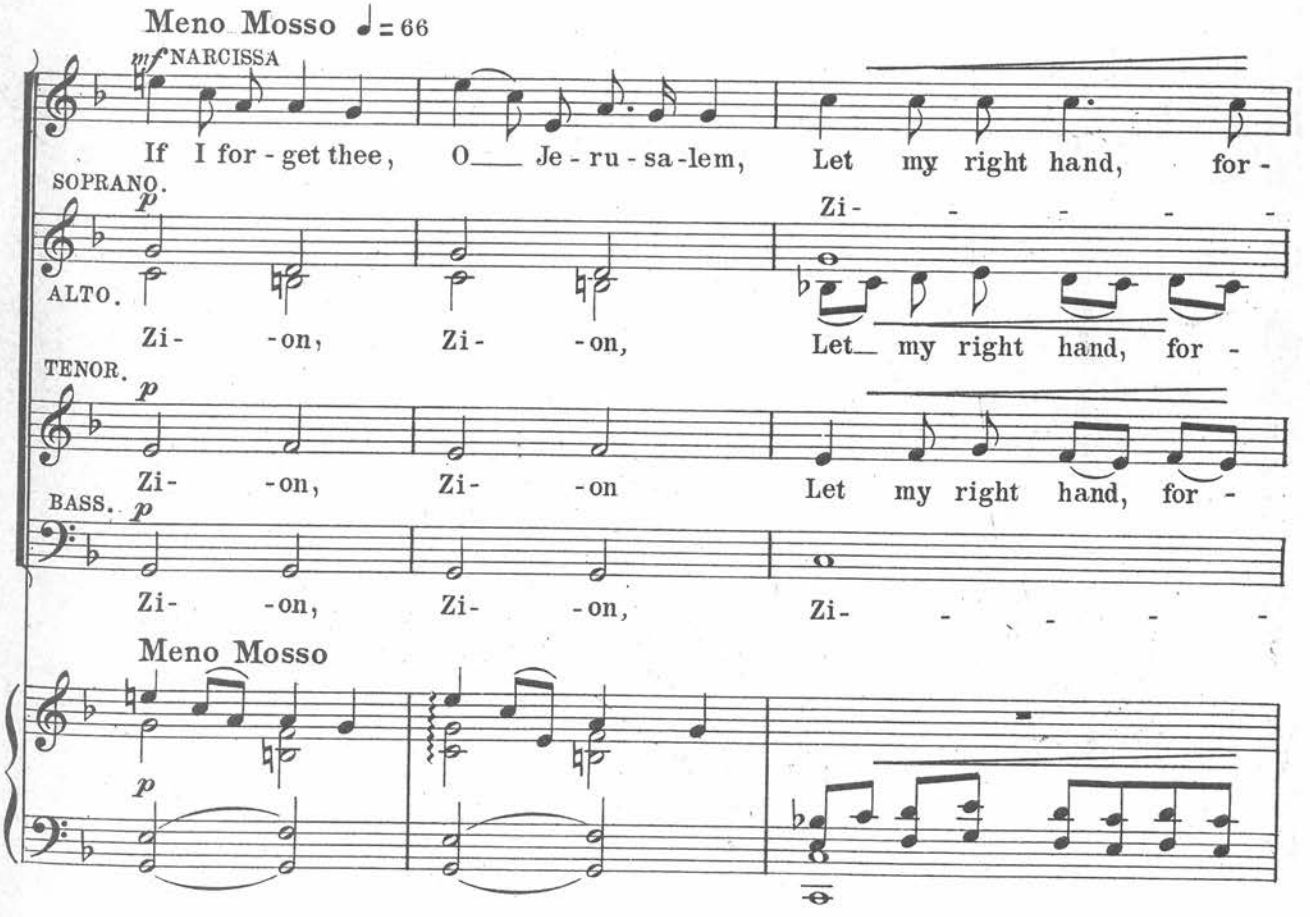

SOPRANI
By the riv - ers of Bab - y - lon There we sat down, yea
ALTI
By the riv - ers of Bab - y - lon There we sat down, yea
TENORI
By the riv - ers of Bab - y - lon There we sat down, yea
BASSI
By Bab - y - lon There we sat down, yea
wept, When we re - mem - ber'd Zi - on, Yea Zi - on. We
wept, When we re - mem - ber'd Zi - on, Yea Zi - on. We
wept, When we re - mem - ber'd Zi - on, Yea Zi - on. We
wept, When we re - mem - ber'd Zi - on, Yea Zi - on. We

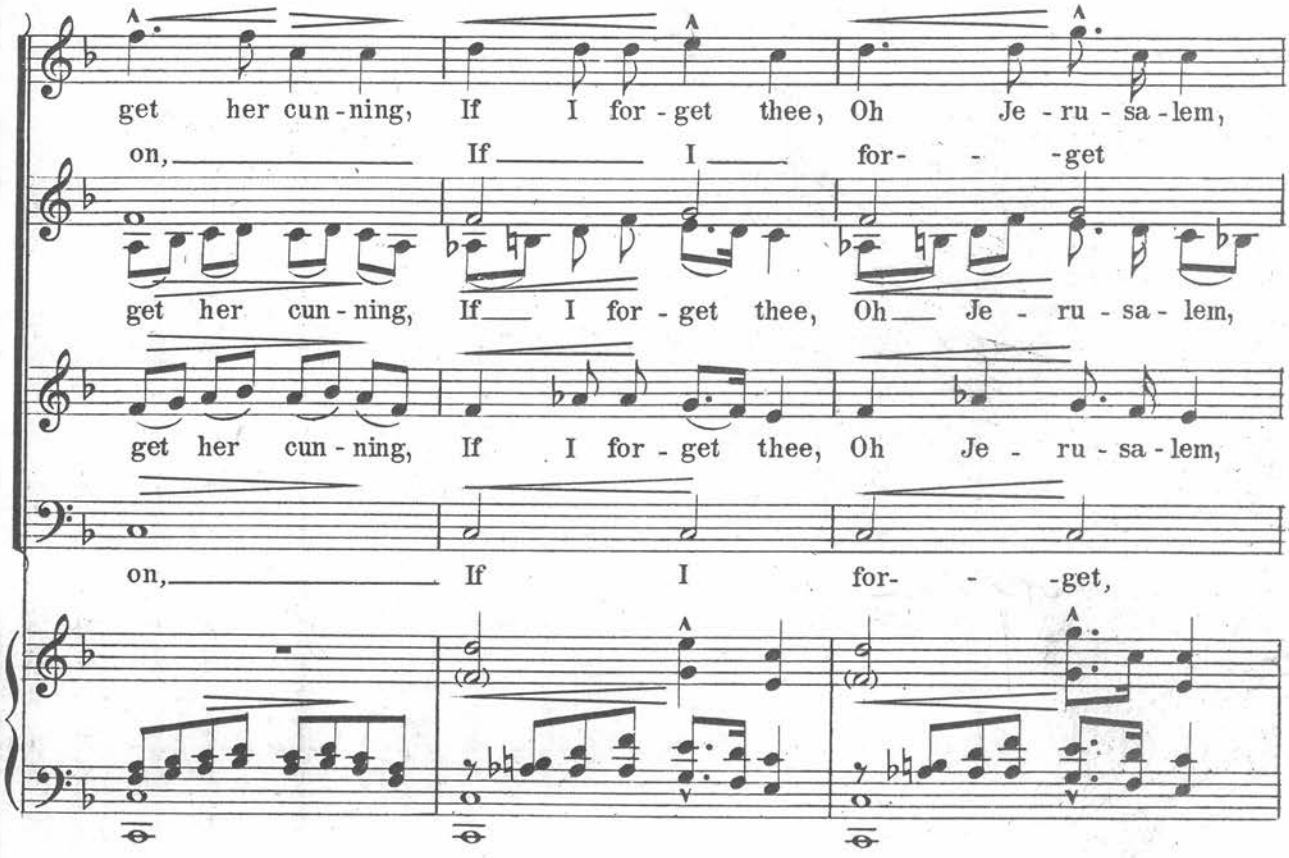

hang'd our harps up-on the wil - lows, In the midst there - of. For
hang'd our harps up-on the wil - lows, In the midst there - of. For
hang'd our harps up-on the wil - lows, In the midst there - of. For
hang'd our harps up-on the wil - lows, In the midst there - of. For
mp
there, they that car-ried us a - way Cap-tive, Cap- -tive, Re-
f
mp
there, they that car-ried us a - way Cap-tive, Cap- -tive, Re-
f
mp
there, they that car-ried us a - way Cap-tive, Cap- -tive, Re-
f
mp
there, they that car- -ried us Cap-tive, Cap- -tive, Re-
mp
f

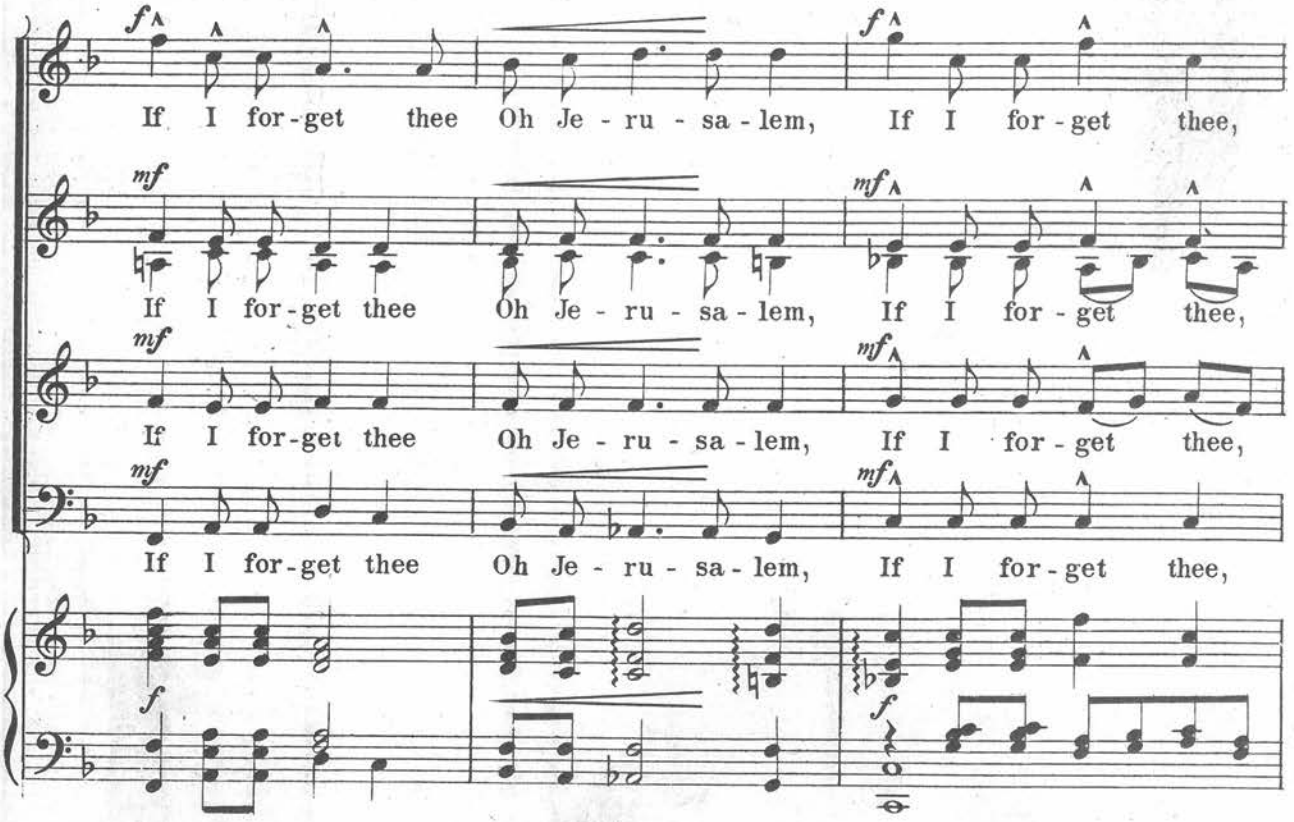

ff
Più mosso
f
quired of us a song. Say-ing: "Sing us one of the songs of Zi - on"
quired of us a song. "Sing us one of the songs of Zi - on"
quired of us a song. "Sing us one of the songs of Zi - on"
quired of us a song. "Sing us one of the songs of Zi - on"
Più mosso
f

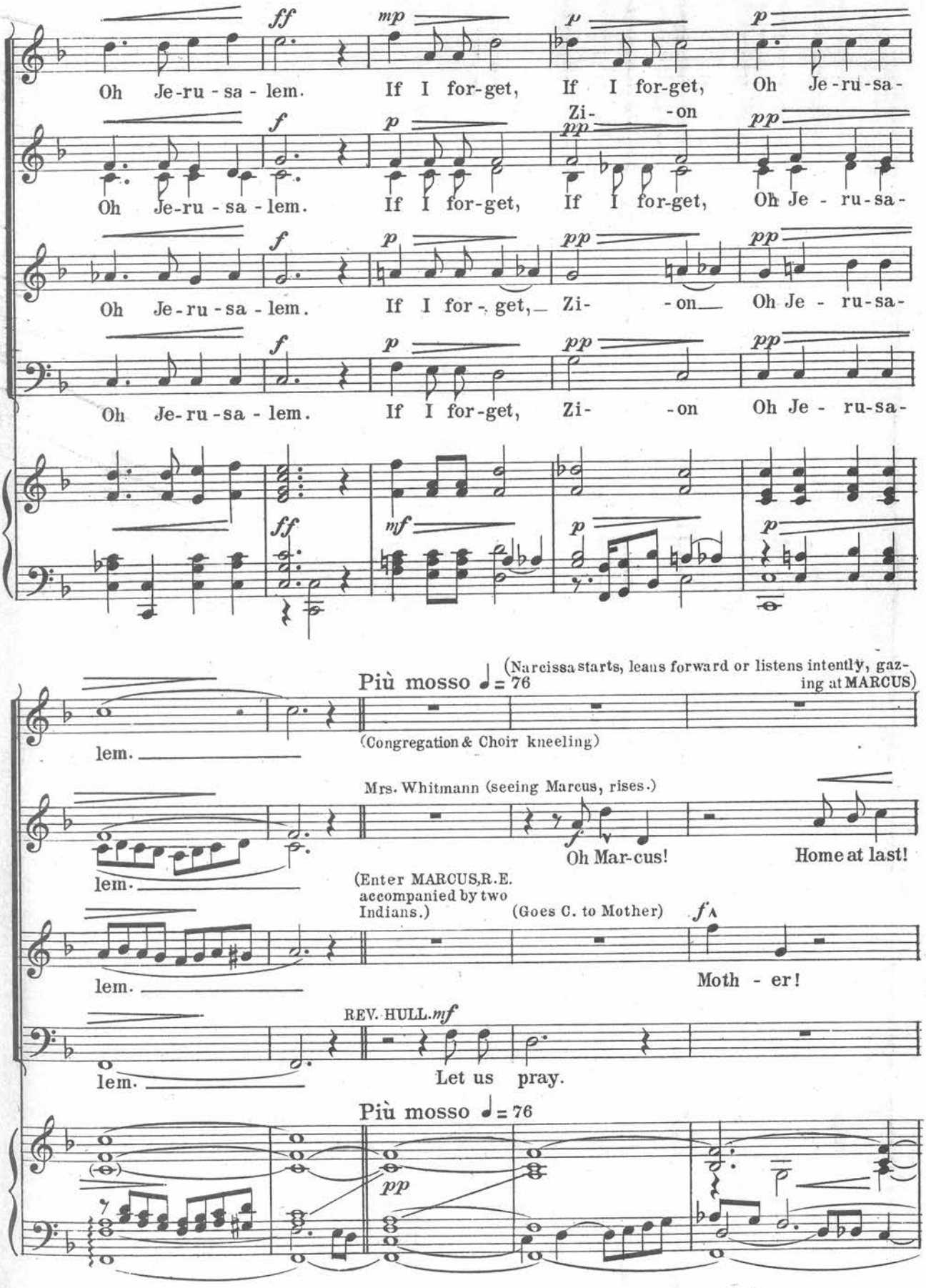

Tempo I
p
How shall we sing the Lord's song, In a strange
How shall we sing the Lord's song, In a strange
How shall we sing the Lord's song, In a strange
How shall we sing the Lord's song, In a strange
Tempo I

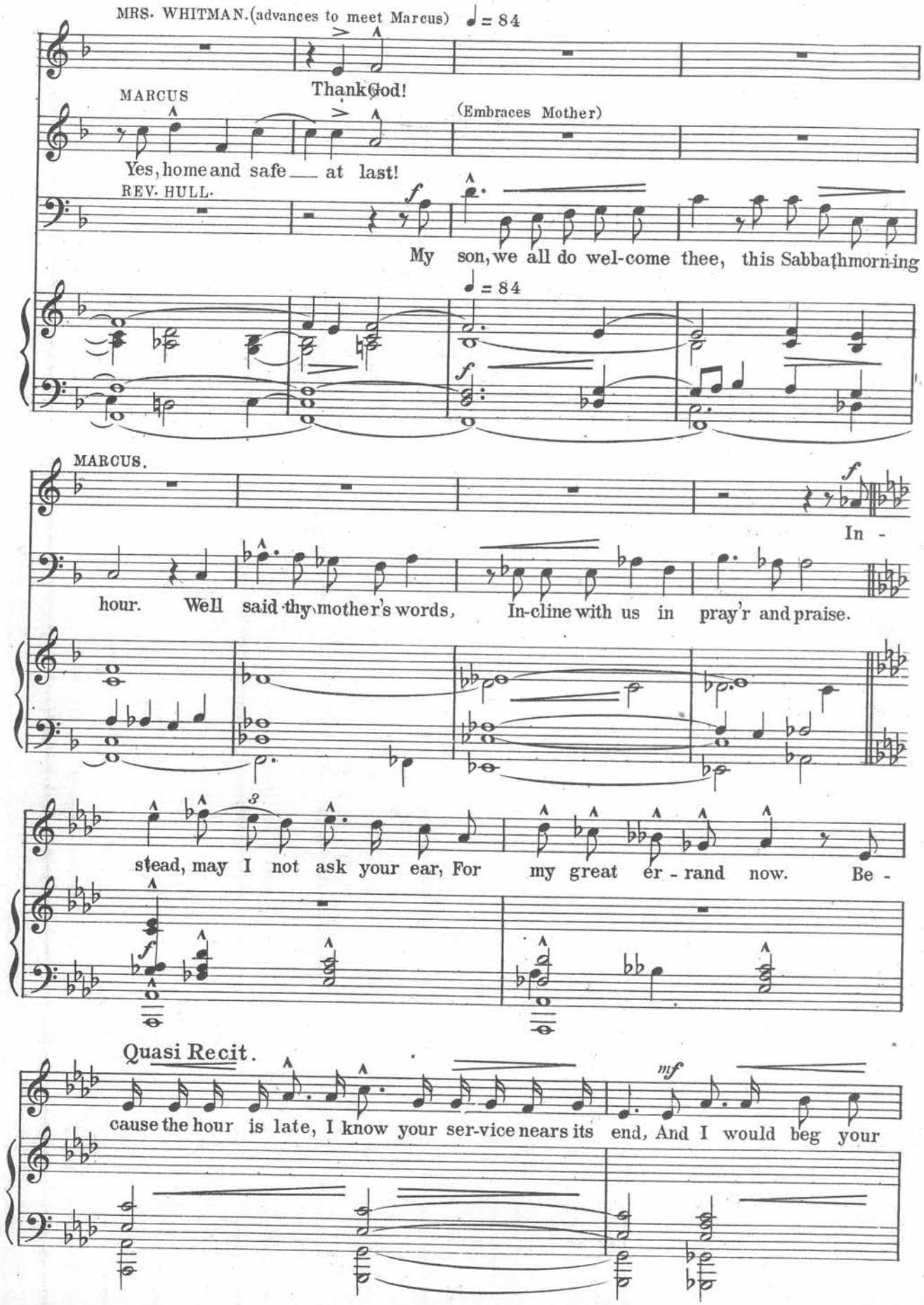

land, How sing, How sing in a strange land?
land, How sing, How sing in a strange land?
land, How sing, How sing in a strange land?
land, How sing. How sing in a strange land?

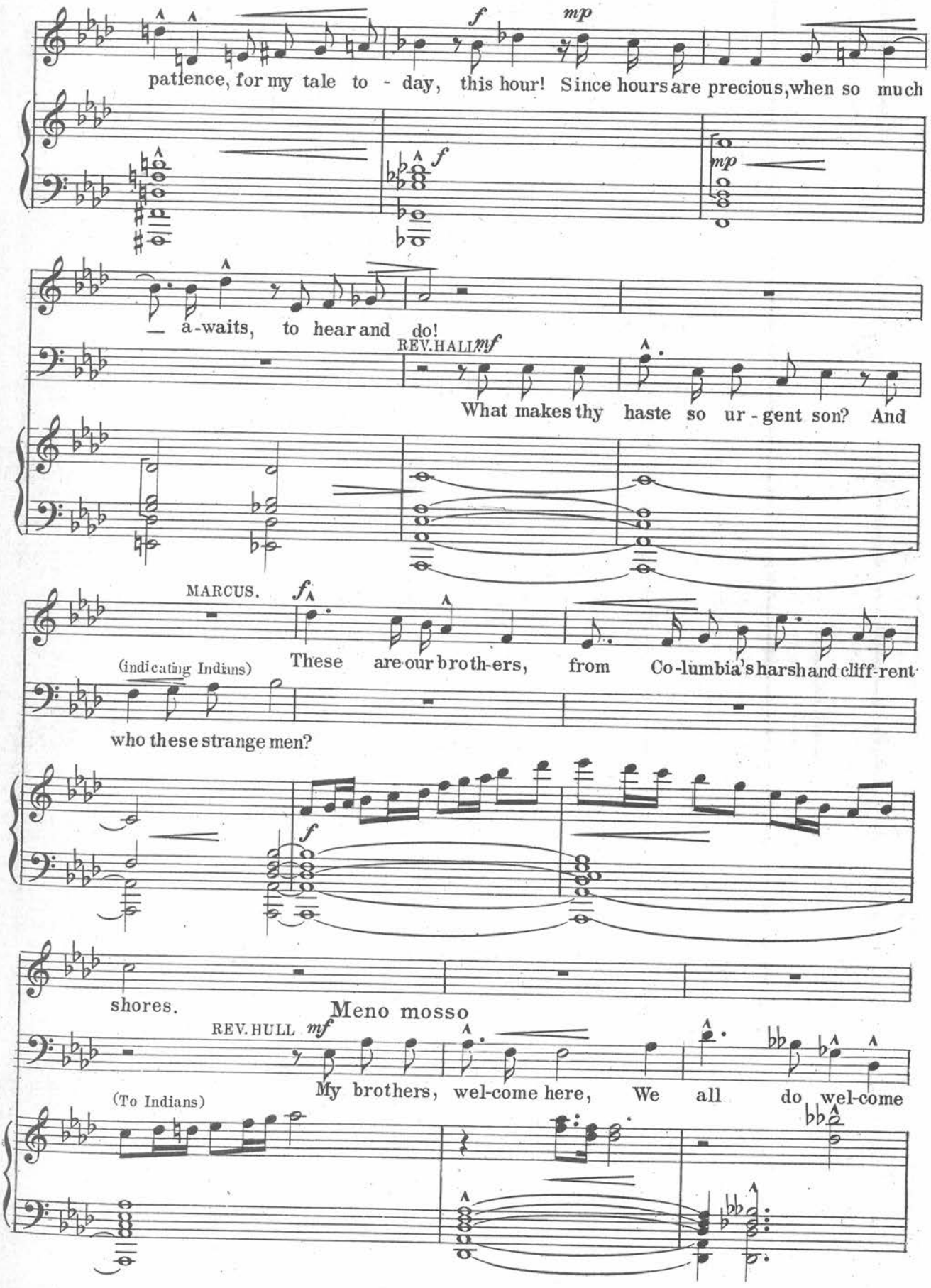

Meno Mosso ♩= 66
mf NARCISSA
If I for - get thee, O Je - ru - sa - lem, Let my right hand, for -
SOPRANO.
p
Zi - - - - -
ALTO.
Zi - on, Zi - on, Let my right hand, for -
TENOR.
p
Zi - on, Zi - on Let my right hand, for -
BASS.
p
Zi - on, Zi - on, Zi - - - - -
Meno Mosso
p

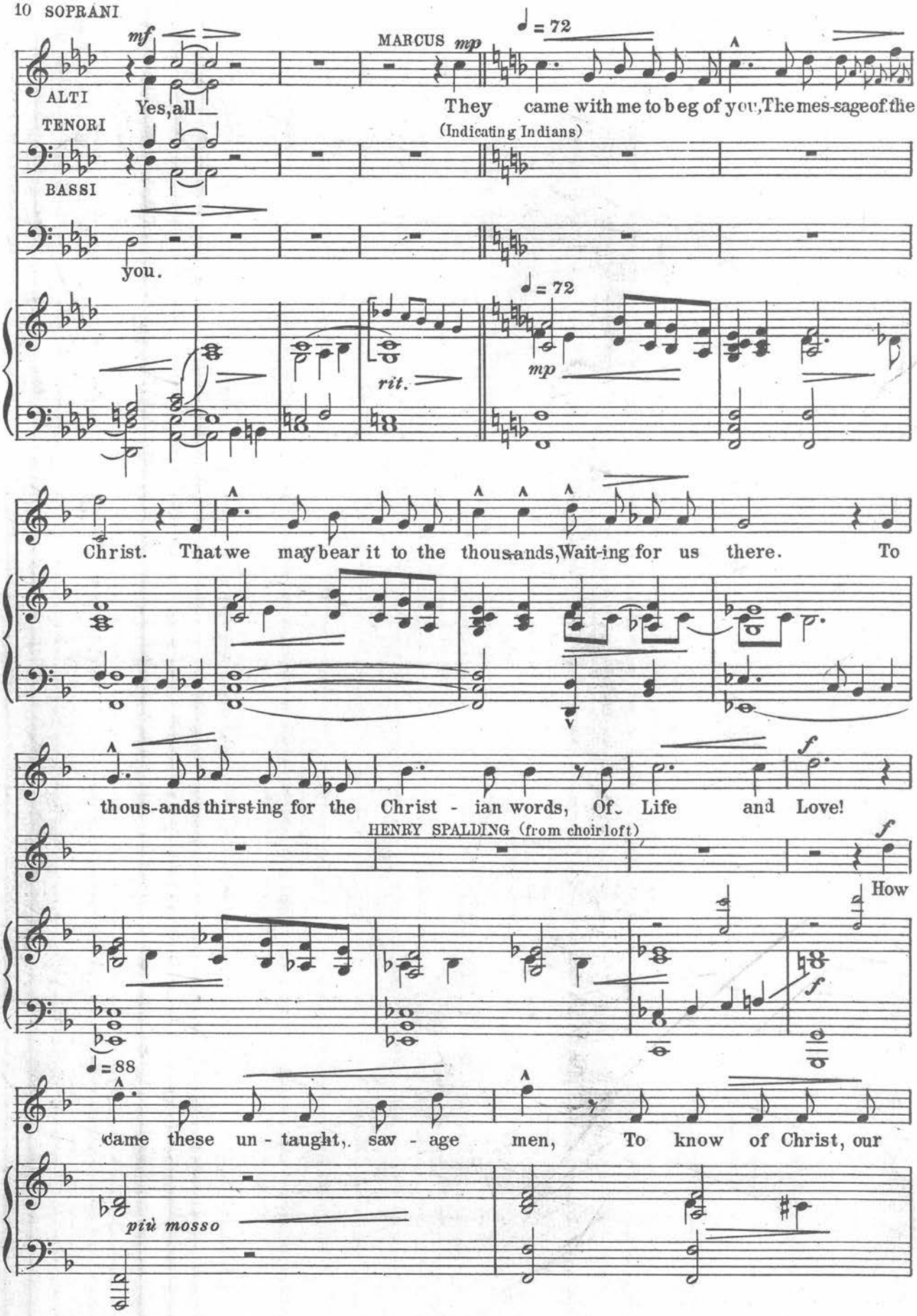

get her cun - ning, If I for - get thee, Oh Je - ru - sa - lem,
on, If I for- -get
get her cun - ning, If I for - get thee, Oh Je - ru - sa - lem,
get her cun - ning, If I for - get thee, Oh Je - ru - sa - lem,
on, If I for- -get,


f
If I for-get thee Oh Je - ru - sa - lem, If I for - get thee,
mf
If I for-get thee Oh Je - ru - sa - lem, If I for - get thee,
mf
If I for-get thee Oh Je - ru - sa - lem, If I for - get thee,
mf
If I for-get thee Oh Je - ru - sa - lem, If I for - get thee,
f
f

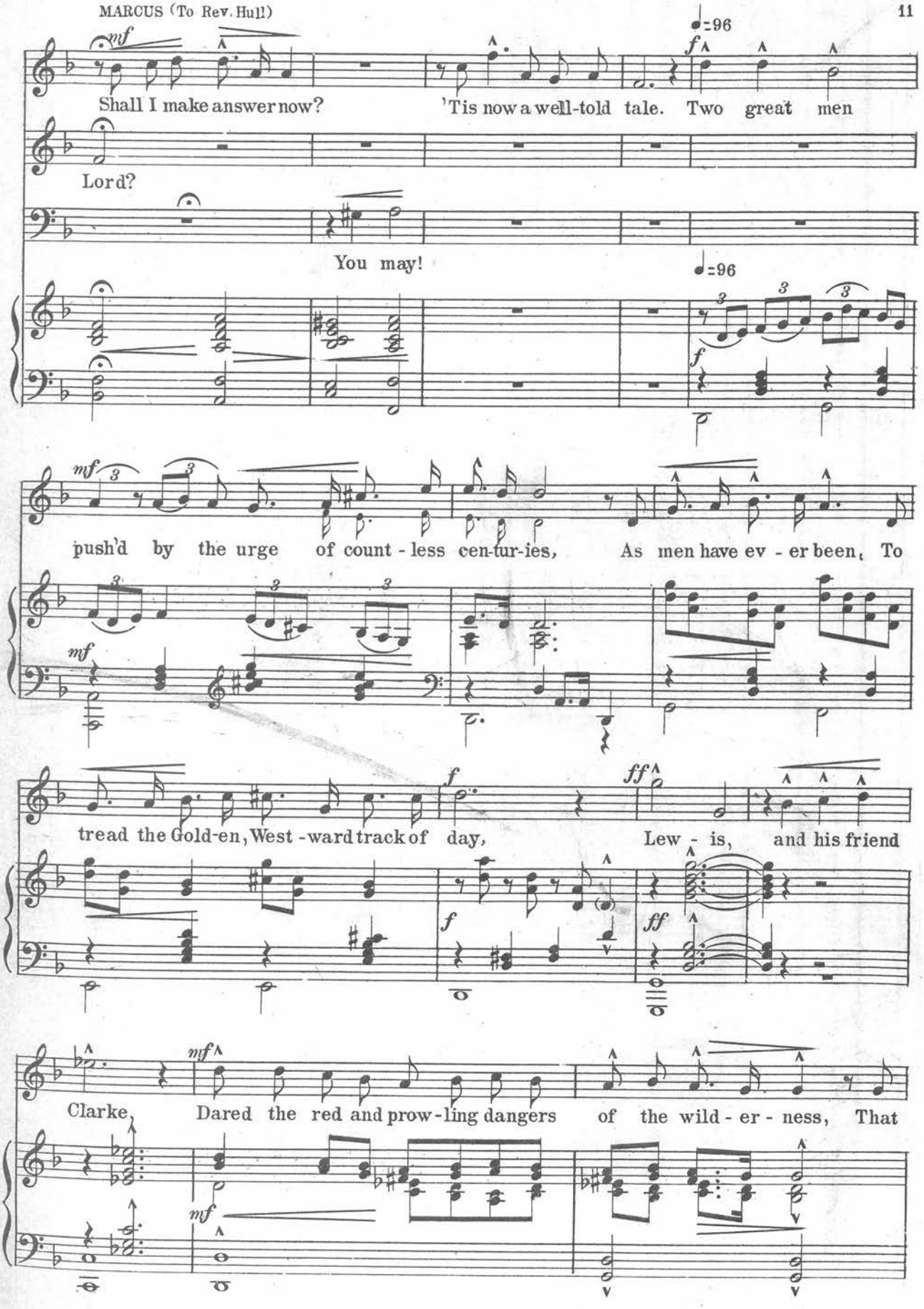

Oh Je-ru-sa-lem. If I for-get, If I for-get, Oh Je-ru-sa-
Oh Je-ru-sa-lem. If I for-get, Zi-on If I for-get, Oh Je-ru-sa-
Oh Je-ru-sa-lem. If I for-get, Zi-on Oh Je-ru-sa-
Oh Je-ru-sa-lem. If I for-get, Zi-on Oh Je-ru-sa-
Più mosso ♩= 76
(Narcissa starts, leans forward or listens intently, gazing at MARCUS)
(Congregation & Choir kneeling)
lem.
Mrs. Whitmann (seeing Marcus, rises.)
Oh Mar-cus!
Home at last!
(Enter MARCUS, R.E. accompanied by two Indians.)
(Goes C. to Mother)
Moth-er!
REV. HULL. mf
Let us pray.
Più mosso ♩= 76

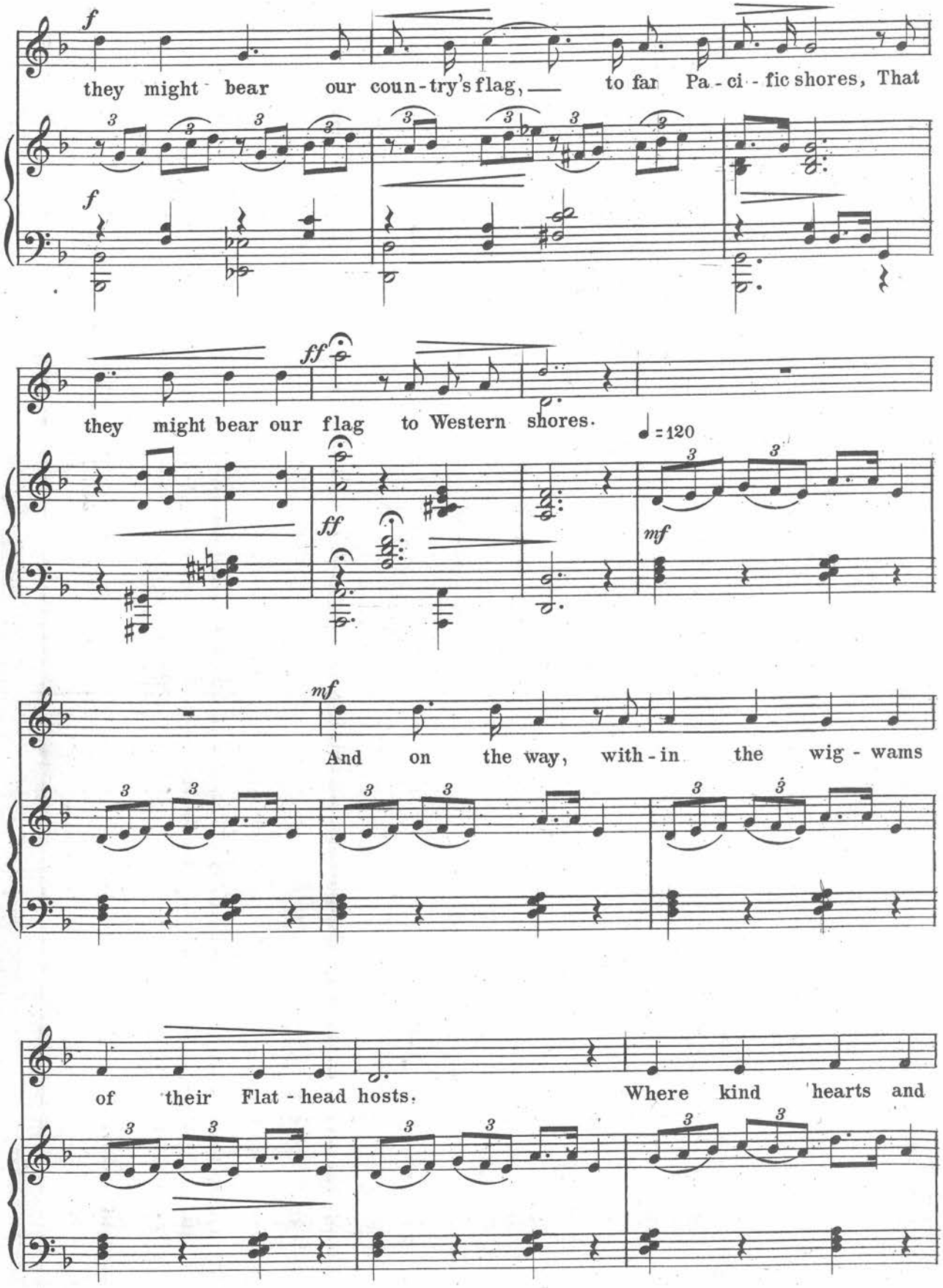

MRS. WHITMAN. (advances to meet Marcus)
♩ = 84
Thank God!
MARCUS
(Embraces Mother)
Yes, home and safe — at last!
REV. HULL.
My son, we all do wel-come thee, this Sabbath morn-ing
♩ = 84
MARCUS.
In -
hour. Well said thy mother's words, In-cline with us in pray'r and praise.
stead, may I not ask your ear, For my great er - rand now. Be -
Quasi Recit.
cause the hour is late, I know your ser-vice nears its end, And I would beg your

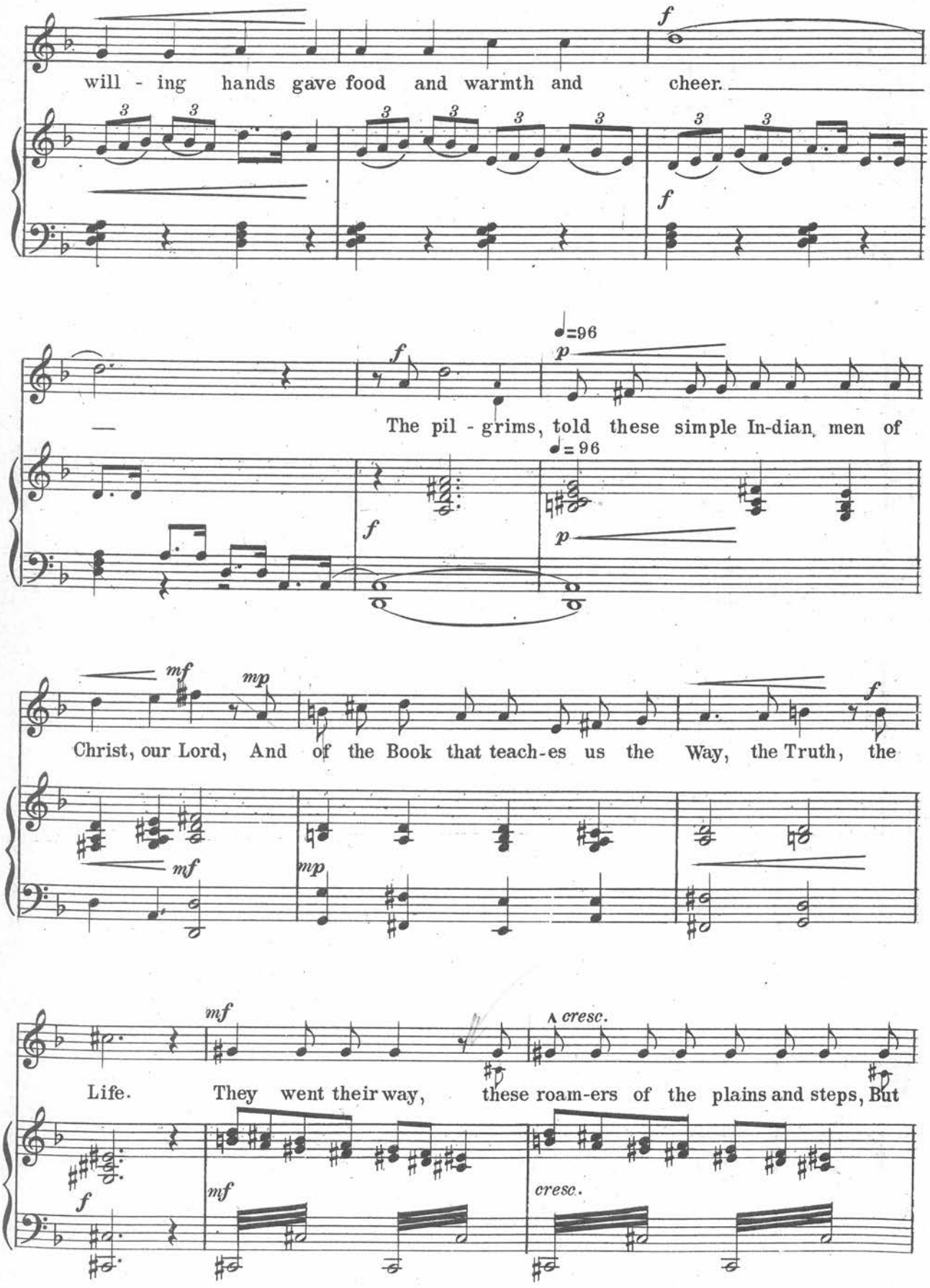

f
mp
patience, for my tale to - day, this hour! Since hours are precious, when so much
f
mp
— a-waits, to hear and do!
REV. HALL mf
What makes thy haste so ur - gent son? And
MARCUS. f
(indicating Indians)
These are our broth-ers, from Co-lumbia's harsh and cliff-rent
who these strange men?
f
shores.
Meno mosso
REV. HULL mf
My brothers, wel-come here, We all do wel-come
(To Indians)

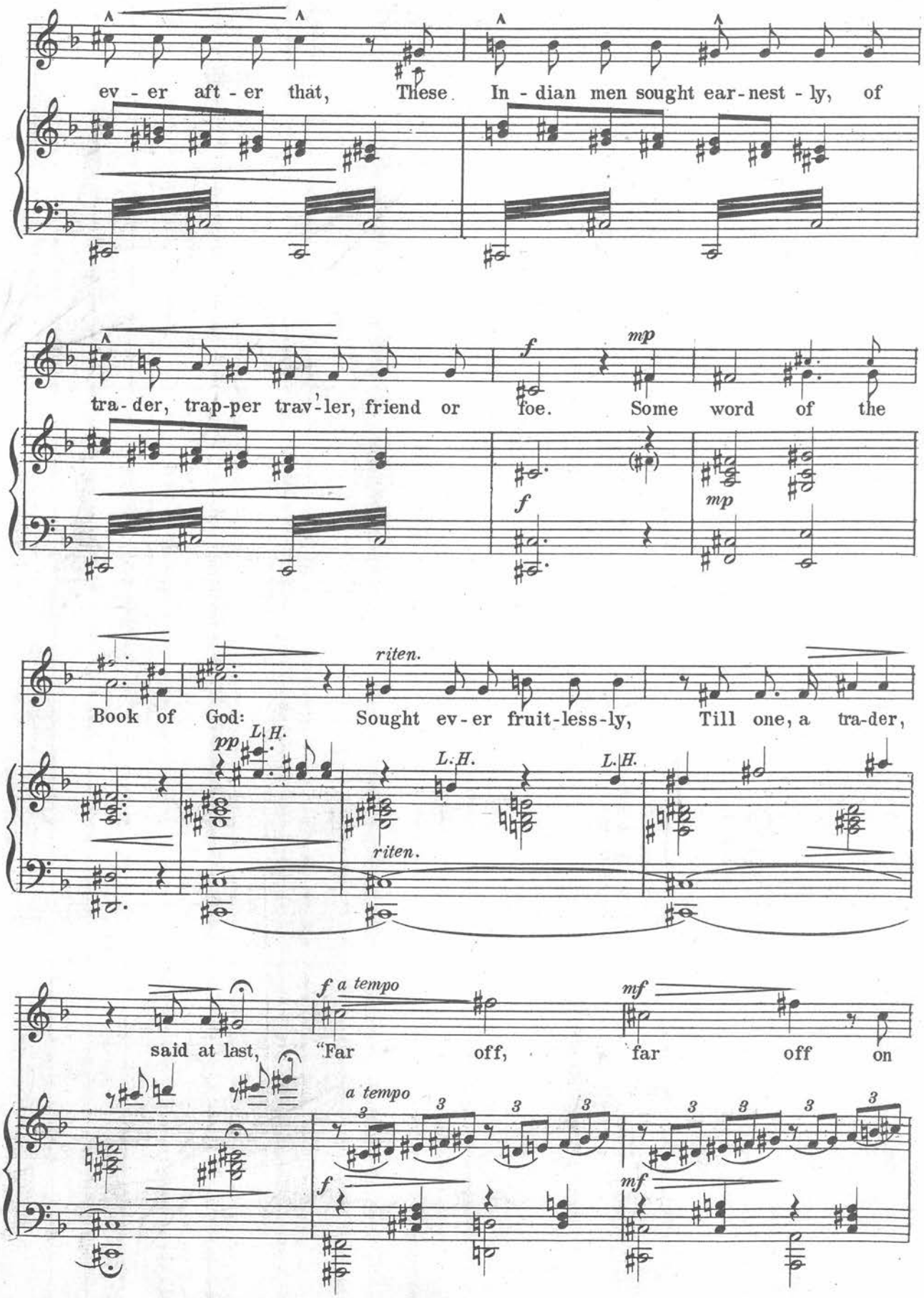

10 SOPRANI
mf
MARCUS mp
♩ = 72
ALTI
TENORI
BASSI
Yes, all
you.
They came with me to beg of you, The mes-sage of the
(Indicating Indians)
♩ = 72
mp
rit.
Christ. That we may bear it to the thous-ands, Wait-ing for us there. To
thous-ands thirst-ing for the Christ - ian words, Of Life and Love!
HENRY SPALDING (from choir loft)
f
How
♩ = 88
came these un - taught, sav - age men, To know of Christ, our
più mosso

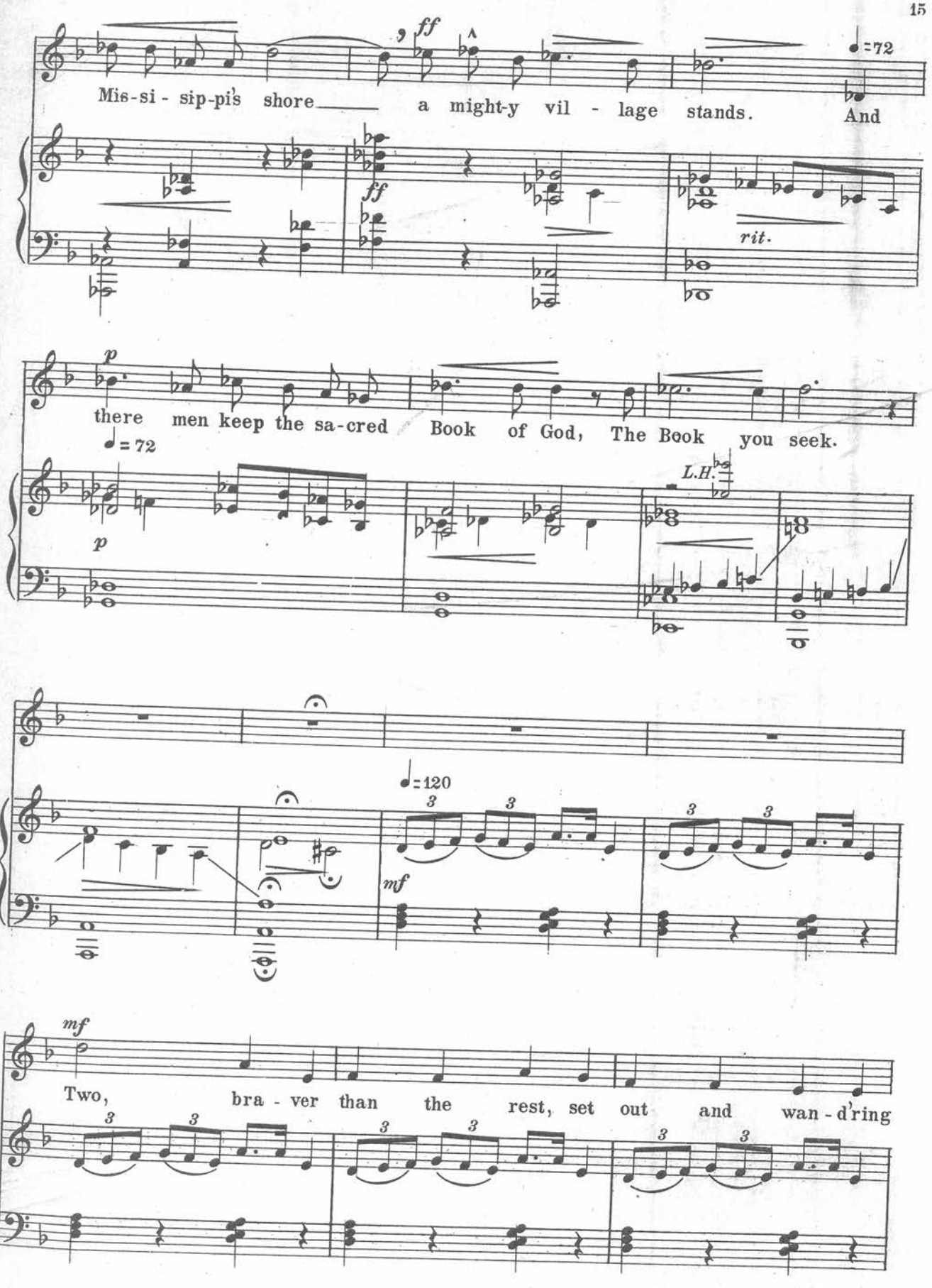
MARCUS (To Rev. Hull)

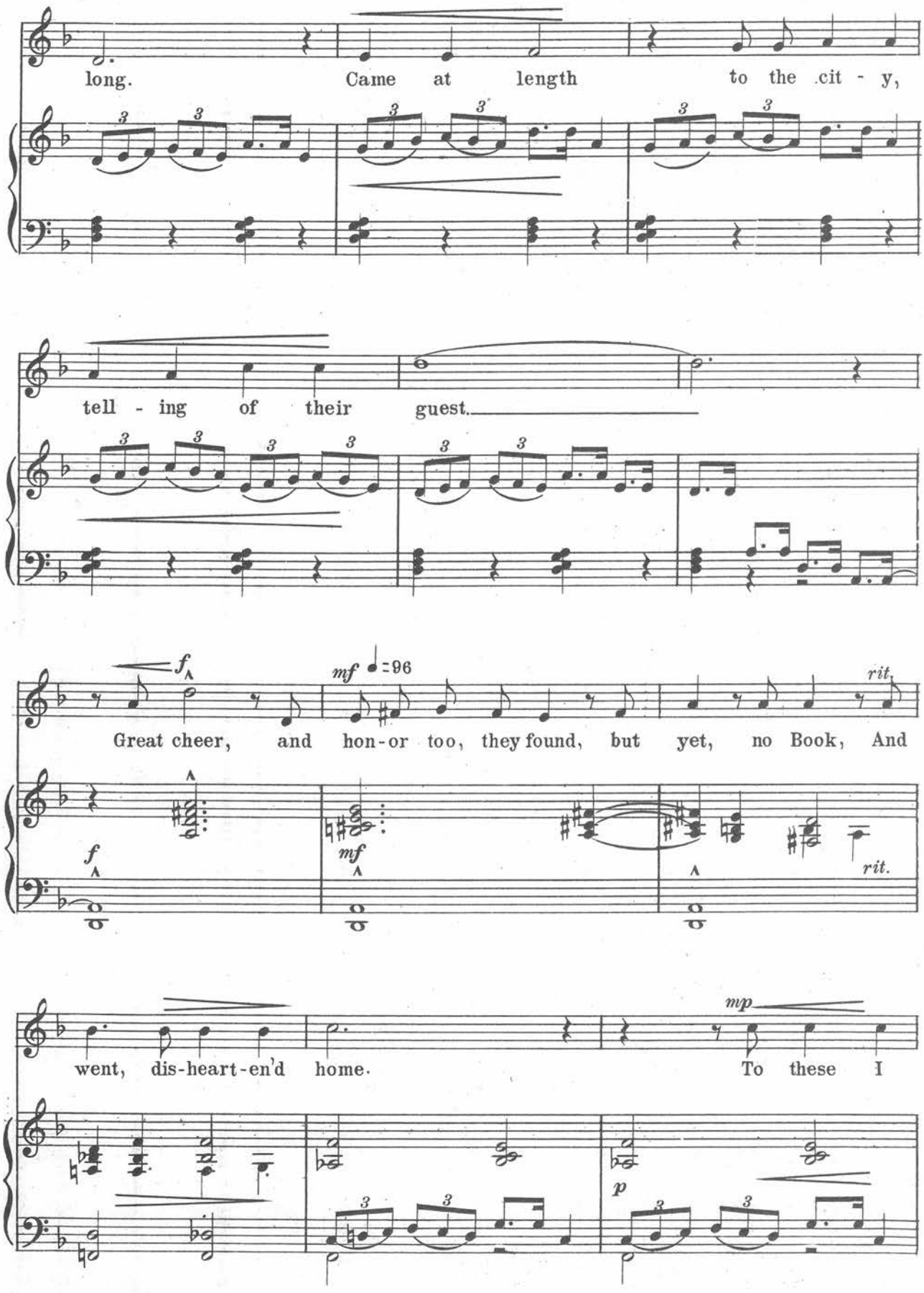


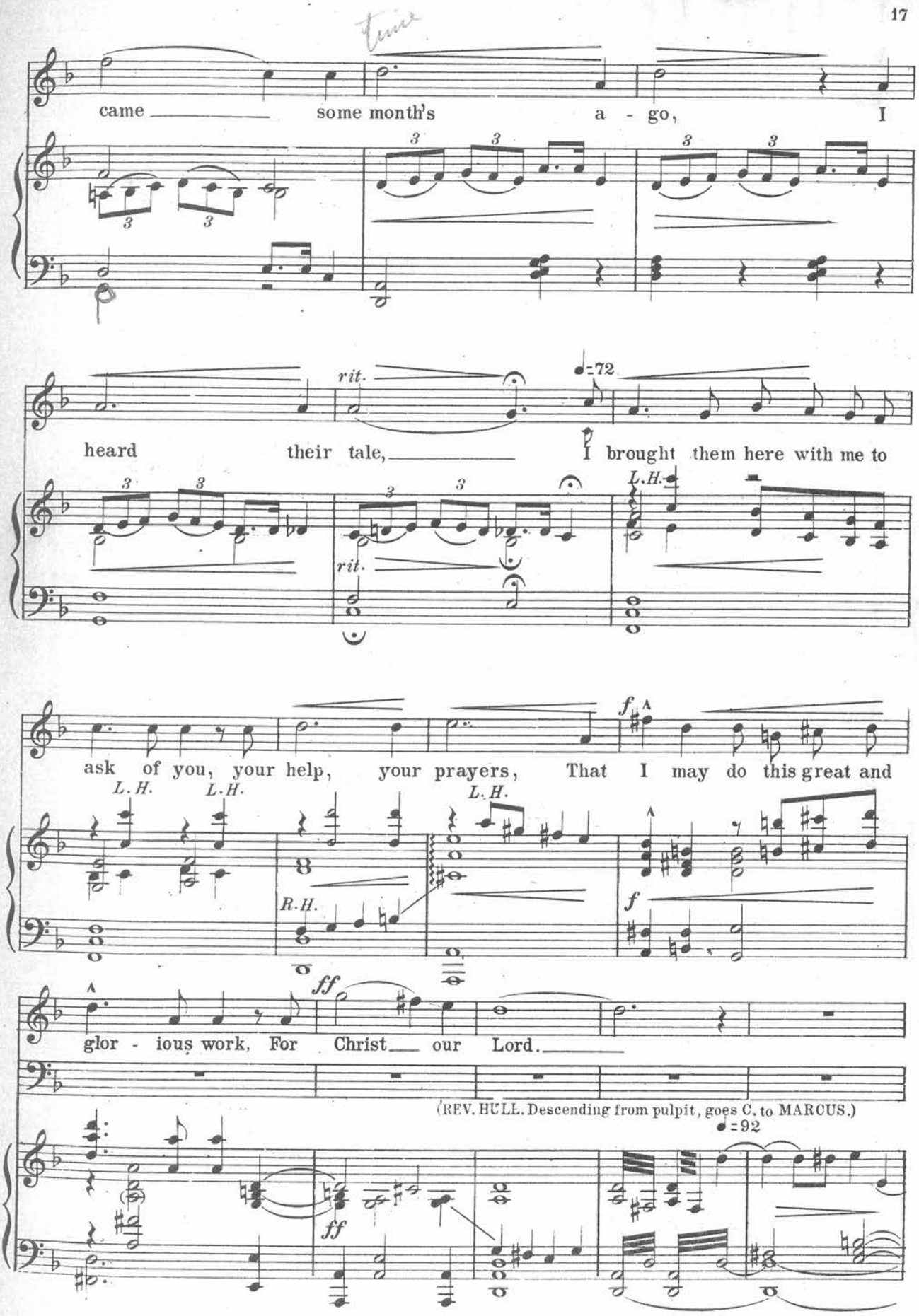

f
they might bear our coun-try's flag, — to far Pa-ci-fic shores, That
f
ff
they might bear our flag to Western shores.
♩=120
ff
mf
mf
And on the way, with-in the wig-wams
of their Flat-head hosts. Where kind hearts and

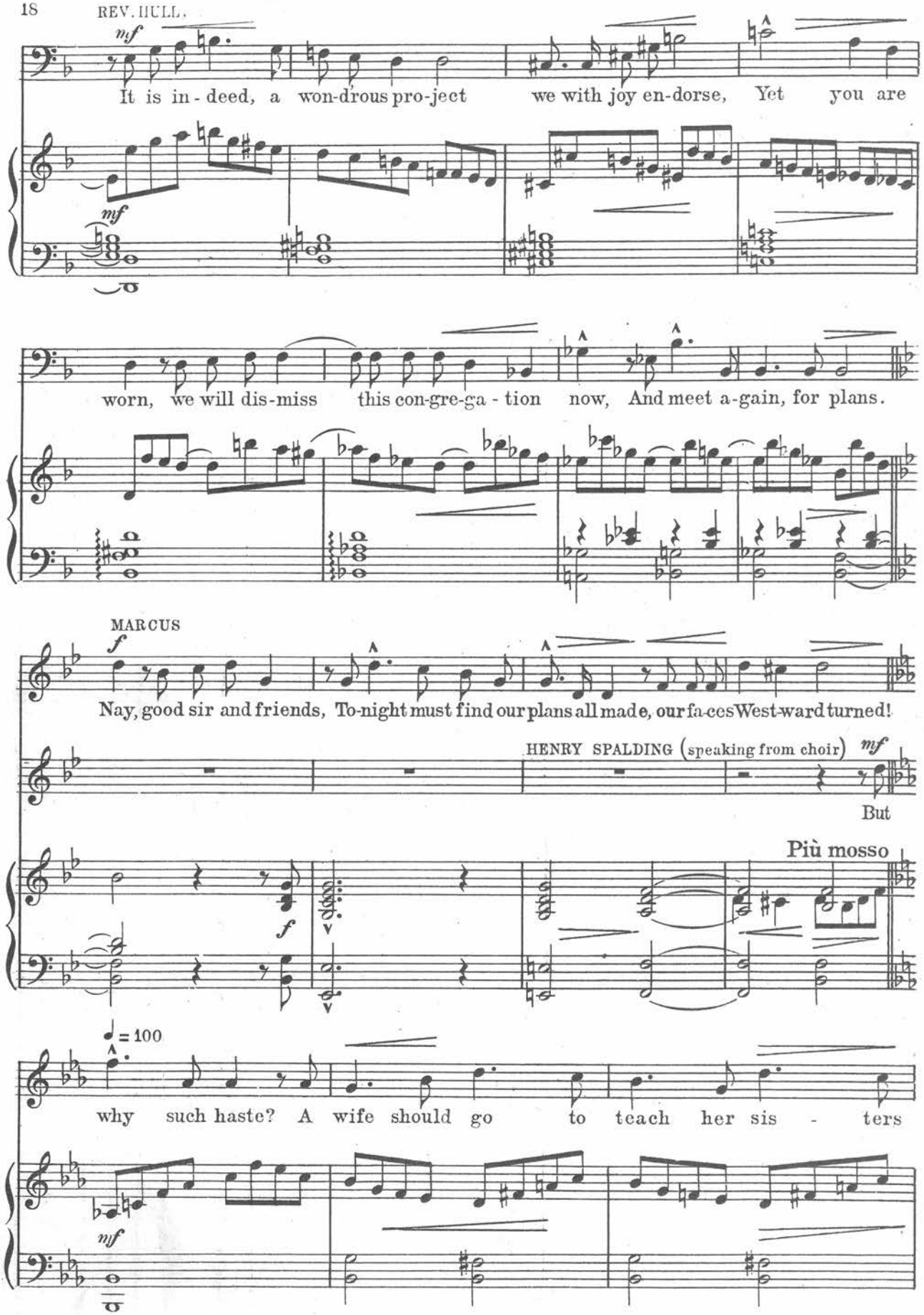

will - ing hands gave food and warmth and cheer.
f
f
f
=96
p
The pil - grims, told these simple In-dian men of
f
=96
p
mf
mp
Christ, our Lord, And of the Book that teach-es us the Way, the Truth, the
mf
mp
f
mf
cresc.
Life. They went their way, these roam-ers of the plains and steps, But
f
mf
cresc.

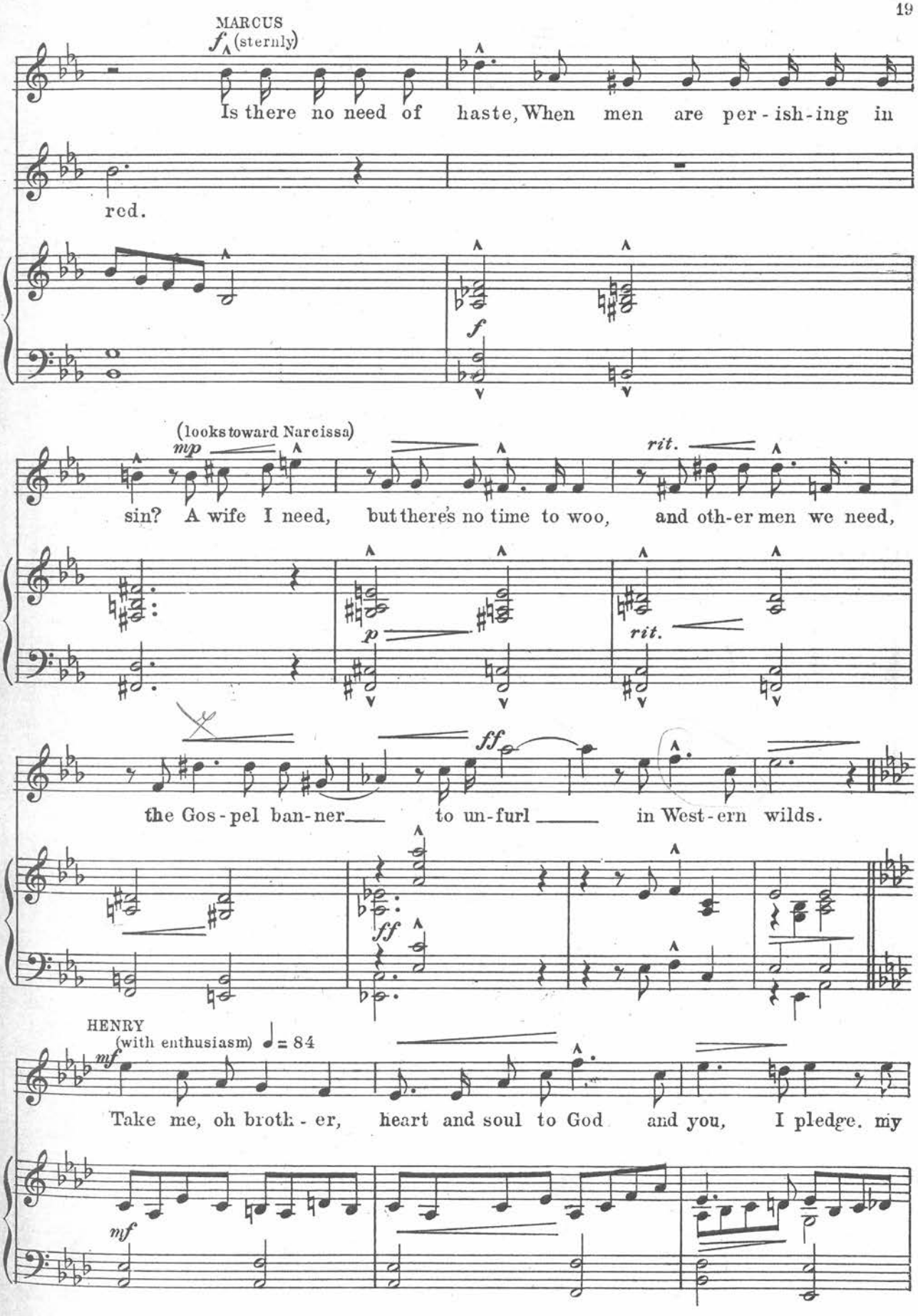

ev - er aft - er that, These In - dian men sought ear - nest - ly, of
tra - der, trap-per trav'-ler, friend or foe. Some word of the
Book of God: Sought ev - er fruit-less-ly, Till one, a tra-der,
said at last, "Far off, far off on
f
mp
pp
L.H.
riten.
a tempo
mf

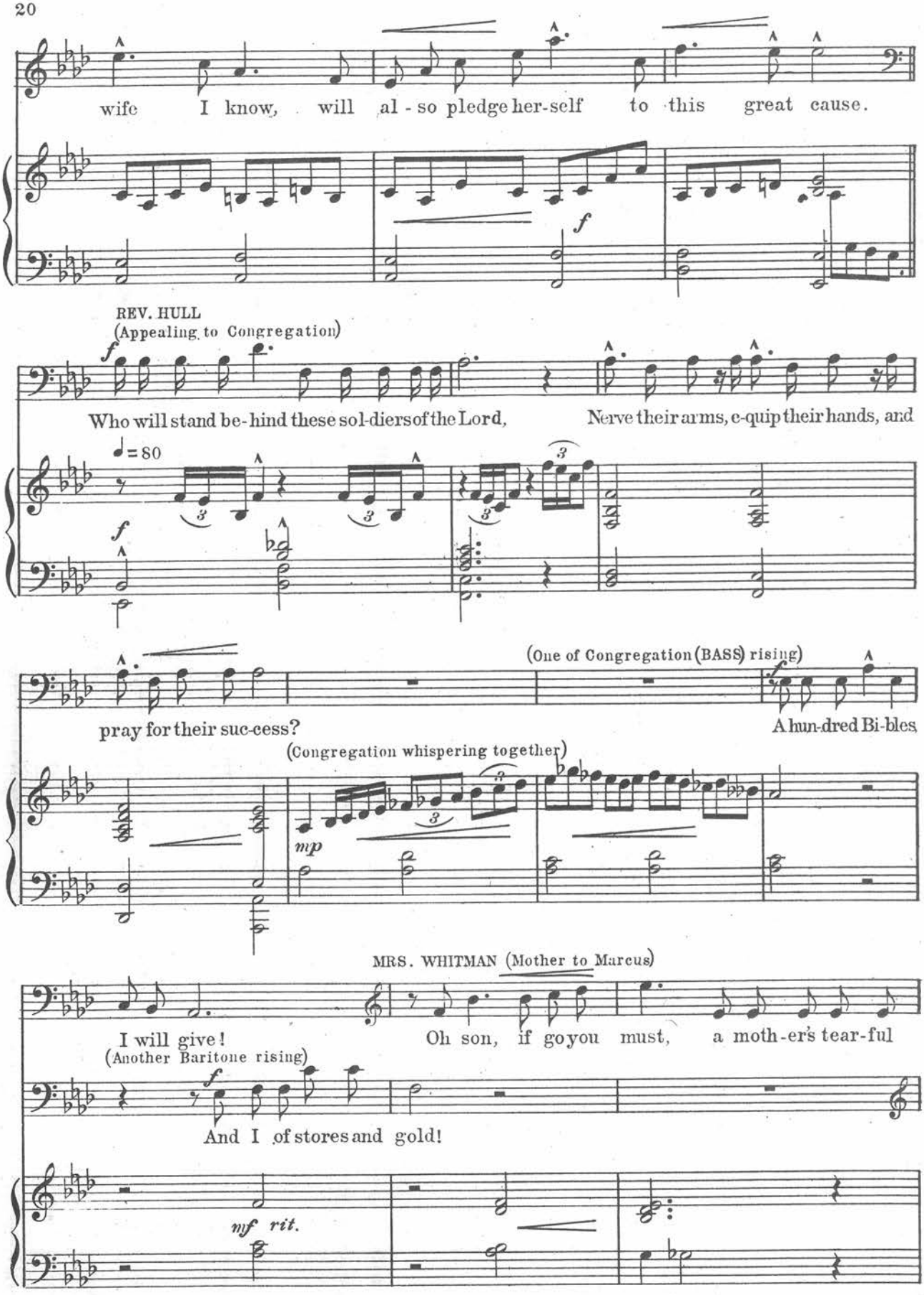

ff
♩=72
Mis-si-sip-pi's shore a might-y vil-lage stands. And
rit.
p
there men keep the sa-cred Book of God, The Book you seek.
♩=72
L.H.
♩=120
mf
mf
Two, bra-ver than the rest, set out and wan-d'ring

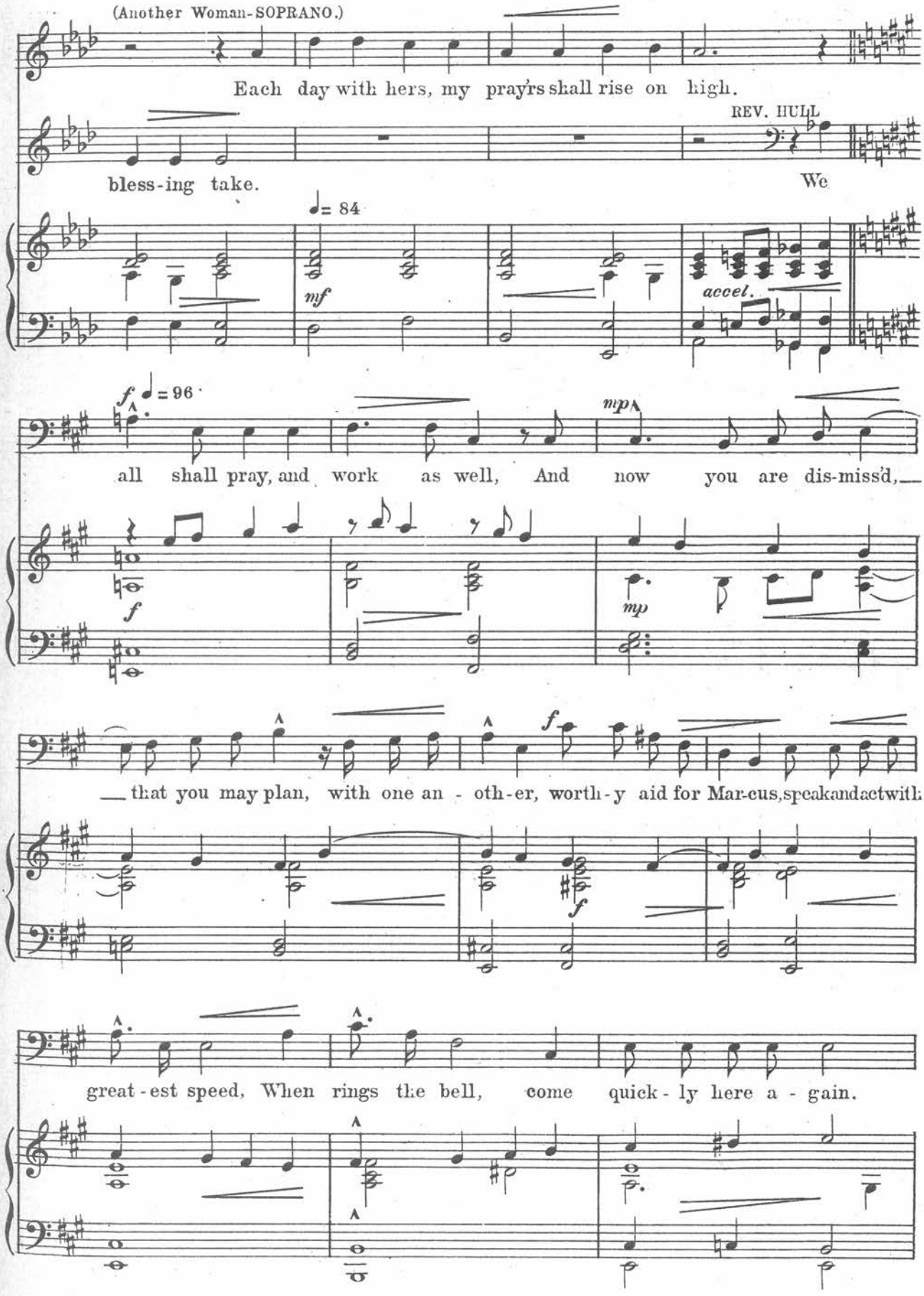

long. Came at length to the cit - y,
tell - ing of their guest.
f
mf ♩=96
rit.
Great cheer, and hon-or too, they found, but yet, no Book, And
f
mf
rit.
went, dis-heart-en'd home.
mp
To these I
p

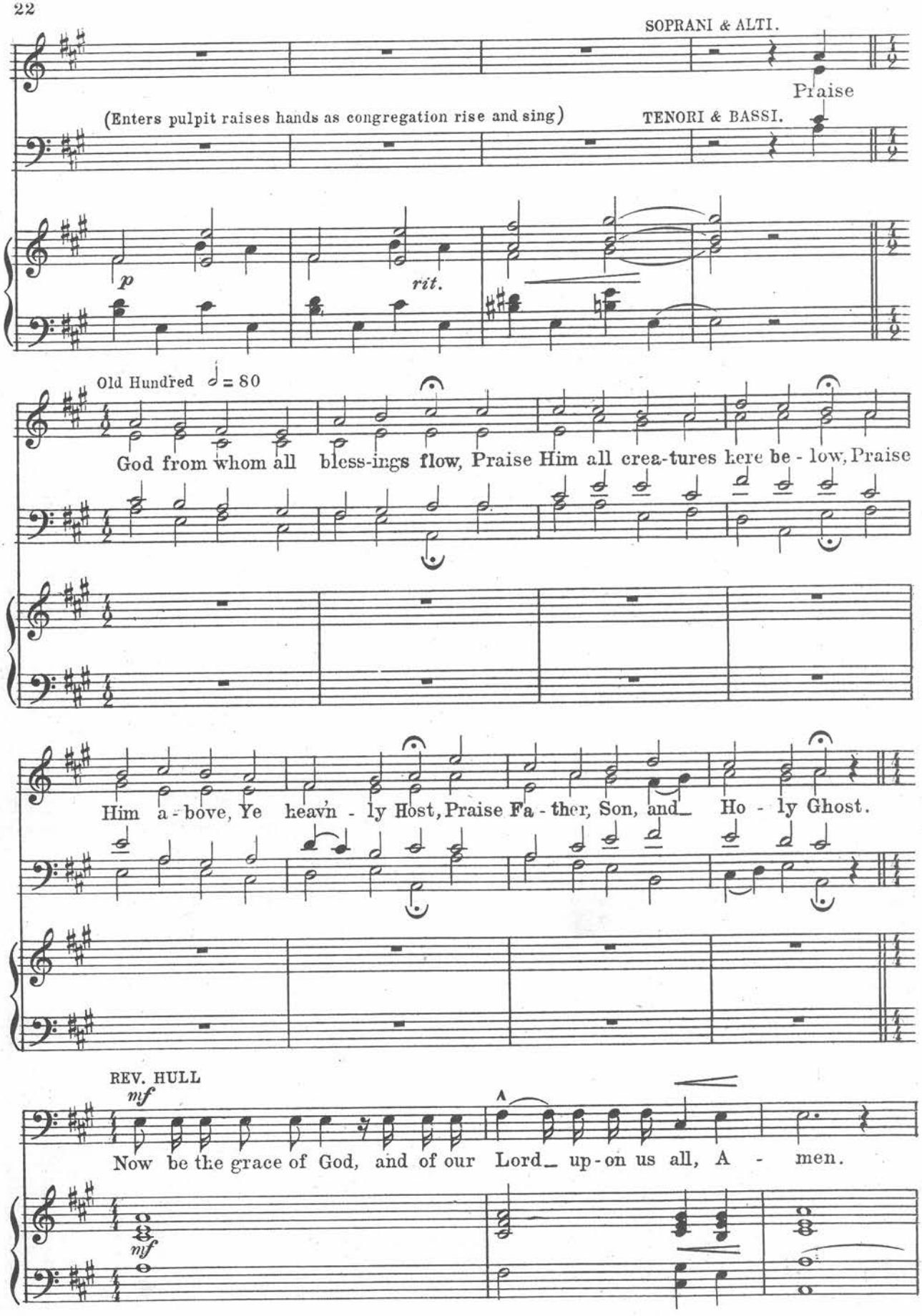

came some month's a - go, I
heard their tale, I brought them here with me to
ask of you, your help, your prayers, That I may do this great and
glor - ious work, For Christ our Lord.
(REV. HULL. Descending from pulpit, goes C. to MARCUS.)
♩=72
♩=92
rit.
L.H.
R.H.
f
ff


REV. HULL.
mf
It is in - deed, a won-drous pro-ject we with joy en-dorse, Yet you are
mf
worn, we will dis-miss this con-gre-ga - tion now, And meet a-gain, for plans.
MARCUS
f
Nay, good sir and friends, To-night must find our plans all made, our fa-ces West-ward turned!
HENRY SPALDING (speaking from choir)
mf
But
Più mosso
f
♩ = 100
why such haste? A wife should go to teach her sis - ters
mf


MARCUS
f (sternly)
Is there no need of haste, When men are per-ish-ing in
red.
f
(looks toward Narcissa)
mp
rit.
sin? A wife I need, but there's no time to woo, and oth-er men we need,
p
rit.
ff
the Gos-pel ban-ner to un-furl in West-ern wilds.
ff
HENRY
(with enthusiasm) ♩= 84
mf
Take me, oh broth-er, heart and soul to God and you, I pledge my
mf


wife I know, will al - so pledge her-self to this great cause.
REV. HULL
(Appealing to Congregation)
Who will stand be-hind these sol-diers of the Lord,
Nerve their arms, e-quip their hands, and
pray for their suc-cess?
(One of Congregation (BASS) rising)
A hun-dred Bi-bles
(Congregation whispering together)
MRS. WHITMAN (Mother to Marcus)
I will give!
Oh son, if go you must, a moth-er's tear-ful
(Another Baritone rising)
And I of stores and gold!


(Another Woman-SOPRANO.)
Each day with hers, my pray'rs shall rise on high.
REV. HULL
bless-ing take.
We
♩= 84
mf
accel.
f ♩= 96
all shall pray, and work as well, And now you are dis-miss'd,
mp
f
mp
that you may plan, with one an - oth-er, worth-y aid for Mar-cus, speakandactwith
f
great-est speed, When rings the bell, come quick-ly here a - gain.


SOPRANI & ALTI.
Praise
(Enters pulpit raises hands as congregation rise and sing)
TENORI & BASSI.
p
rit.
Old Hundred ♩ = 80
God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low, Praise
Him a - bove, Ye heavn - ly Host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
REV. HULL
mf
Now be the grace of God, and of our Lord up-on us all, A - men.
mf

(Shake hands with Whitman, & Indians & passes out.) HENRY SPALDING

(Members of Congregatioin shake hands & pass out.) (Descends from choir)

♩ = 96

f

(shaking hands with Marcus) *f*

To E - liz - - a, I will

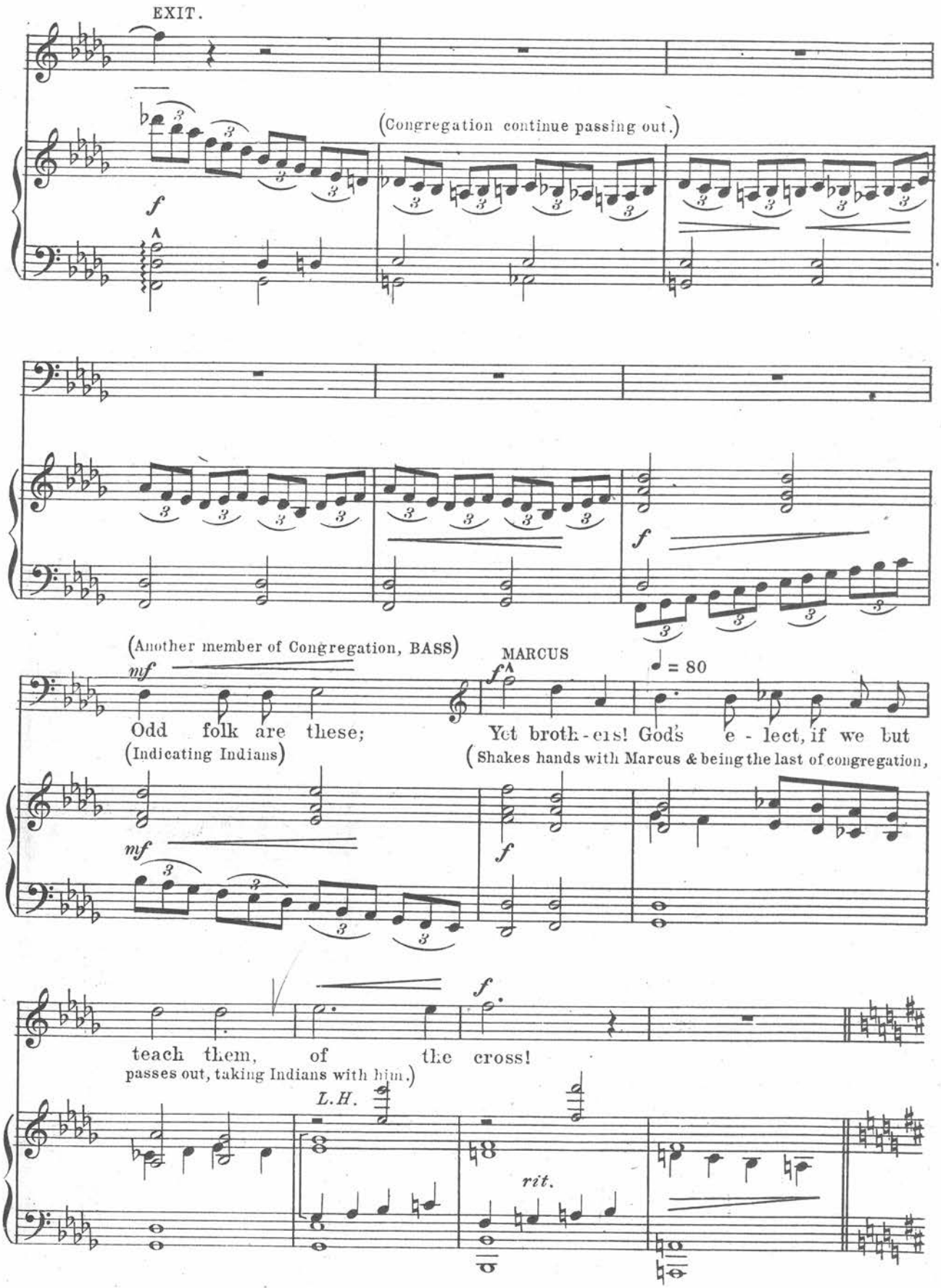
mf

go, pre - pare her, for this sud - den march, and

f

bring her here to you.

f

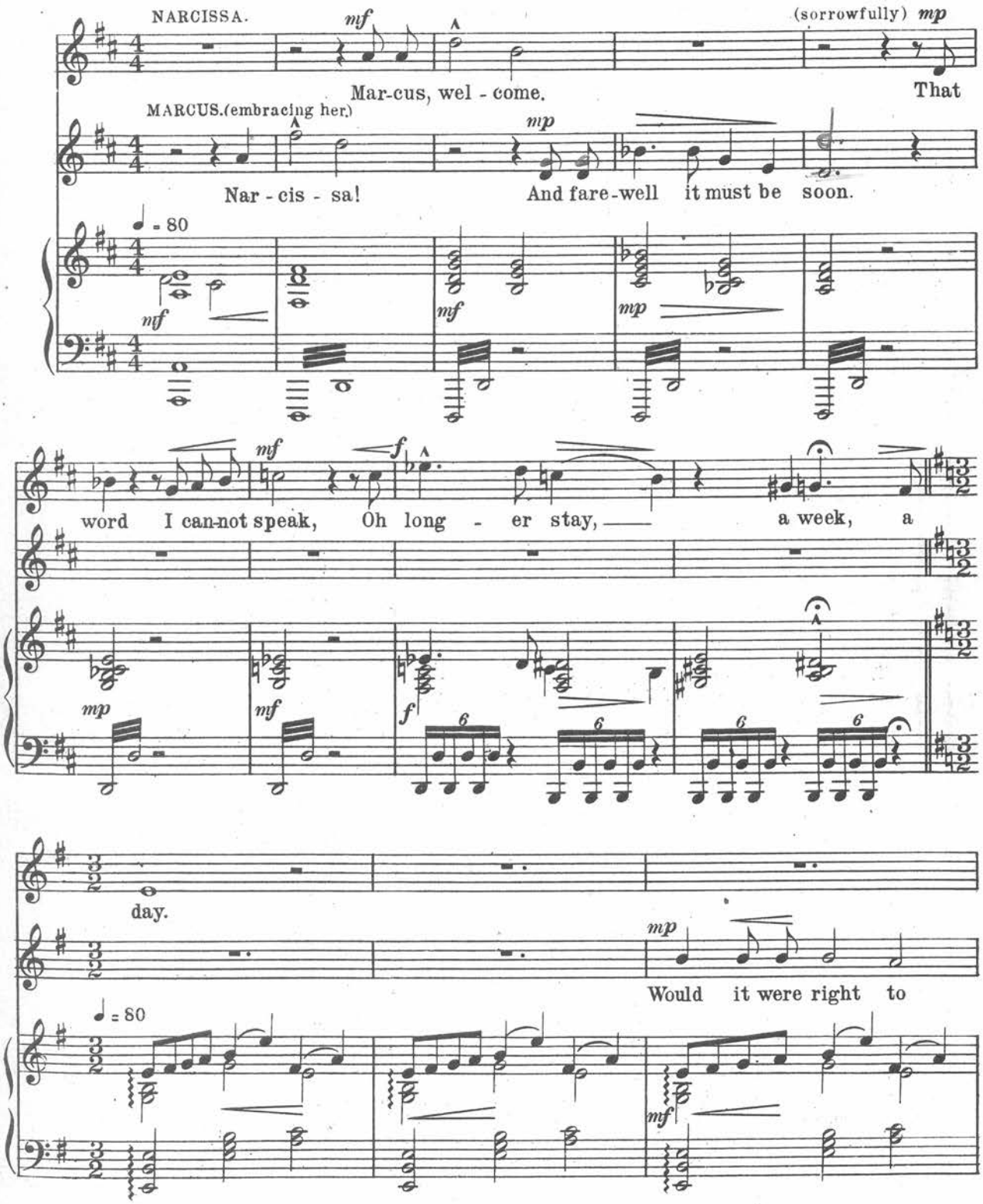

EXIT.
(Congregation continue passing out.)
f
(Another member of Congregation, BASS)
mf
Odd folk are these;
(Indicating Indians)
MARCUS
f
♩ = 80
Yet broth-ers! God's e - lect, if we but
(Shakes hands with Marcus & being the last of congregation,
mf
f
f
teach them, of the cross!
passes out, taking Indians with him.)
L.H.
rit.

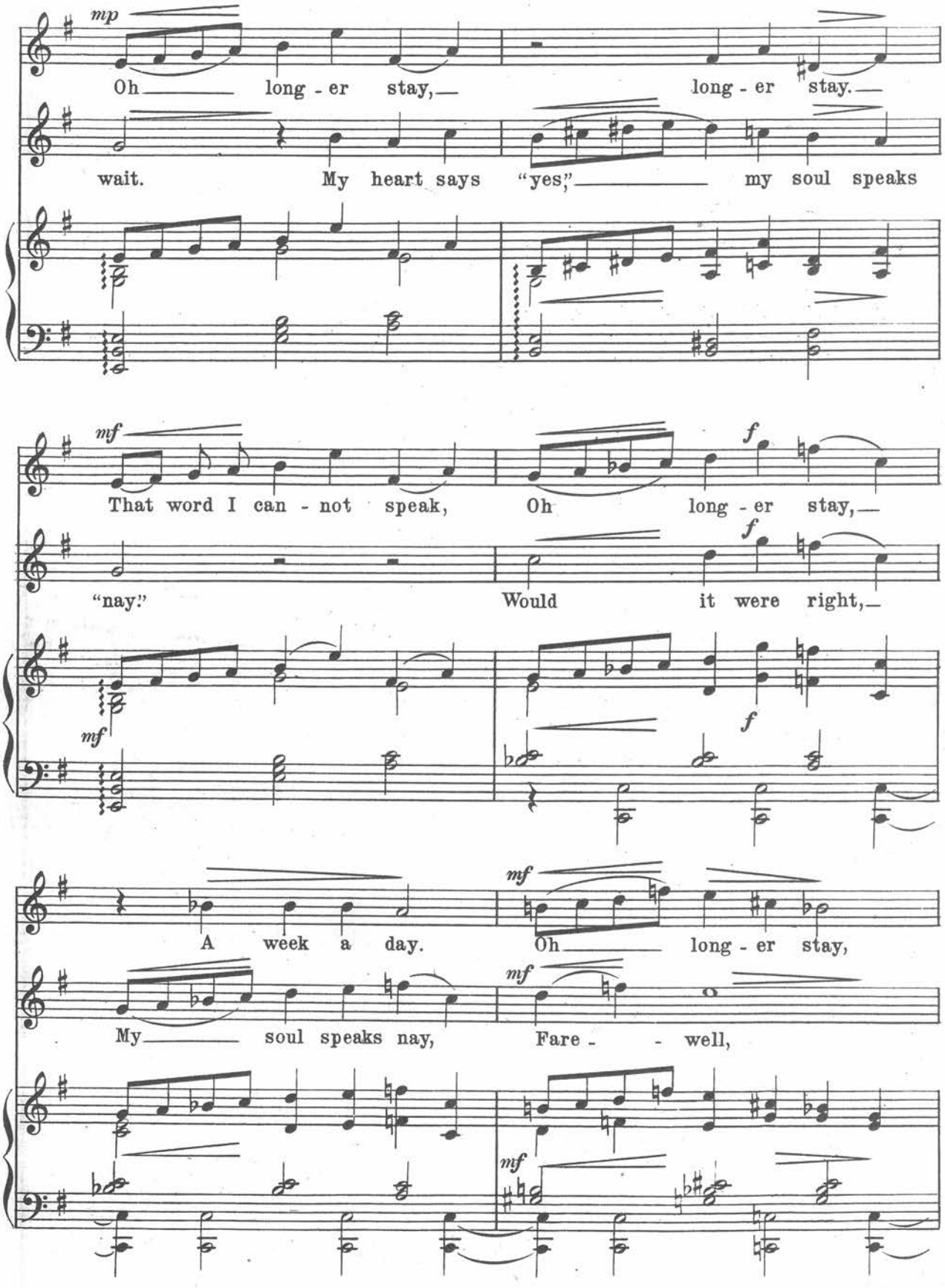
Oakland Public Library
Music Division

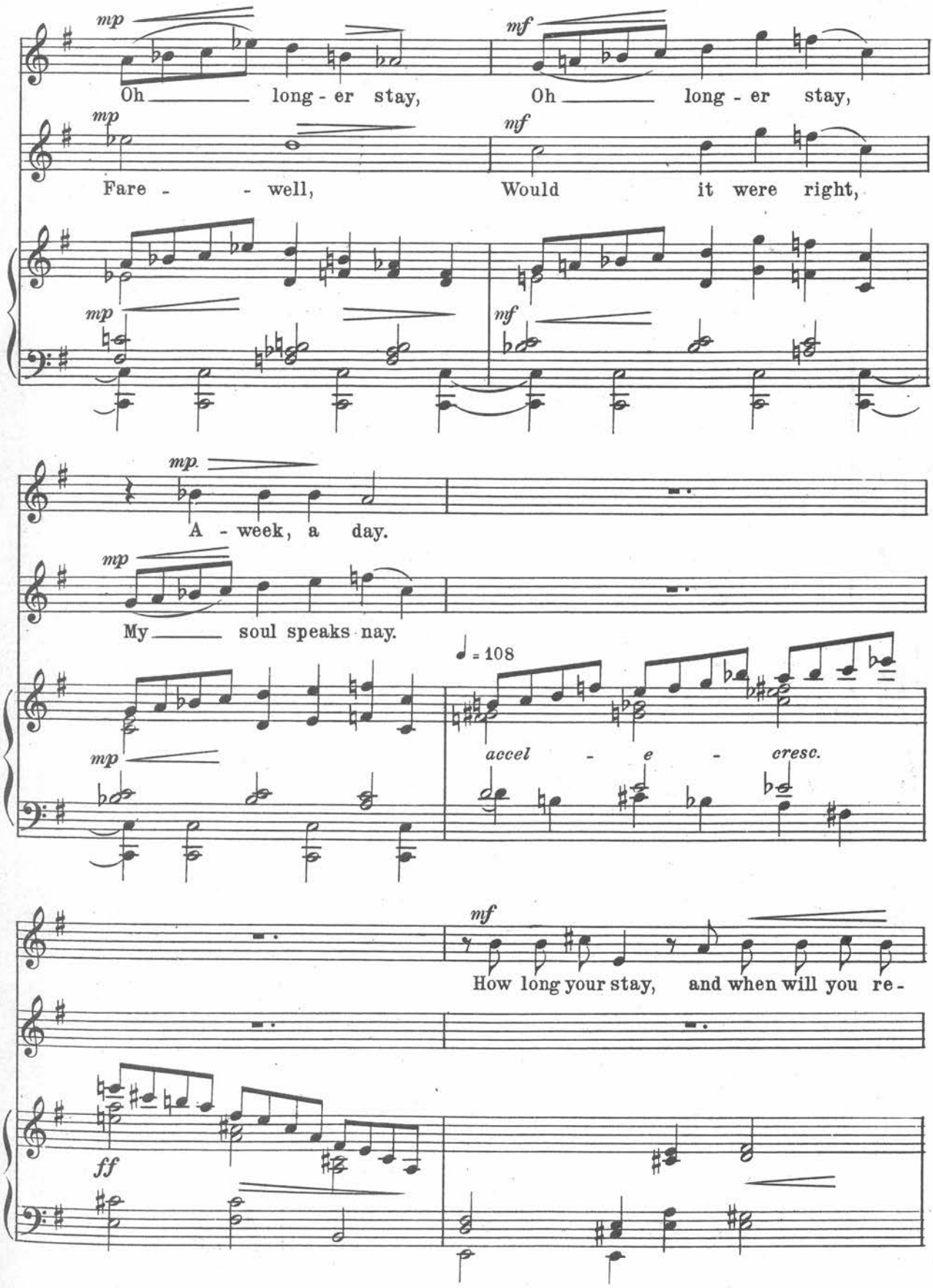
Duet.

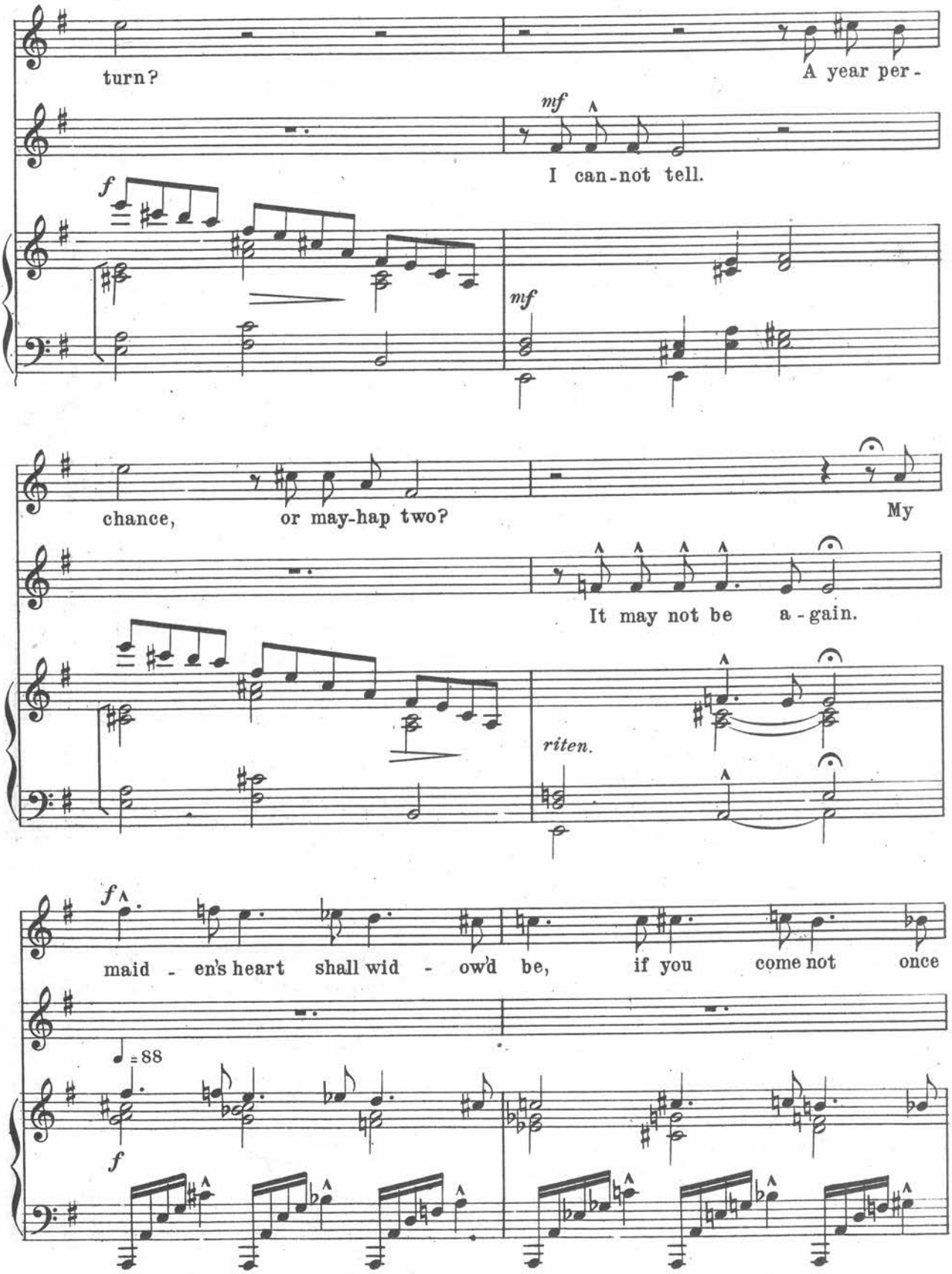
Narcissa and Marcus.

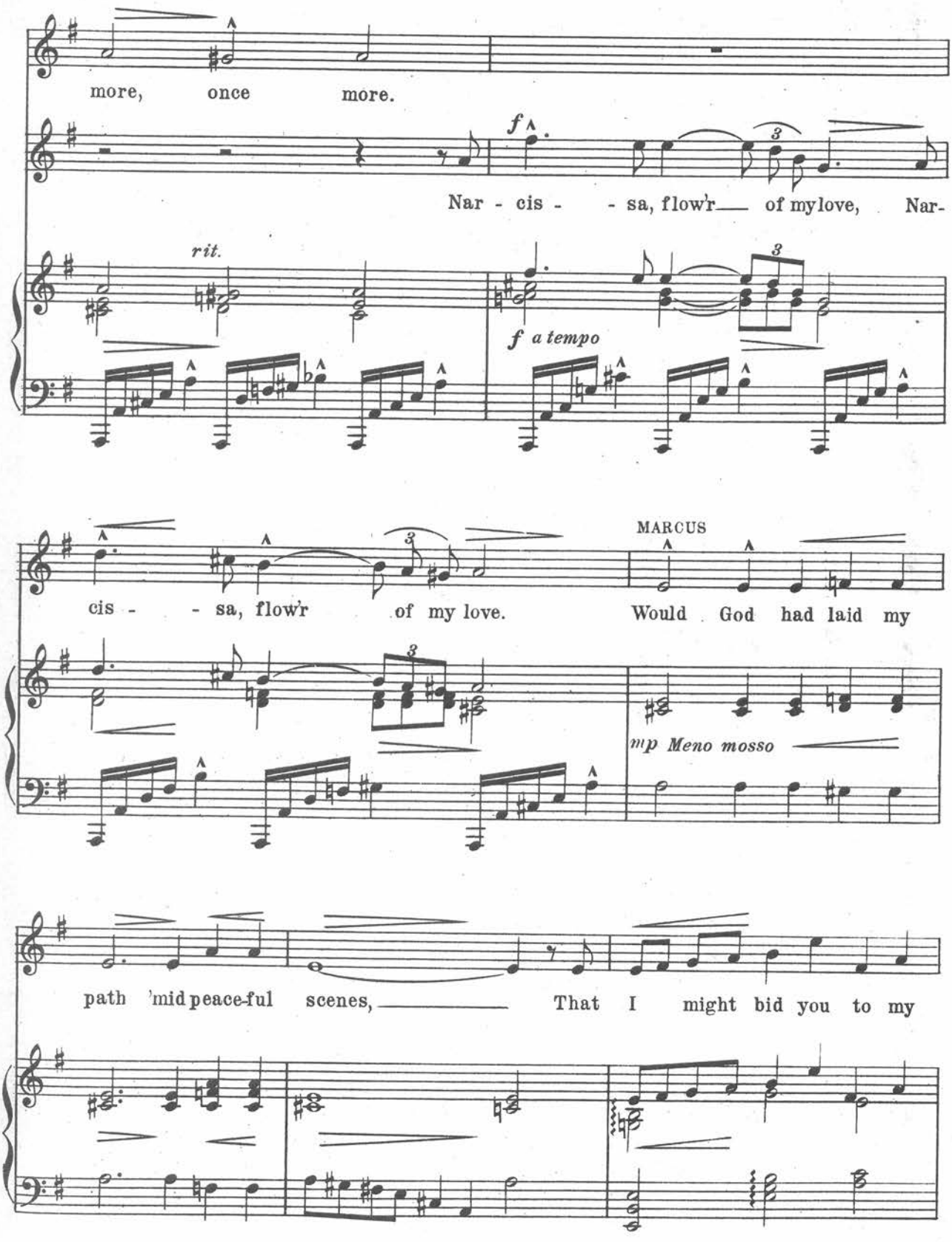
SARAH PRATT CARR. MARY CARR MOORE.

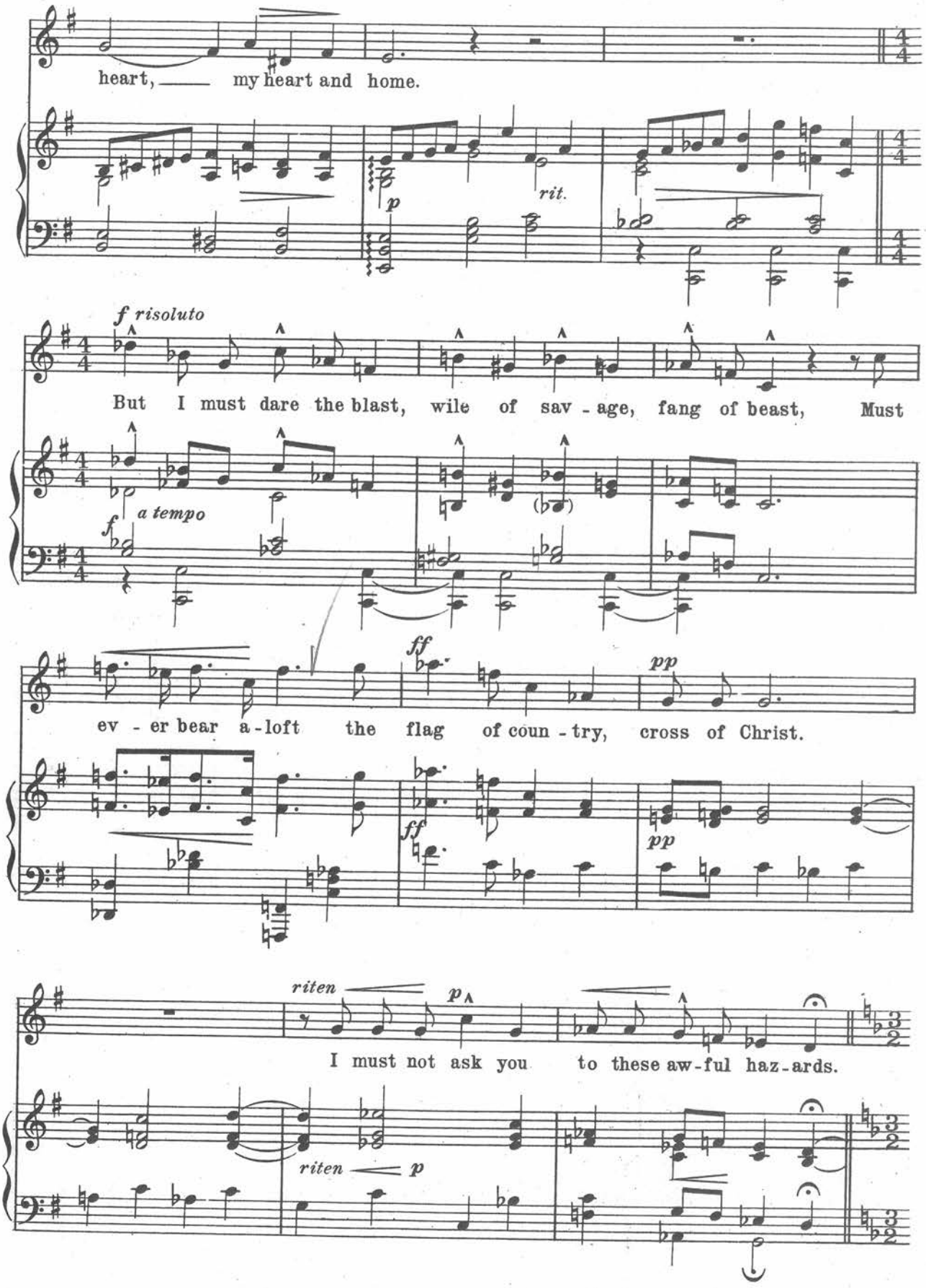


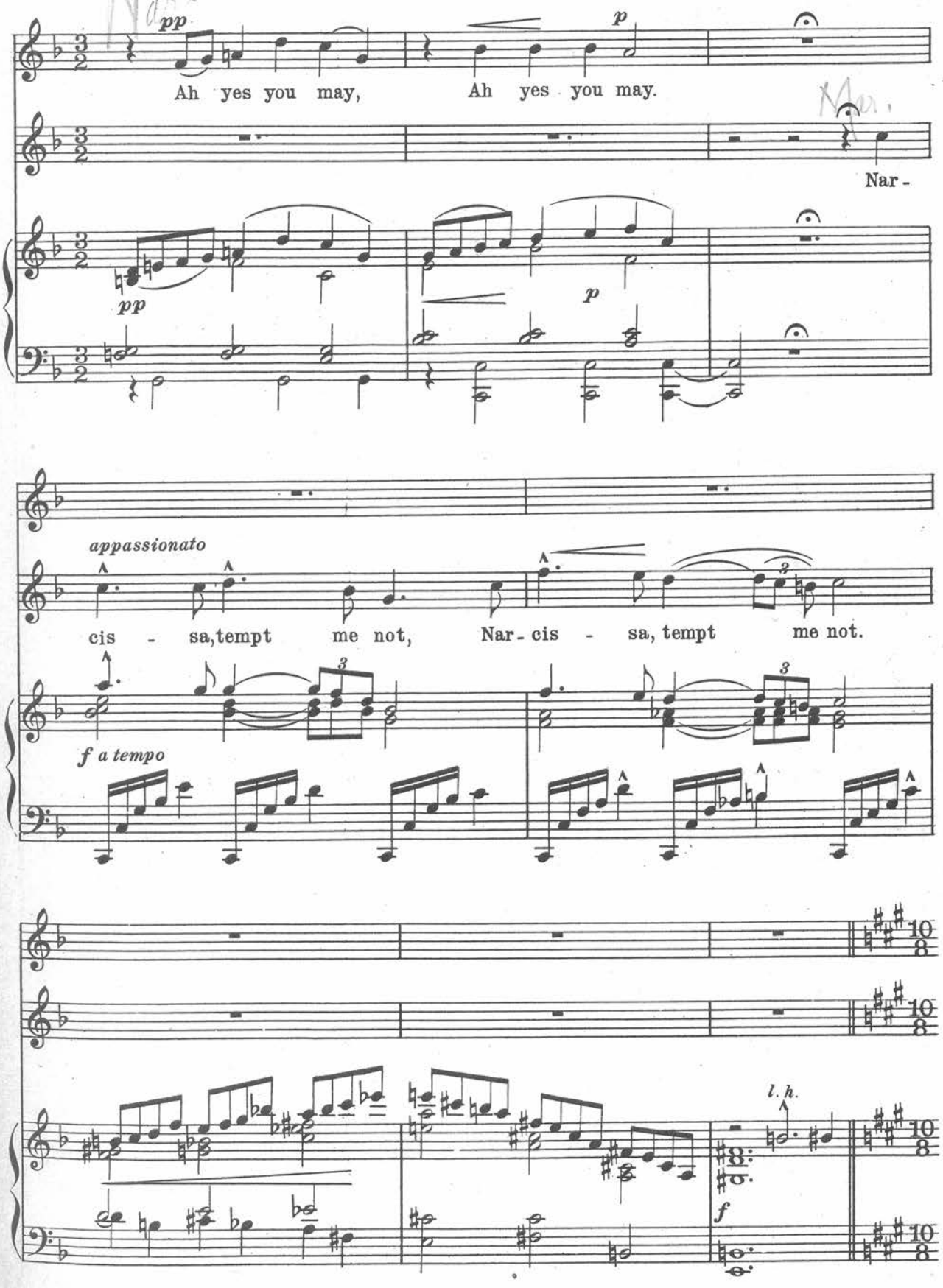

mp
Oh long - er stay, long - er stay.
wait. My heart says "yes," my soul speaks
mf
That word I can - not speak,
f
Oh long - er stay,
"nay."
Would it were right,
mf
f
A week a day.
mf
Oh long - er stay,
My soul speaks nay,
mf
Fare - well,
mf

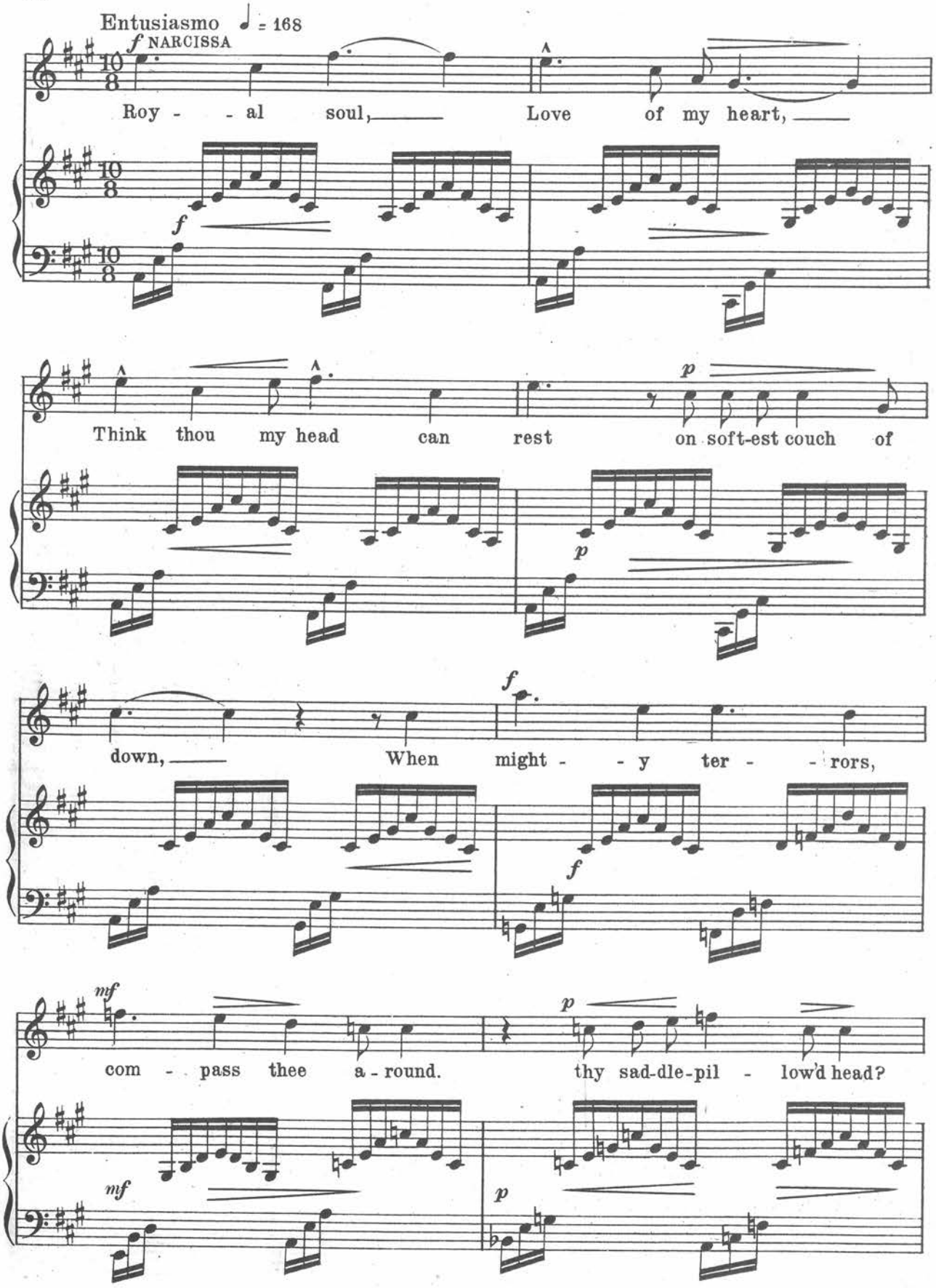

mp
Oh ___ long - er stay,
mf
Oh ___ long - er stay,
mp
Fare - - well,
mf
Would it were right,
mp
A - week, a day.
mp
My ___ soul speaks nay.
♩ = 108
mp
accel - e - cresc.
mf
How long your stay, and when will you re -
ff

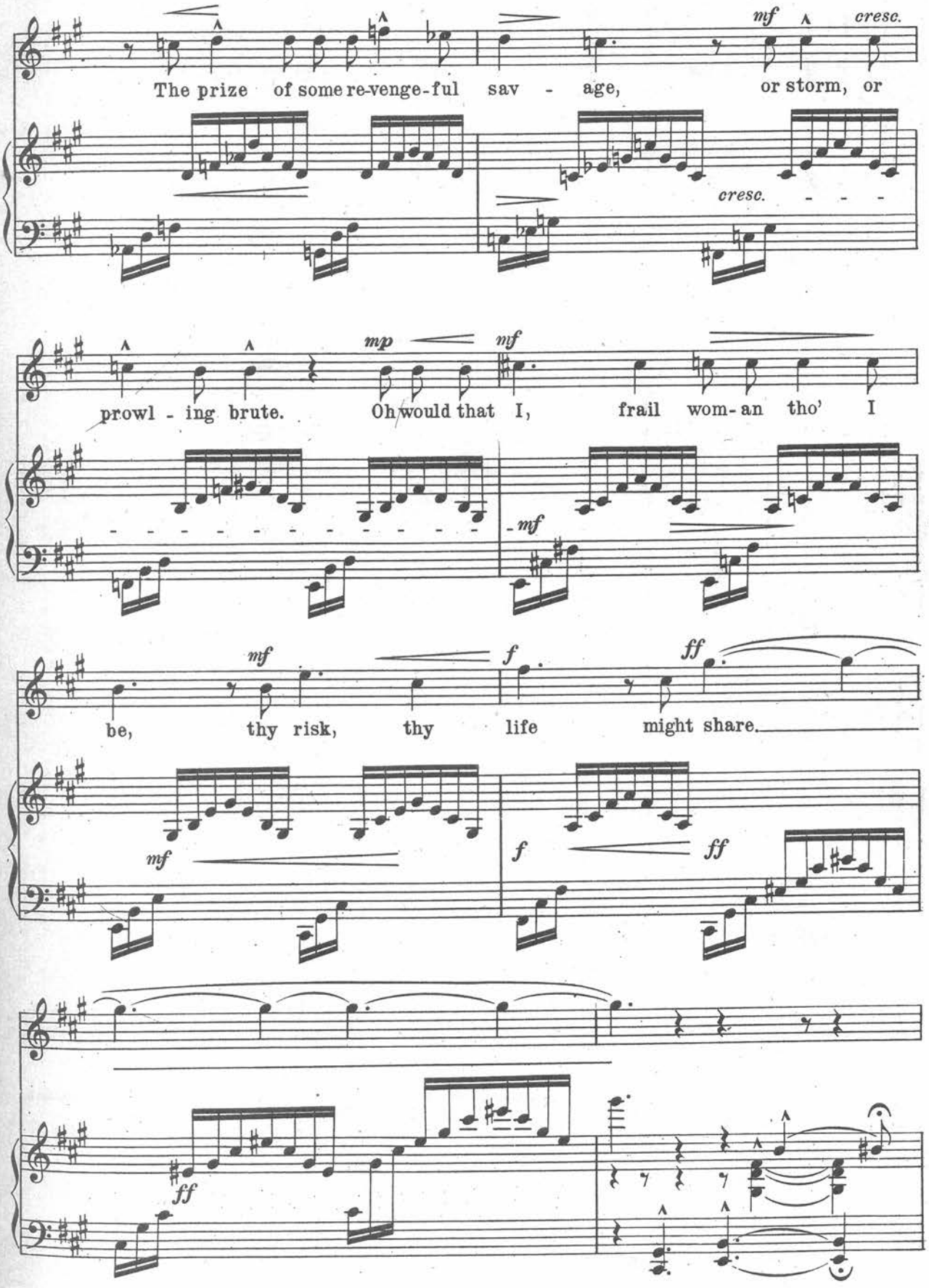

turn?
A year per-
mf
I can-not tell.
f
mf
chance, or may-hap two?
My
It may not be a-gain.
riten.
f
maid - en's heart shall wid - ow'd be, if you come not once
♩=88
f

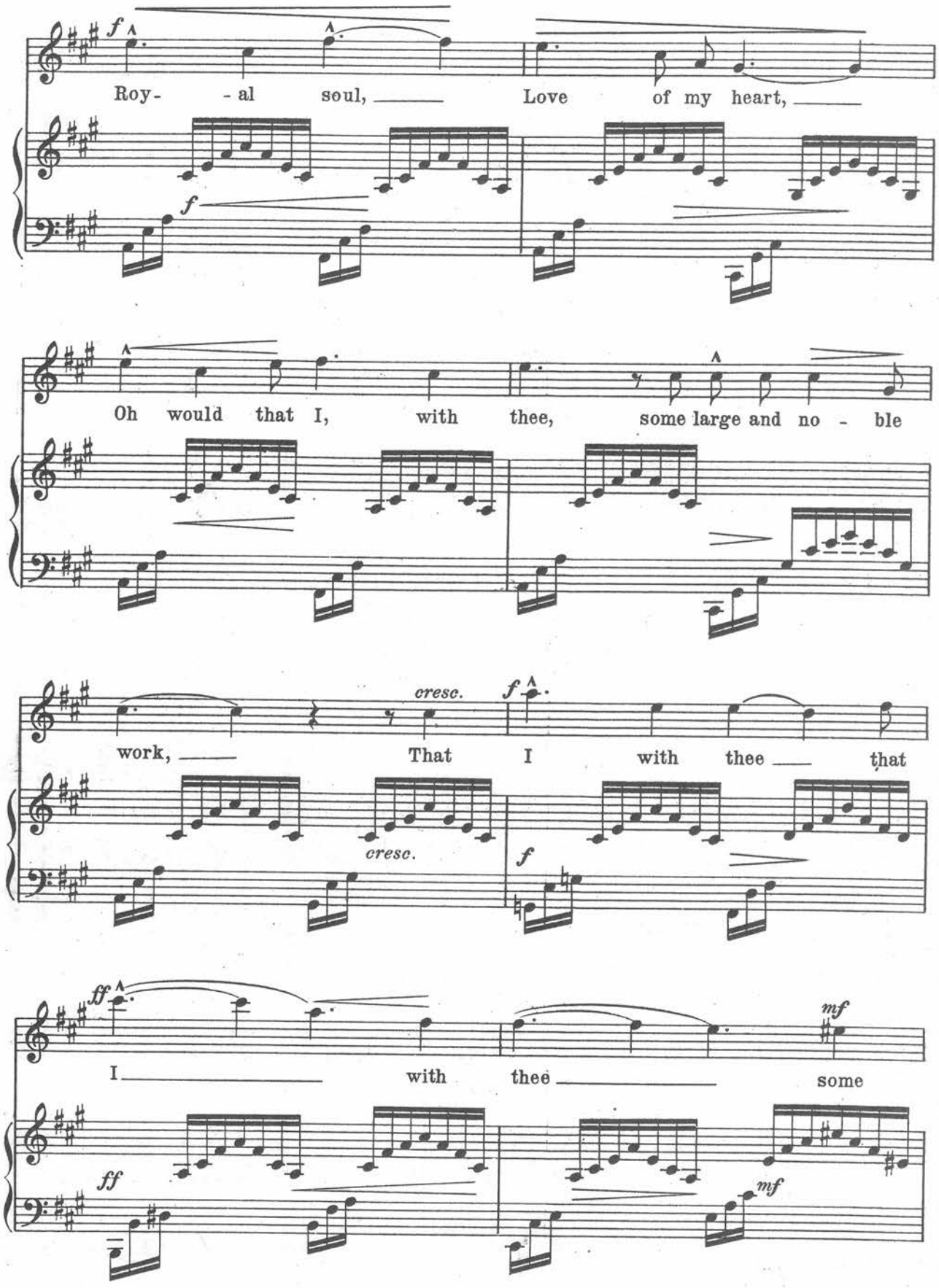

more, once more.
f
Nar - cis - - sa, flow'r of my love, Nar-
rit.
f a tempo
cis - - sa, flow'r of my love.
MARCUS
Would God had laid my
mp Meno mosso
path 'mid peace-ful scenes, That I might bid you to my

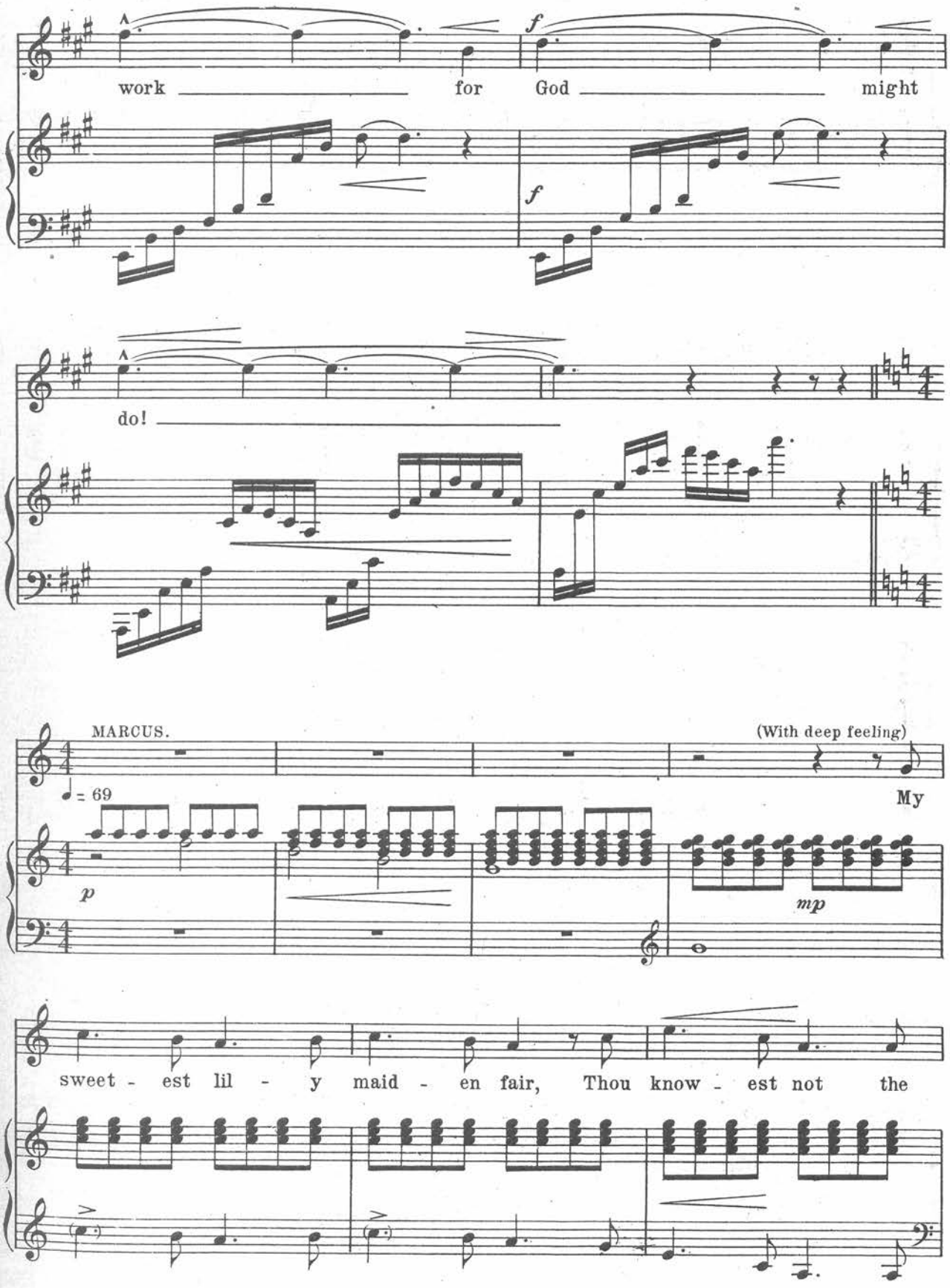

heart, my heart and home.
rit.
f risoluto
But I must dare the blast, wile of sav - age, fang of beast, Must
a tempo
ff
pp
ev - er bear a - loft the flag of coun - try, cross of Christ.
riten
I must not ask you to these aw - ful haz - ards.
riten

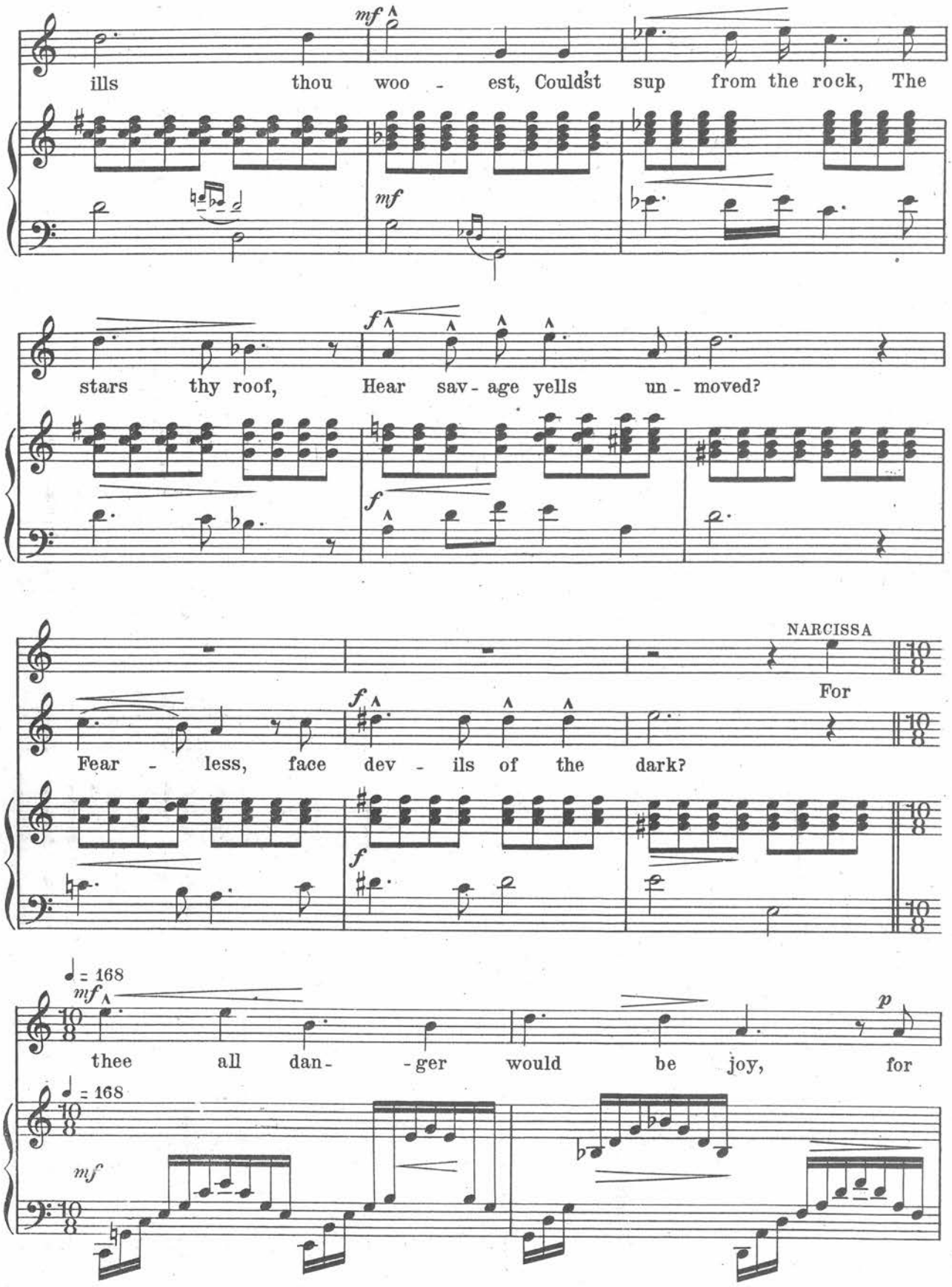

pp
Ah yes you may,
p
Ah yes you may.
Nar -
pp
p
appassionato
cis - sa, tempt me not,
Nar - cis - sa, tempt me not.
f a tempo
l. h.
f

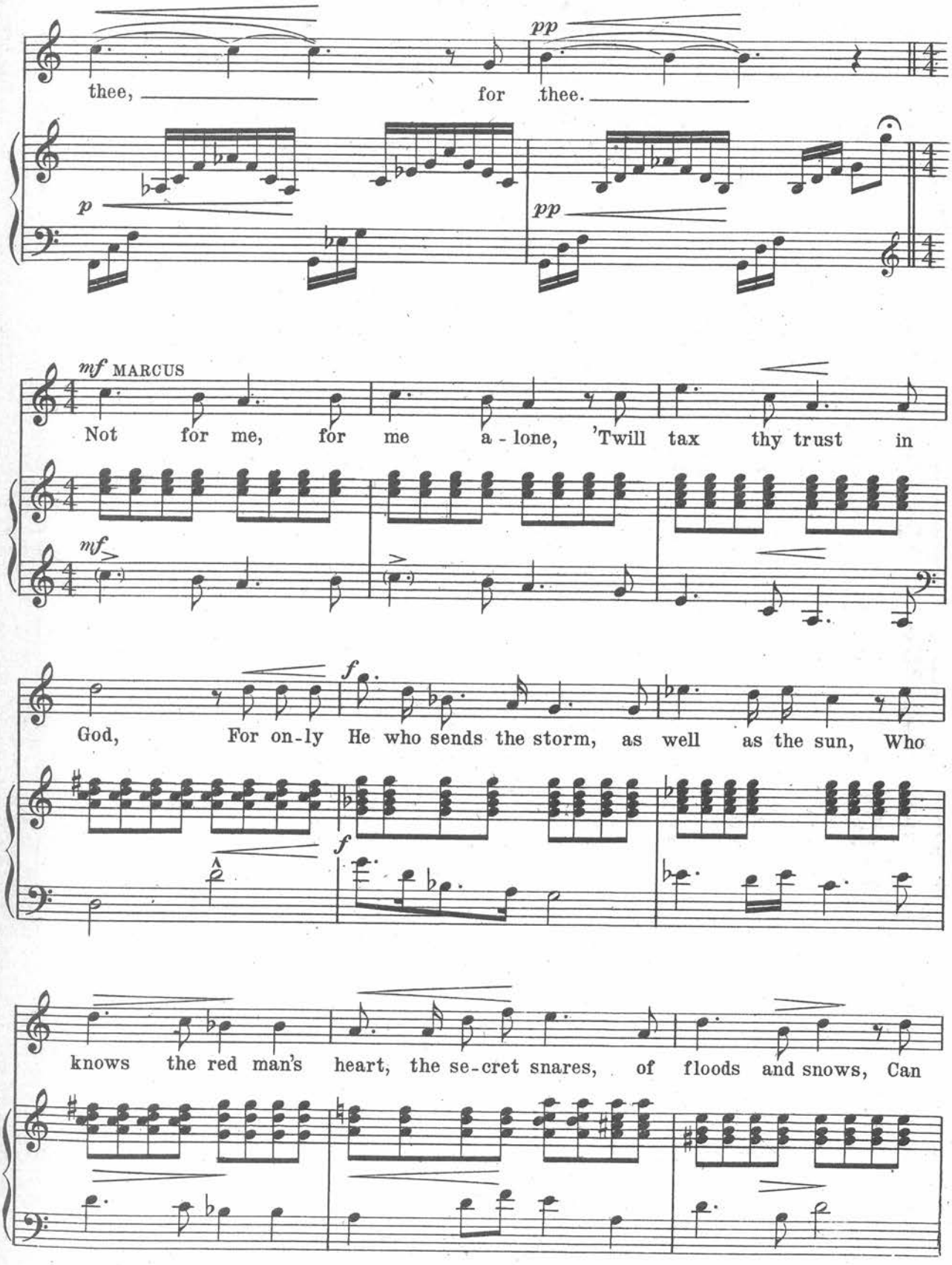

Entusiasmo ♩ = 168
f NARCISSA
Roy - - al soul, Love of my heart,
Think thou my head can rest on soft-est couch of
down, When might - - y ter - - rors,
com - pass thee a - round. thy sad-dle-pil - low'd head?

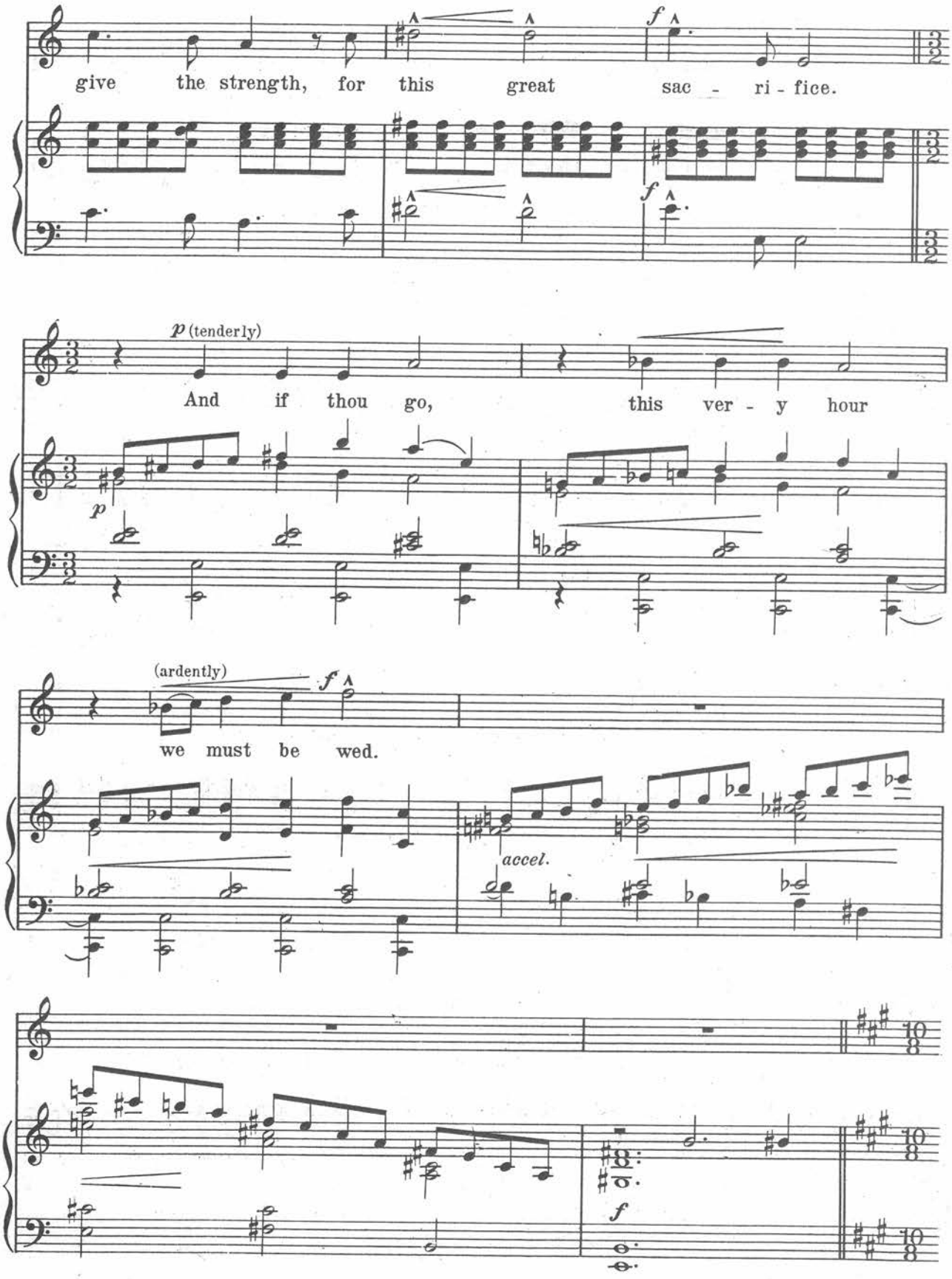

The prize of some re-venge-ful sav - age, or storm, or
mf
cresc.
cresc.
prowl - ing brute. Oh would that I, frail wom-an tho' I
mp
mf
mf
be, thy risk, thy life might share.
mf
f
ff
mf
f
ff
ff

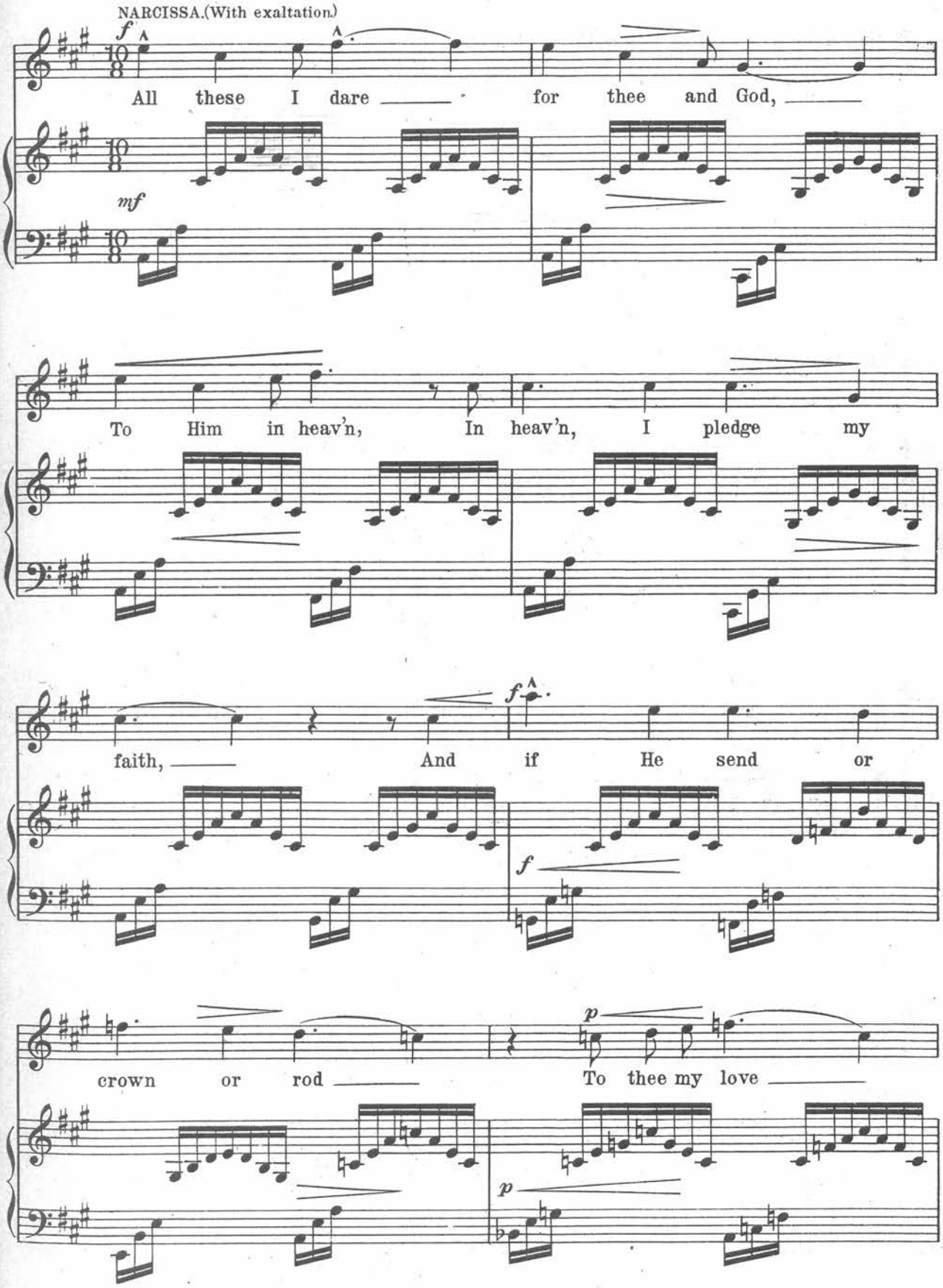

f
Roy- - al soul, Love of my heart,
f
Oh would that I, with thee, some large and no - ble
cresc.
f
work, That I with thee that
cresc.
f
ff
I with thee some
mf
ff
mf

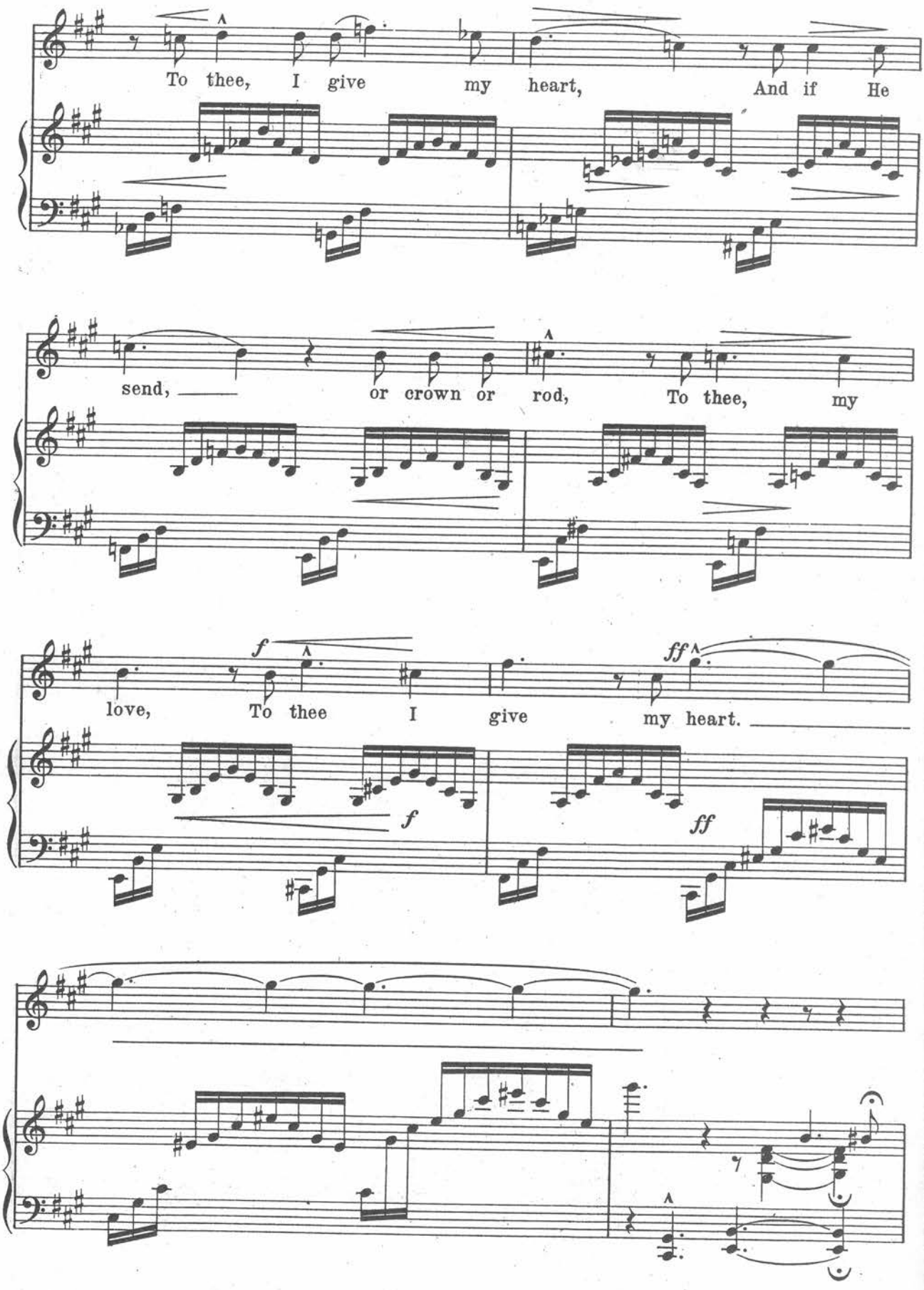

work for God might
f
f
do!
MARCUS.
(With deep feeling)
♩= 69
My
p
mp
sweet - est lil - y maid - en fair, Thou know - est not the

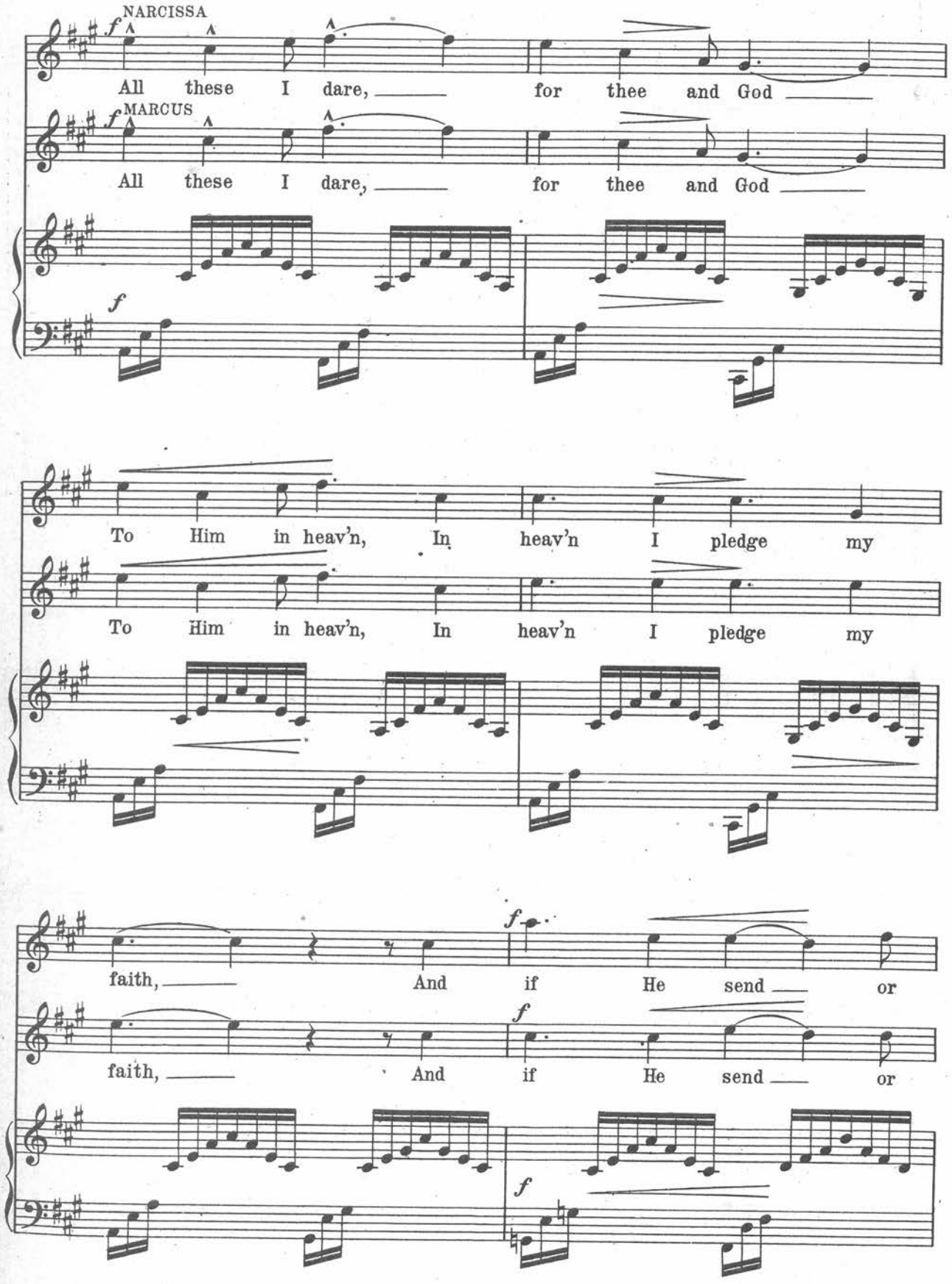

mf
ills thou woo - est, Couldst sup from the rock, The
mf
f
stars thy roof, Hear sav - age yells un - moved?
f
NARCISSA
For
f
Fear - less, face dev - ils of the dark?
f
♩ = 168
mf
thee all dan - - ger would be joy, for
p
♩ = 168
mf

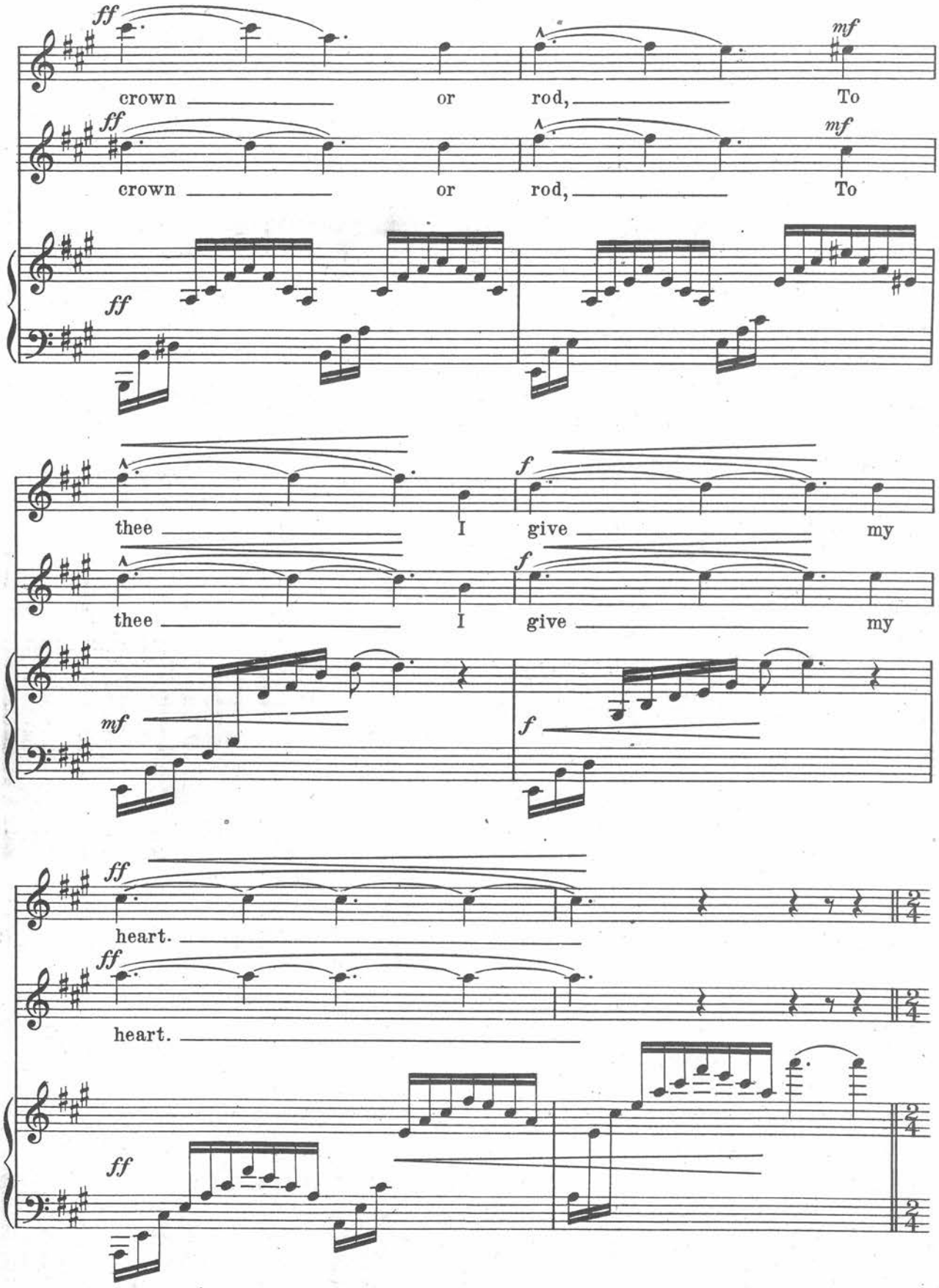

pp
thee, for thee.
p
pp
mf MARCUS
Not for me, for me a - lone, 'Twill tax thy trust in
mf
f
God, For on-ly He who sends the storm, as well as the sun, Who
f
knows the red man's heart, the se-cret snares, of floods and snows, Can

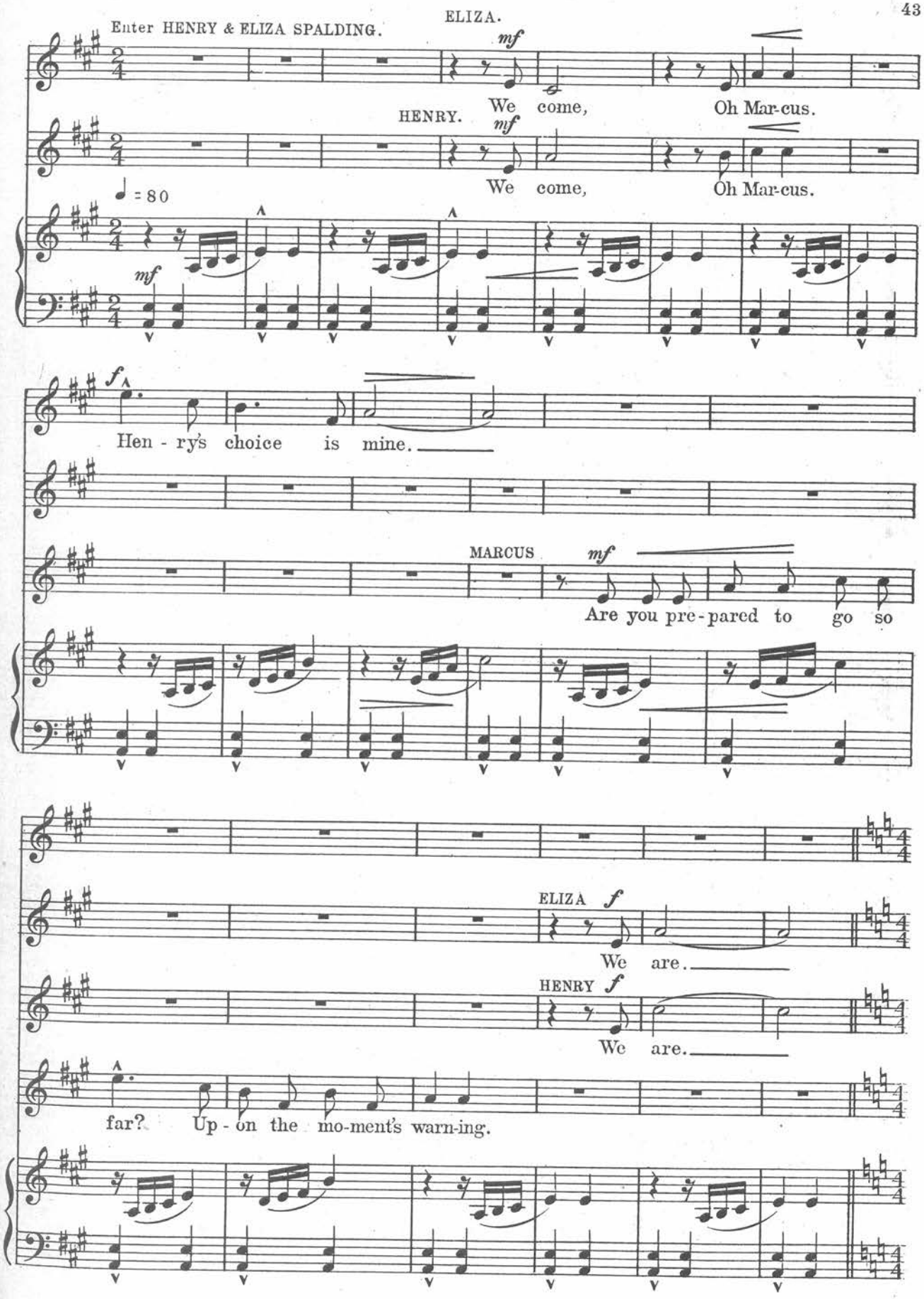

give the strength, for this great sac - ri - fice.
p (tenderly)
And if thou go, this ver - y hour
(ardently)
we must be wed.
accel.

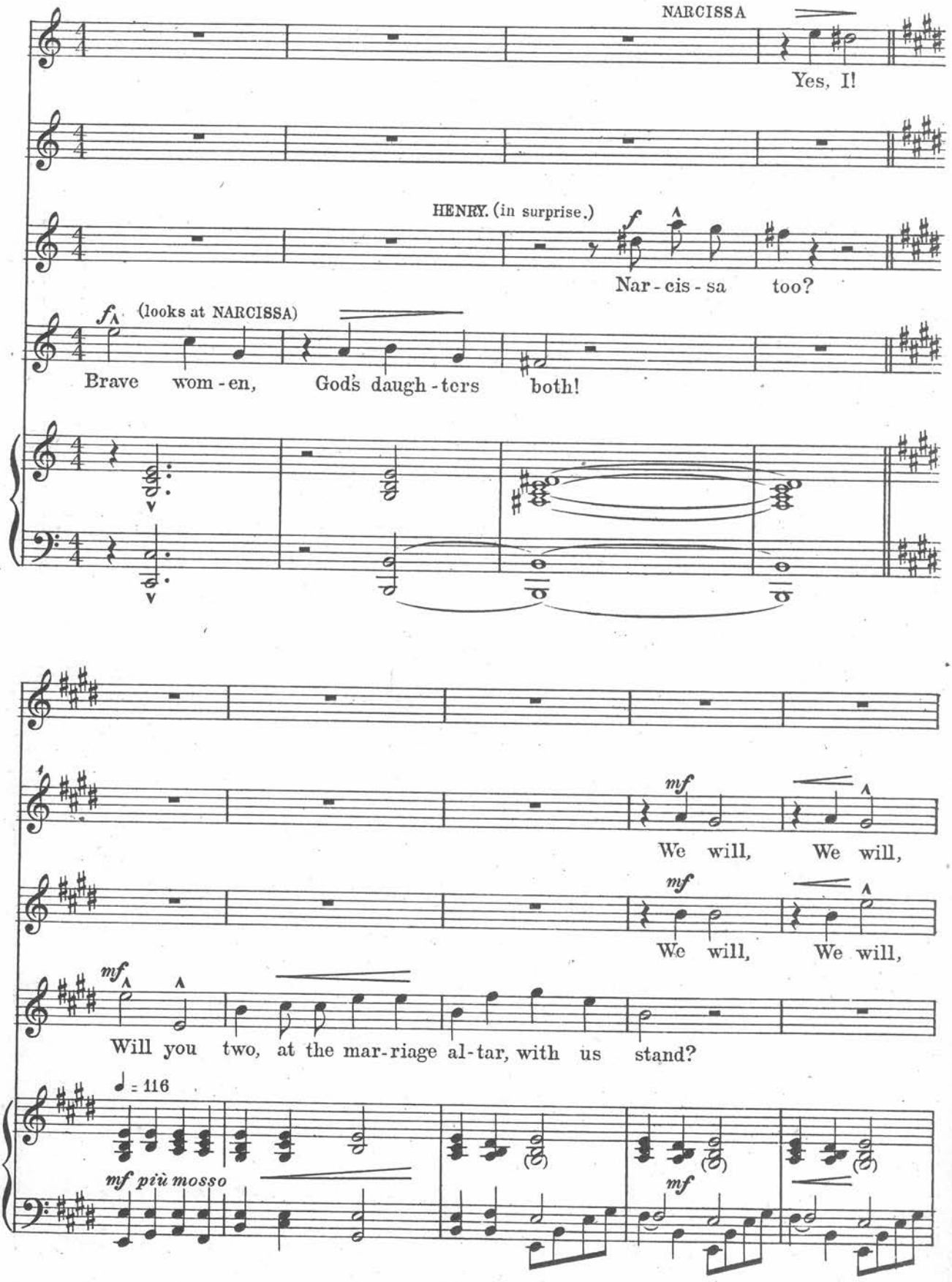

NARCISSA.(With exaltation.)
All these I dare for thee and God,
To Him in heav'n, In heav'n, I pledge my
faith, And if He send or
crown or rod To thee my love

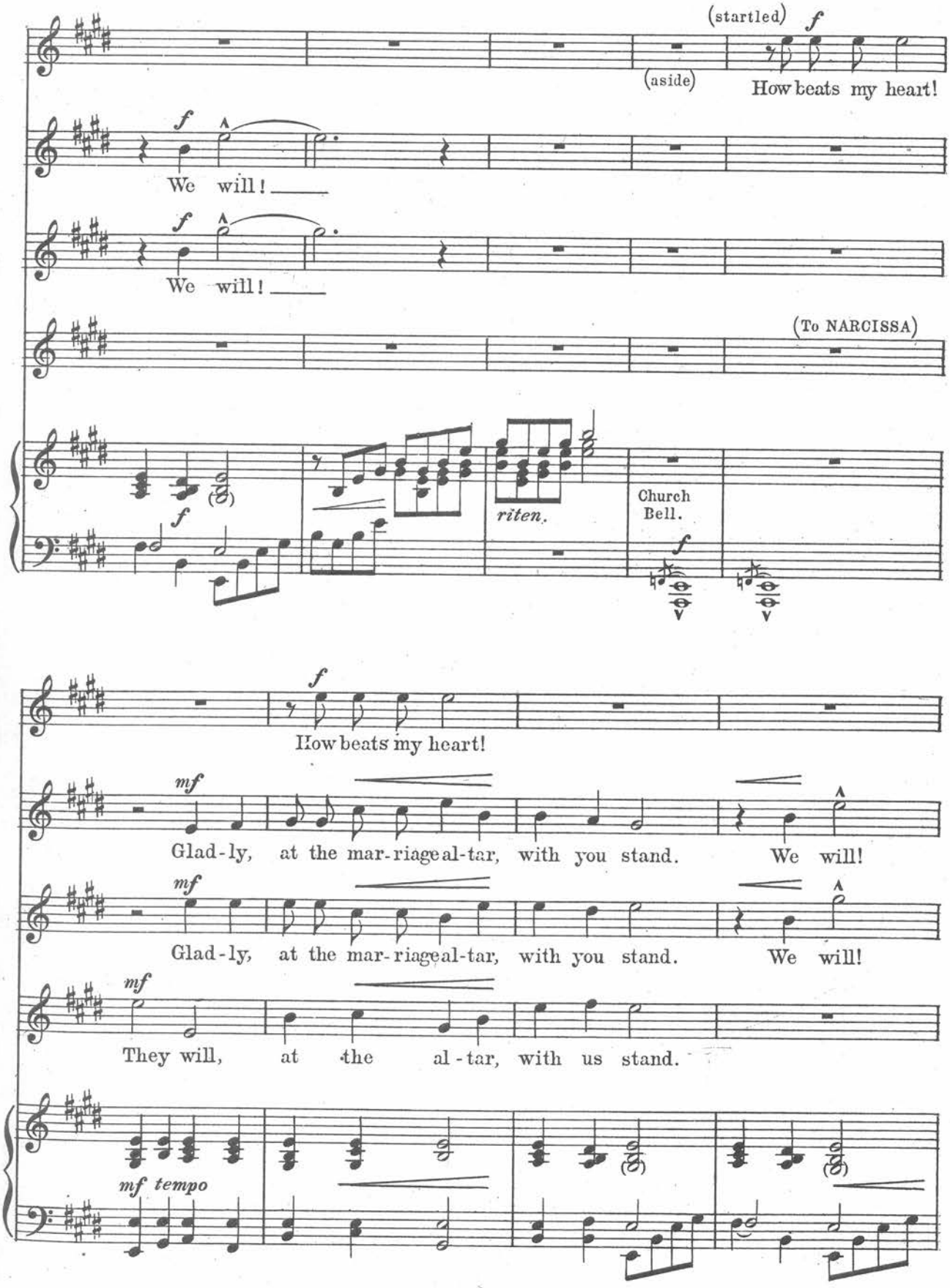

To thee, I give my heart, And if He
send, or crown or rod, To thee, my
f
ff
love, To thee I give my heart.
f
ff

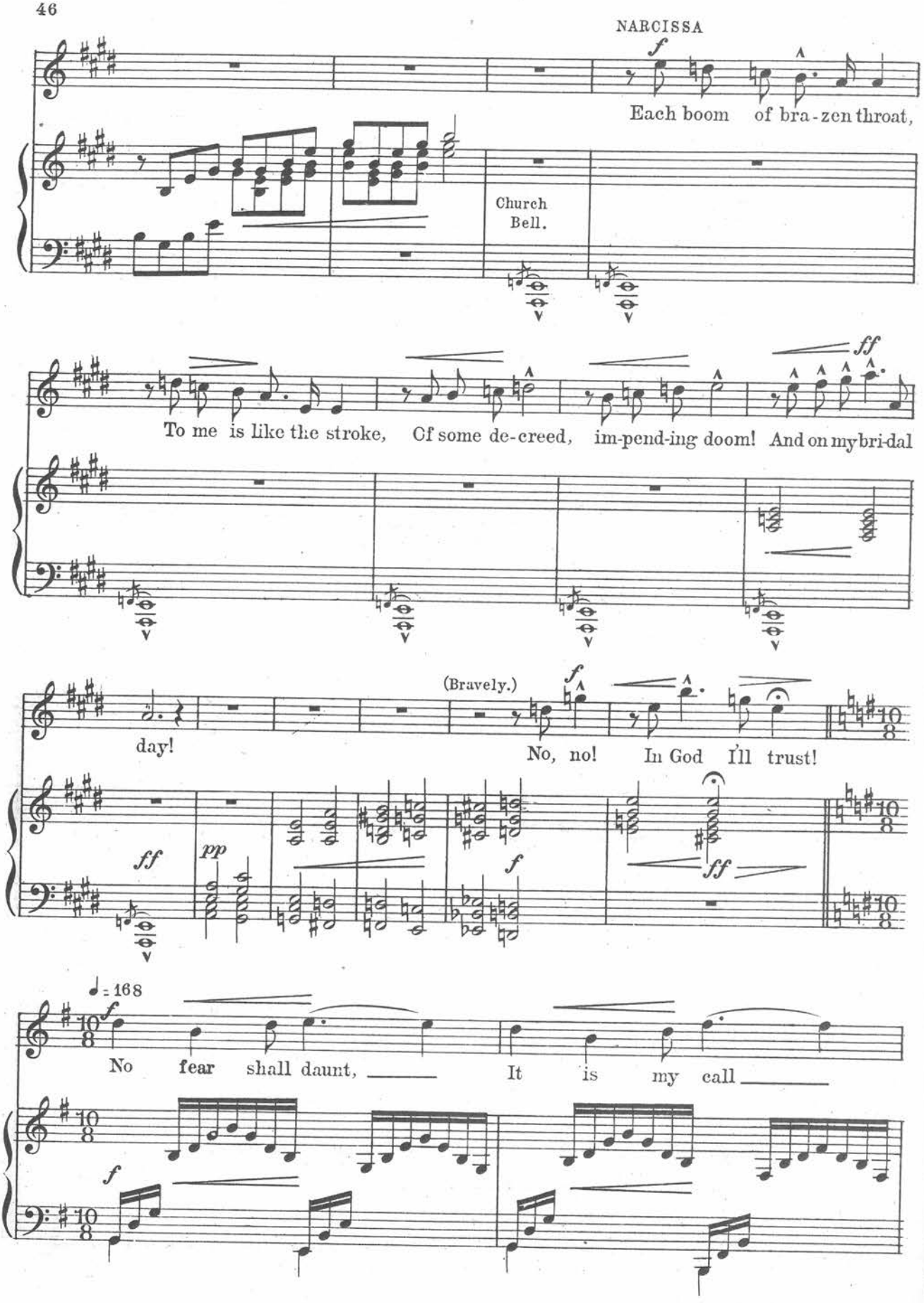

NARCISSA
All these I dare, for thee and God
MARCUS
All these I dare, for thee and God
To Him in heav'n, In heav'n I pledge my
To Him in heav'n, In heav'n I pledge my
faith, And if He send or
faith, And if He send or

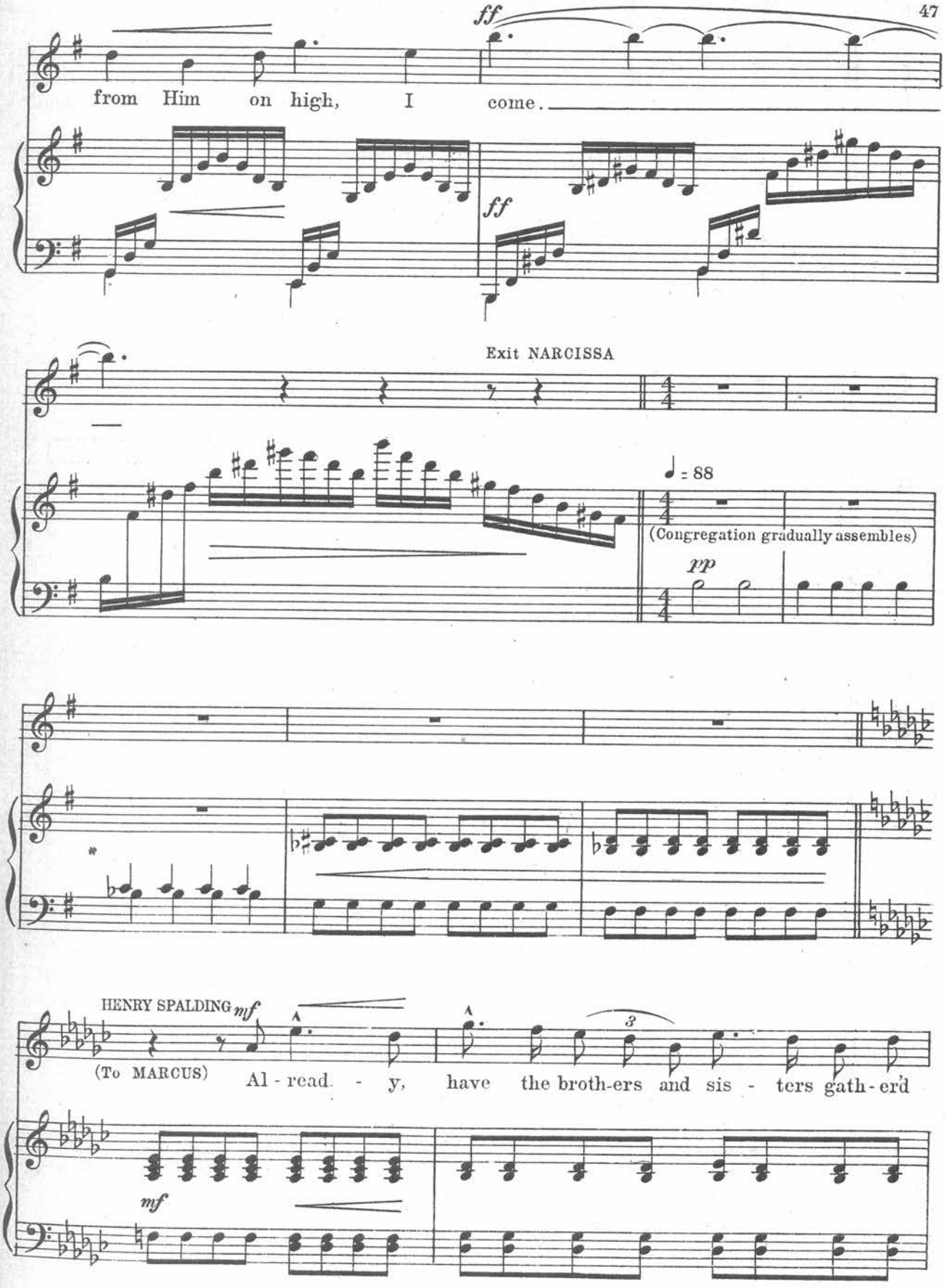

ff
crown
or
rod,
mf
To
ff
crown
or
rod,
mf
To
ff
thee
I
f
give
my
thee
I
f
give
my
mf
f
ff
heart.
ff
heart.
ff

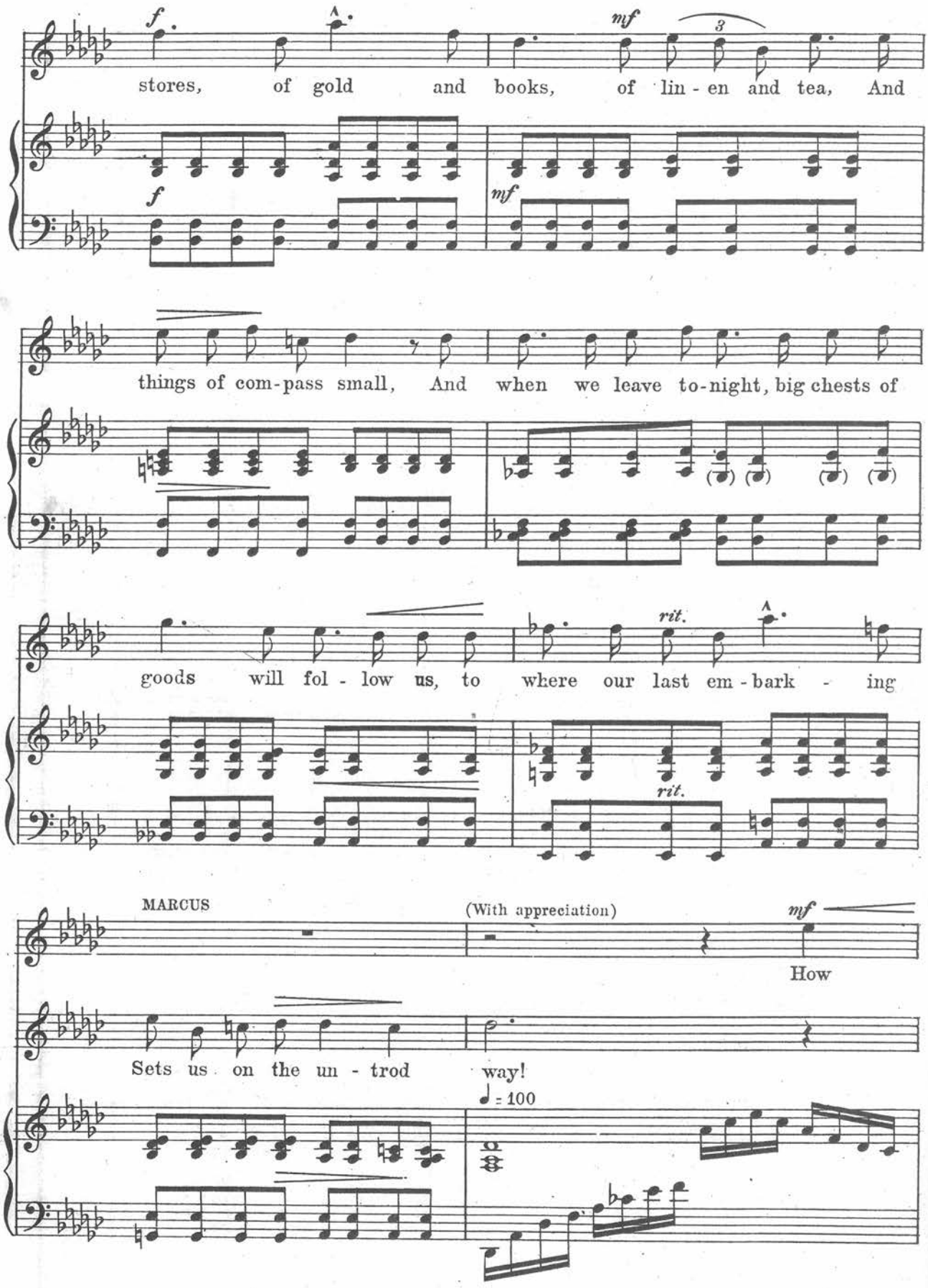

Enter HENRY & ELIZA SPALDING.
ELIZA.
mf
We come, Oh Mar-cus.
HENRY.
mf
We come, Oh Mar-cus.
♩ = 80
mf
f
Hen - ry's choice is mine.
MARCUS
mf
Are you pre-pared to go so
ELIZA
f
We are.
HENRY
f
We are.
far? Up - on the mo-ment's warn-ing.

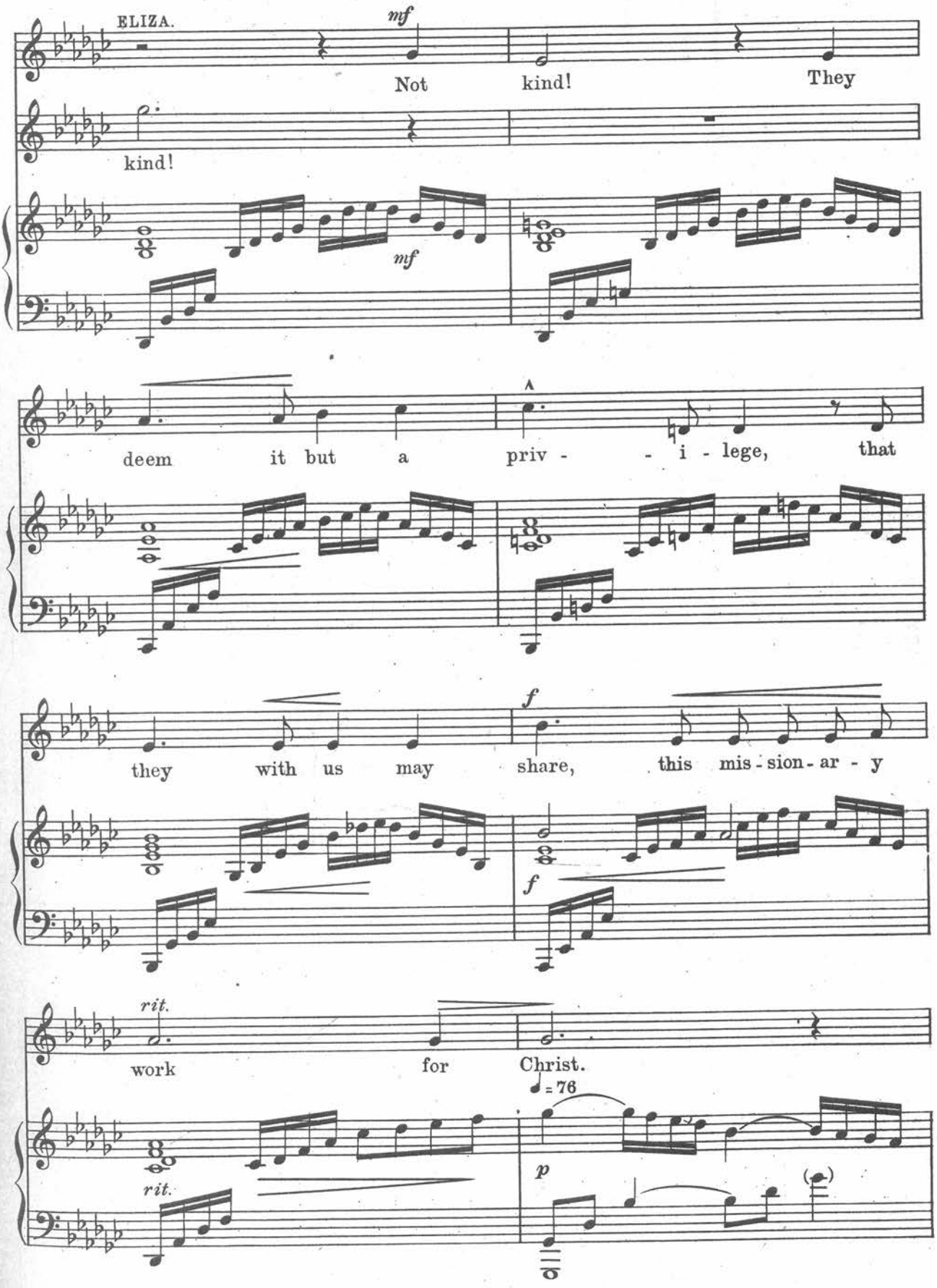

NARCISSA
Yes, I!
HENRY. (in surprise.)
f
Nar - cis - sa too?
fA
(looks at NARCISSA)
Brave wom - en, God's daugh - ters both!
mf
We will, We will,
mf
We will, We will,
mf
Will you two, at the mar-riage al-tar, with us stand?
♩ = 116
mf più mosso
mf

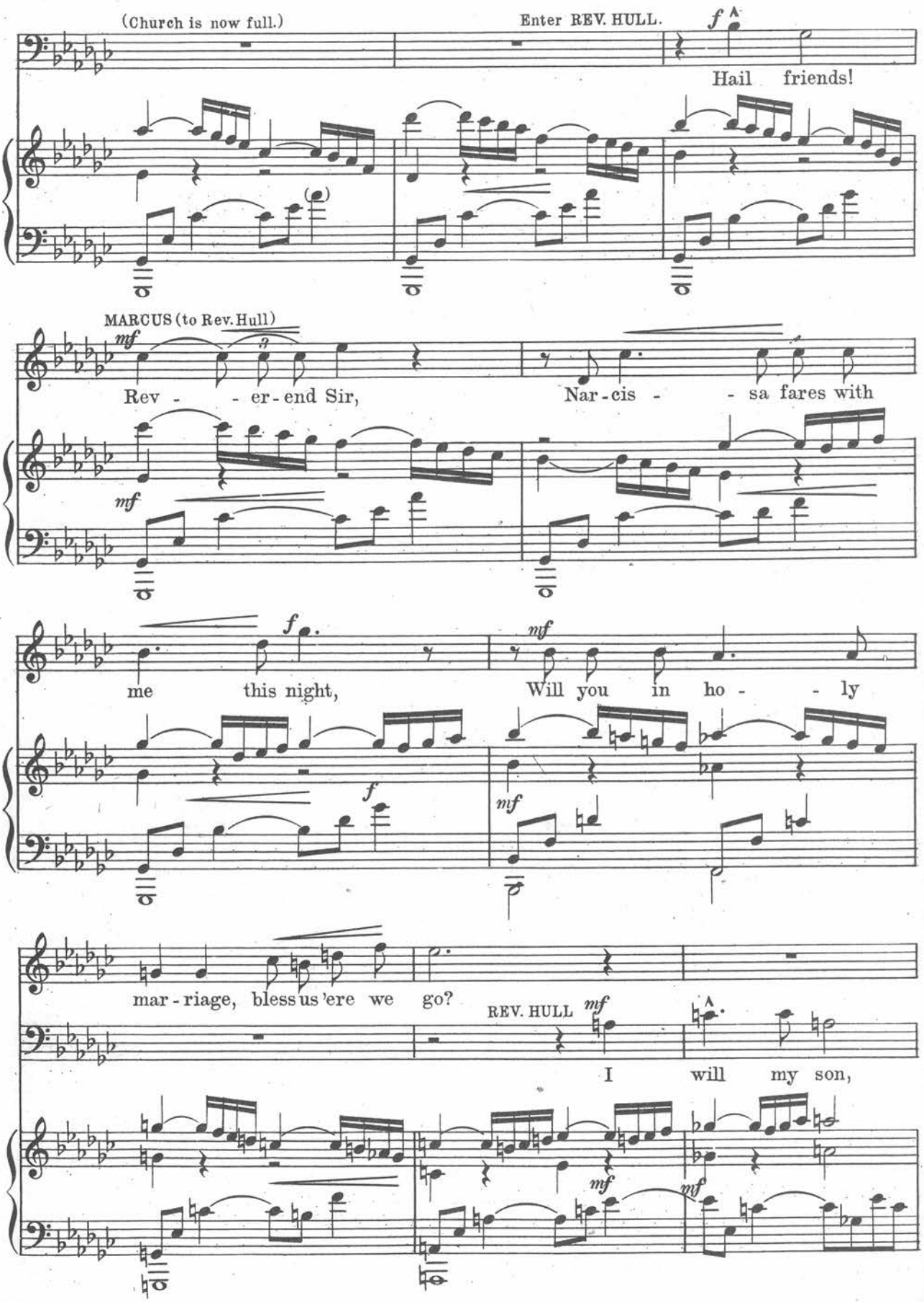

(startled)
f
(aside)
How beats my heart!
f
We will!
f
We will!
(To NARCISSA)
f
riten.
Church Bell.
f
f
How beats my heart!
mf
Glad-ly, at the mar-riage al-tar, with you stand. We will!
mf
Glad-ly, at the mar-riage al-tar, with you stand. We will!
mf
They will, at the al-tar, with us stand.
mf tempo

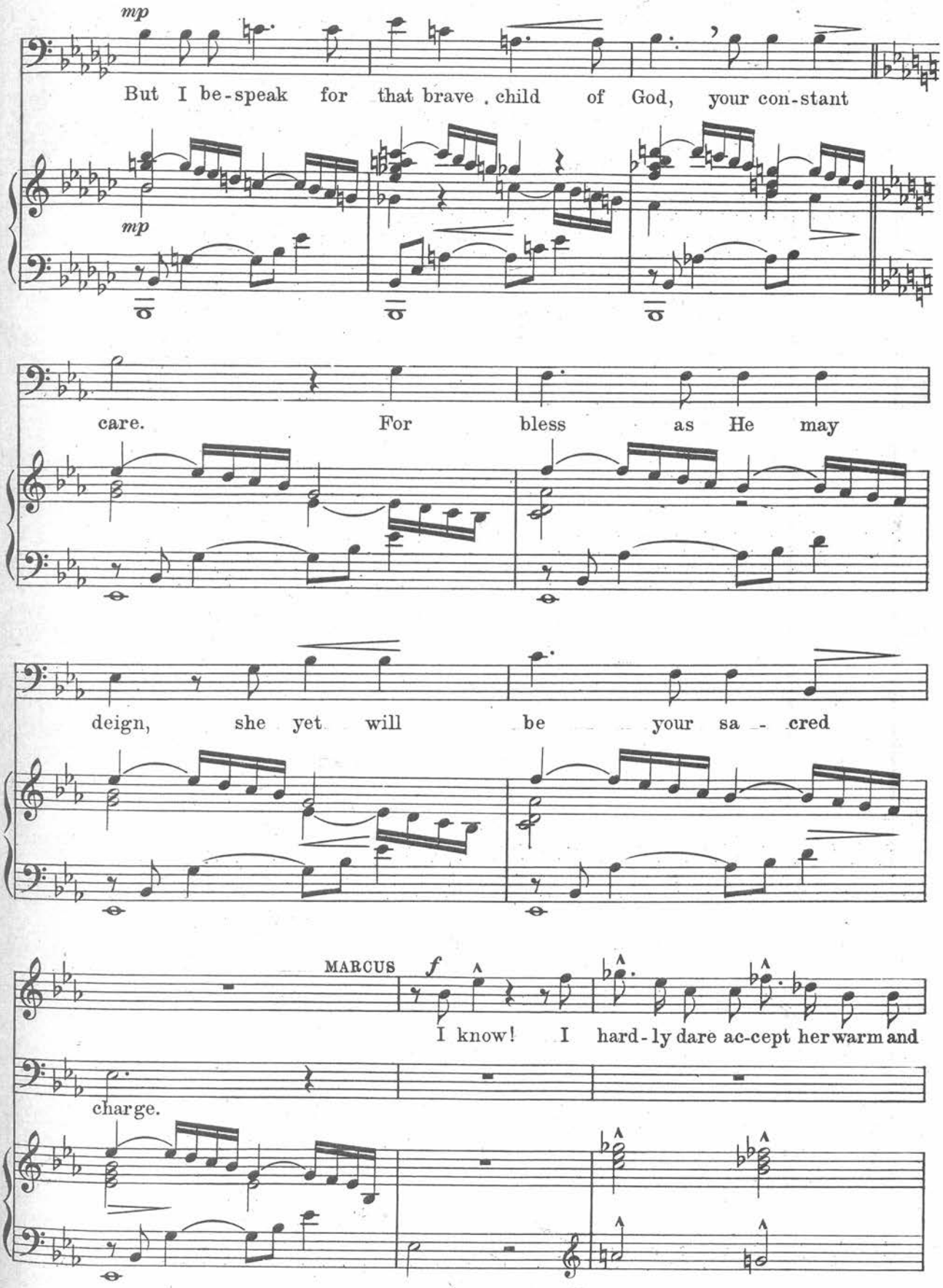

NARCISSA
Each boom of bra-zen throat,
Church Bell.
To me is like the stroke, Of some de-creed, im-pend-ing doom! And on my bri-dal
day!
(Bravely.)
No, no! In God I'll trust!
♩ = 168
No fear shall daunt, It is my call

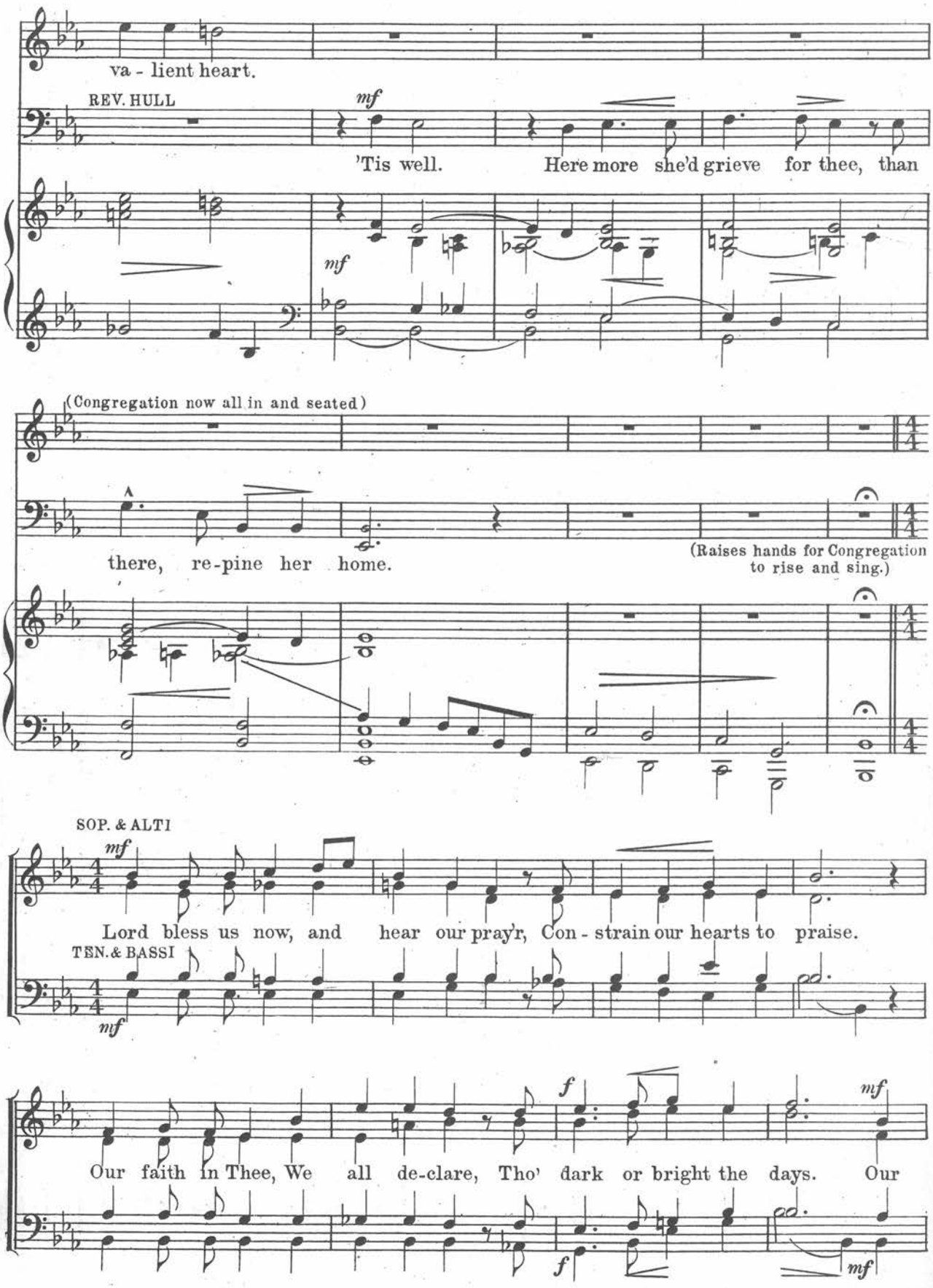

ff
from Him on high, I come.
ff
Exit NARCISSA
♩ = 88
(Congregation gradually assembles)
pp
HENRY SPALDING mf
(To MARCUS)
Al - read - y, have the broth-ers and sis - ters gath - erd
3
mf

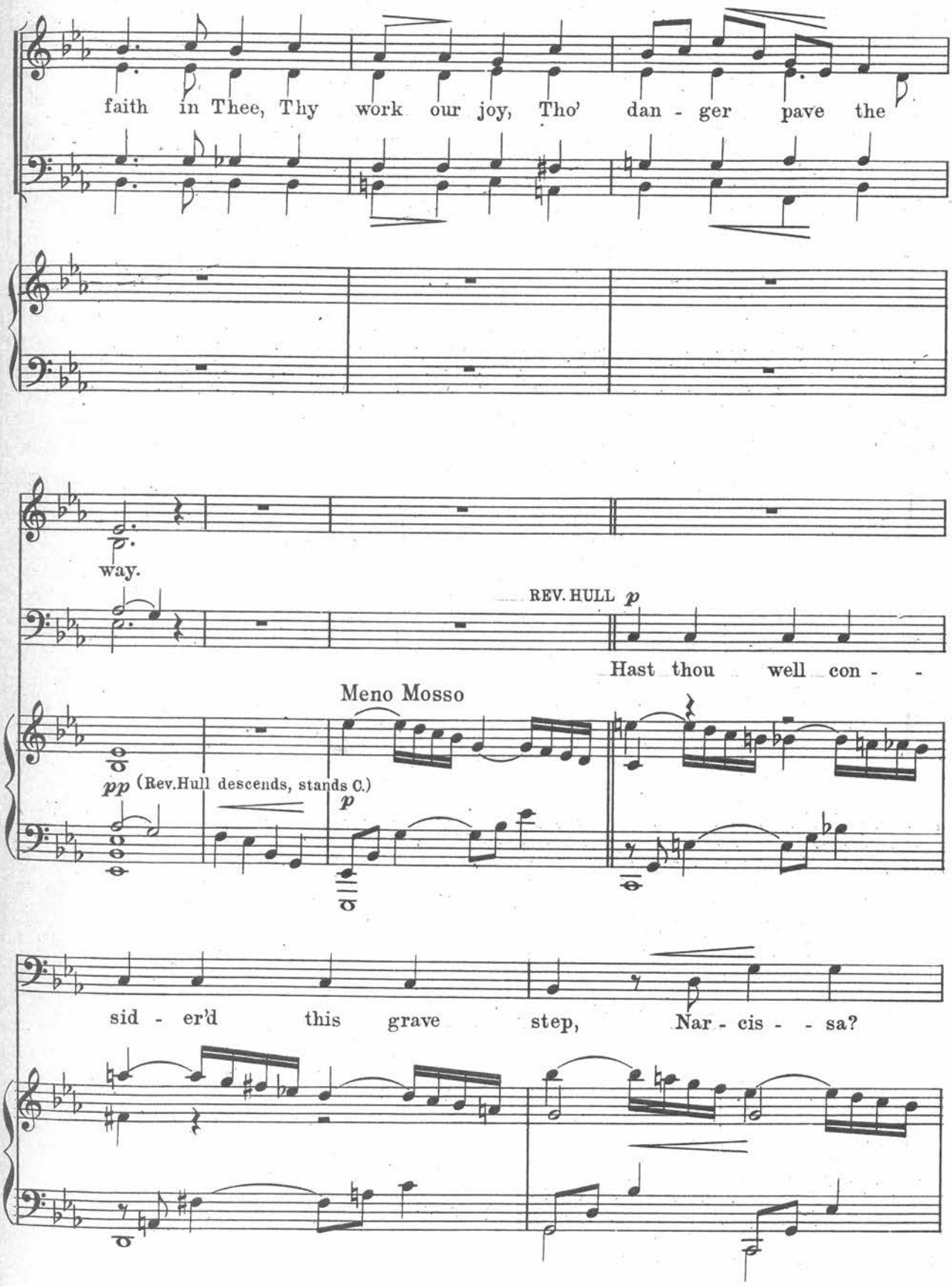

stores, of gold and books, of lin - en and tea, And
things of com-pass small, And when we leave to-night, big chests of
goods will fol - low us, to where our last em - bark - ing
MARCUS
(With appreciation)
How
Sets us on the un - trod way!
♩ = 100

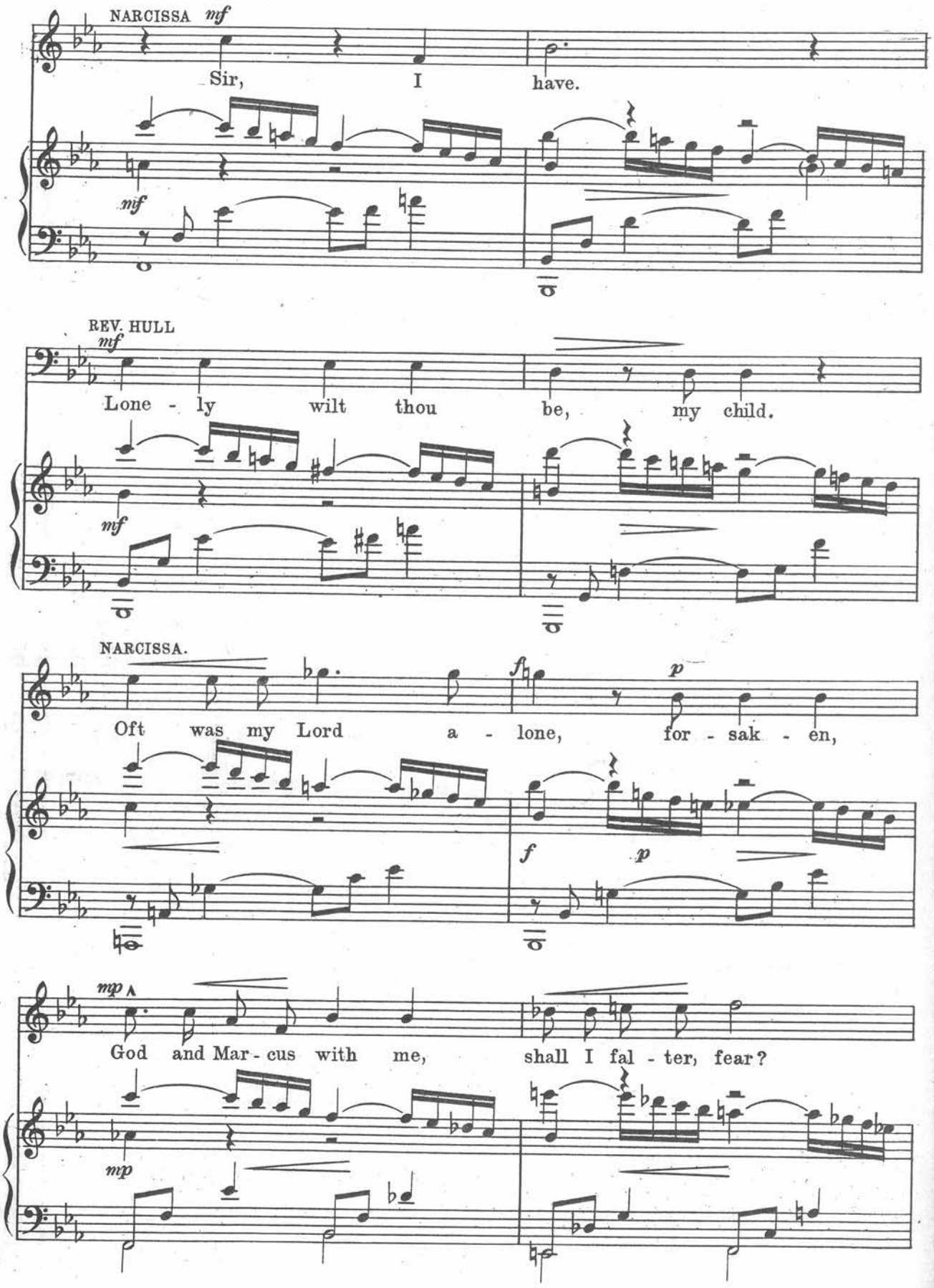

ELIZA.
mf
Not kind! They
kind!
mf
deem it but a priv - - i - lege, that
they with us may share, this mis - sion - ar - y
f
f
rit.
work for Christ.
rit.
♩ = 76
p

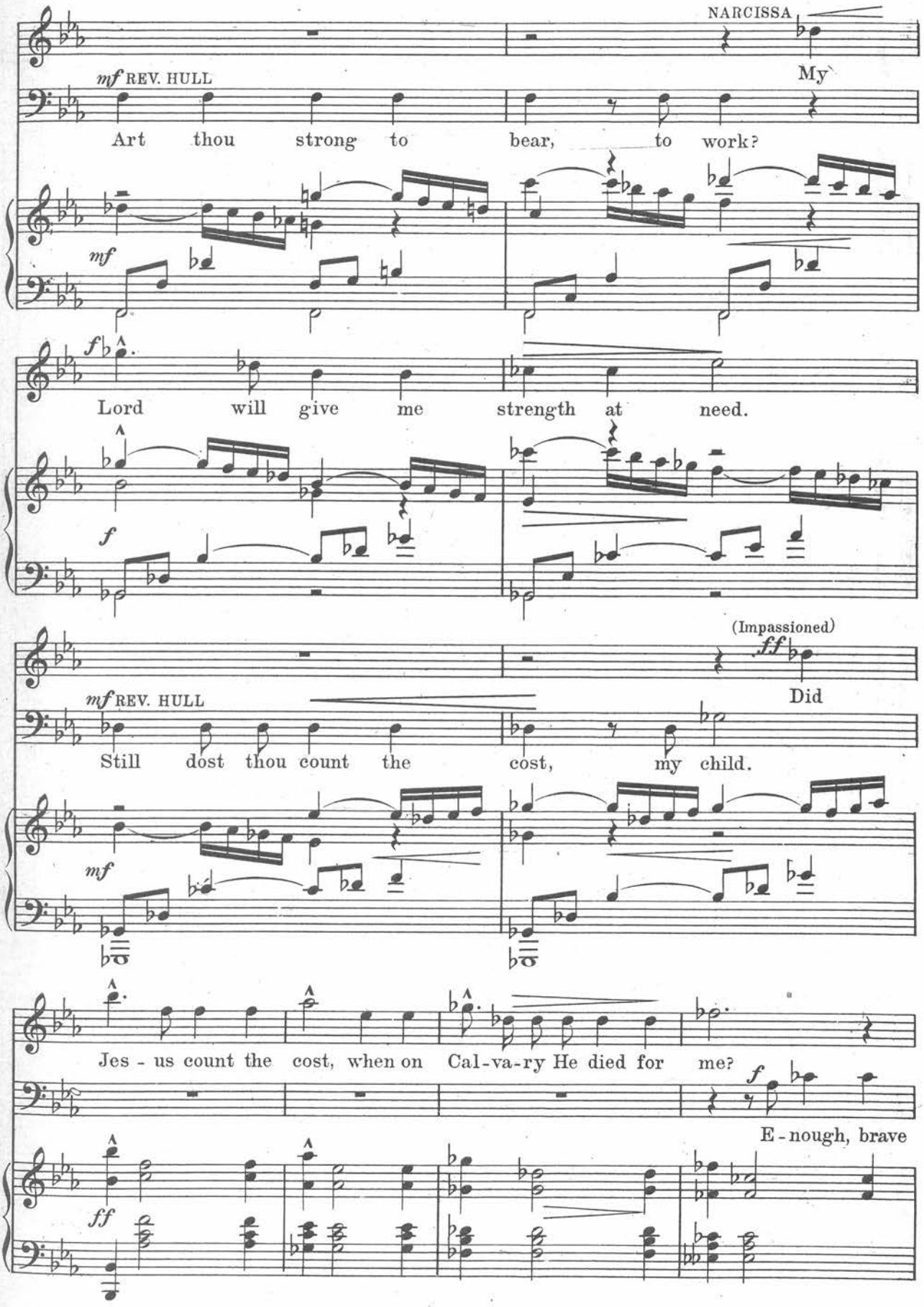

(Church is now full.)
Enter REV. HULL.
Hail friends!
MARCUS (to Rev. Hull)
Rev - - er - end Sir,
Nar - cis - - sa fares with
me this night,
Will you in ho - - ly
mar - riage, bless us 'ere we go?
REV. HULL
I will my son,

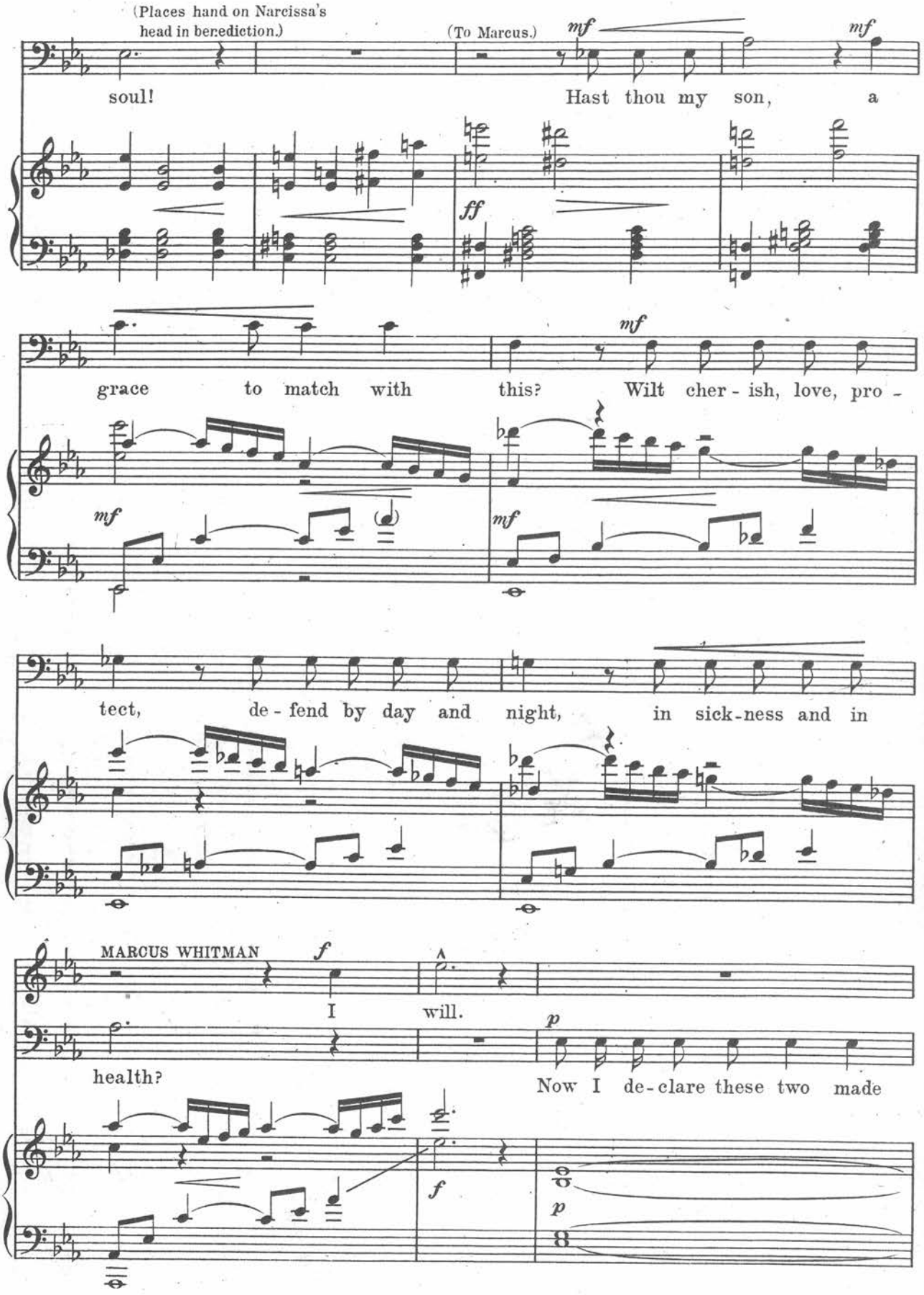

mp
But I be-speak for that brave . child of God, your con-stant
mp
care. For bless as He may
deign, she yet will be your sa - cred
MARCUS
f
I know! I hard-ly dare ac-cept her warm and
charge.

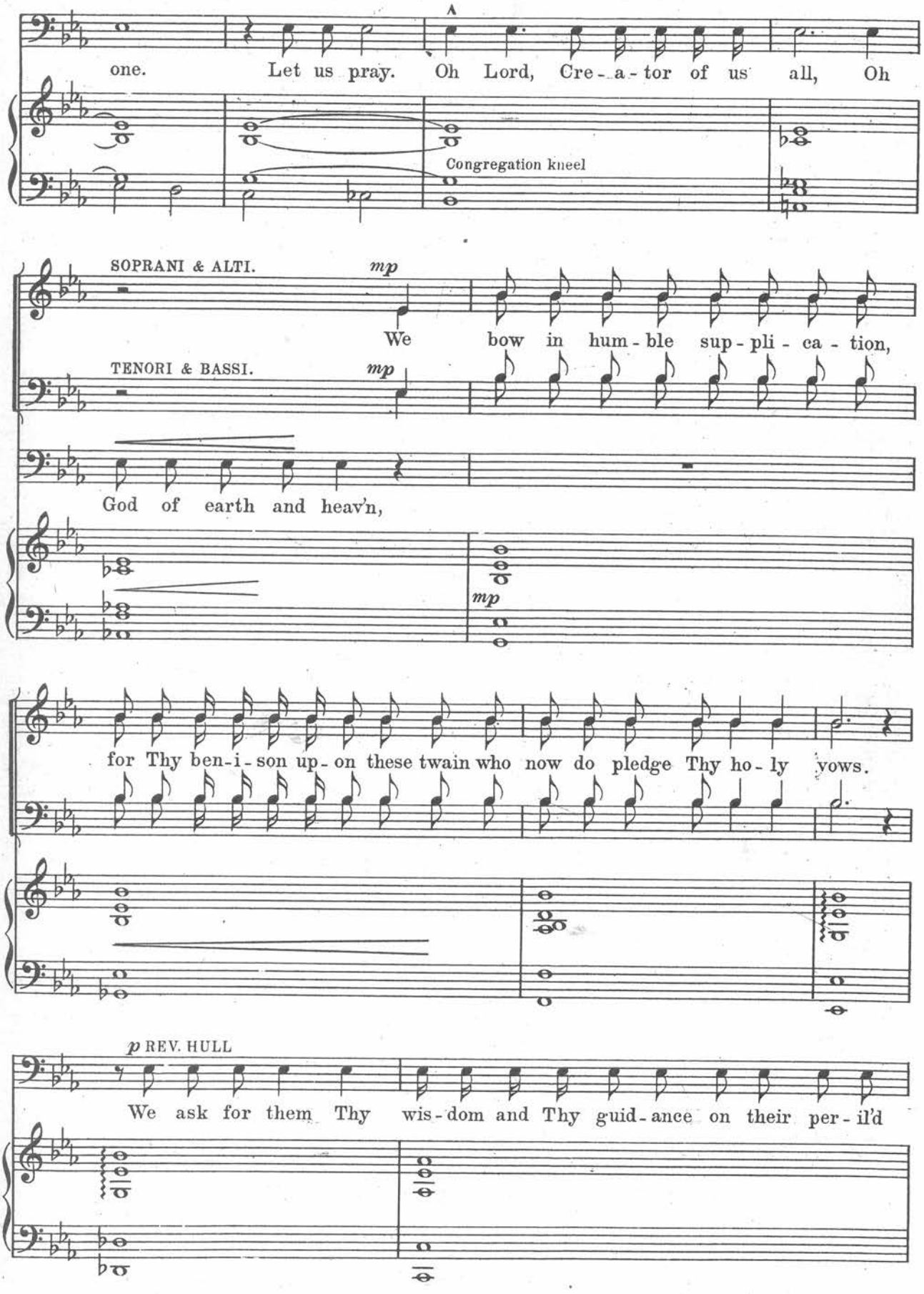

va - lient heart.
REV. HULL
mf
'Tis well. Here more she'd grieve for thee, than
mf
(Congregation now all in and seated)
there, re-pine her home.
(Raises hands for Congregation to rise and sing.)
SOP. & ALTI
mf
Lord bless us now, and hear our pray'r, Con - strain our hearts to praise.
TEN. & BASSI
mf
f
mf
Our faith in Thee, We all de-clare, Tho' dark or bright the days. Our
f
mf

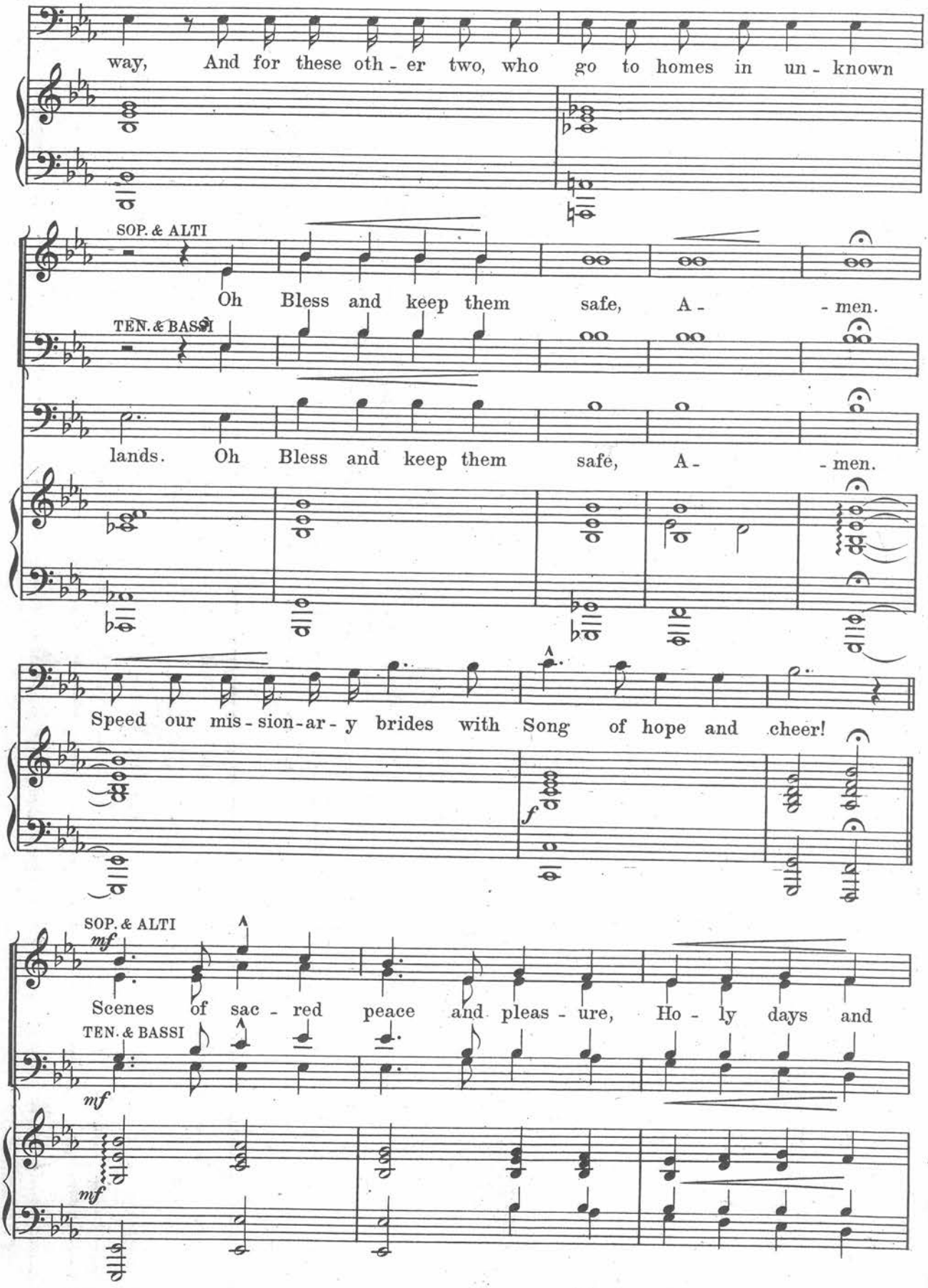

faith in Thee, Thy work our joy, Tho' dan - ger pave the
way.
REV. HULL p
Hast thou well con - -
Meno Mosso
pp (Rev.Hull descends, stands C.)
p
sid - er'd this grave step, Nar - cis - - sa?

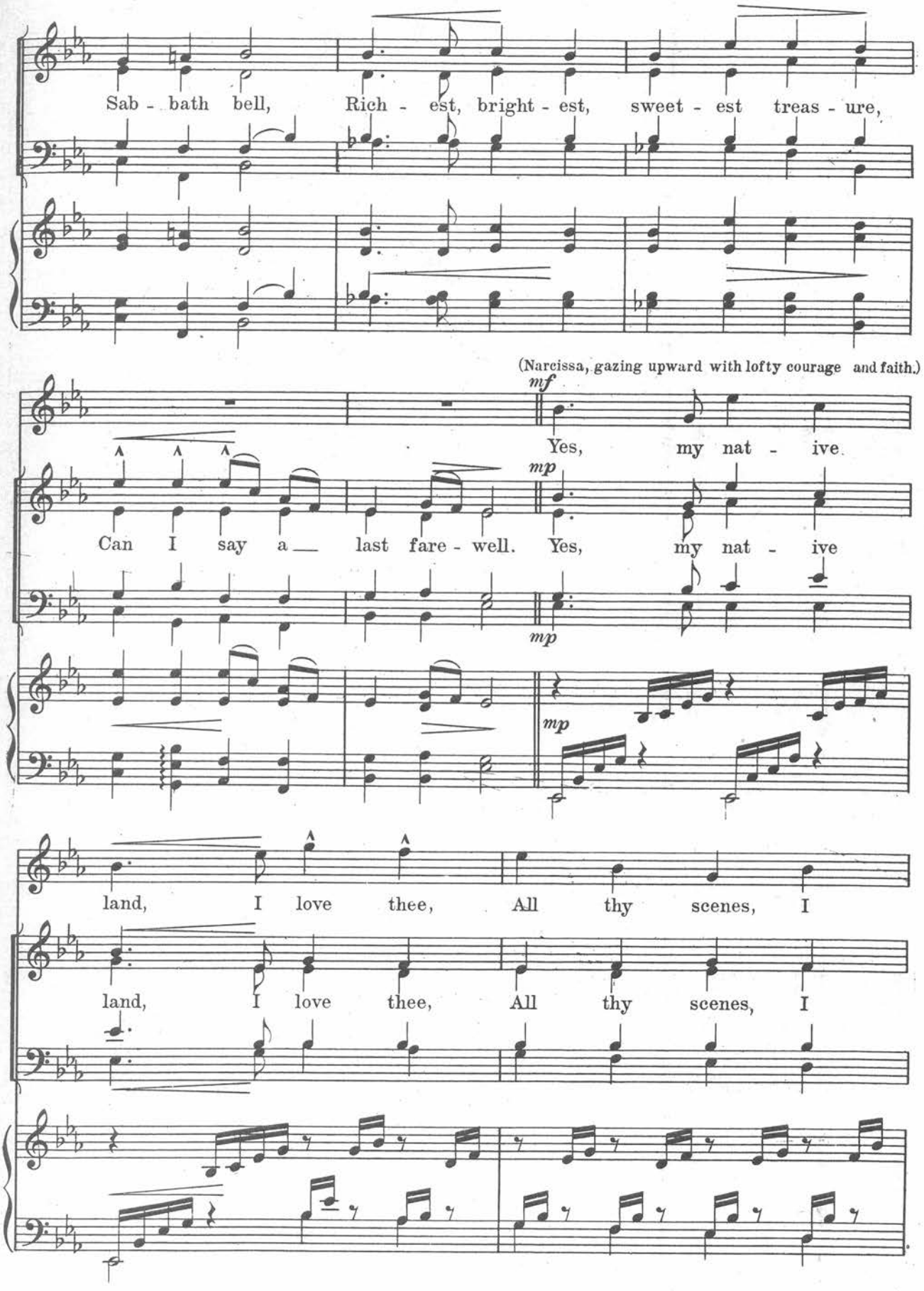

NARCISSA mf
Sir, I have.
mf
REV. HULL
mf
Lone - ly wilt thou be, my child.
mf
NARCISSA.
Oft was my Lord a - lone, for - sak - en,
f p
f p
mp
God and Mar - cus with me, shall I fal - ter, fear?
mp

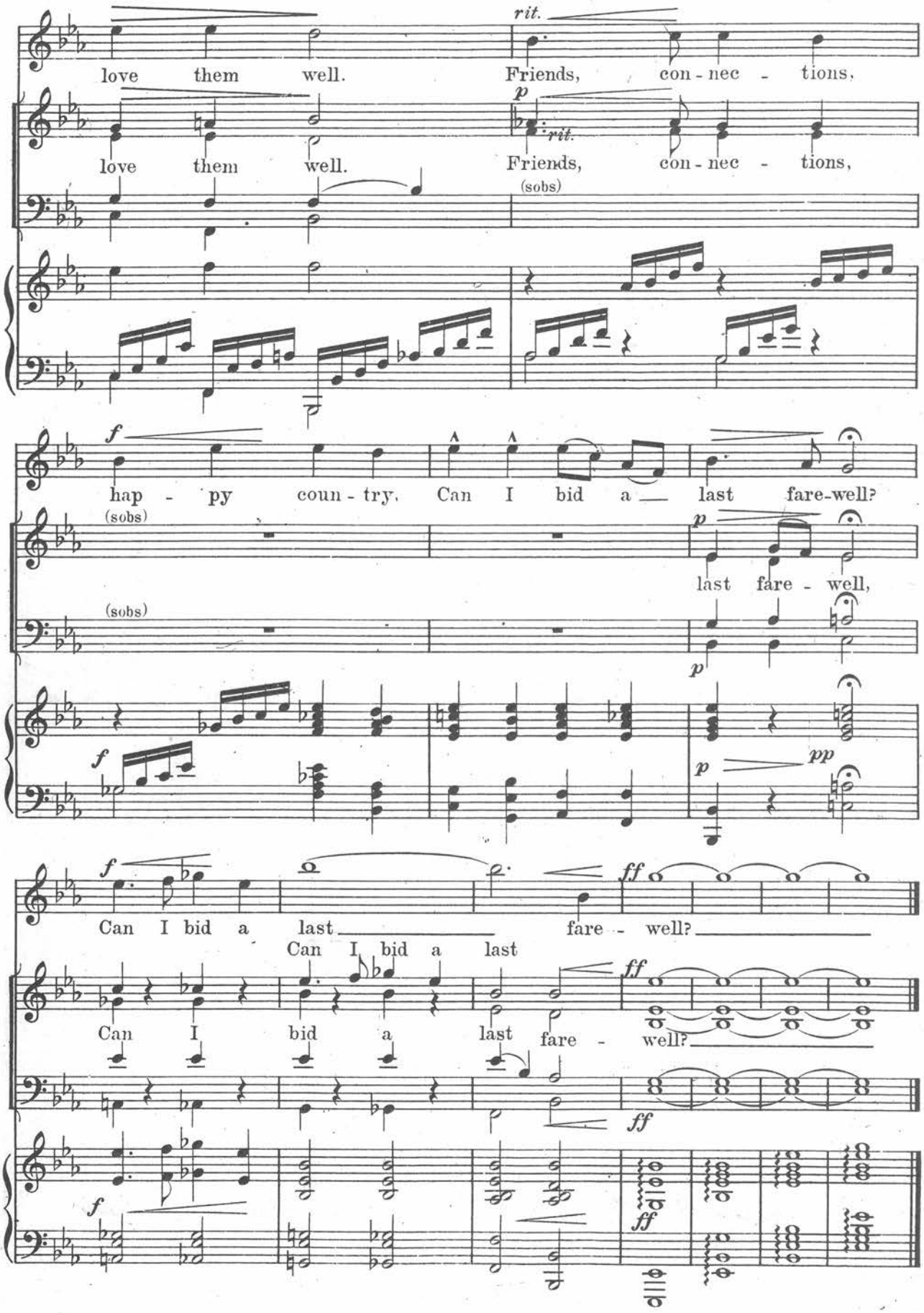

NARCISSA
My
mf REV. HULL
Art thou strong to bear, to work?
mf
f
Lord will give me strength at need.
(Impassioned)
ff
Did
mf REV. HULL
Still dost thou count the cost, my child.
mf
Jes - us count the cost, when on Cal-va-ry He died for me?
f
E - nough, brave
ff


(Places hand on Narcissa's head in benediction.)
(To Marcus.)
mf
mf
soul!
Hast thou my son, a
ff
mf
grace to match with this? Wilt cher - ish, love, pro -
mf
mf
tect, de - fend by day and night, in sick-ness and in
MARCUS WHITMAN
f
I will.
p
health?
Now I de - clare these two made
f
p


A
one.
Let us pray. Oh Lord, Cre - a - tor of us all, Oh
Congregation kneel
SOPRANI & ALTI.
mp
We bow in hum - ble sup - pli - ca - tion,
TENORI & BASSI.
mp
God of earth and heav'n,
mp
for Thy ben - i - son up - on these twain who now do pledge Thy ho - ly vows.
p REV. HULL
We ask for them Thy wis - dom and Thy guid - ance on their per - il'd


way, And for these oth - er two, who go to homes in un - known
SOP. & ALTI
Oh Bless and keep them safe, A - men.
TEN. & BASSI
lands. Oh Bless and keep them safe, A - men.
Speed our mis - sion-ar - y brides with Song of hope and cheer!
f
SOP. & ALTI
mf
Scenes of sac - red peace and pleas - ure, Ho - ly days and
TEN. & BASSI
mf
mf


Sab - bath bell, Rich - est, bright - est, sweet - est treas - ure,
(Narcissa, gazing upward with lofty courage and faith.)
mf
Yes, my nat - ive
mp
Can I say a last fare - well. Yes, my nat - ive
mp
mp
land, I love thee, All thy scenes, I
land, I love thee, All thy scenes, I


love them well.
Friends, con - nec - tions,
rit.
p
love them well.
Friends, con - nec - tions,
(sobs)
f
hap - py coun - try. Can I bid a last fare-well?
(sobs)
p
last fare - well,
(sobs)
p
f
p
pp
f
Can I bid a last fare - well?
ff
Can I bid a last
Can I bid a last fare - well?
ff
f
ff

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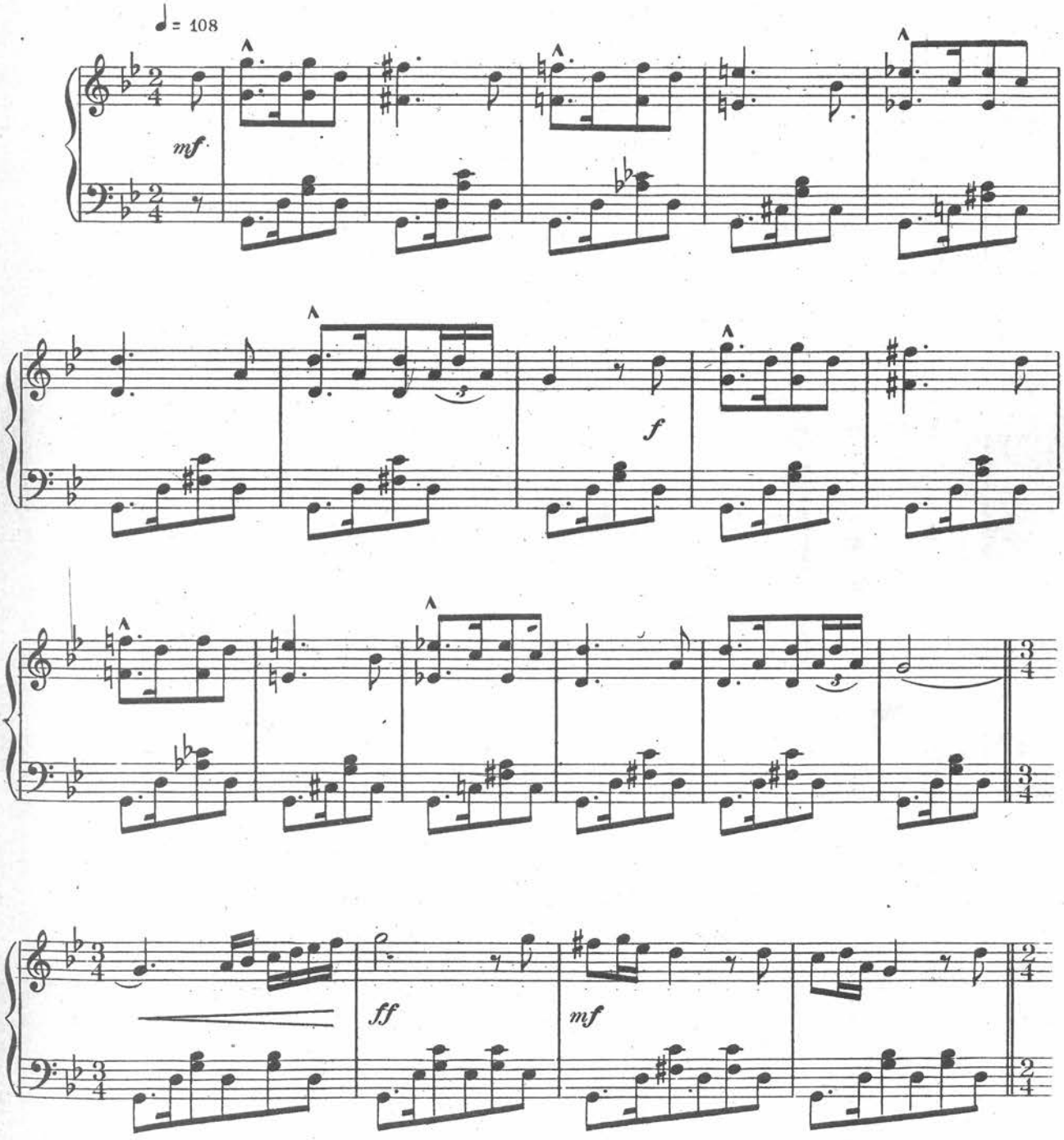
Act II.

Scene I.

NOTE:— In Act II, Chorus is divided. About 12 men, and 12 women constitute the "People of Fort" (Chorus) among whom are Eloise, Mme. McL., Wm Rae, Tom McKay, 6 Boatmen, Ermatinger, (1st Chorusman) et al. The other half of chorus are Indians, who do not appear until Scene 2, Act II; giving ample time for change.

SCENE. Interior of large hall, Fort Vancouver. Large doors at back, open, showing Columbia river, Mountains in background. Discovered, Eloise, idly strumming on guitar, Mme McL. embroidering. Other ladies (3 or 4) of Fort similarly occupied. Servants pass to and fro at back, outside of doors.



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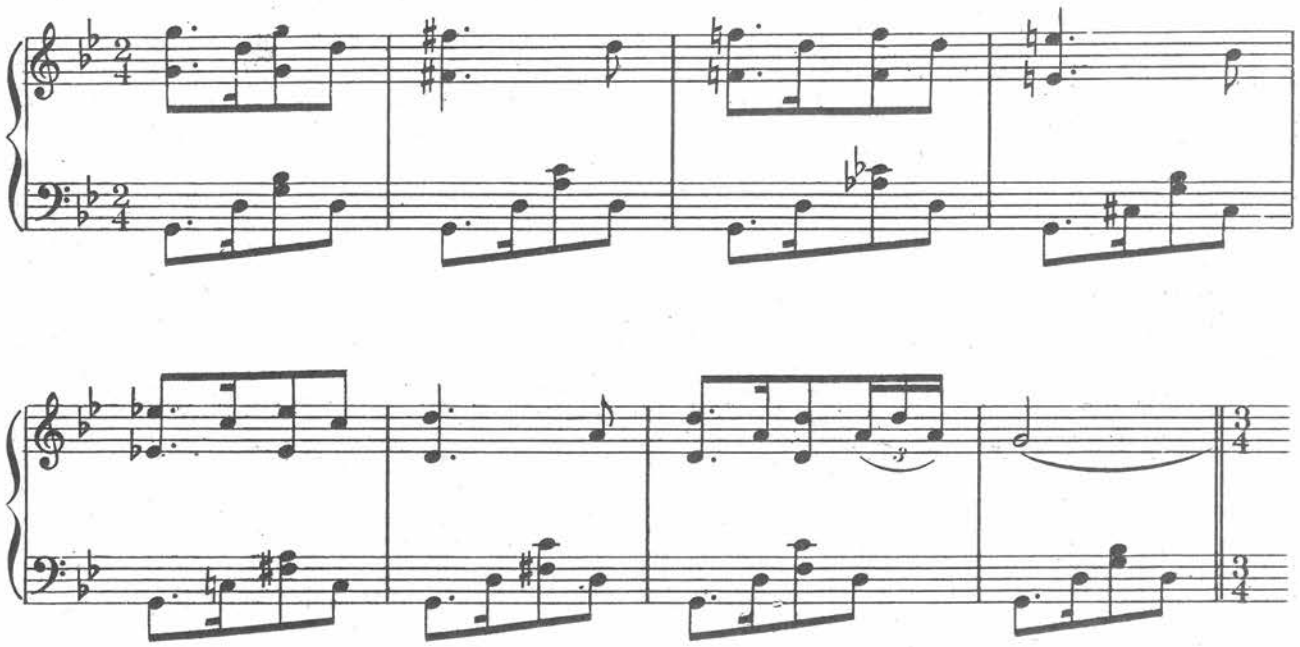
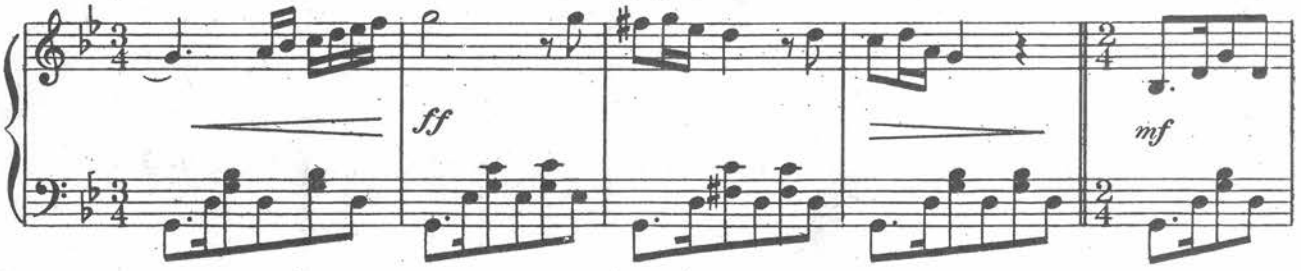
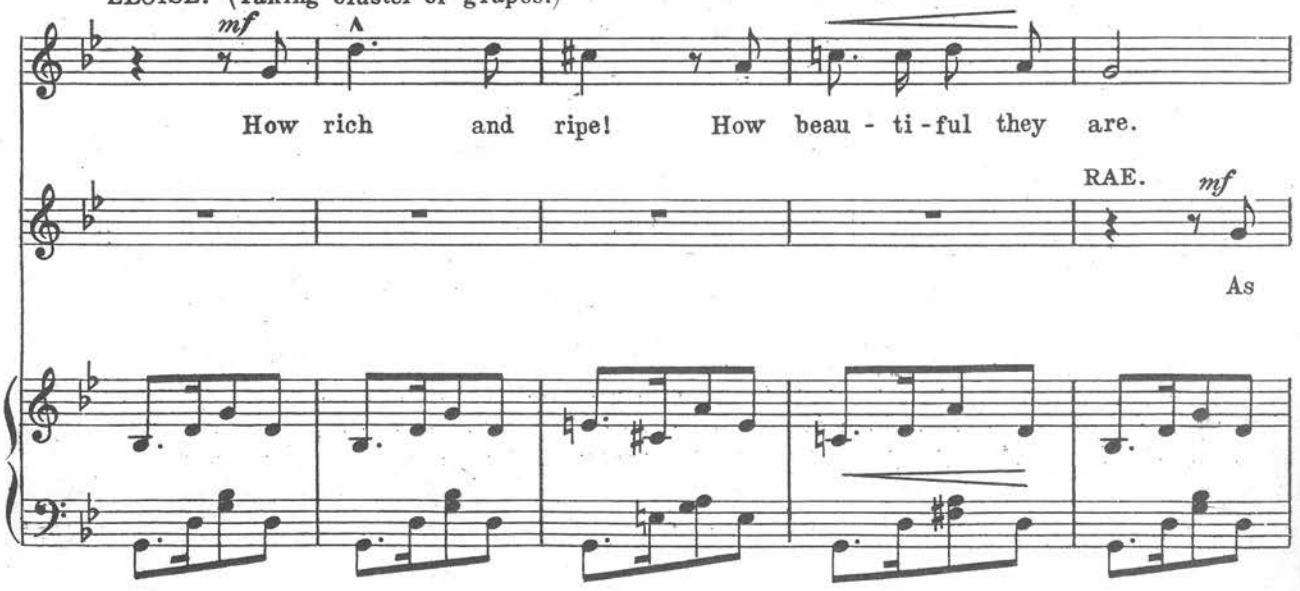
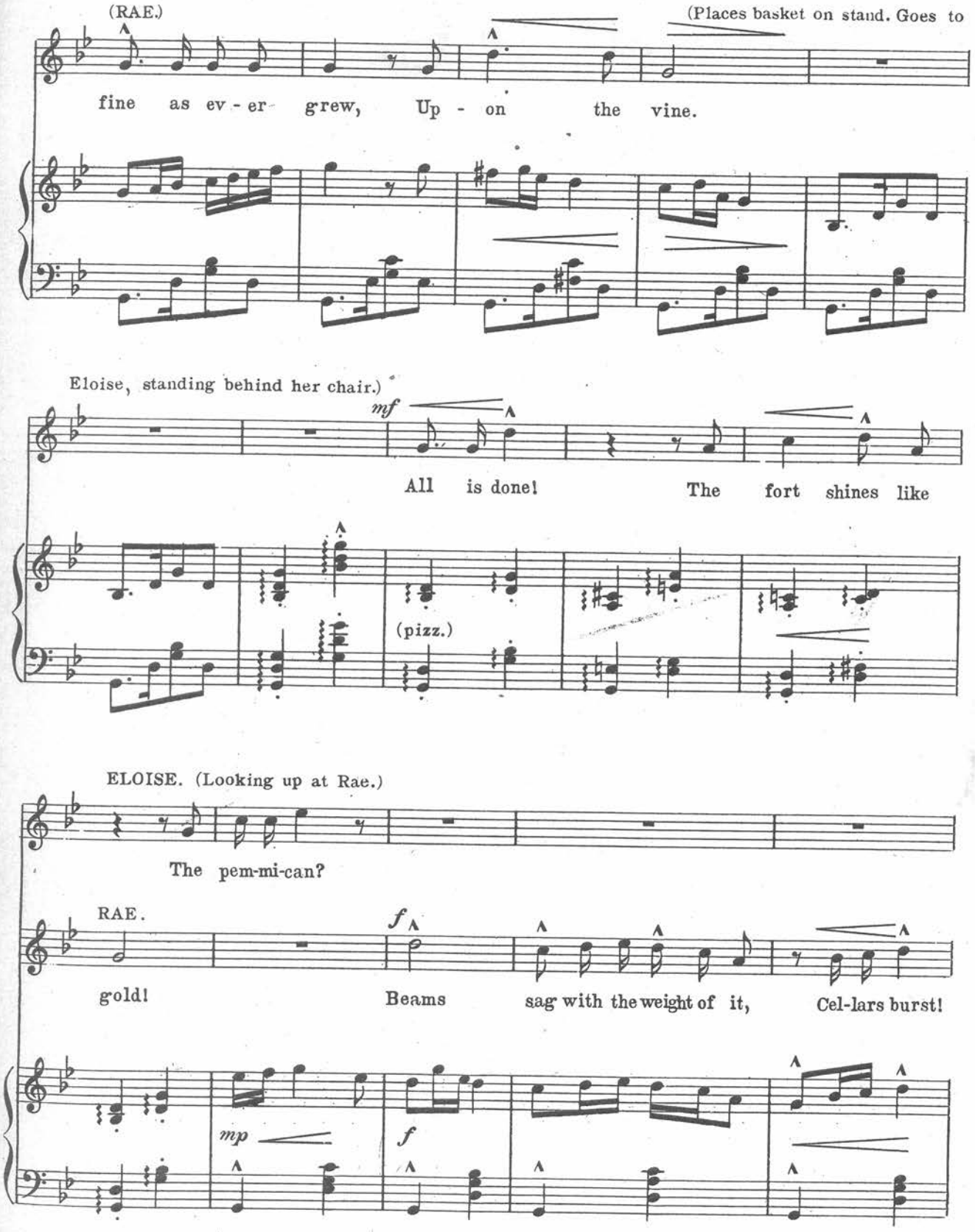


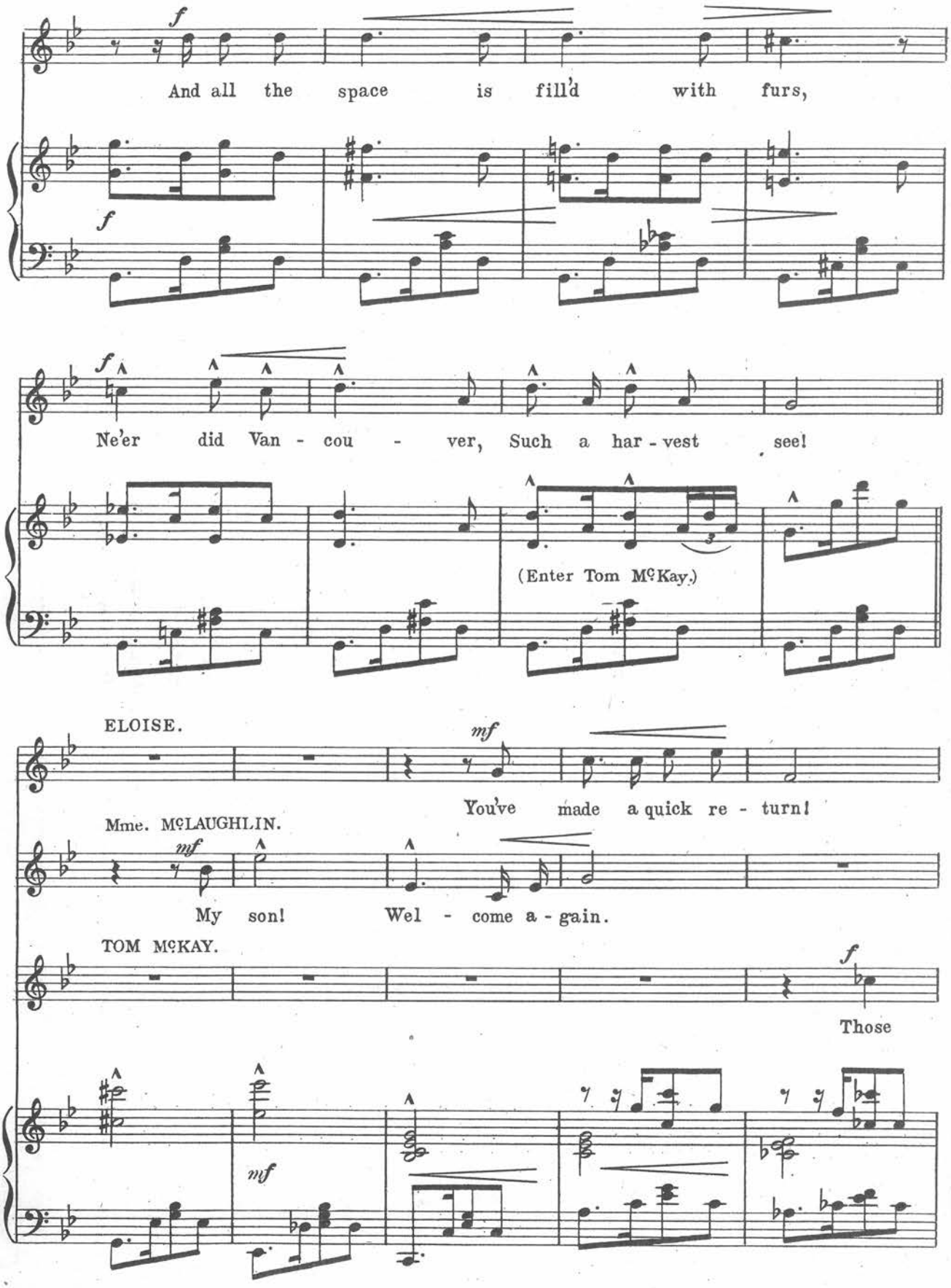
Enter William Rae with basket of beautiful grapes. Offers them in turn to ladies.

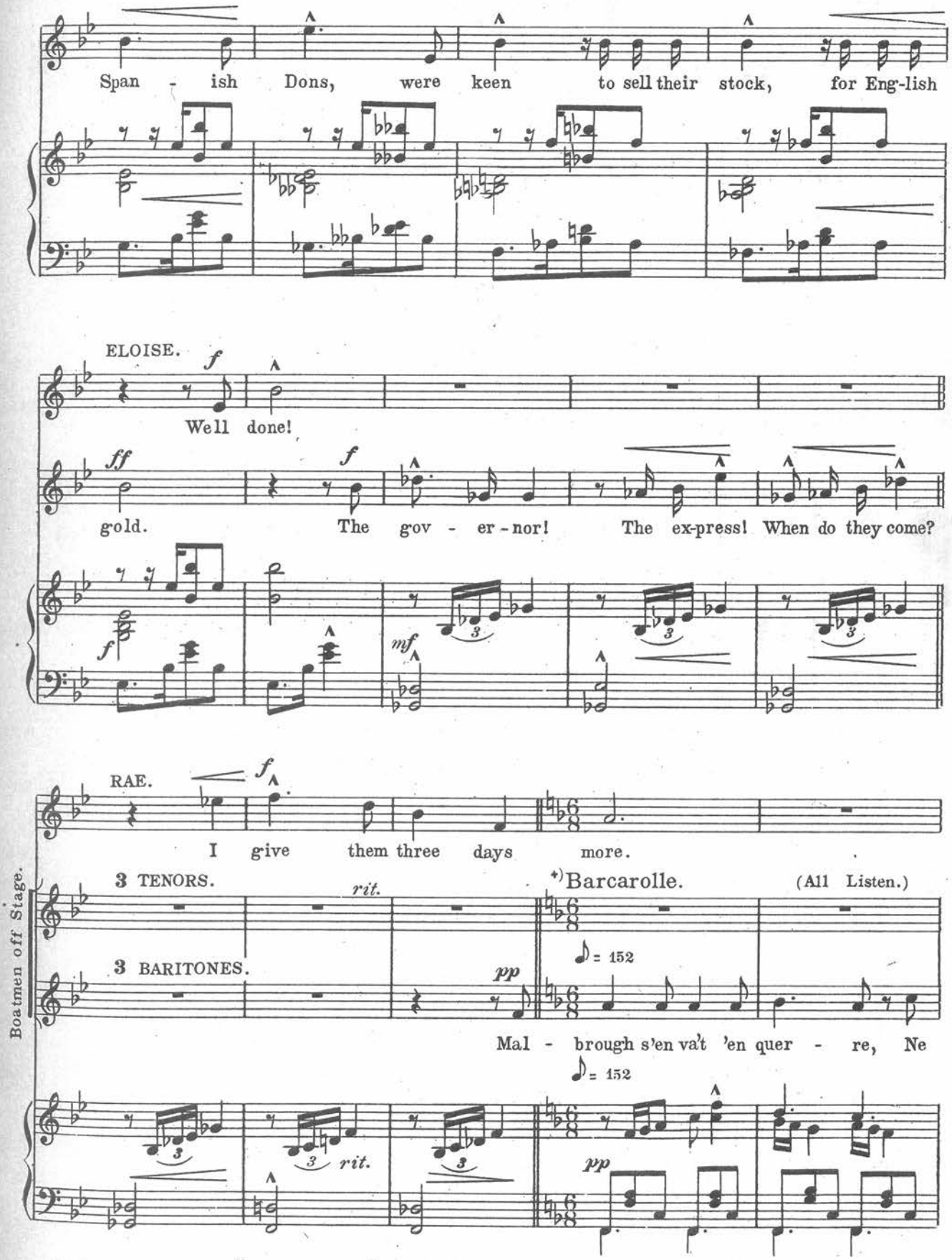


ELOISE. (Taking cluster of grapes.)

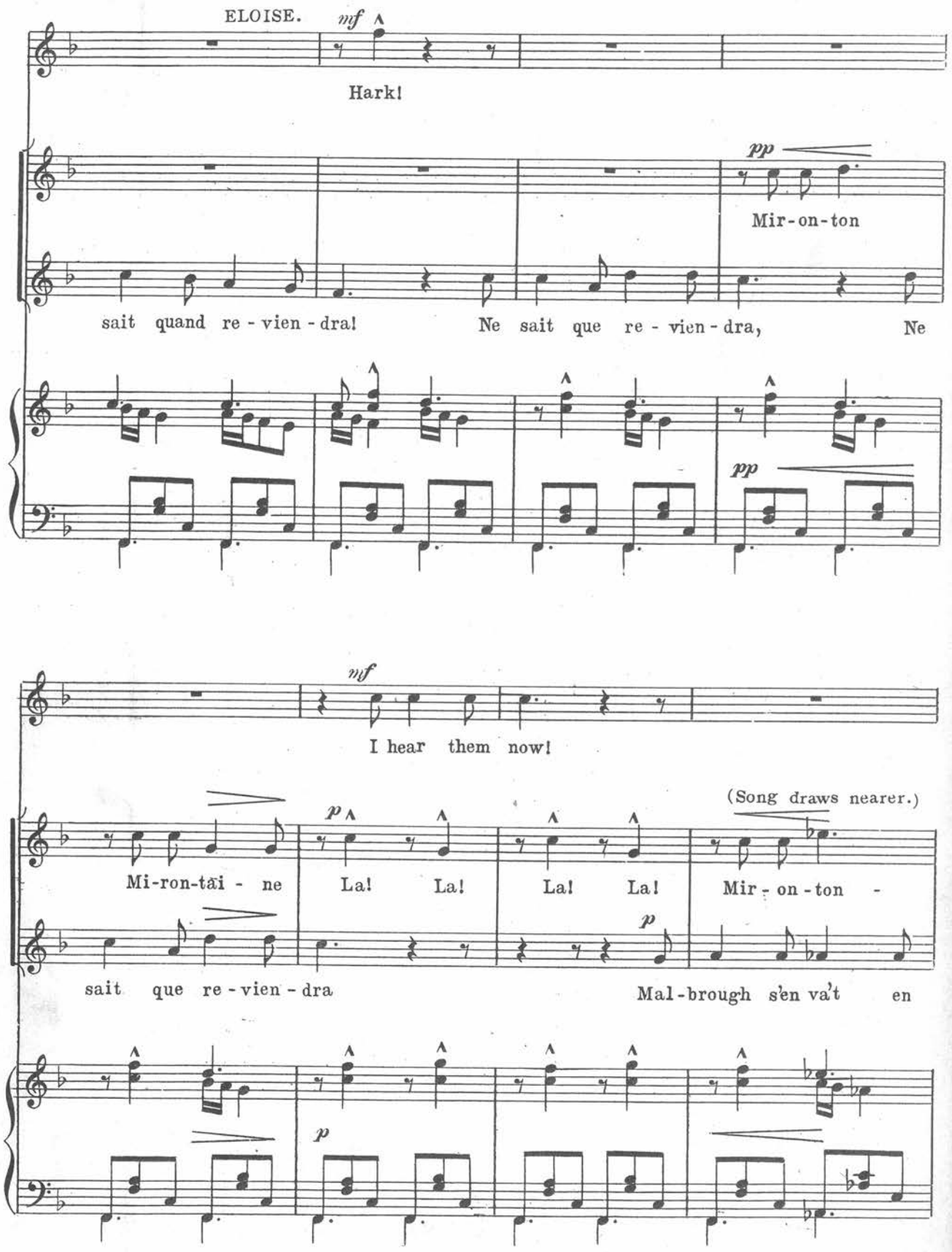


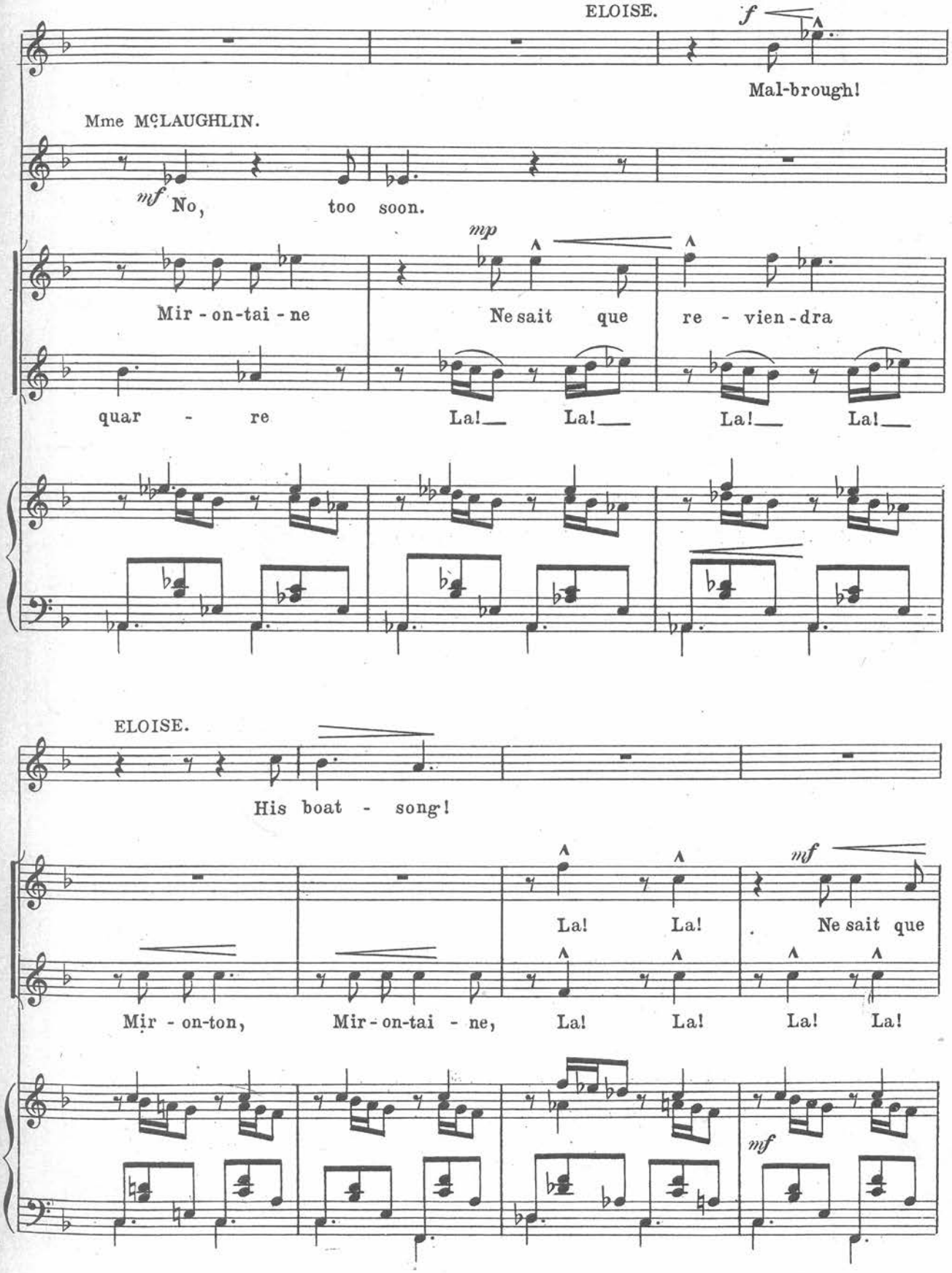

(RAE.)
(Places basket on stand. Goes to
fine as ev - er grew, Up - on the vine.
Eloise, standing behind her chair.)
mf
All is done! The fort shines like
(pizz.)
ELOISE. (Looking up at Rae.)
The pem-mi-can?
RAE.
f
gold! Beams sag with the weight of it, Cel-lars burst!
mp
f

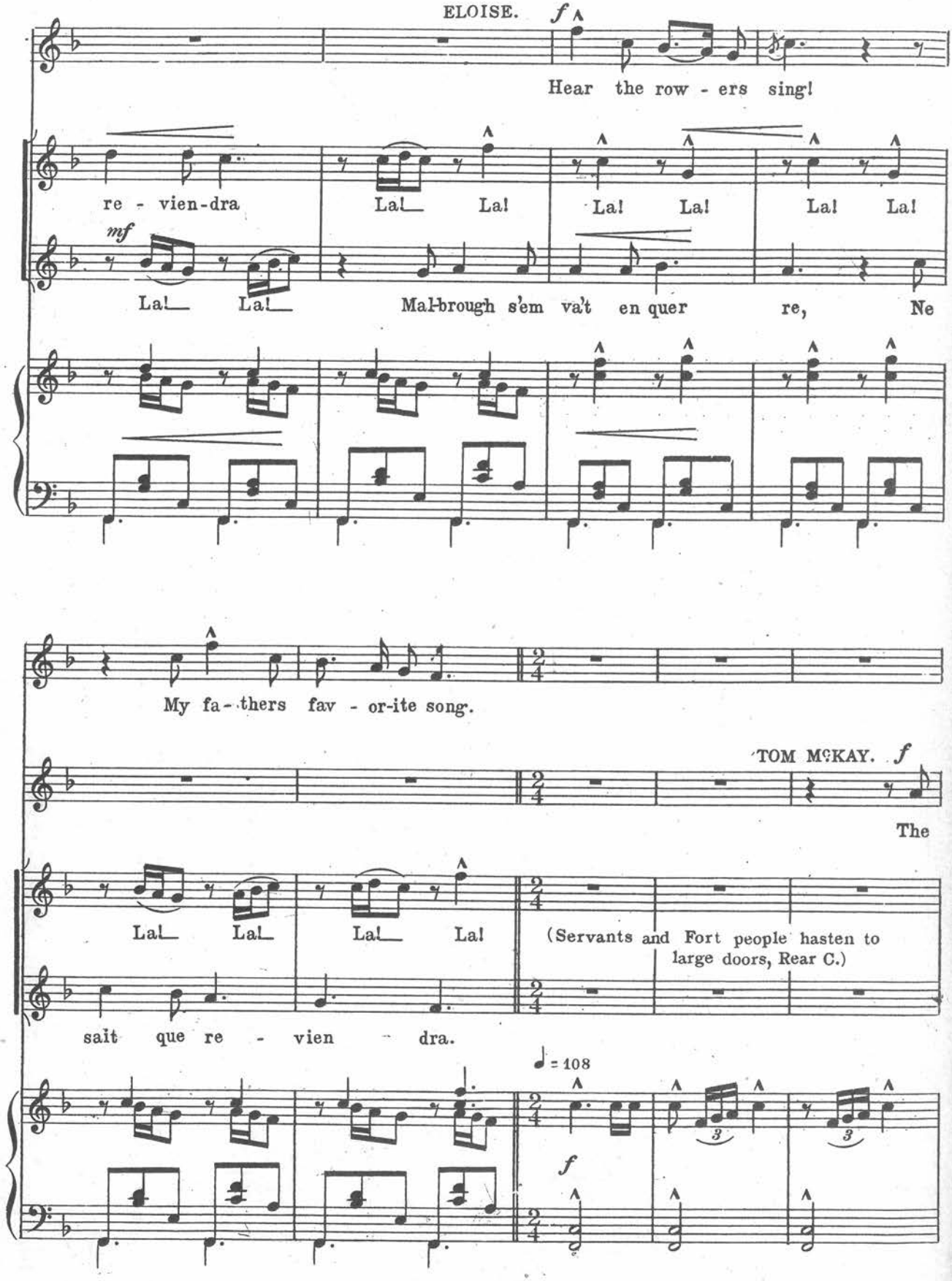

And all the space is fill'd with furs,
Ne'er did Van - cou - ver, Such a har - vest see!
(Enter Tom McKay.)
ELOISE.
You've made a quick re - turn!
Mme. McLAUGHLIN.
My son! Wel - come a - gain.
TOM McKAY.
Those

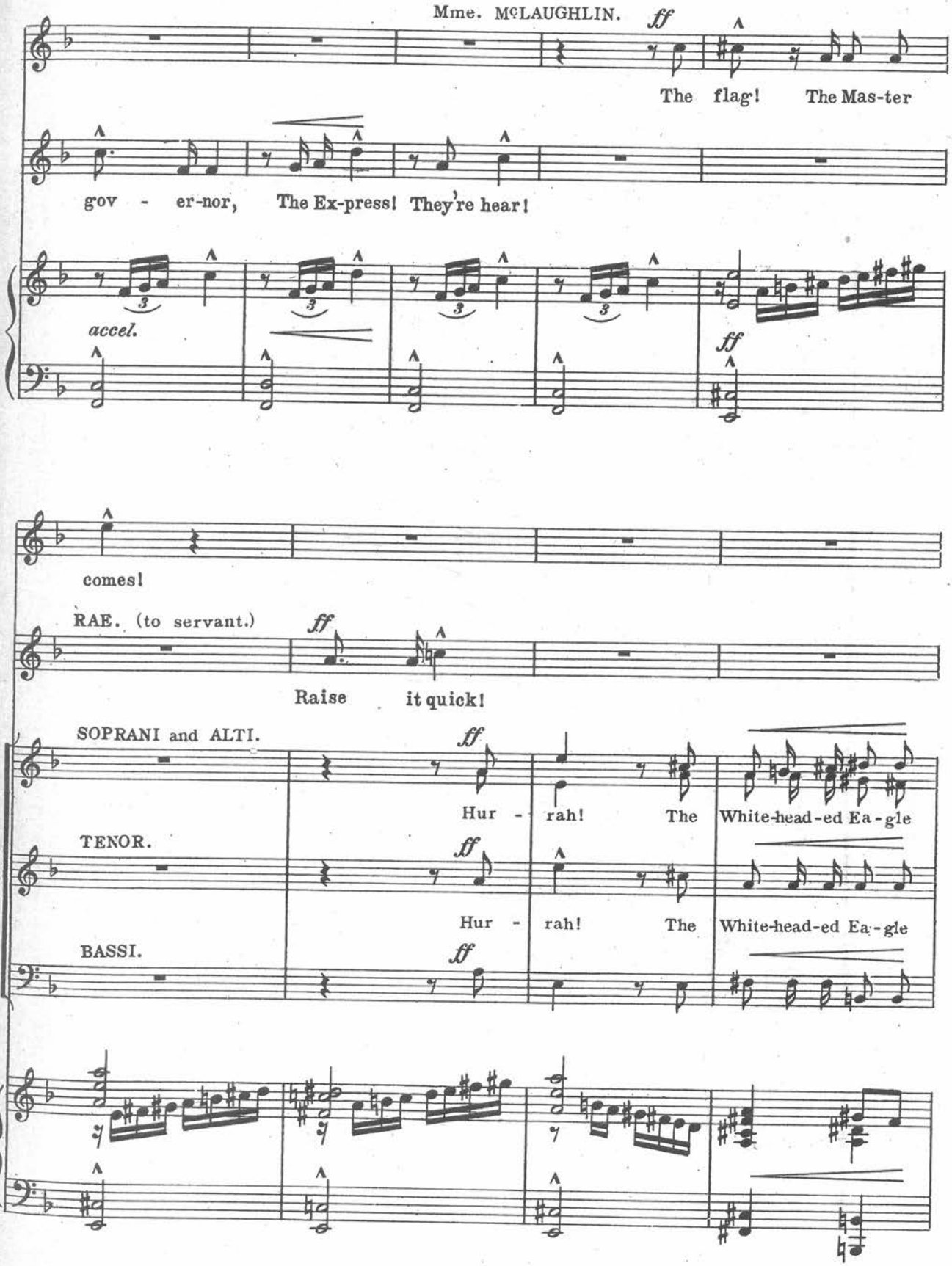


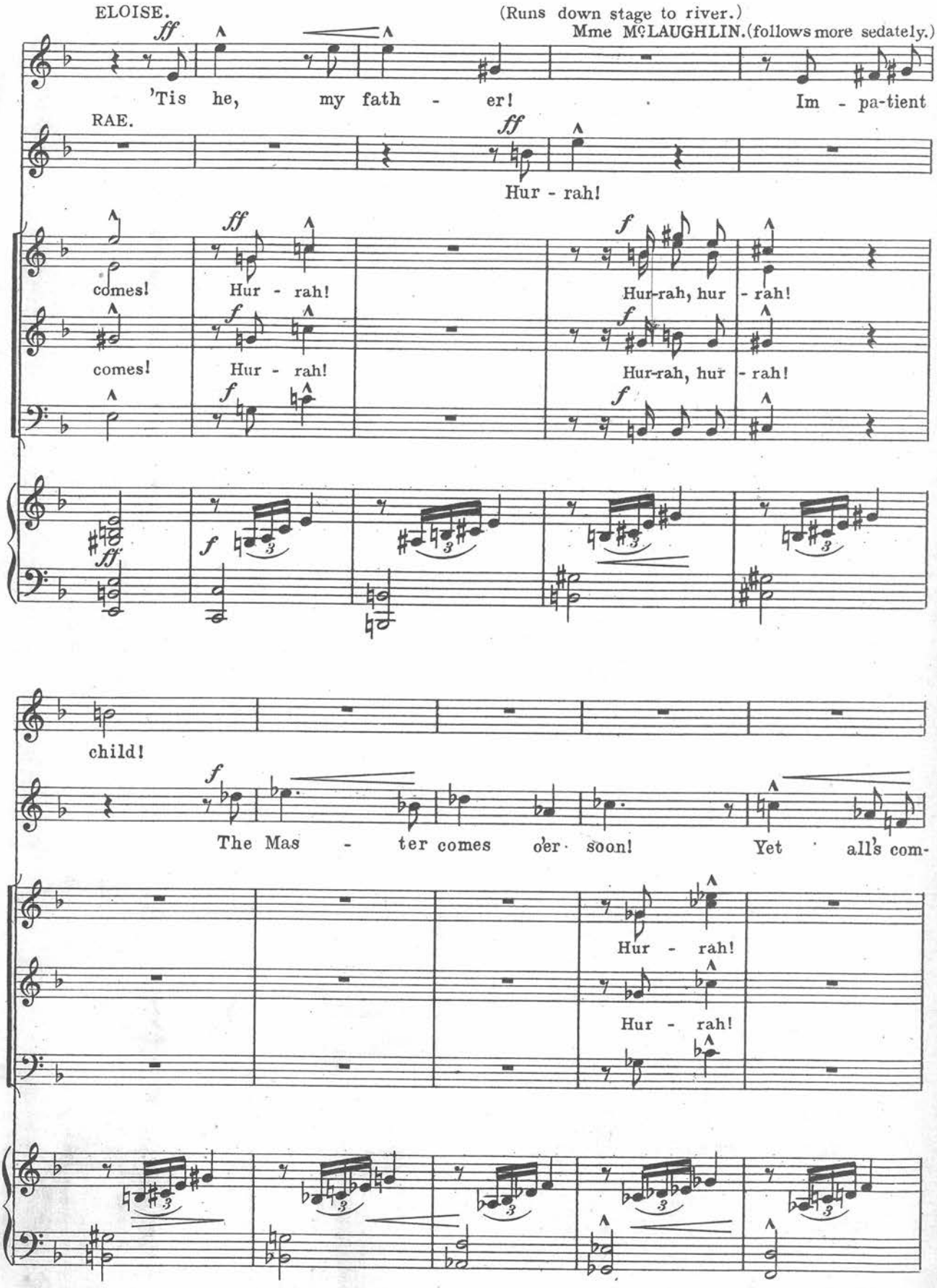
*) During Barcarolle the "People of Fort" not already on stage, enter from R. & L. (Not the Boatmen.)

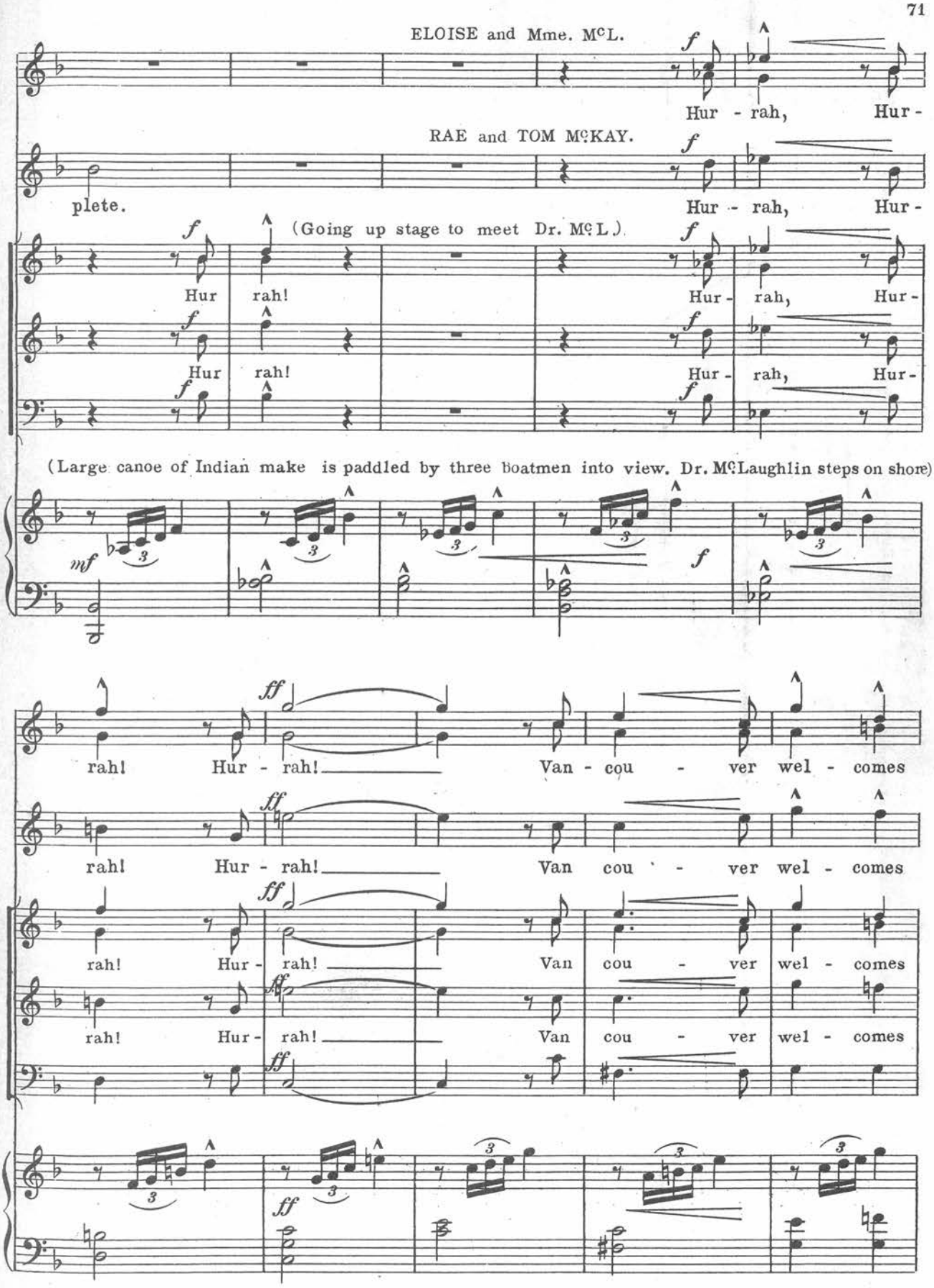

ELOISE.
mf
Hark!
pp
Mir-on-ton
sait quand re-vien-dra! Ne sait que re-vien-dra, Ne
pp
mf
I hear them now!
(Song draws nearer.)
p
Mi-ron-tăi-ne La! La! La! La! Mir-on-ton -
p
sait que re-vien-dra Mal-brough s'en va't en
p

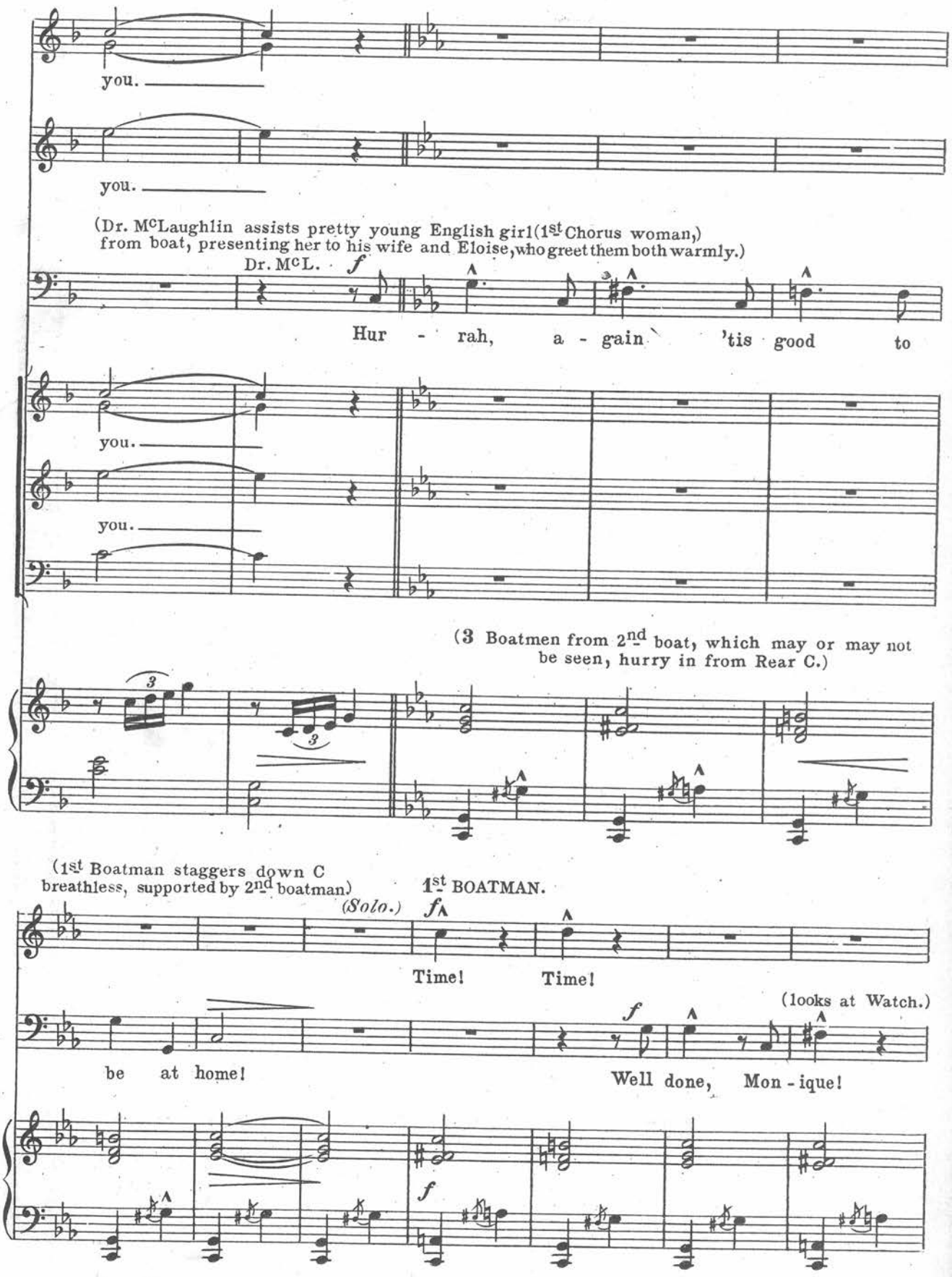

ELOISE.
f
Mal-brough!
Mme McLAUGHLIN.
mf
No, too soon.
mp
Mir - on-tai - ne Ne sait que re - vien - dra
quar - re La! La! La! La!
ELOISE.
His boat - song!
La! La! mf Ne sait que
Mir - on-ton, Mir - on-tai - ne, La! La! La! La!
mf

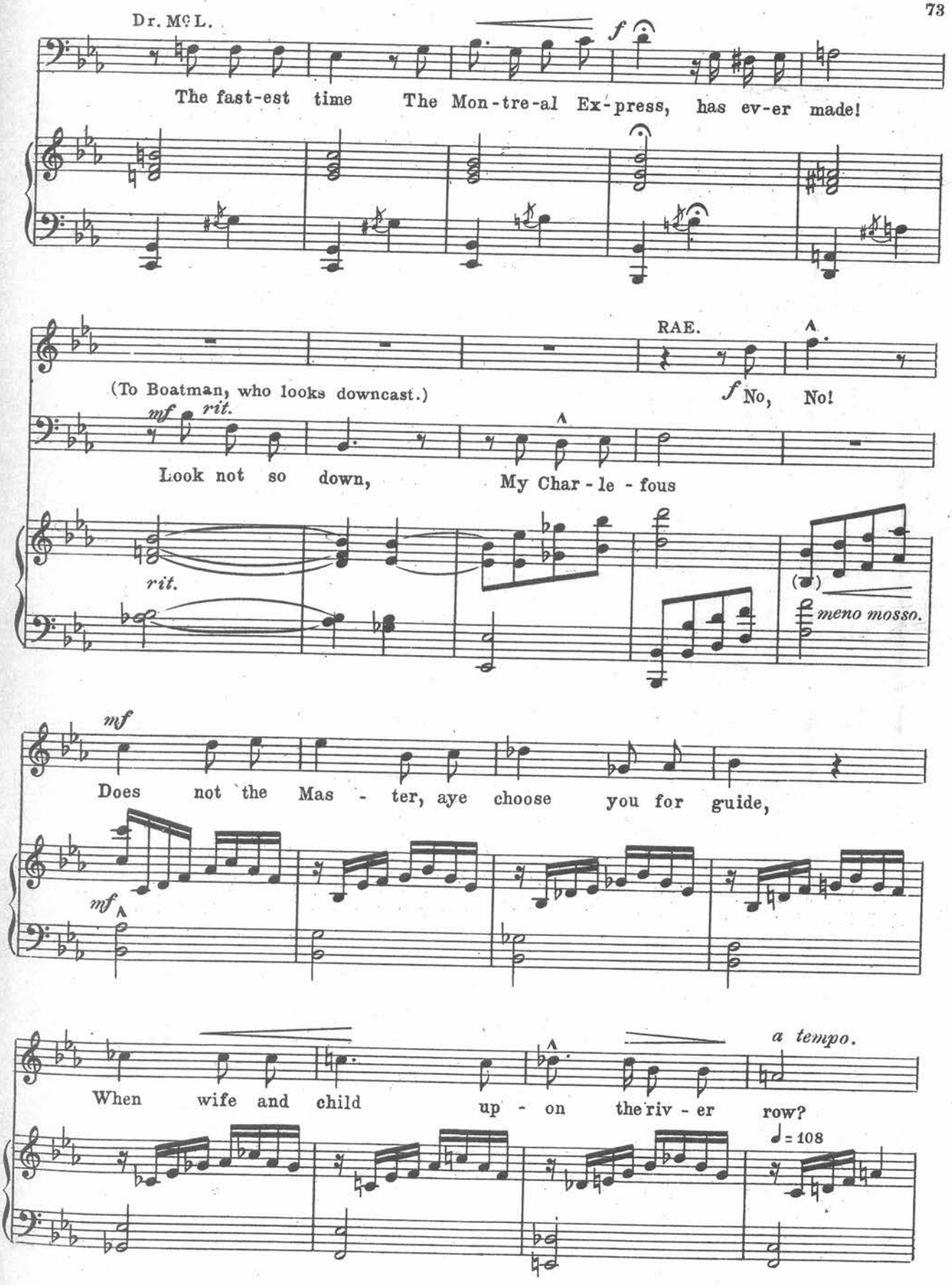

ELOISE.
f
Hear the row - ers sing!
re - vien-dra
La!
La!
La!
La!
La!
La!
mf
La!
La!
Mal-brough s'em va't en quer re, Ne
My fa - thers fav - or-ite song.
TOM McKAY.
f
The
La!
La!
La!
La!
(Servants and Fort people hasten to large doors, Rear C.)
sait que re - vien - dra.
♩ = 108
f

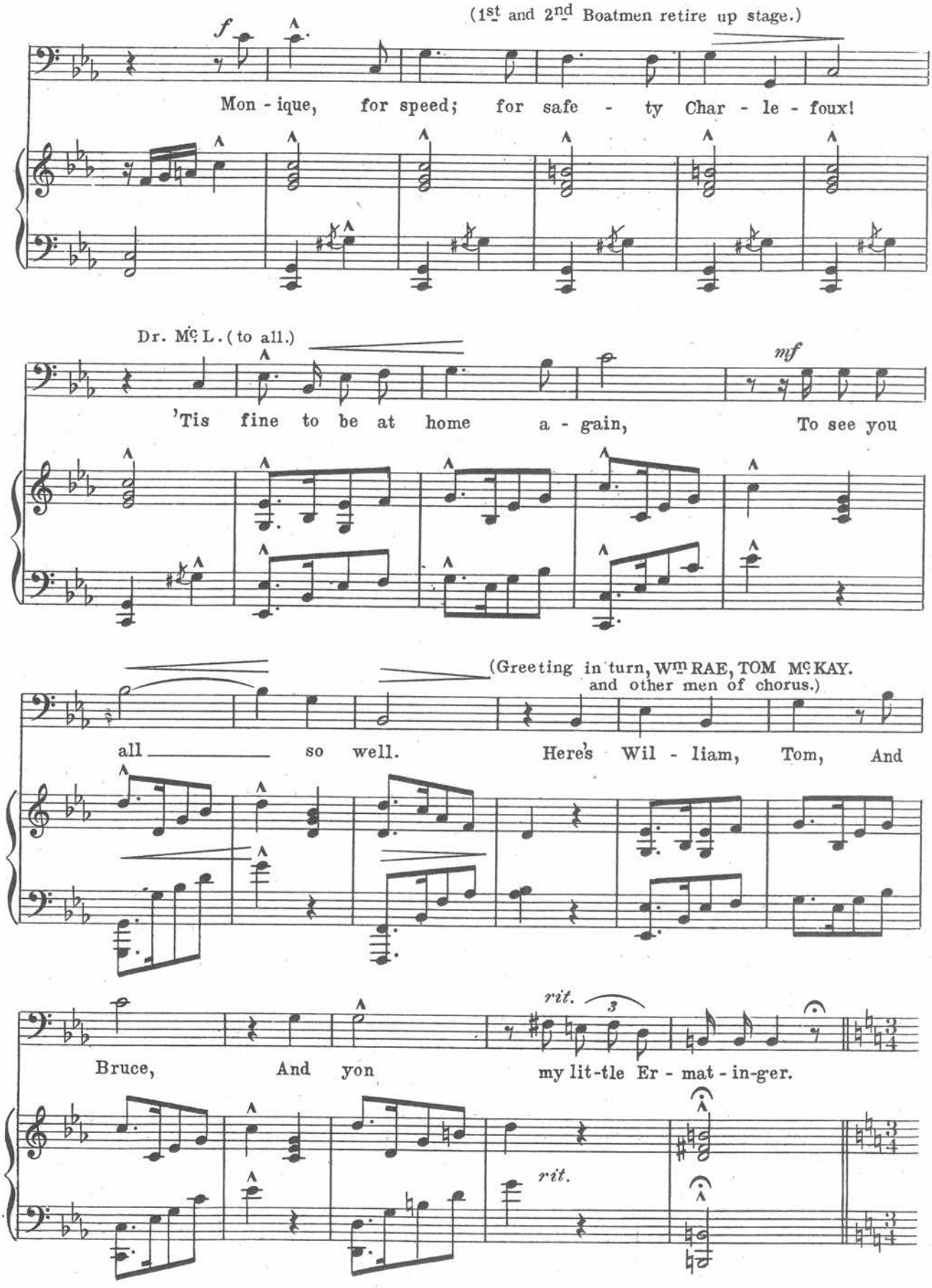

Mme. McLAUGHLIN.
ff
The flag! The Mas-ter
gov - er-nor, The Ex-press! They're hear!
accel.
ff
comes!
RAE. (to servant.)
ff
Raise it quick!
SOPRANI and ALTI.
ff
Hur - rah! The White-head-ed Ea-gle
TENOR.
ff
Hur - rah! The White-head-ed Ea-gle
BASSI.
ff
CHORUS.

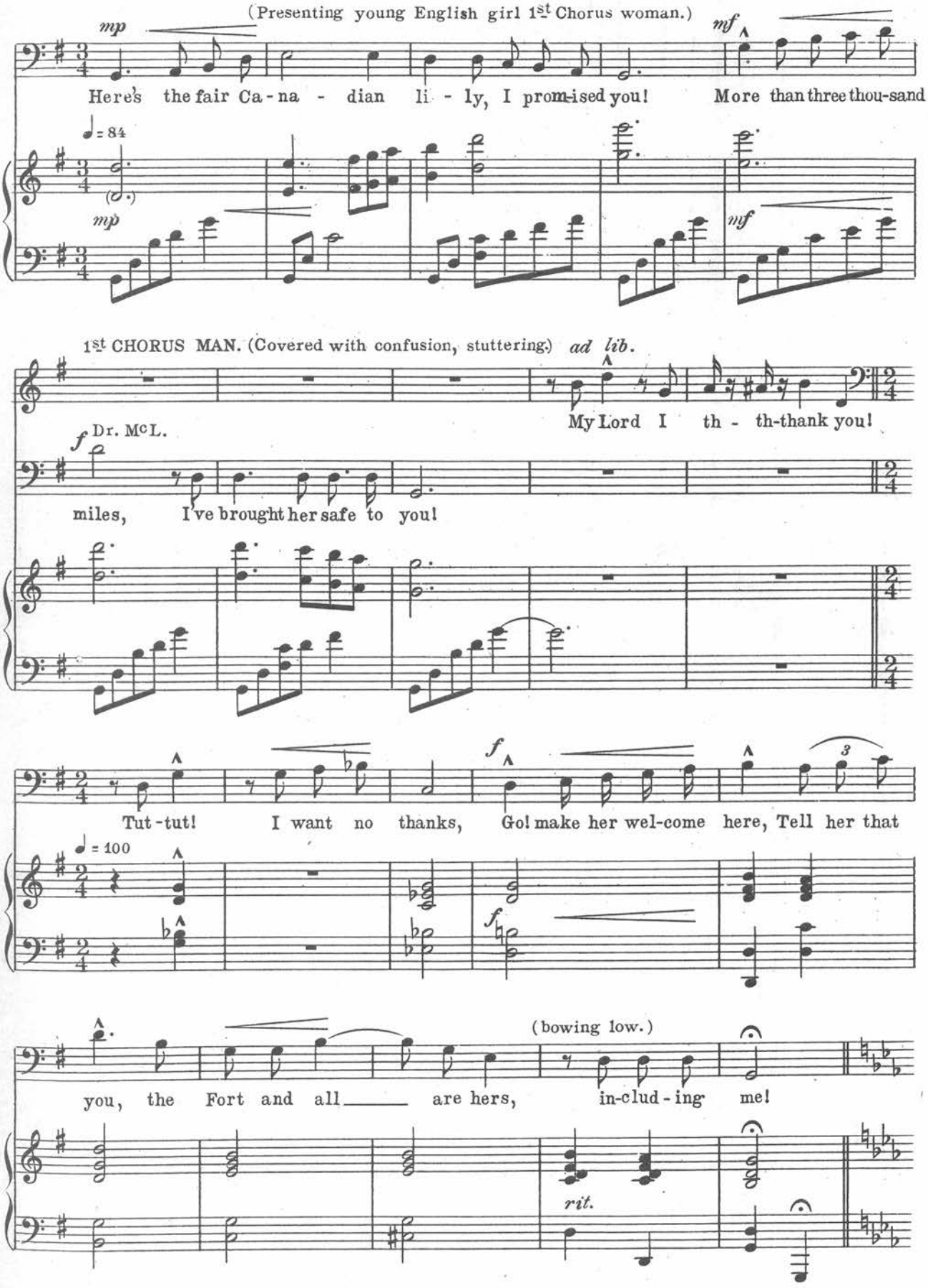

ELOISE.
(Runs down stage to river.)
Mme McLAUGHLIN. (follows more sedately.)
'Tis he, my fath - er! Im - pa-tient
RAE.
Hur - rah!
comes! Hur - rah! Hur-rah, hur - rah!
comes! Hur - rah! Hur-rah, hur - rah!
child!
The Mas - ter comes o'er soon! Yet all's com-
Hur - rah!
Hur - rah!


ELOISE and Mme. McL.
Hur - rah, Hur -
RAE and TOM McKAY.
plete.
Hur - rah, Hur -
(Going up stage to meet Dr. McL.)
Hur rah!
Hur - rah, Hur -
(Large canoe of Indian make is paddled by three boatmen into view. Dr. McLaughlin steps on shore)
rah! Hur - rah! Van - cou - ver wel - comes
rah! Hur - rah! Van cou - ver wel - comes

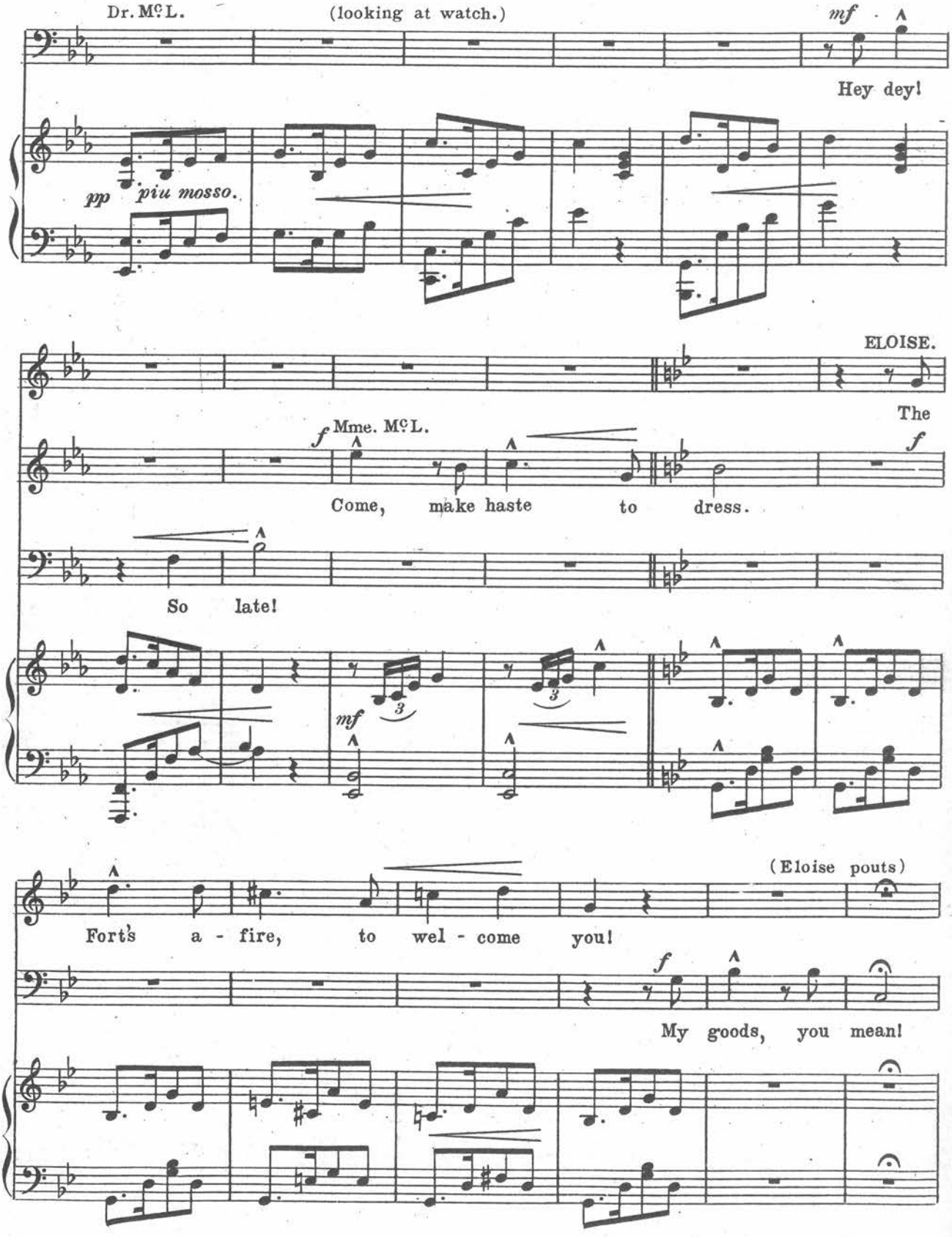

you.
you.
(Dr. McLaughlin assists pretty young English girl (1st Chorus woman,) from boat, presenting her to his wife and Eloise, who greet them both warmly.)
Dr. McL.
f
Hur - rah, a - gain 'tis good to
you.
you.
(3 Boatmen from 2nd boat, which may or may not be seen, hurry in from Rear C.)
3
3
(1st Boatman staggers down C breathless, supported by 2nd boatman)
1st BOATMAN.
(Solo.)
f
Time! Time!
(looks at Watch.)
f
be at home!
Well done, Mon - ique!
f

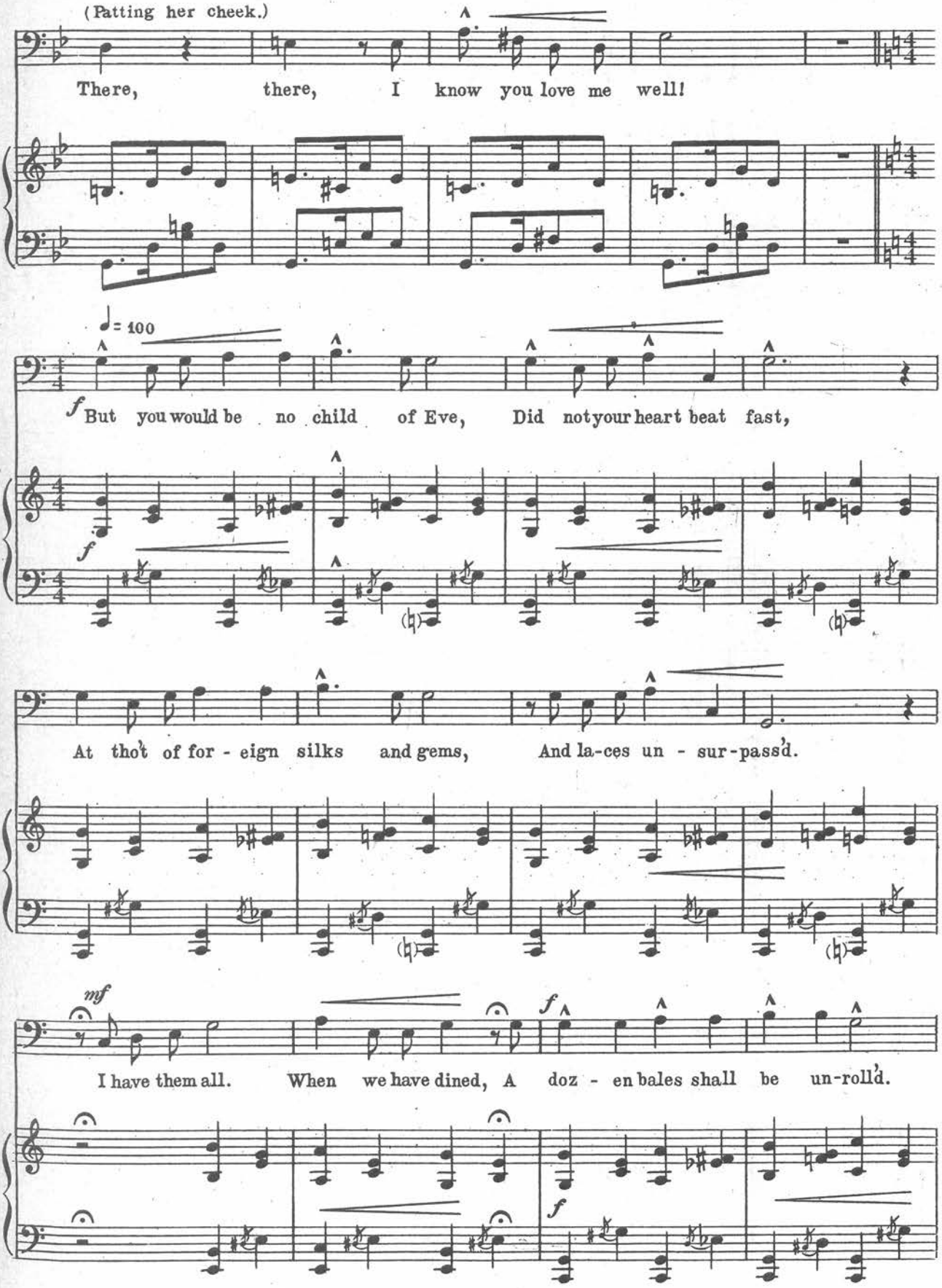

Dr. McL.
f
The fast-est time The Mon-tre-al Ex-press, has ev-er made!
RAE.
(To Boatman, who looks downcast.)
f No, No!
mf rit.
Look not so down, My Char-le-fous
rit.
meno mosso.
mf
Does not the Mas-ter, aye choose you for guide,
mf
a tempo.
When wife and child up-on the riv-er row?
♩= 108

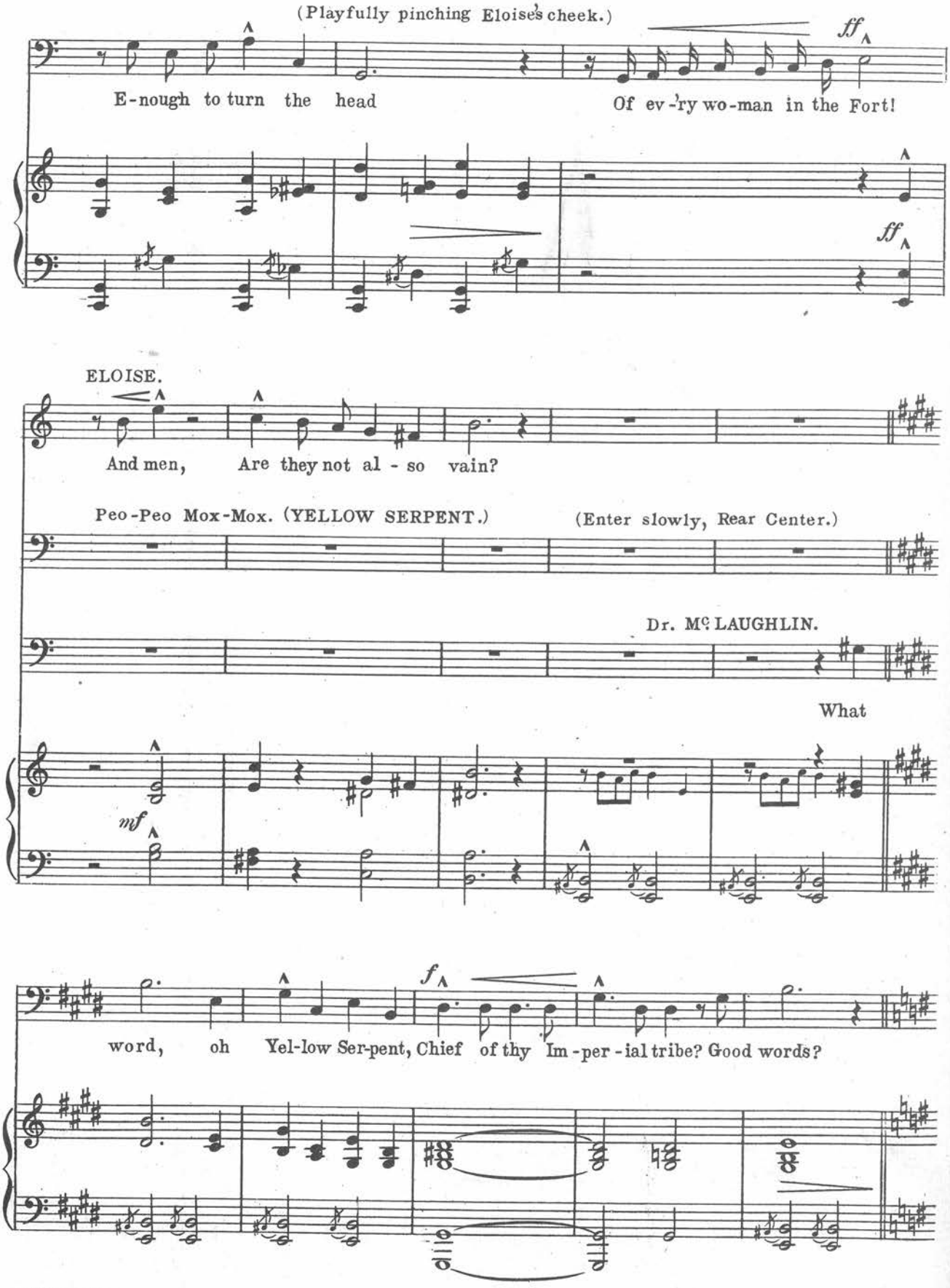

(1st and 2nd Boatmen retire up stage.)
f
Mon - ique, for speed; for safe - ty Char - le - foux!
Dr. Mc L. (to all.)
mf
'Tis fine to be at home a - gain, To see you
(Greeting in turn, Wm RAE, TOM Mc KAY. and other men of chorus.)
all so well. Here's Wil - liam, Tom, And
rit.
3
Bruce, And yon my lit-tle Er - mat - in-ger.
rit.


(Presenting young English girl 1st Chorus woman.)
mp
mf
Here's the fair Ca - na - dian li - ly, I prom-ised you! More than three thou-sand
♩= 84
mp
mf
1st CHORUS MAN. (Covered with confusion, stuttering.) ad lib.
My Lord I th - th-thank you!
f Dr. McL.
miles, I've brought her safe to you!
Tut-tut! I want no thanks, Go! make her wel-come here, Tell her that
♩= 100
f
f
(bowing low.)
you, the Fort and all ____ are hers, in-clud-ing me!
rit.

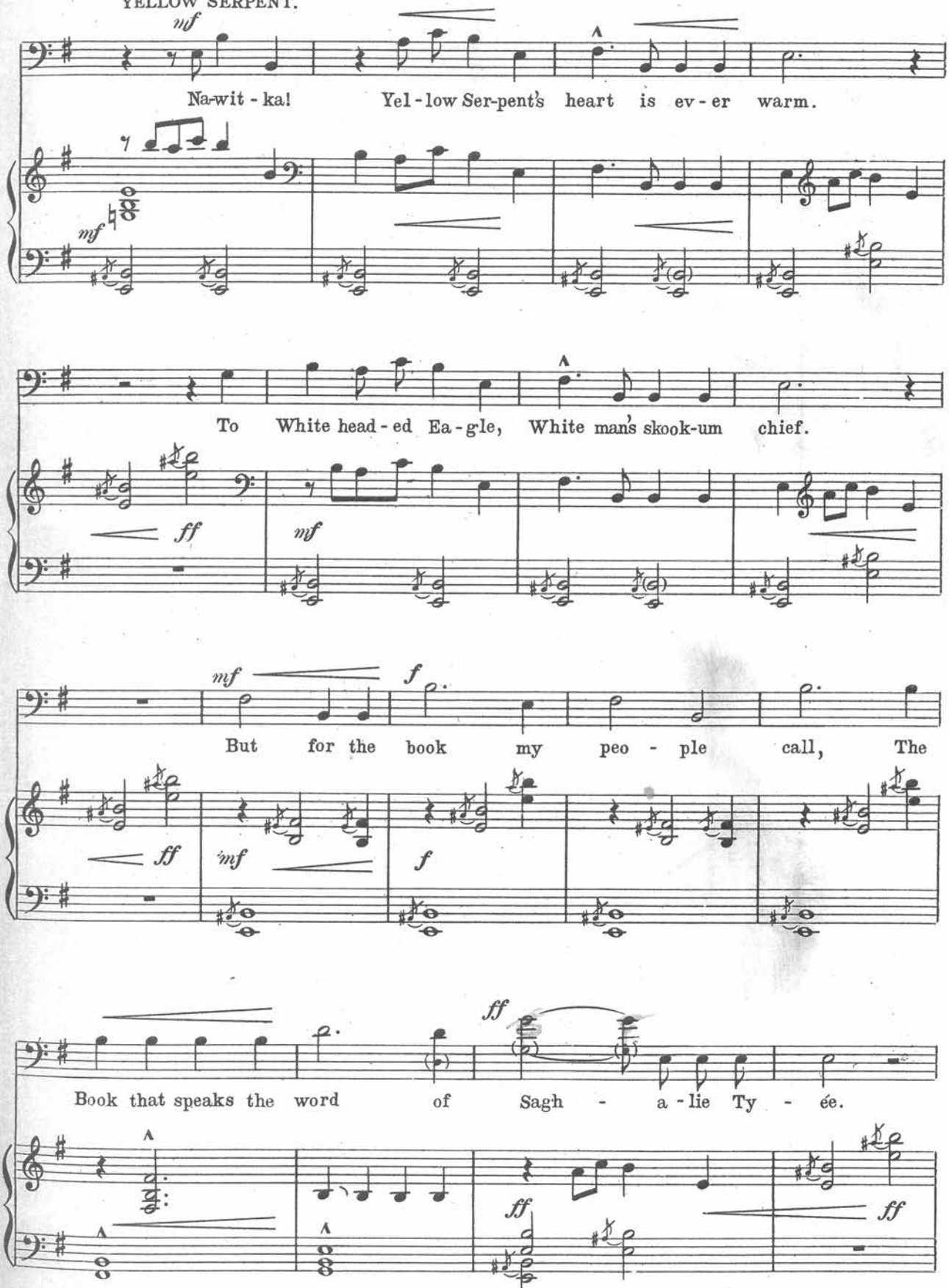
Exit. 1st Chorus-man and 1st Chorus woman, Rear C. after bowing acknowledgement to Dr. Mc Laughlin. Gradually all others exit, Rear C., leaving Dr. McL., Mme. McL. Eloise and Rae.



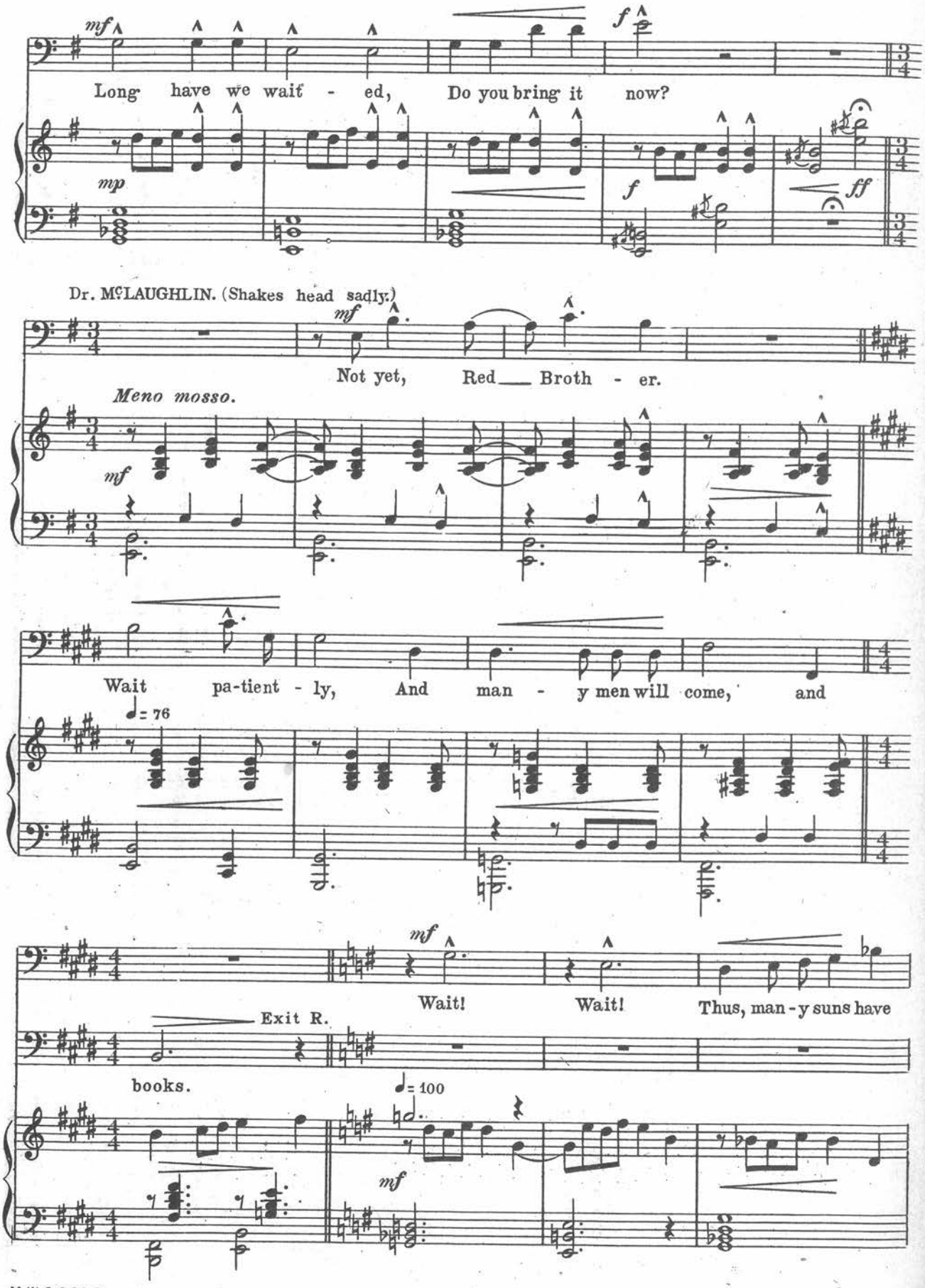

(Patting her cheek.)
There, there, I know you love me well!
♩= 100
f But you would be no child of Eve, Did not your heart beat fast,
f
At tho't of for - eign silks and gems, And la-ces un - sur-pass'd.
mf
I have them all. When we have dined, A doz - en bales shall be un-roll'd.
f
f

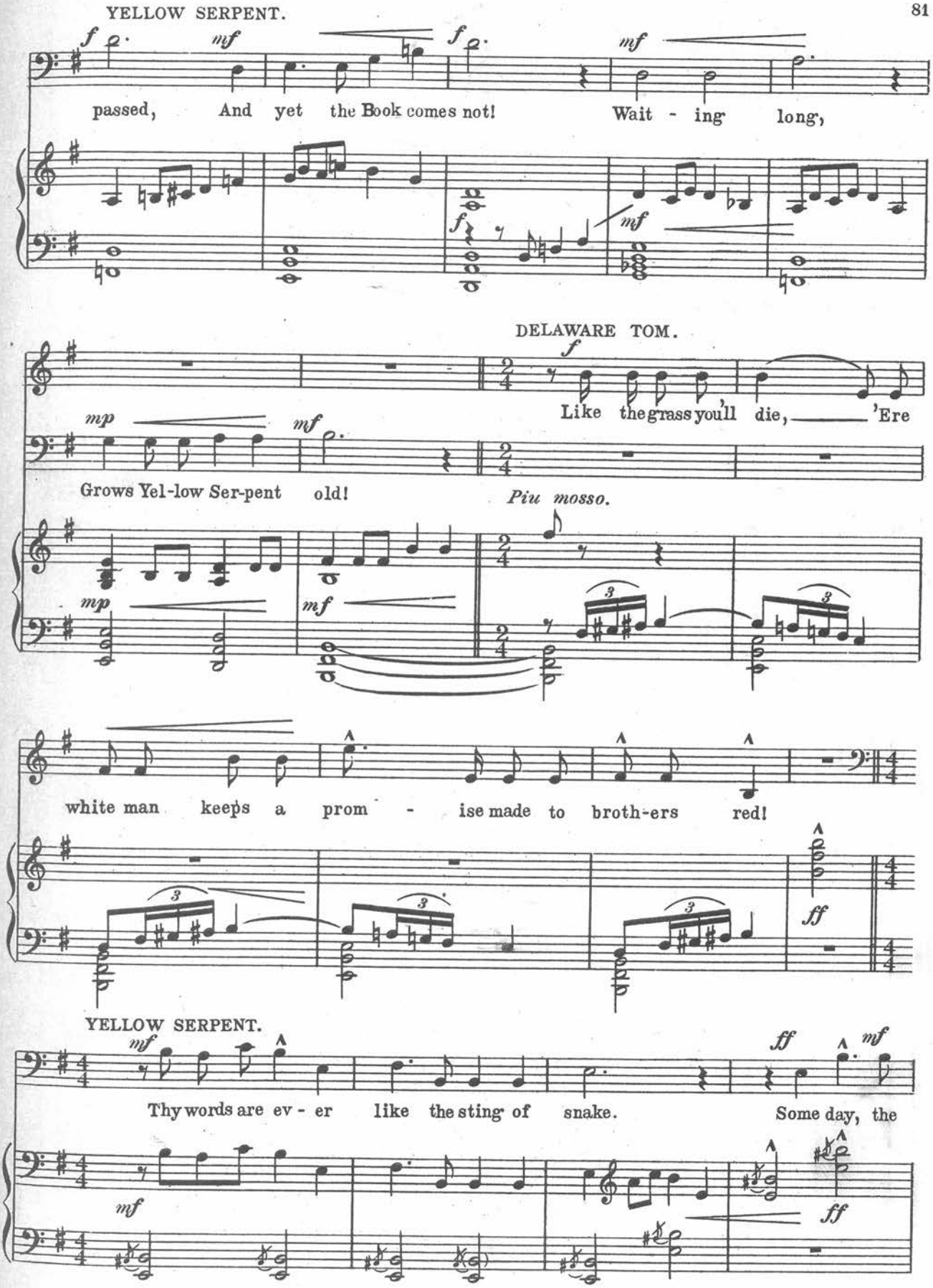

(Playfully pinching Eloise's cheek.)
ff
E-nough to turn the head
Of ev-'ry wo-man in the Fort!
ff
ELOISE.
And men, Are they not al - so vain?
Peo-Peo Mox-Mox. (YELLOW SERPENT.)
(Enter slowly, Rear Center.)
Dr. Mc LAUGHLIN.
What
mf
f
word, oh Yel-low Ser-pent, Chief of thy Im-per-ial tribe? Good words?

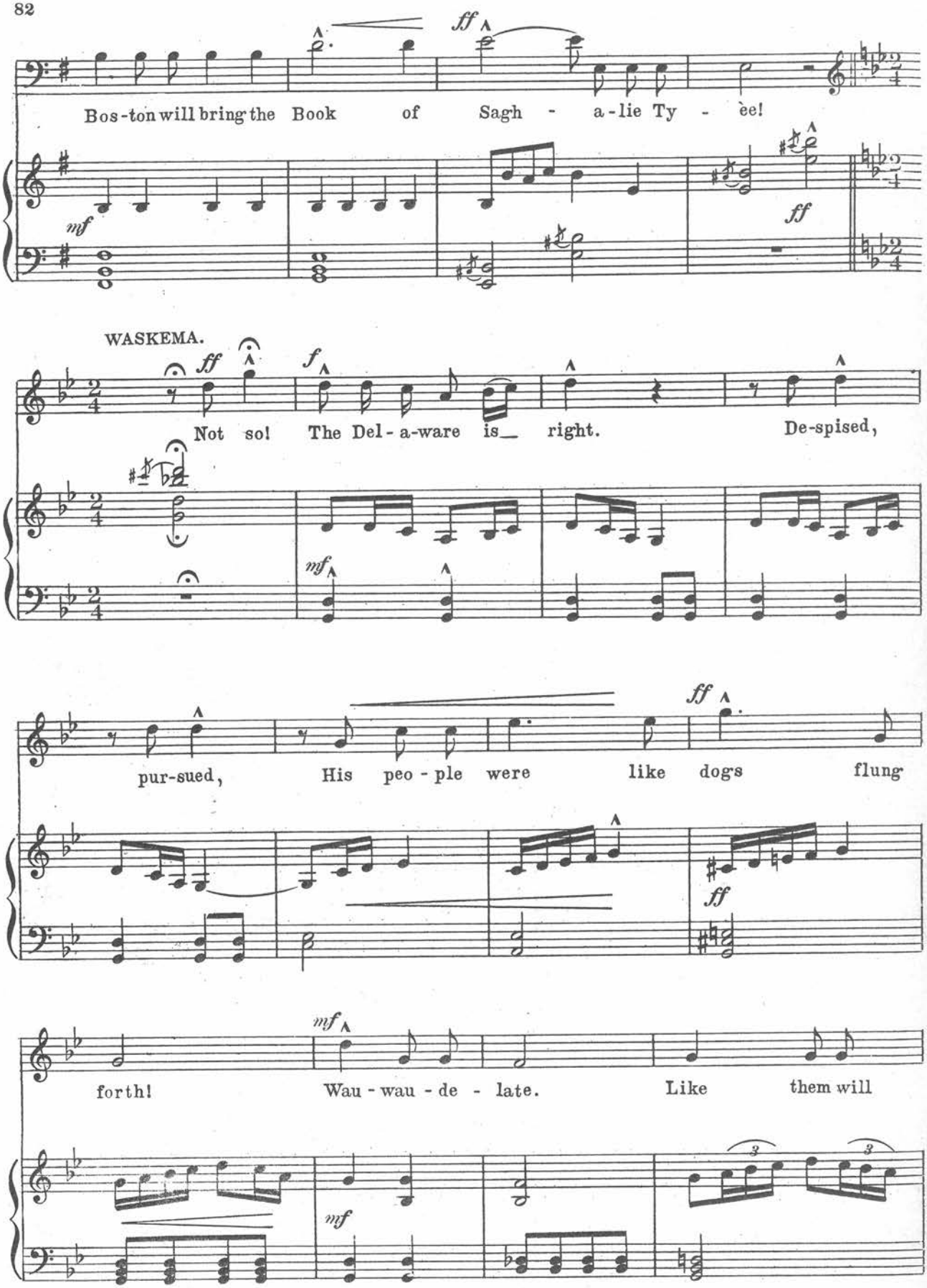
YELLOW SERPENT.

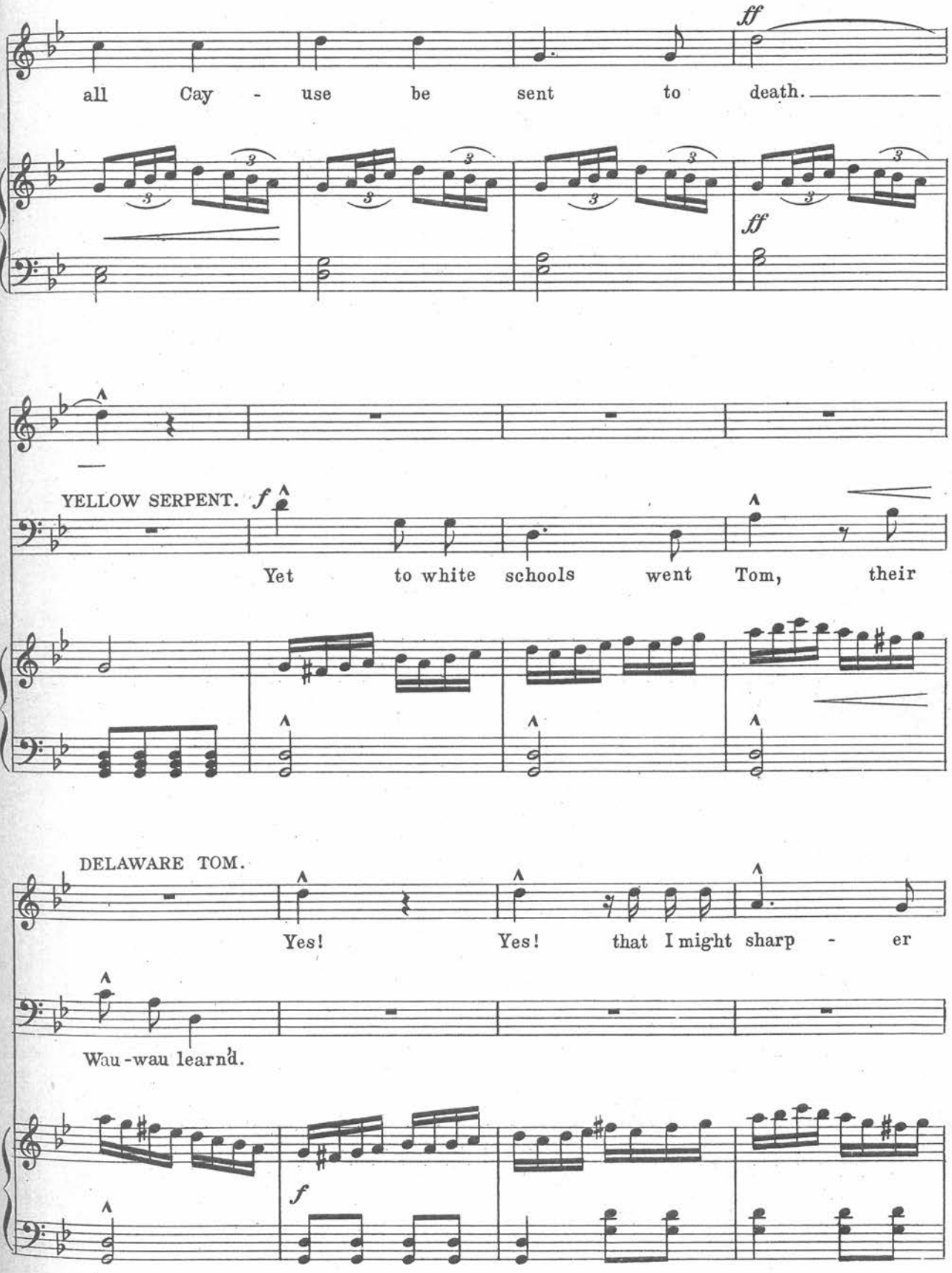


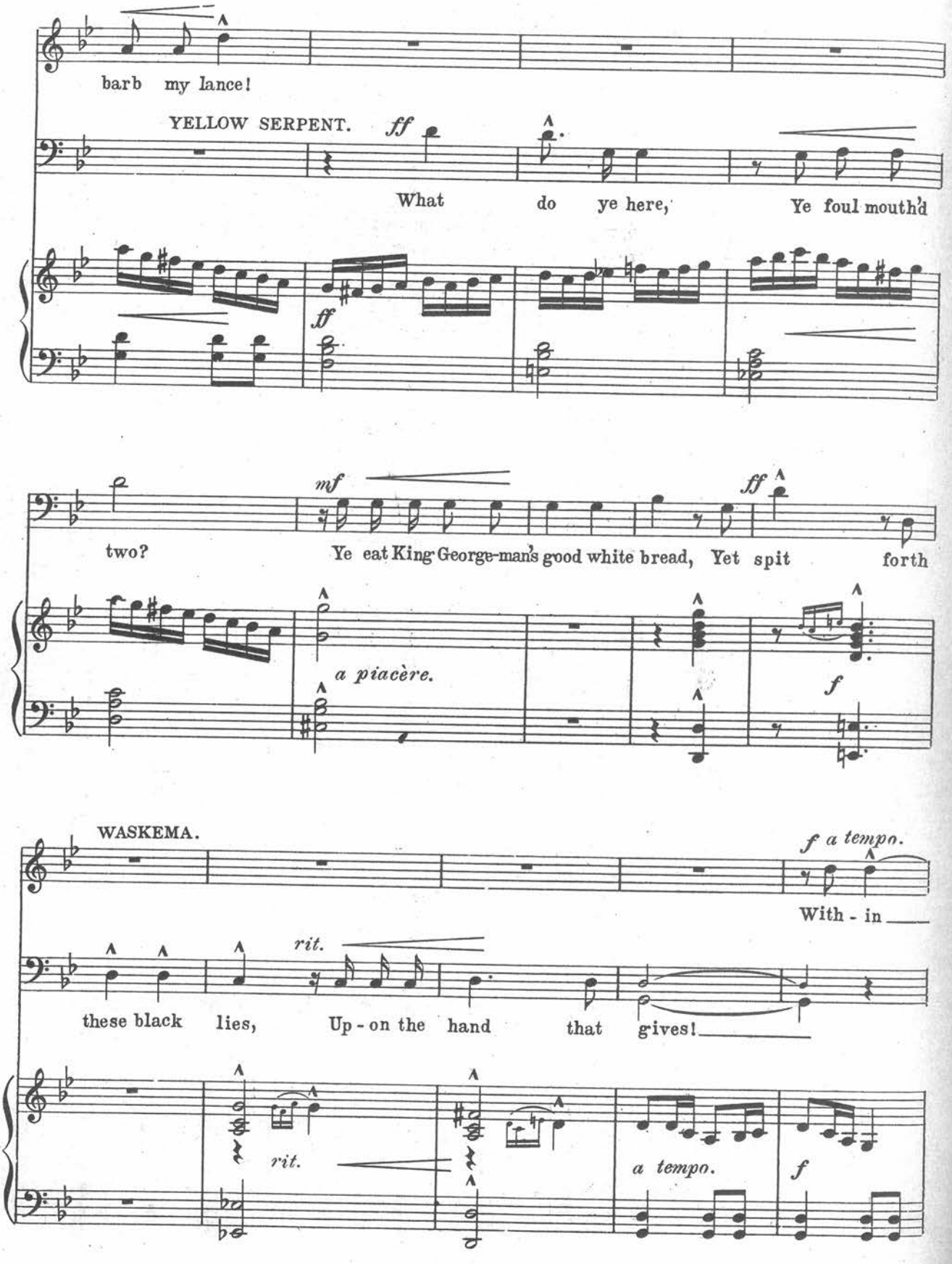
Enter Rear C., Waskema followed by Delaware Tom. McLaughlin pays no attention to them.

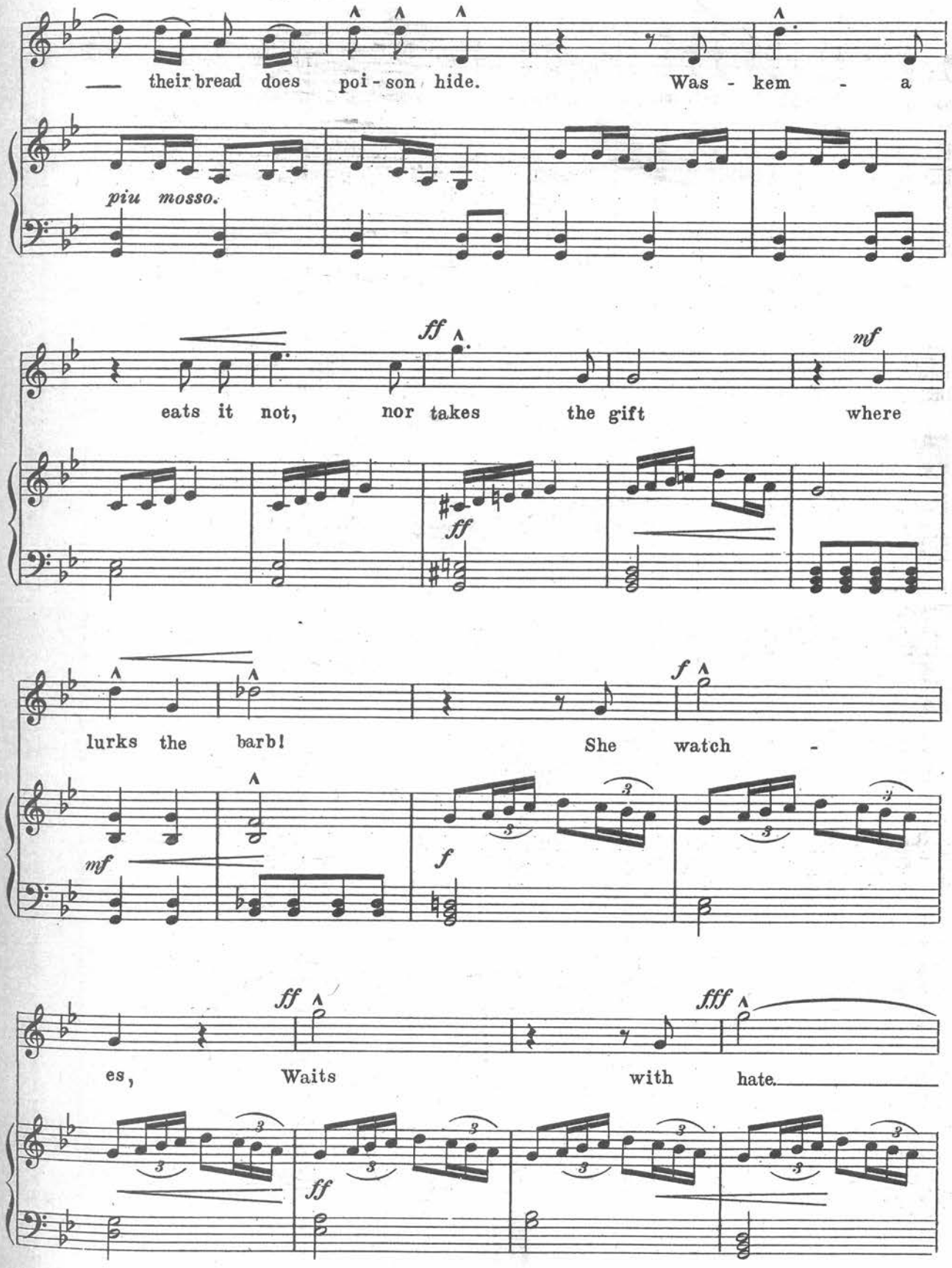

mf
Long have we wait - ed,
f
Do you bring it now?
mp
f
ff
Dr. McLAUGHLIN. (Shakes head sadly.)
mf
Not yet, Red___ Broth - er.
Meno mosso.
mf
Wait pa-tient - ly, And man - y men will come, and
♩= 76
mf
Wait! Wait! Thus, man - y suns have
Exit R.
books.
♩= 100
mf

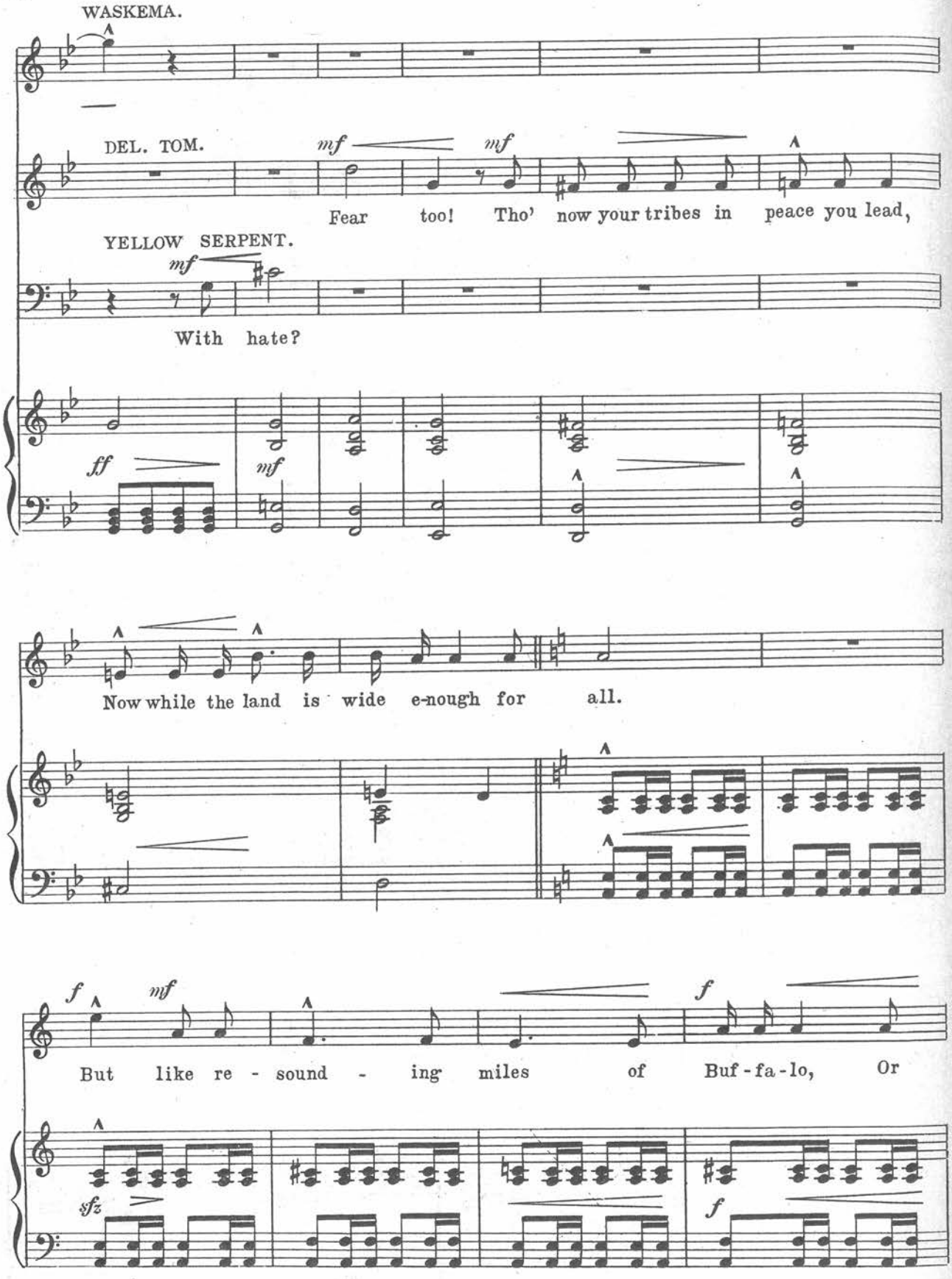

YELLOW SERPENT.
passed, And yet the Book comes not! Wait - ing long,
DELAWARE TOM.
Like the grass you'll die, 'Ere
Grows Yel-low Ser-pent old!
Piu mosso.
white man keeps a prom - ise made to broth-ers red!
YELLOW SERPENT.
Thy words are ev - er like the sting of snake. Some day, the

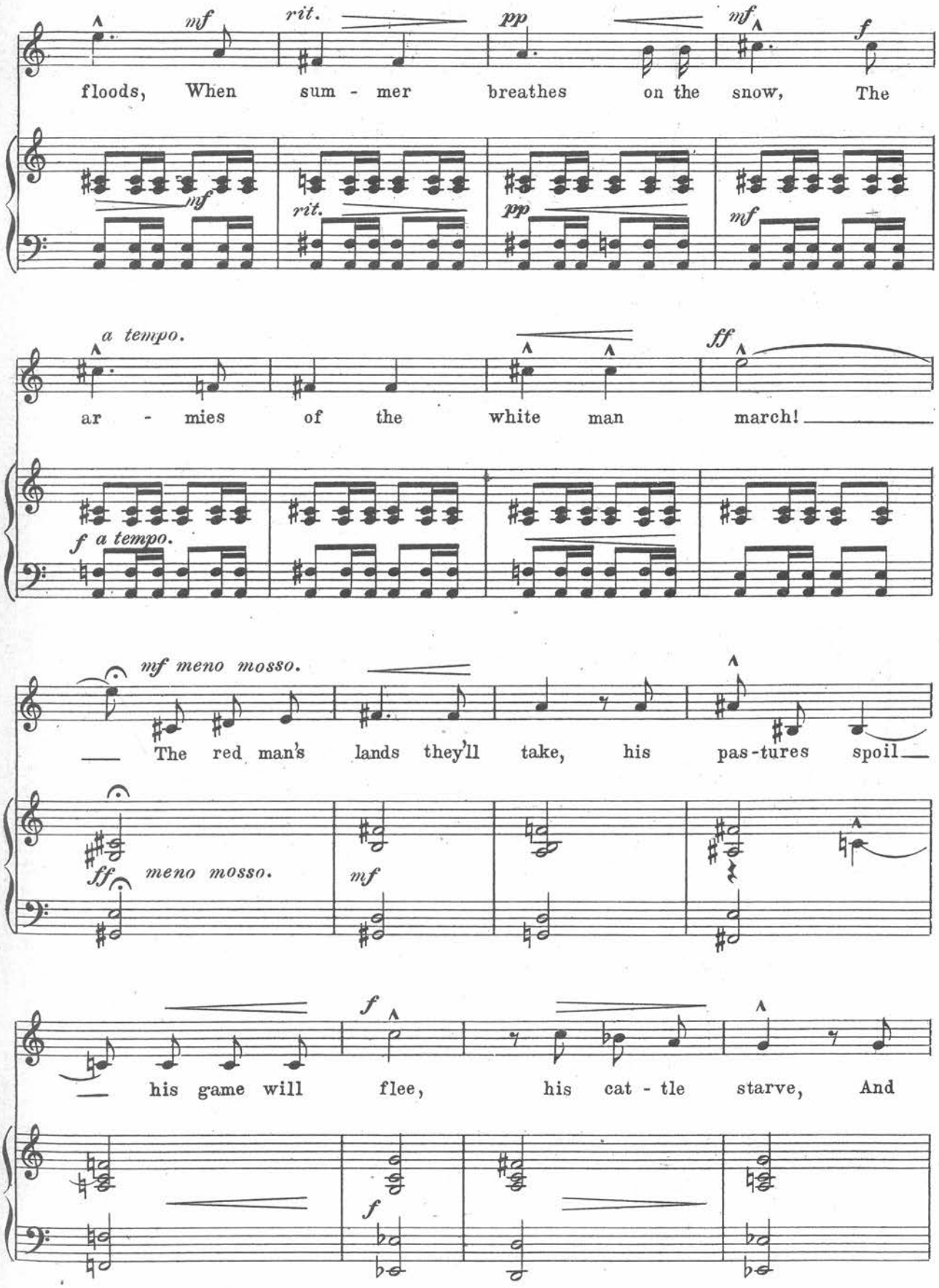

Bos-ton will bring the Book of Sagh - a-lie Ty - èe!
WASKEMA.
Not so! The Del-a-ware is_ right. De-spised,
pur-sued, His peo-ple were like dogs flung
forth! Wau-wau-de-late. Like them will

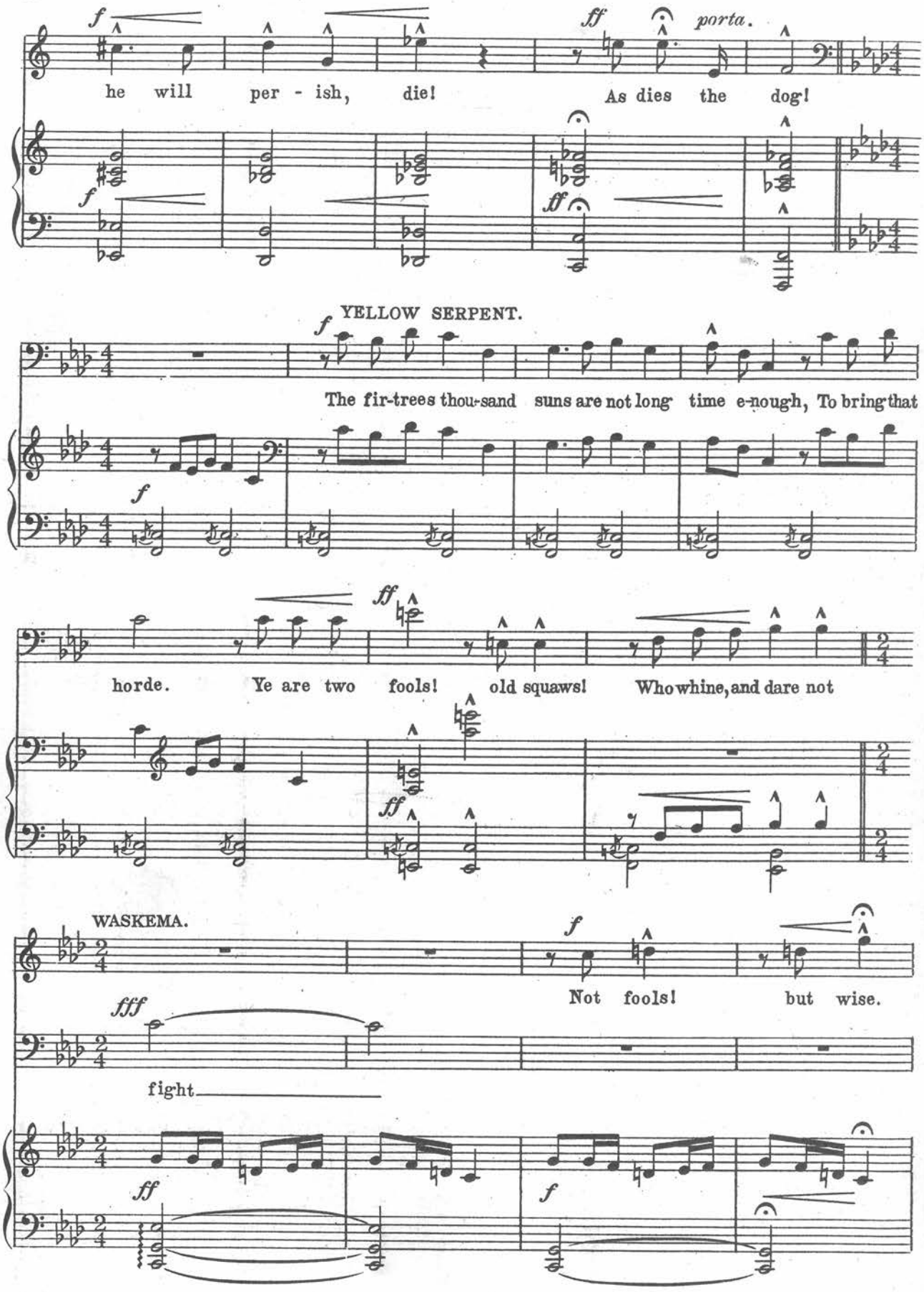

ff
all Cay - use be sent to death.
ff
YELLOW SERPENT. f
Yet to white schools went Tom, their
DELAWARE TOM.
Yes! Yes! that I might sharp - er
Wau-wau learn'd.
f

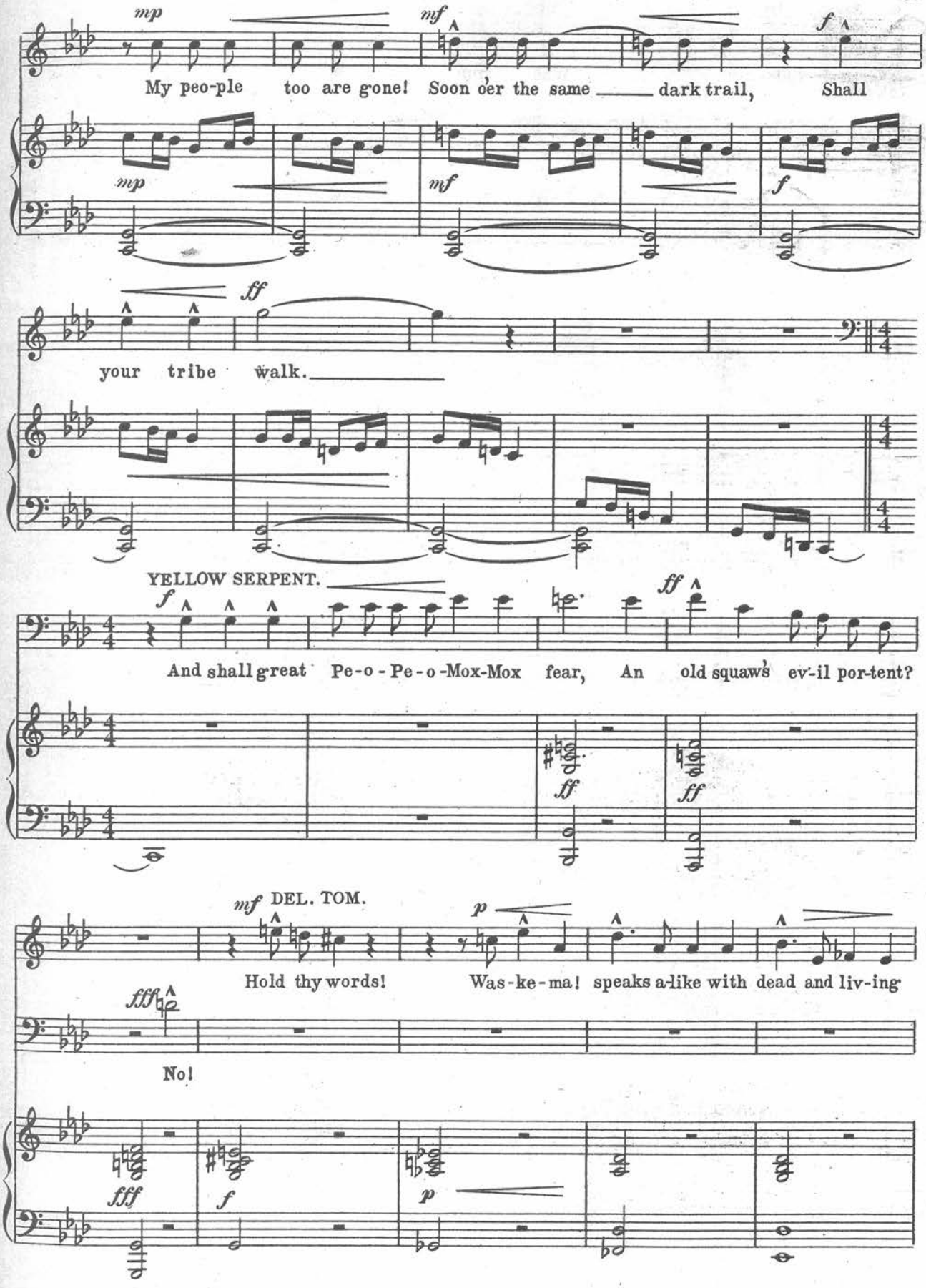

barb my lance!
YELLOW SERPENT.
ff
What do ye here, Ye foul mouth'd
ff
mf
ff
two? Ye eat King George-man's good white bread, Yet spit forth
a piacère.
f
WASKEMA.
f a tempo.
With - in
rit.
these black lies, Up - on the hand that gives!
rit.
a tempo.
f

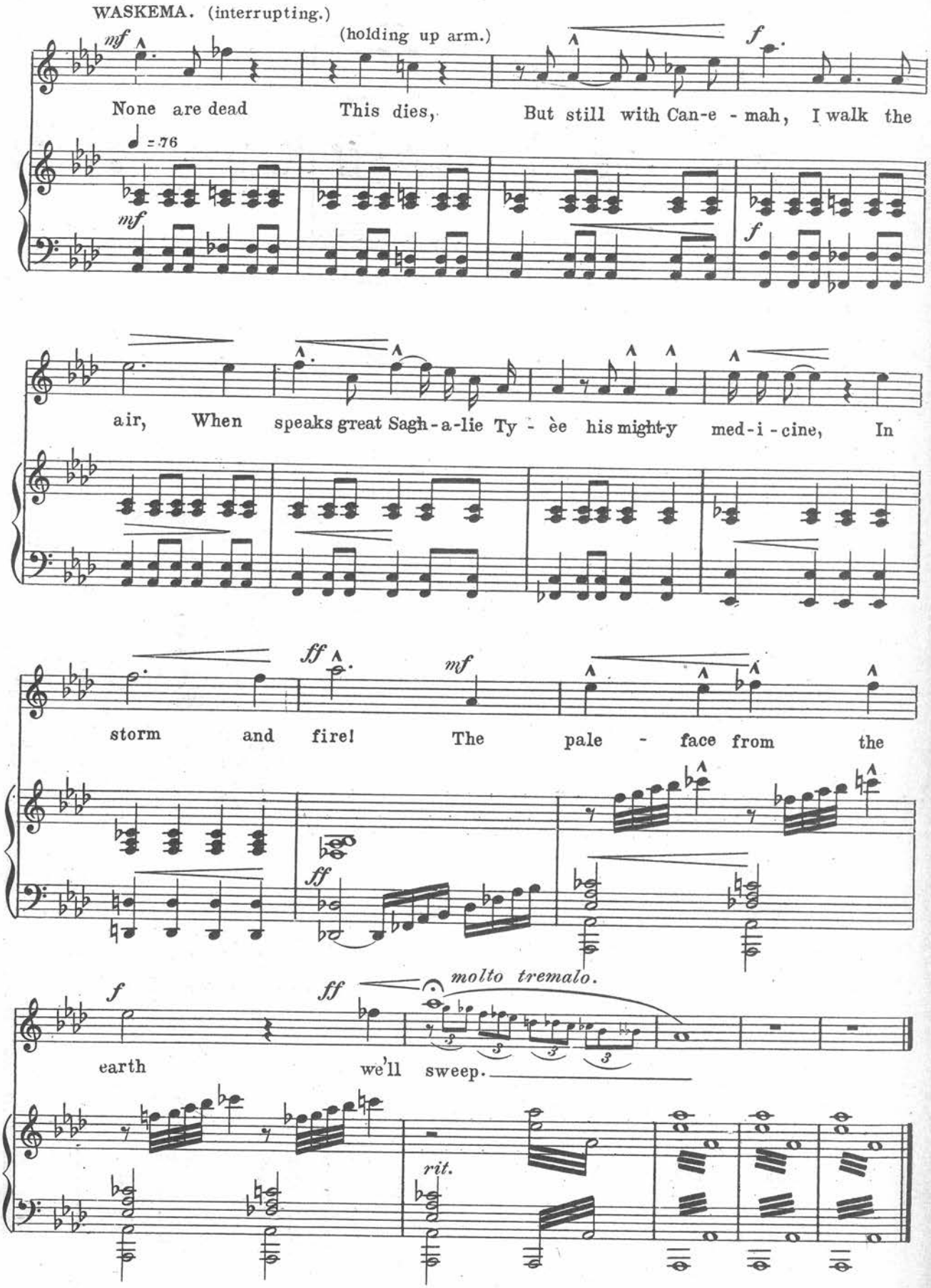

their bread does poi - son hide. Was - kem - a
piu mosso.
ff
mf
eats it not, nor takes the gift where
ff
lurks the barb! She watch -
f
mf
f
ff
fff
es, Waits with hate.
ff


WASKEMA.
DEL. TOM.
mf
mf
Fear too! Tho' now your tribes in peace you lead,
YELLOW SERPENT.
mf
With hate?
ff
mf
Now while the land is wide e-nough for all.
f
mf
But like re - sound - ing miles of Buf - fa - lo, Or
sfz
f


mf
rit.
pp
mf
f
floods, When sum - mer breathes on the snow, The
mf
rit.
pp
mf
a tempo.
ff
ar - mies of the white man march!
f a tempo.
mf meno mosso.
The red man's lands they'll take, his pas-tures spoil
ff meno mosso.
mf
f
his game will flee, his cat - tle starve, And
f


f
ff
porta.
he will per - ish, die!
As dies the dog!
YELLOW SERPENT.
The fir-trees thou-sand suns are not long time e-nough, To bring that
horde. Ye are two fools! old squaws! Who whine, and dare not
WASKEMA.
Not fools! but wise.
fff
fight


mp
mf
f
My peo-ple too are gone! Soon o'er the same dark trail, Shall
mp
mf
f
ff
your tribe walk.
YELLOW SERPENT.
f
ff
And shall great Pe-o-Pe-o-Mox-Mox fear, An old squaw's ev-il por-tent?
ff
ff
mf DEL. TOM.
p
Hold thy words! Was-ke-ma! speaks a-like with dead and liv-ing
fff
No!
fff
f
p


WASKEMA. (interrupting.)
(holding up arm.)
None are dead This dies, But still with Can-e - mah, I walk the
air, When speaks great Sagh-a-lie Ty - èe his mighty med-i-cine, In
storm and fire! The pale - face from the
earth we'll sweep.
molto tremalo.
rit.

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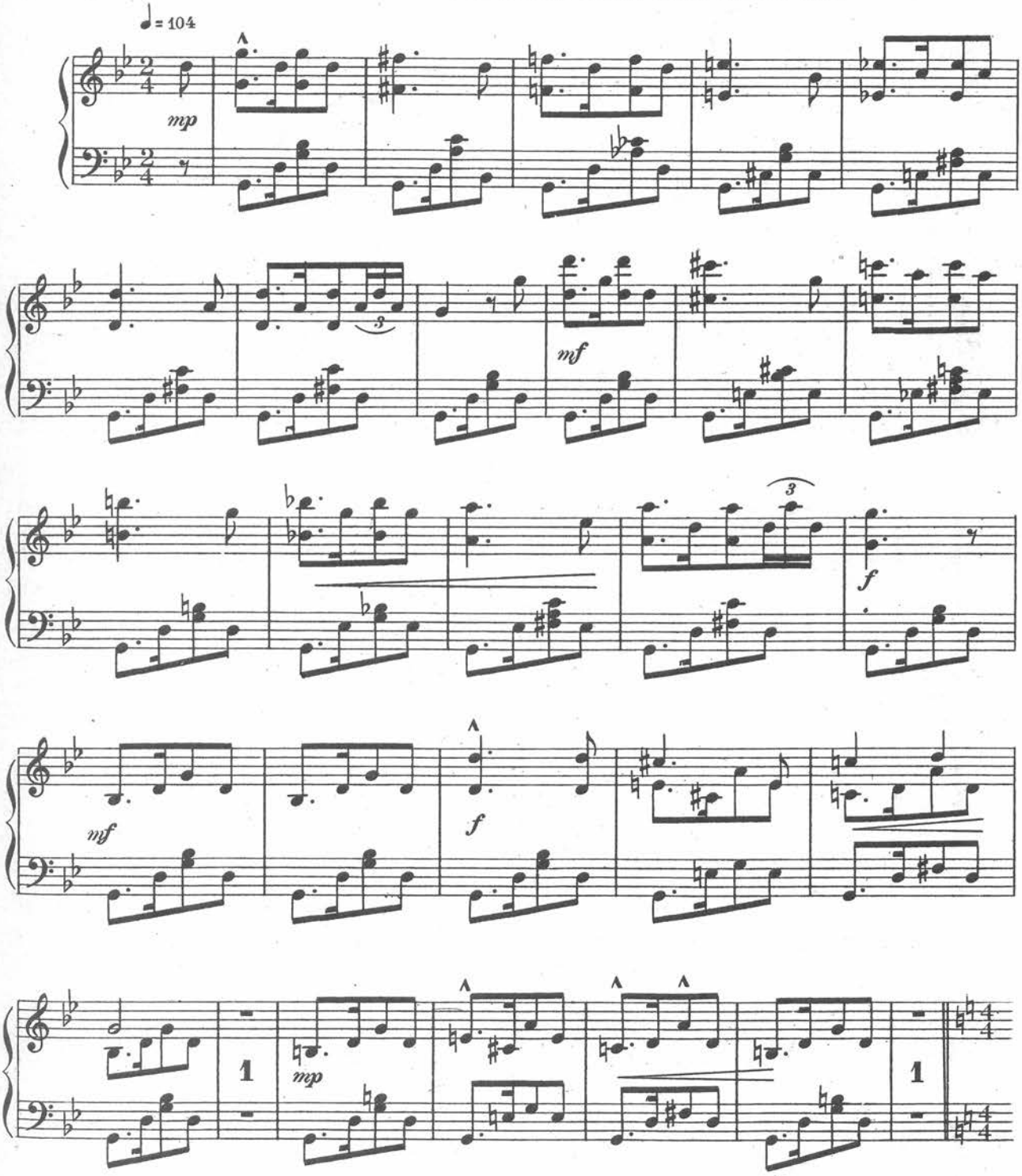
Music Division

Act II.

Scene II.

NOTE:— 12 Chorus women are "Ladies of the Fort," including Eloise, Madame, et al. 12 Chorus men, "Gentlemen of the Fort," including Rae, McKay, 1st and 2nd Boatmen et al. Balance of Chorus are Indians.

SCENE:—Same Evening. Candles in huge chandeliers are lighted, also wall sconces. Thro' the open doors, the river is seen, shimmering in brilliant moonlight. Servants are seen lighting lanterns outside. On the table are new books, rich fabrics, ornaments, jewel cases etc., in confusion. Huge chests are yet unpacked. All the Fort people are on stage, some of the men reading files of London papers. Dr. McL. is distributing gifts right and left. At the rear stand the Indian guests, stolidly awaiting their gifts.



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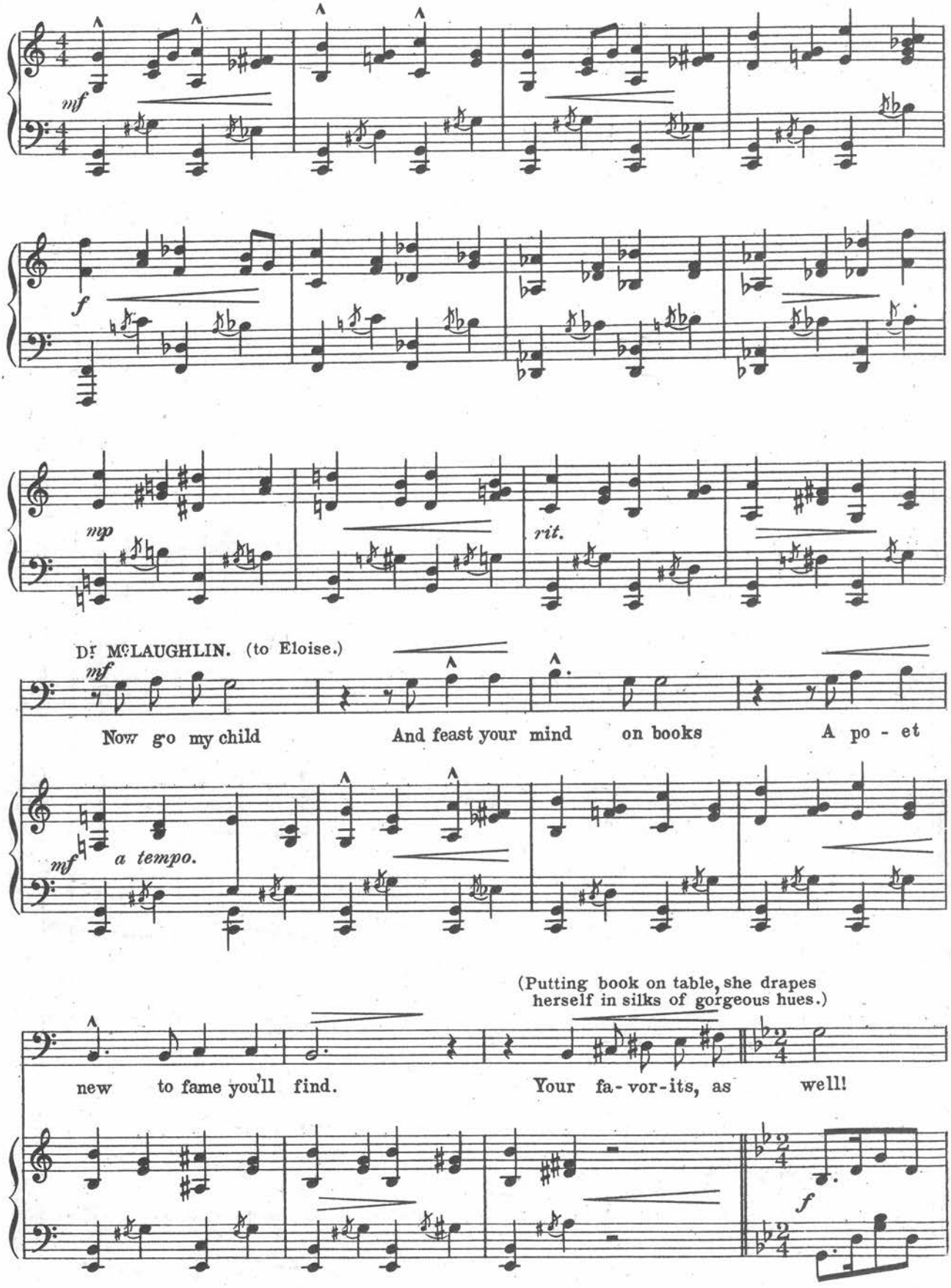
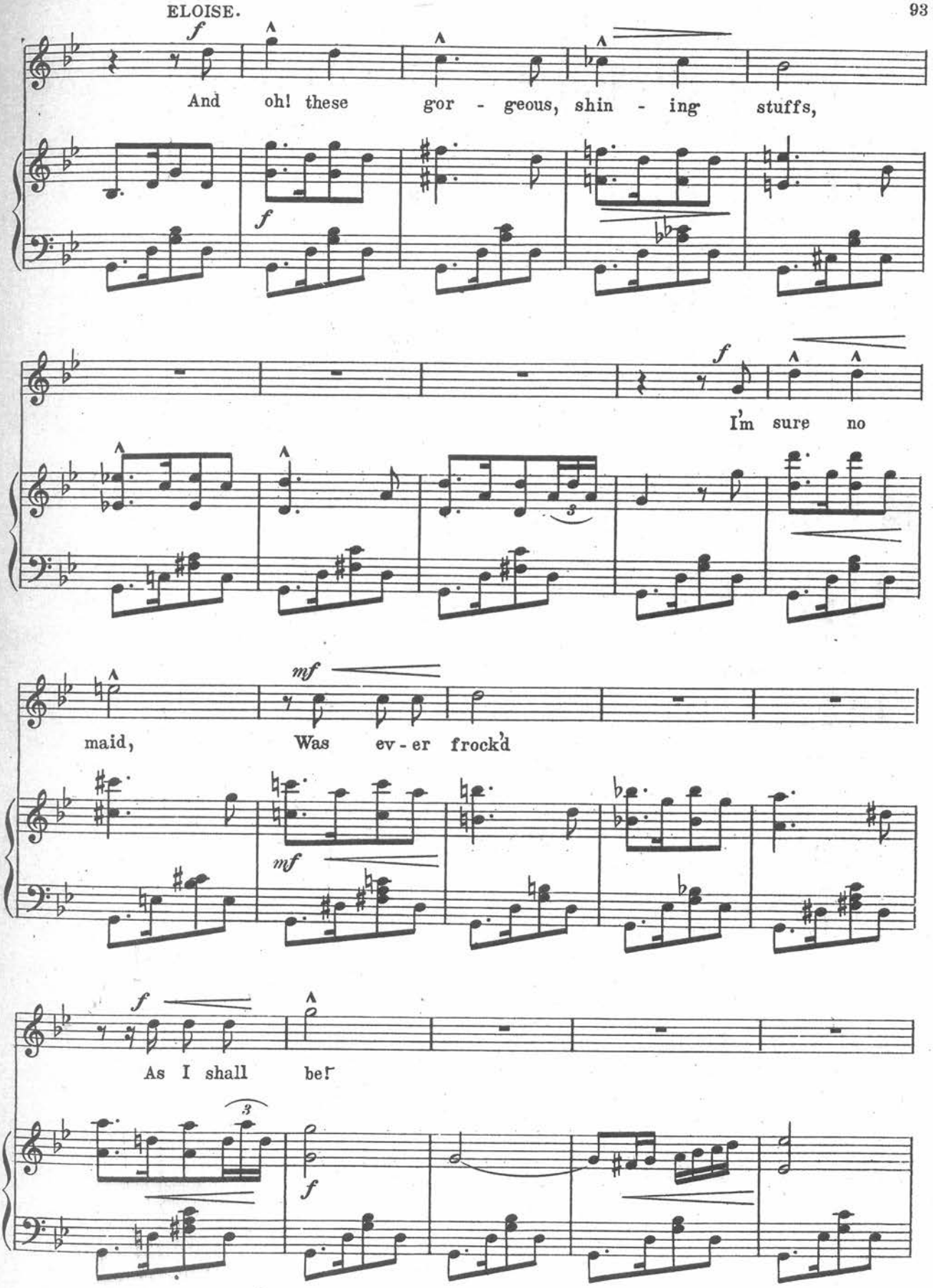
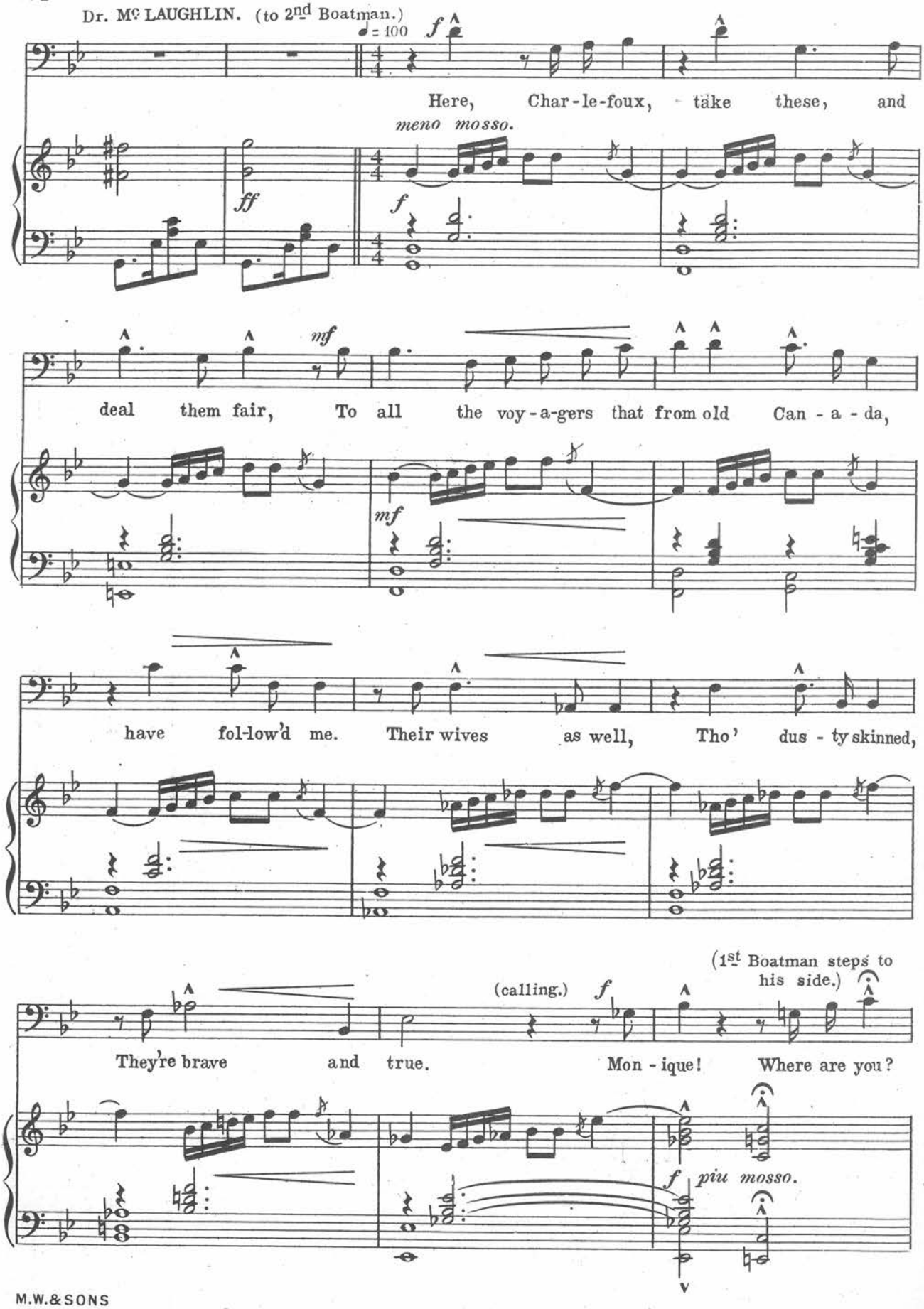
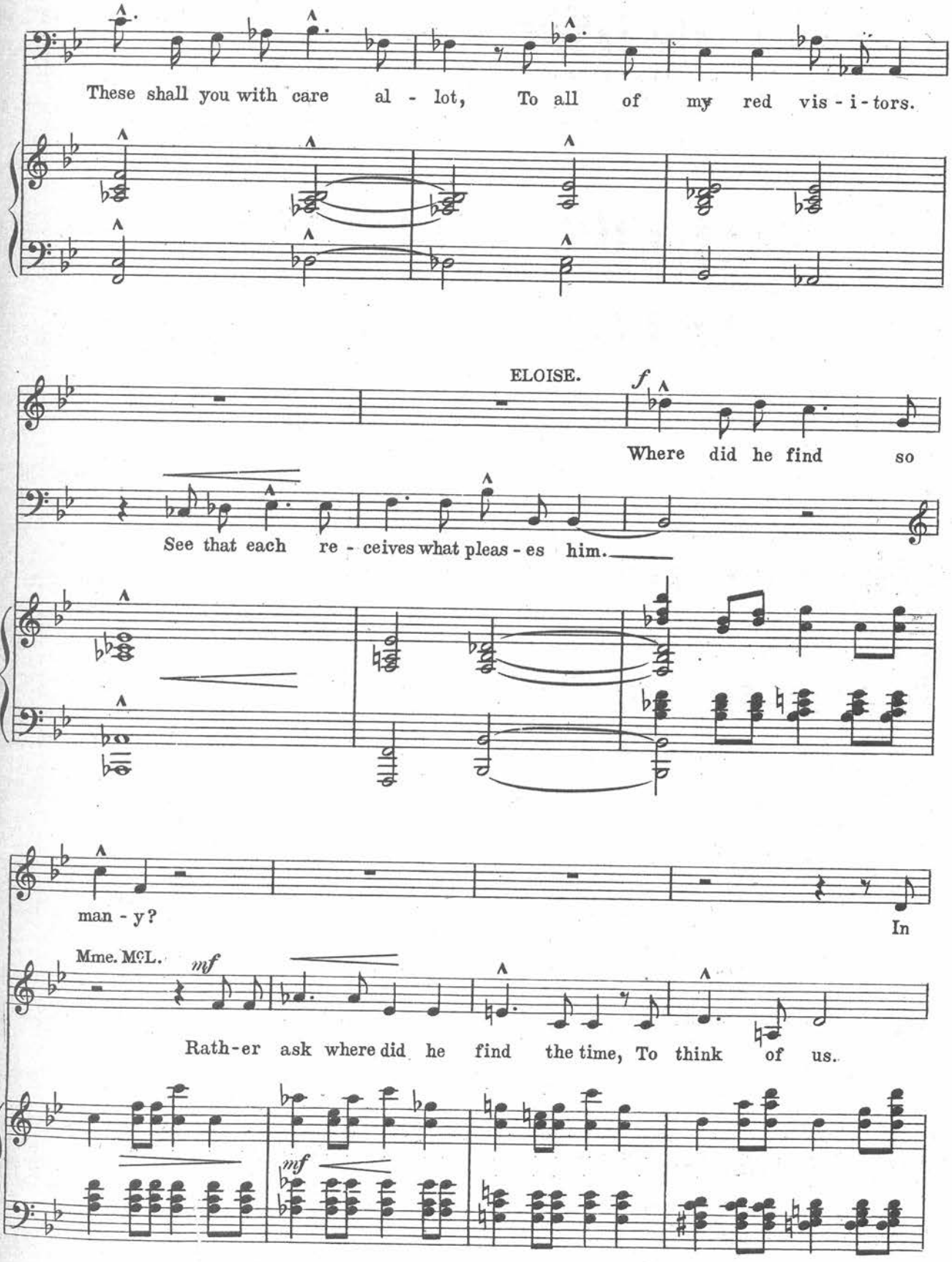
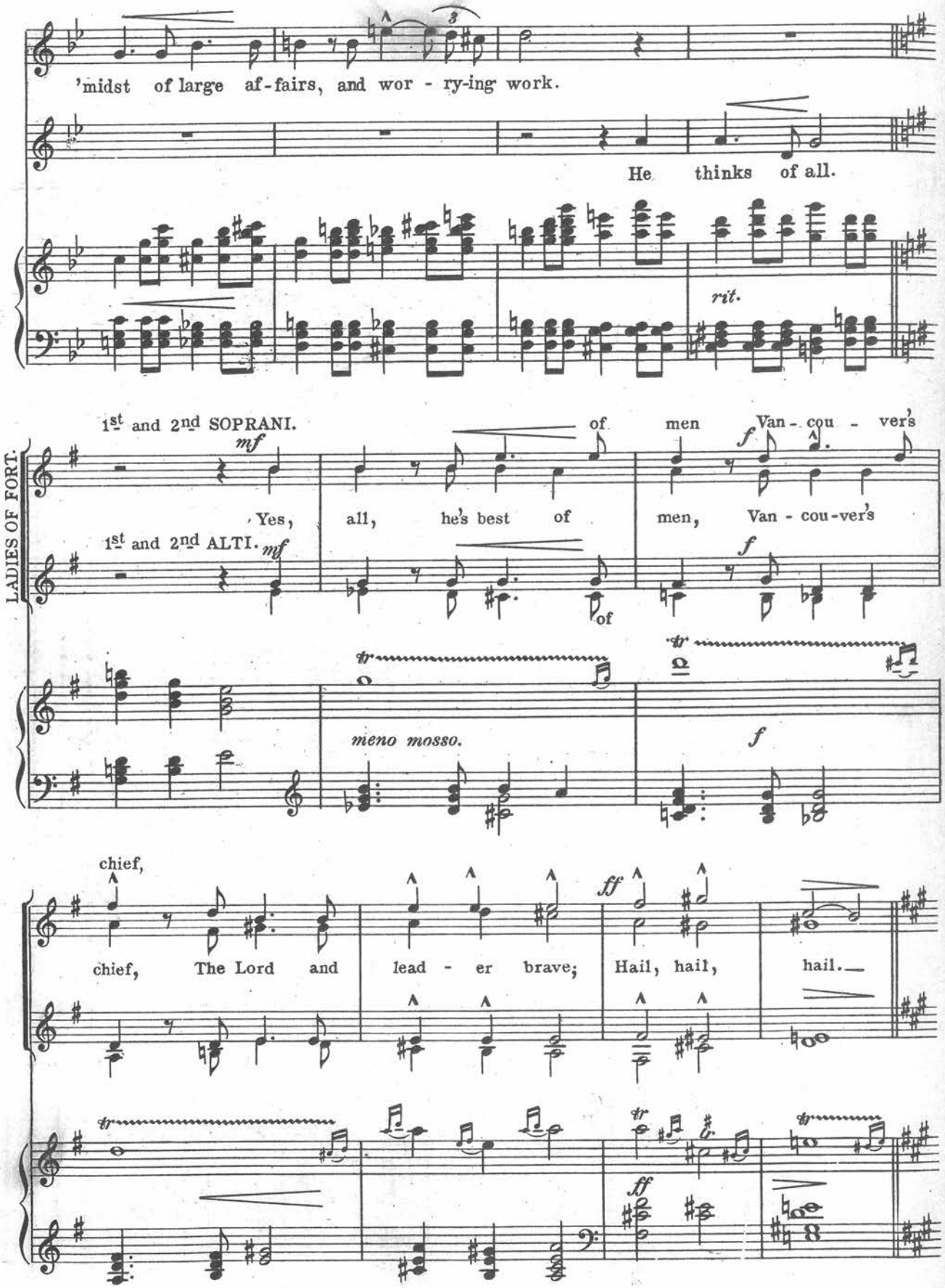

mf
f
mp
rit.
Dr McLAUGHLIN. (to Eloise.)
mf
Now go my child
And feast your mind
on books
A po - et
mf
a tempo.
(Putting book on table, she drapes herself in silks of gorgeous hues.)
new
to fame you'll find.
Your fa-vor-its, as
well!
f


And oh! these gor - geous, shin - ing stuffs,
I'm sure no
maid, Was ev - er frock'd
As I shall be!


Dr. Mc LAUGHLIN. (to 2nd Boatman.)
♩= 100
f
Here, Char-le-foux, take these, and
meno mosso.
ff
f
mf
deal them fair, To all the voy-a-gers that from old Can-a-da,
mf
have fol-low'd me. Their wives as well, Tho' dus-ty skinned,
(1st Boatman steps to his side.)
(calling.)
f
They're brave and true. Mon-ique! Where are you?
f piu mosso.


These shall you with care al - lot, To all of my red vis - i - tors.
ELOISE.
f
Where did he find so
See that each re - ceives what pleas - es him.
man - y?
In
Mme. McL.
mf
Rath-er ask where did he find the time, To think of us.
mf


'midst of large af-fairs, and wor - ry-ing work.
He thinks of all.
rit.
1st and 2nd SOPRANI.
mf
Yes, all, he's best of men, Van - cou-ver's
of men Van - cou - ver's
f
1st and 2nd ALTI.
mf
of
f
LADIES OF FORT.
meno mosso.
f
chief,
chief, The Lord and lead - er brave;
ff
Hail, hail, hail.
ff

ELOISE.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN of FORT.

SOPRANI.

Hail, hail, hail. Oh! best of men. The Van-cou-ver's chief, The

ALTI.

Hail, hail, hail. Oh! best of men. The Van-cou-ver's chief, The

TENOR.

Hail, hail, hail. Oh! best of men. The Van-cou-ver's chief, The

BASSI.

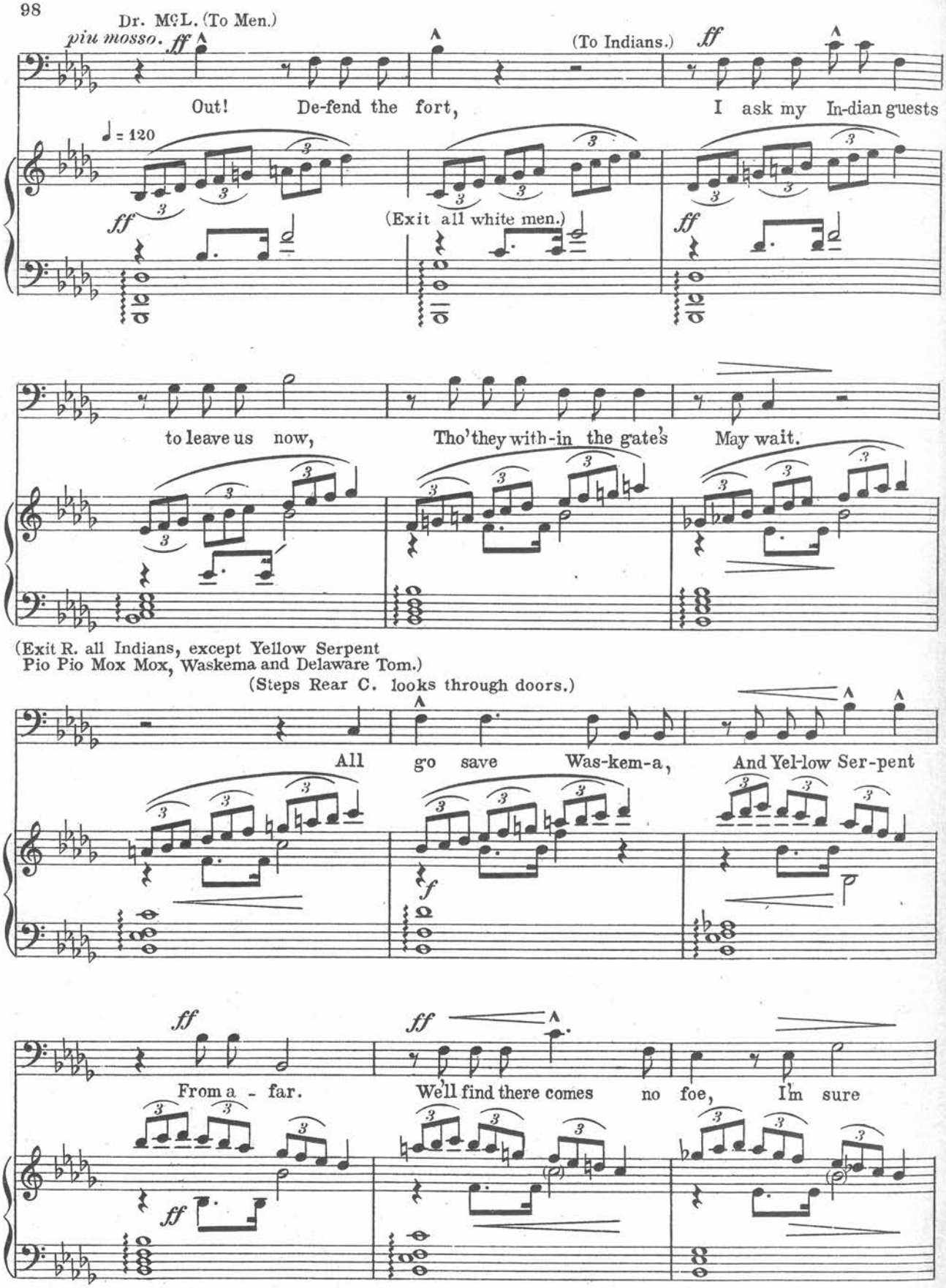
♩ = 180

Lord lead - er brave. Hail! Signal Gun.

Lord and lead - er brave. Hail!

Lord and lead - er brave. Hail!

Signal Gun.


Dr. McL. (To Men.)
piu mosso. ff
(To Indians.)
ff
Out! De-fend the fort, I ask my In-dian guests
♩ = 120
(Exit all white men.)
to leave us now, Tho' they with-in the gate's May wait.
(Exit R. all Indians, except Yellow Serpent
Pio Pio Mox Mox, Waskema and Delaware Tom.)
(Steps Rear C. looks through doors.)
All go save Was-kem-a, And Yel-low Ser-pent
From a - far. We'll find there comes no foe, I'm sure

(To ladies of Fort, indicating LIE.)

f *ff*

With-in that shel - ter keep to-geth-er close, No harm shall find you

(Seeing Del. Tom has remained.)

f *rit.*

there. Not gone! You skulk-ing rogue! Why stay you here,

ff *rit.* *f*

DELAWARE TOM.

ff *a tempo.*

Do I not e-qual Yel-low

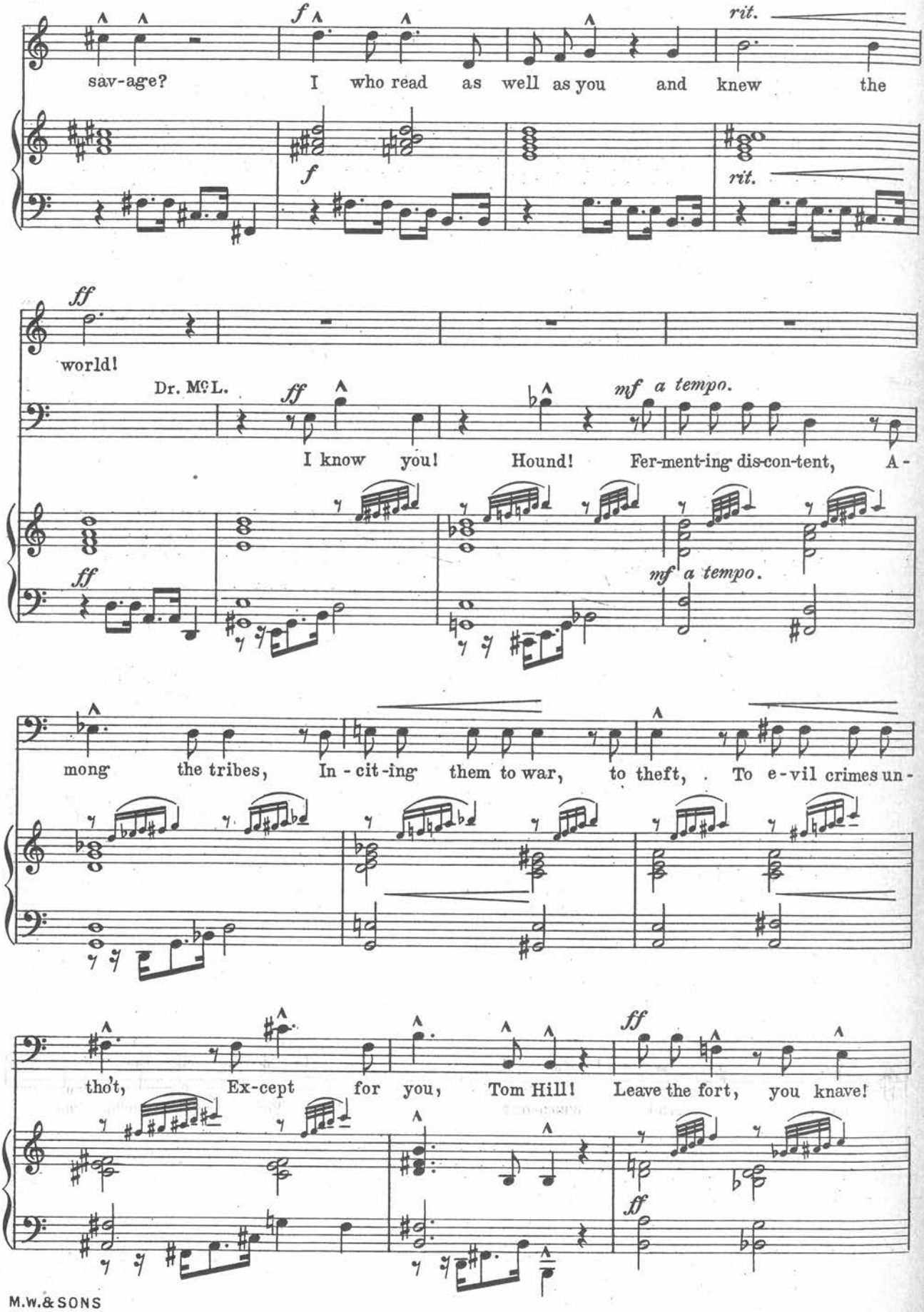
When all the rest o - beyed?

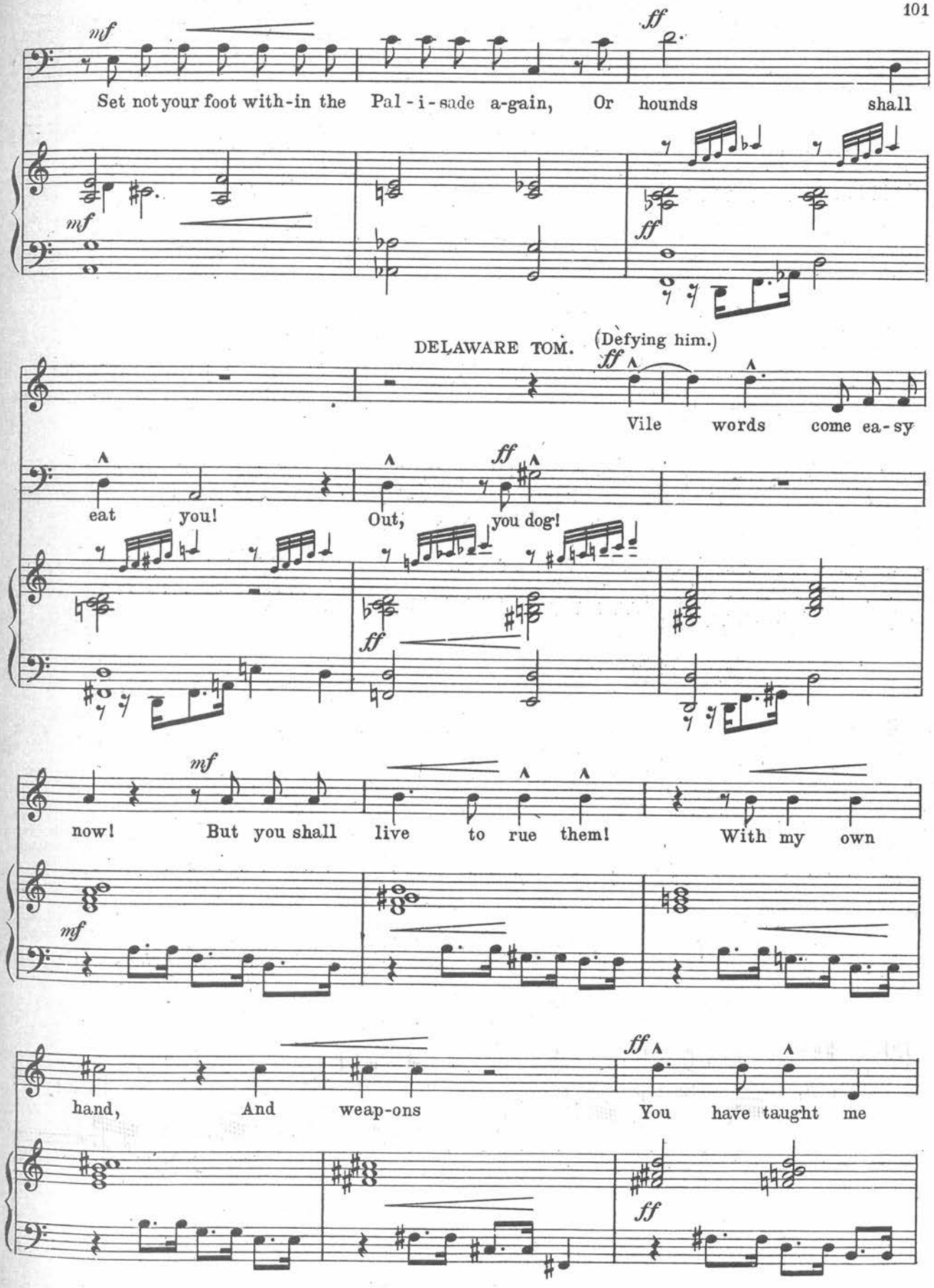
ff *a tempo.*

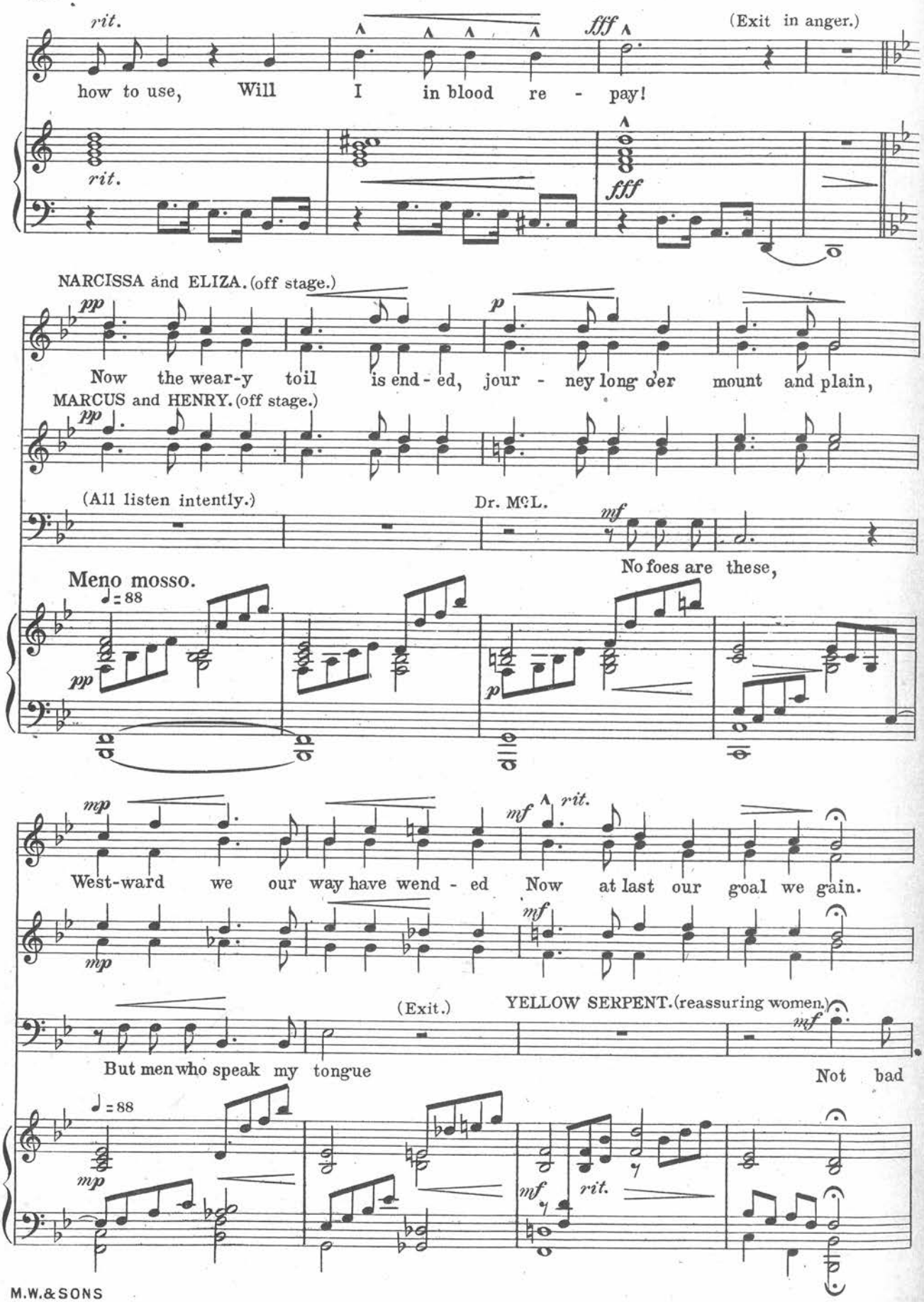
mf

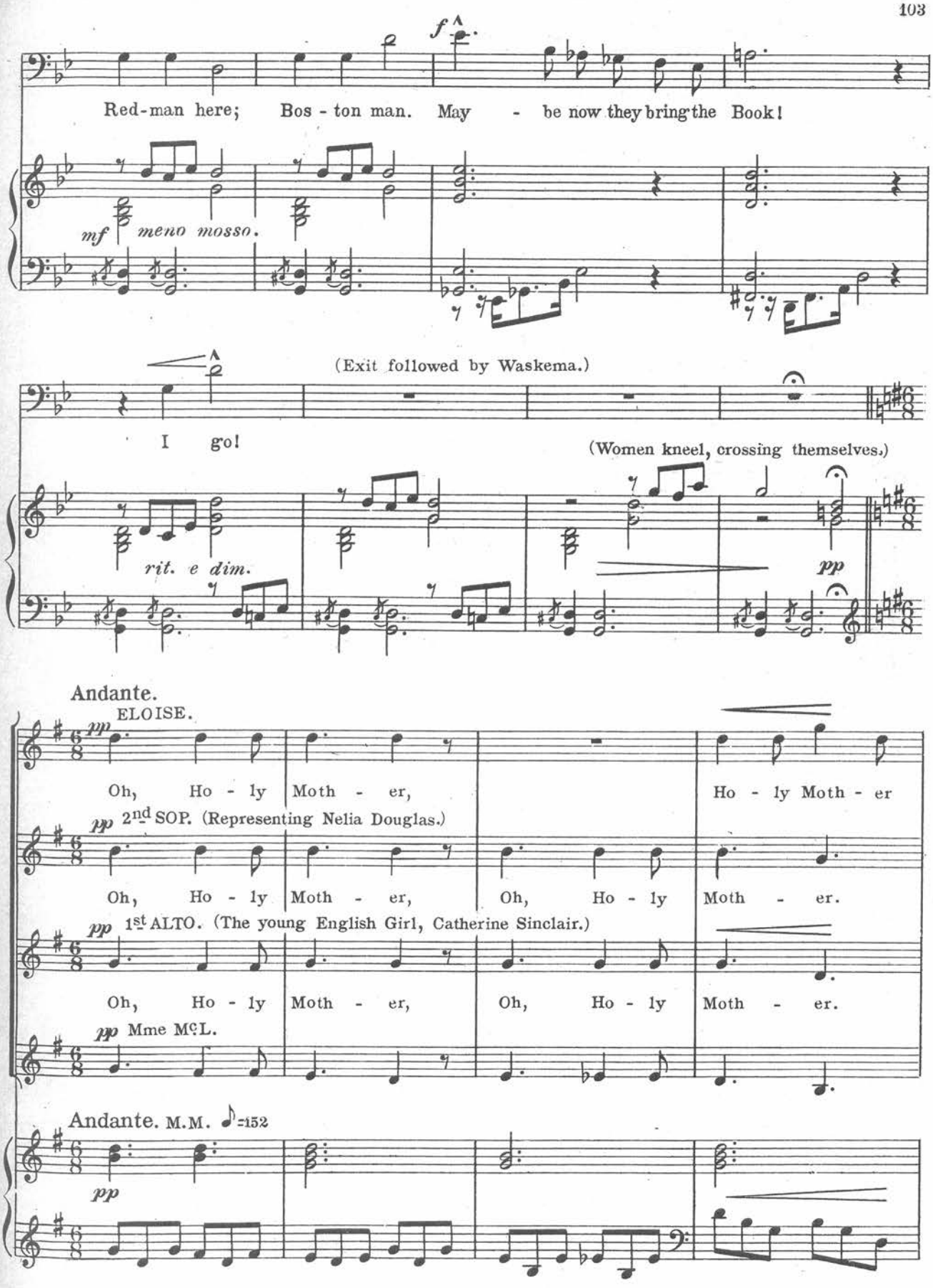
Ser-pent, Un - couth, un - learned, A law - less

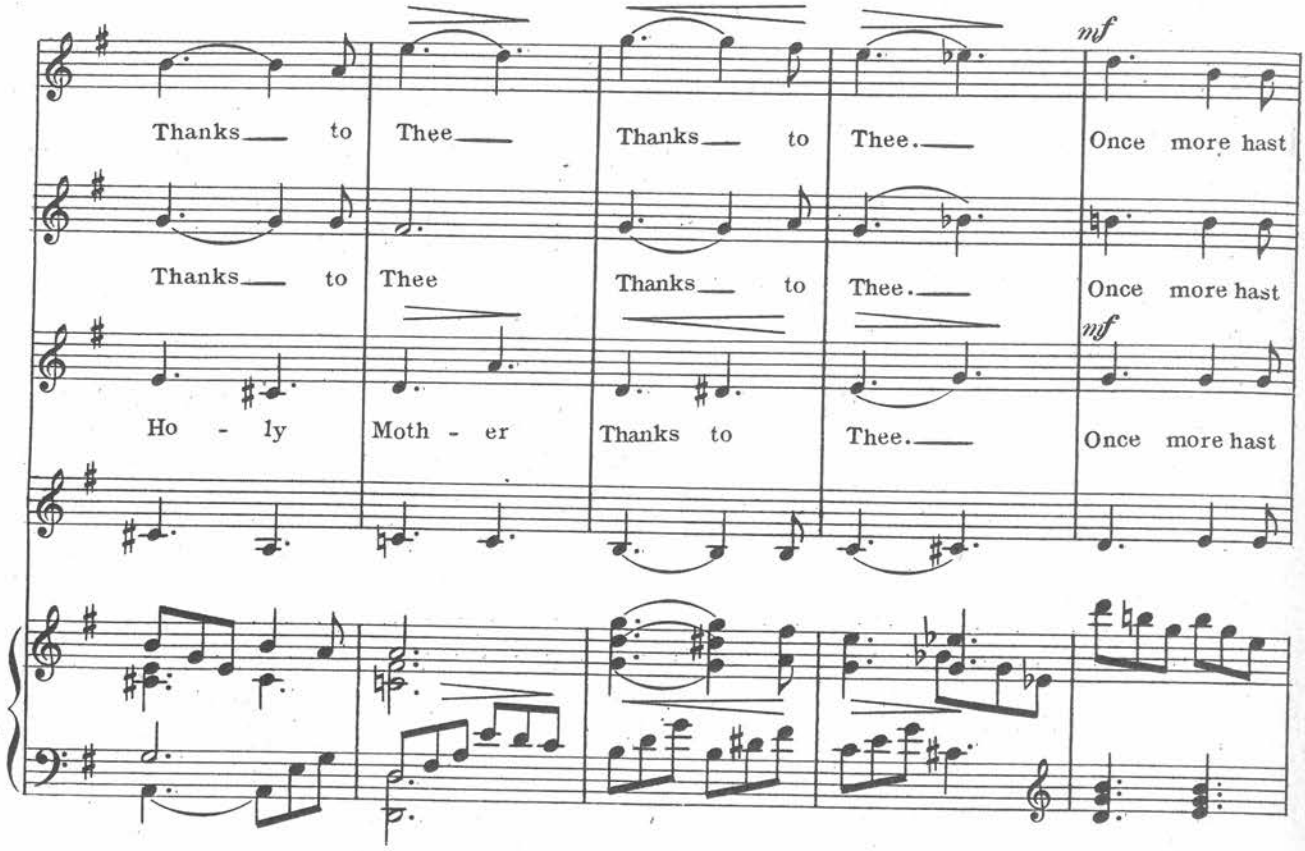
mf

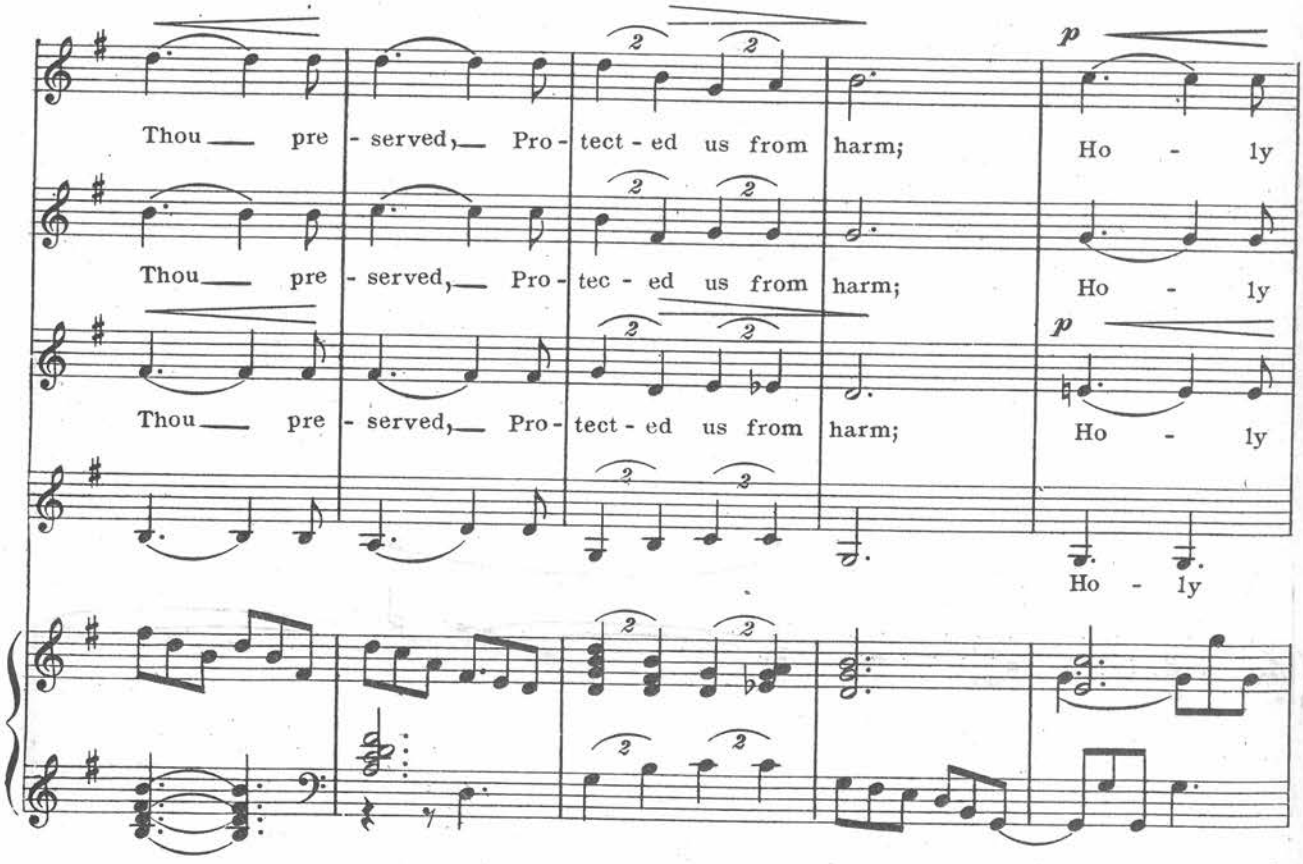

sav-age? I who read as well as you and knew the
rit.
world!
Dr. McL.
I know you! Hound! Fer-ment-ing dis-con-tent, A-
mf a tempo.
mong the tribes, In-cit-ing them to war, to theft, To e-vil crimes un-
tho't, Ex-cept for you, Tom Hill! Leave the fort, you knave!

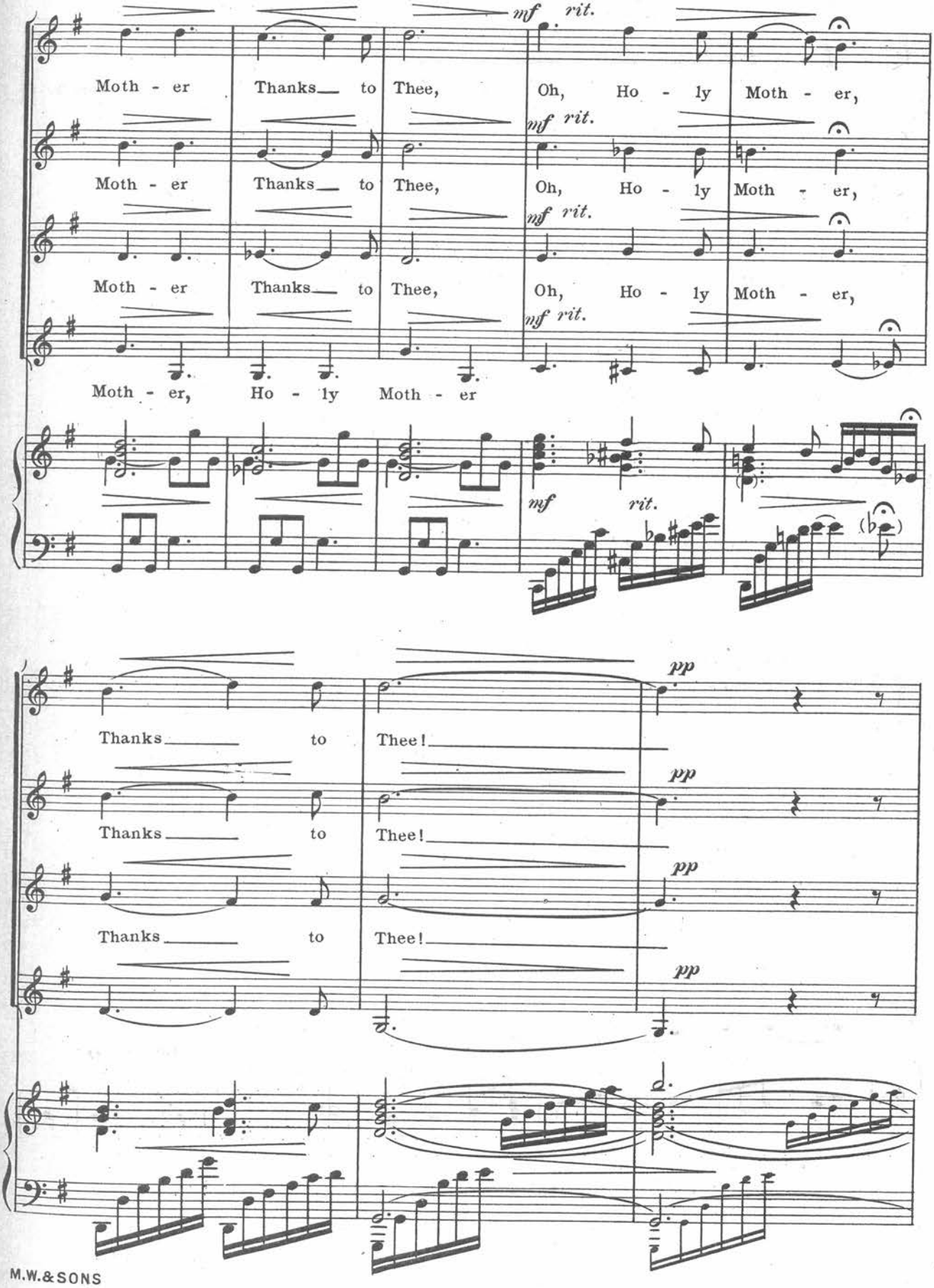

mf
ff
Set not your foot with-in the Pal - i - sade a-gain, Or hounds shall
DELAWARE TOM. (Defying him.)
Vile words come ea - sy
eat you!
Out, you dog!
now! But you shall live to rue them! With my own
hand, And weap-ons You have taught me

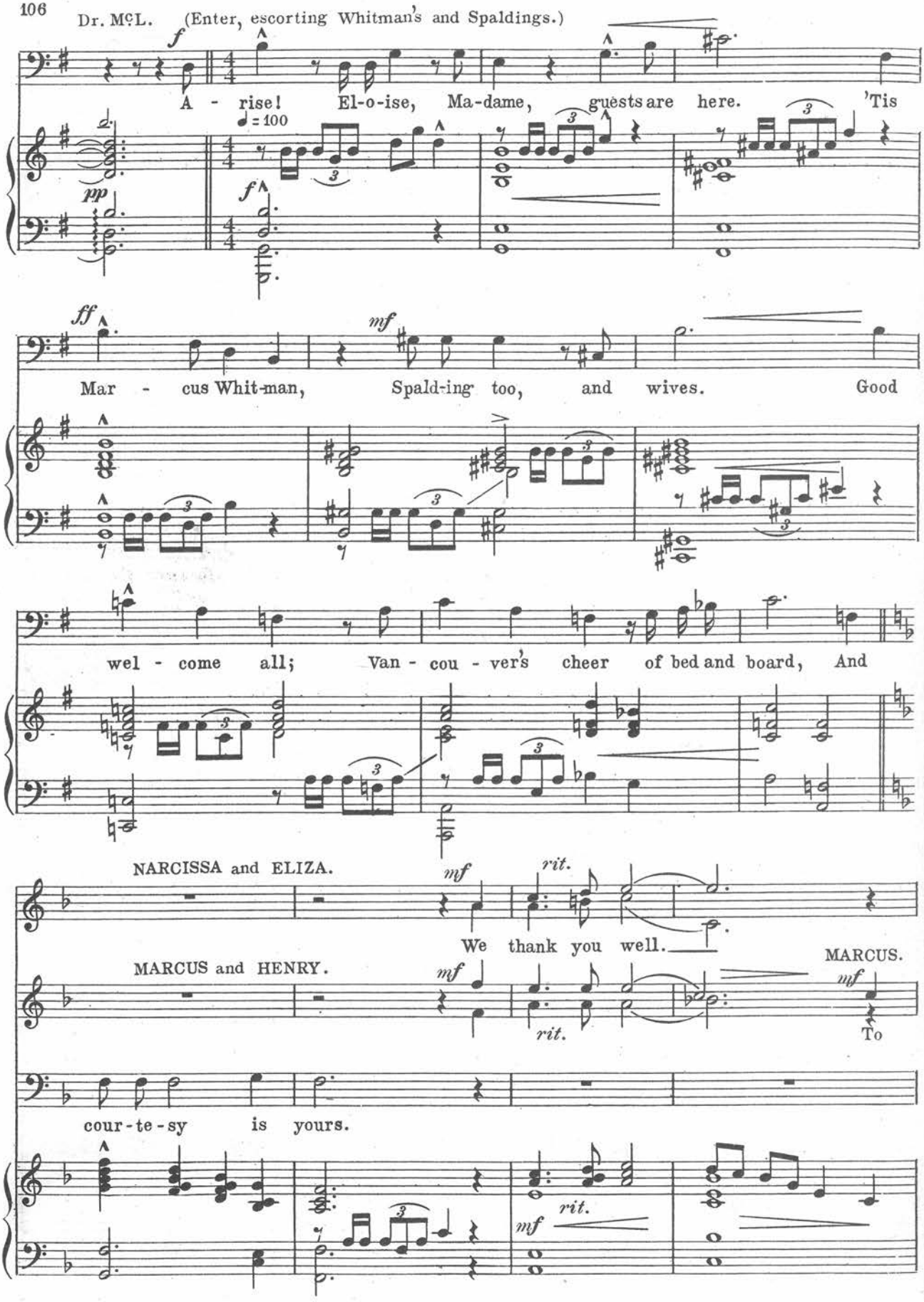

rit.
fff
(Exit in anger.)
how to use, Will I in blood re - pay!
rit.
fff
NARCISSA and ELIZA. (off stage.)
pp
p
Now the wear-y toil is end - ed, jour - ney long o'er mount and plain,
MARCUS and HENRY. (off stage.)
pp
(All listen intently.)
Dr. McL.
mf
No foes are these,
Meno mosso.
♩= 88
pp
p
mp
mf
rit.
West-ward we our way have wend - ed Now at last our goal we gain.
mp
mf
(Exit.)
YELLOW SERPENT. (reassuring women.)
mf
But men who speak my tongue
Not bad
♩= 88
mp
mf
rit.

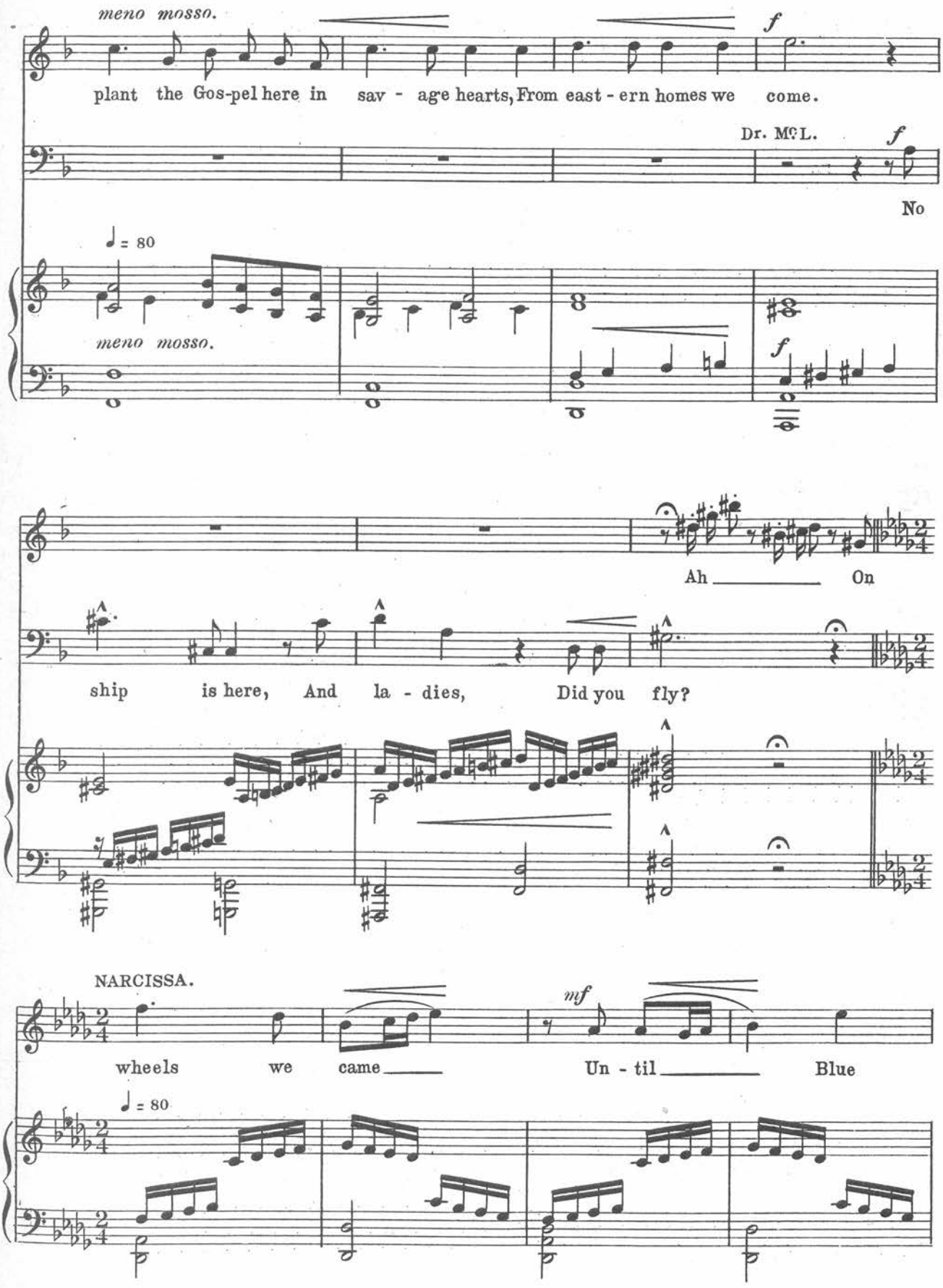

f
Red-man here; Bos - ton man. May - be now they bring the Book!
mf meno mosso.
(Exit followed by Waskema.)
I go!
(Women kneel, crossing themselves.)
rit. e dim.
pp
Andante.
ELOISE.
pp
Oh, Ho - ly Moth - er, Ho - ly Moth - er
2nd SOP. (Representing Nelia Douglas.)
pp
Oh, Ho - ly Moth - er, Oh, Ho - ly Moth - er.
1st ALTO. (The young English Girl, Catherine Sinclair.)
pp
Oh, Ho - ly Moth - er, Oh, Ho - ly Moth - er.
Mme McL.
pp
Andante. M.M. ♪=152
pp

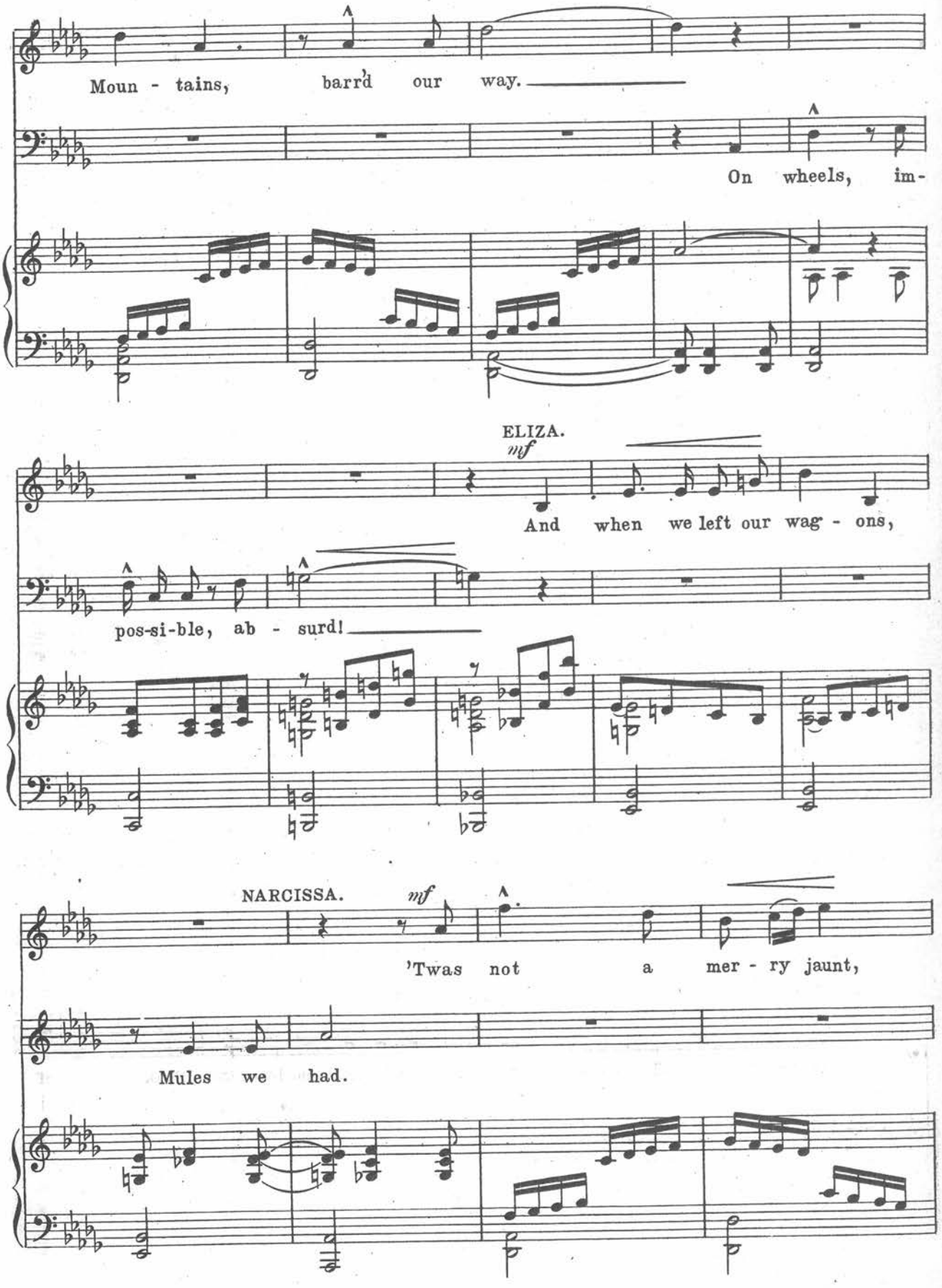

Thanks to Thee Thanks to Thee. Once more hast
Thanks to Thee Thanks to Thee. Once more hast
Ho - ly Moth - er Thanks to Thee. Once more hast

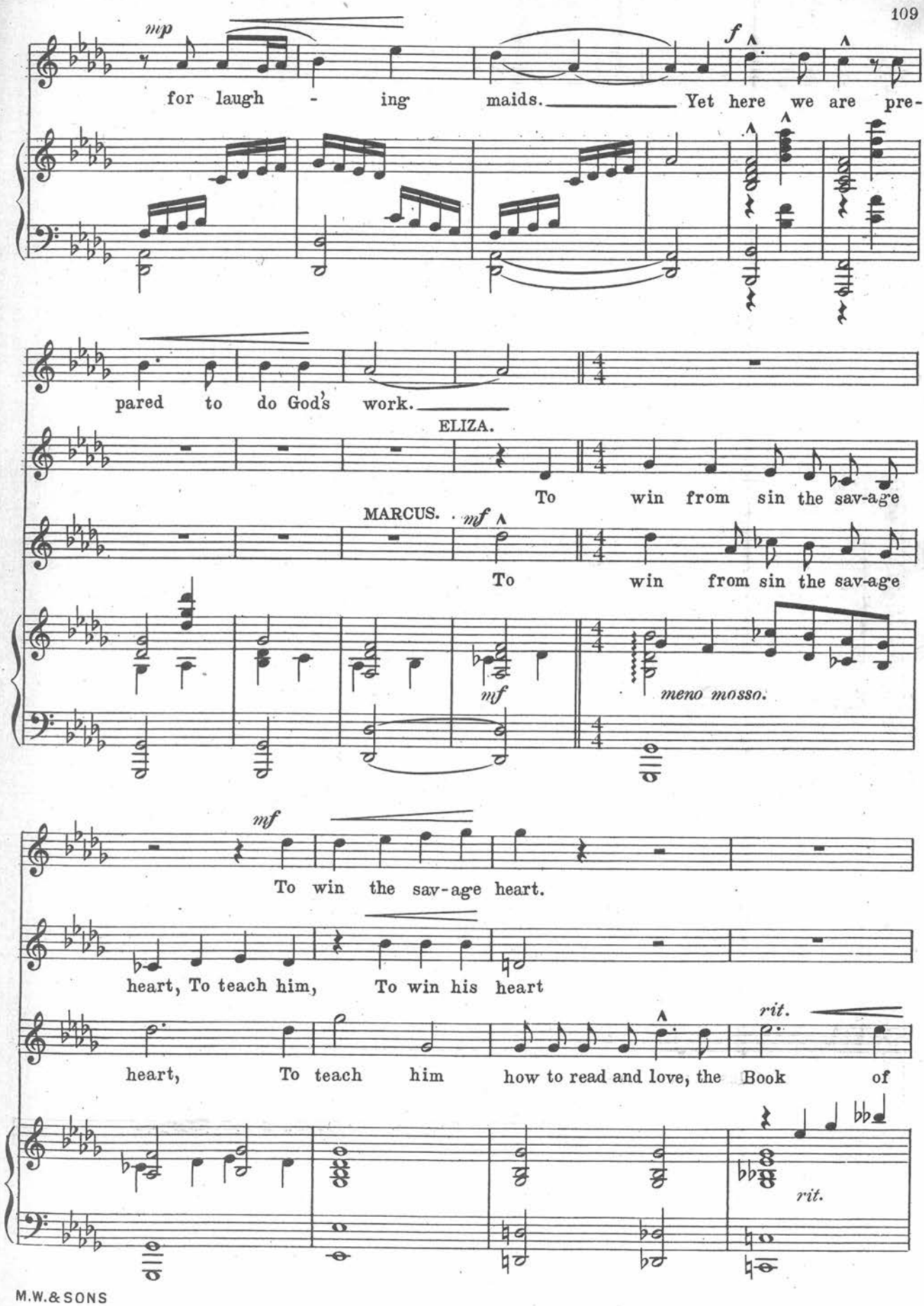

Thou pre - served, Pro - tect - ed us from harm; Ho - ly
Thou pre - served, Pro - tec - ed us from harm; Ho - ly
Thou pre - served, Pro - tect - ed us from harm; Ho - ly
Ho - ly

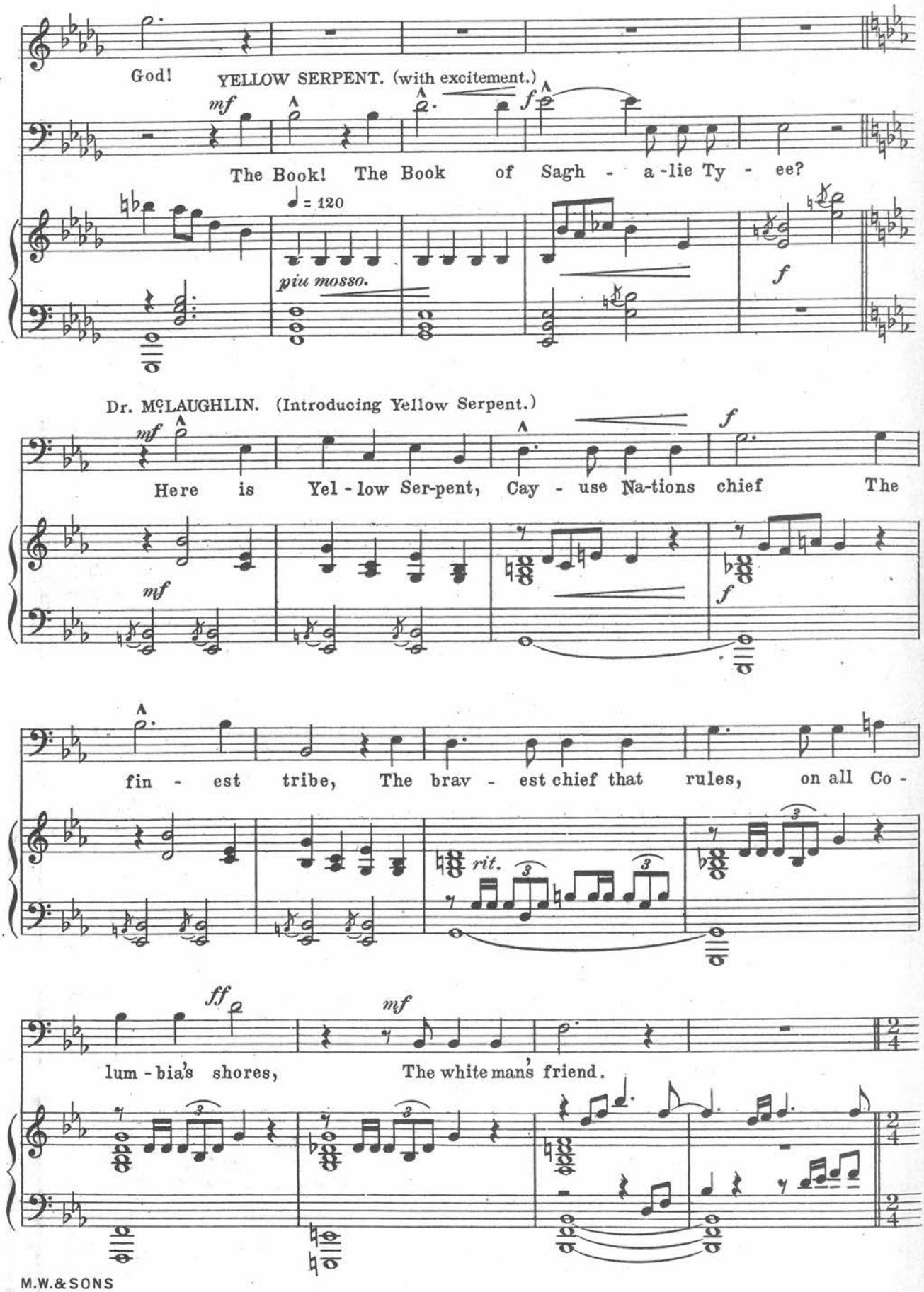

mf rit.
Moth - er Thanks to Thee, Oh, Ho - ly Moth - er,
mf rit.
Moth - er Thanks to Thee, Oh, Ho - ly Moth - er,
mf rit.
Moth - er Thanks to Thee, Oh, Ho - ly Moth - er,
mf rit.
Moth - er, Ho - ly Moth - er
mf rit.
pp
Thanks to Thee!
pp
Thanks to Thee!
pp
Thanks to Thee!
pp

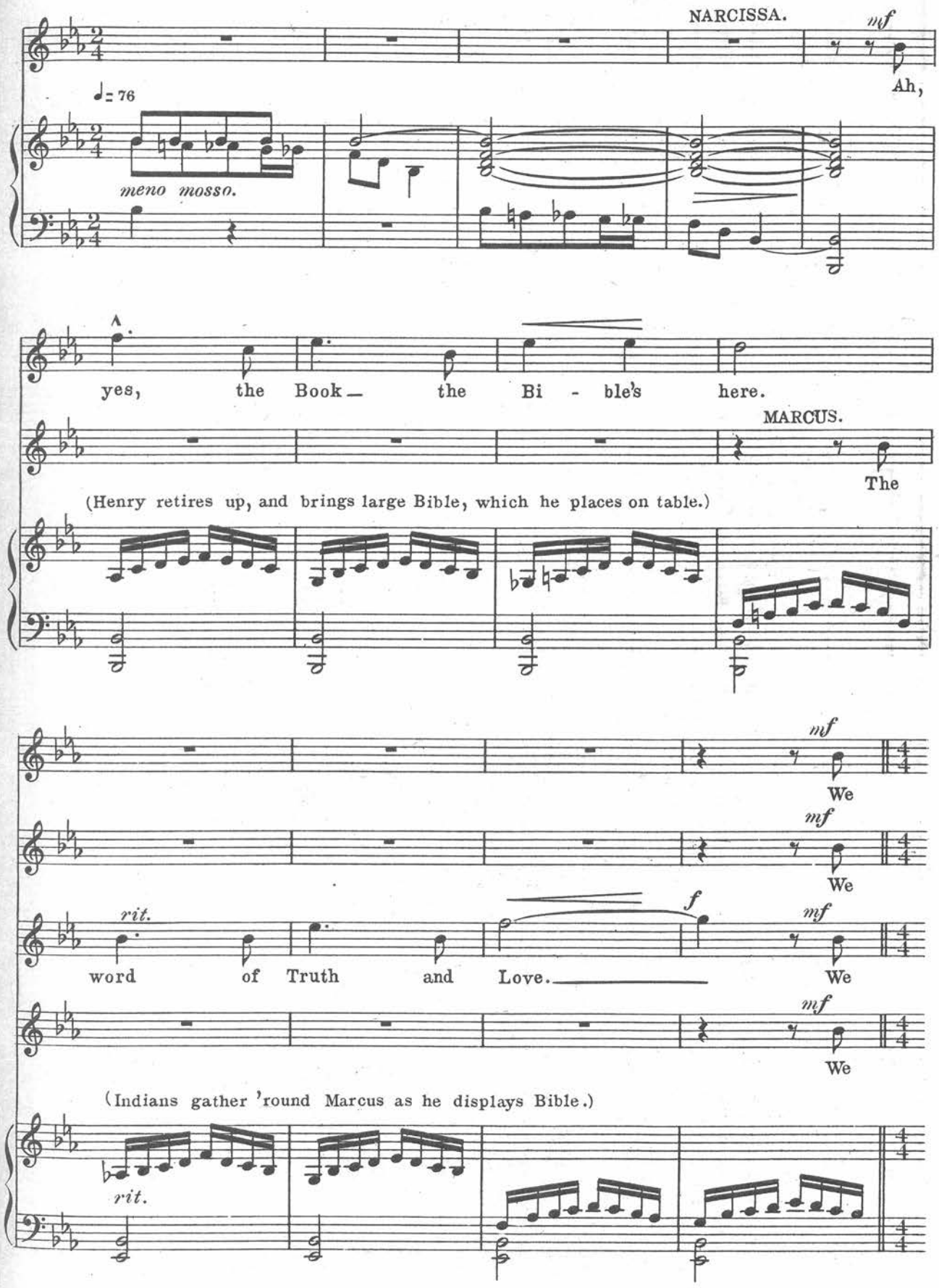

Dr. McL. (Enter, escorting Whitman's and Spaldings.)
A - rise! El-o-ise, Ma-dame, guests are here. 'Tis
♩ = 100
Mar - cus Whit-man, Spald-ing too, and wives. Good
wel - come all; Van - cou - ver's cheer of bed and board, And
NARCISSA and ELIZA.
We thank you well.
MARCUS and HENRY.
MARCUS.
To
cour-te-sy is yours.

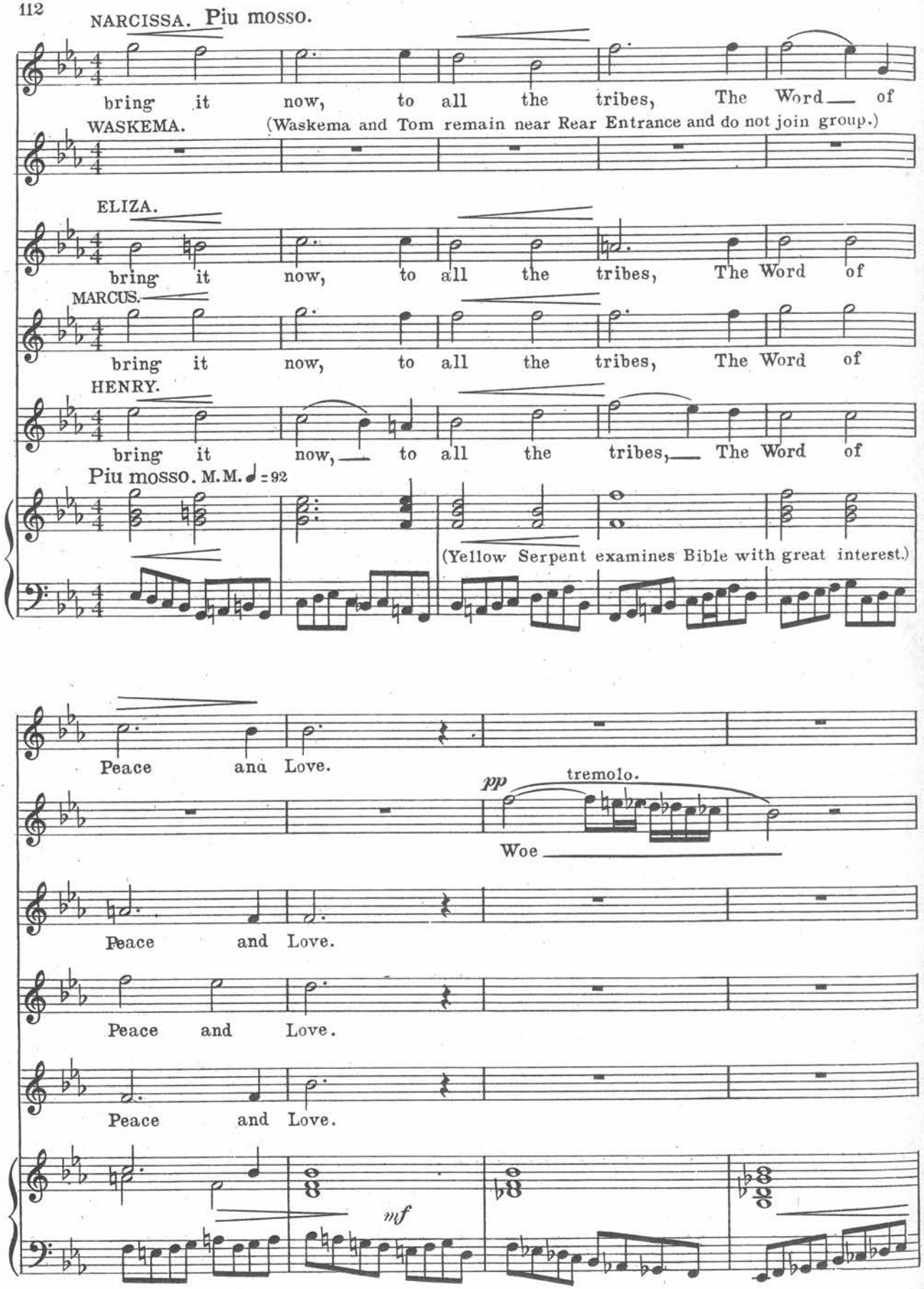

meno mosso.
plant the Gos-pel here in sav - age hearts, From east - ern homes we come.
f
Dr. McL.
f
No
♩ = 80
meno mosso.
f
Ah On
ship is here, And la - dies, Did you fly?
NARCISSA.
mf
wheels we came Un - til Blue
♩ = 80

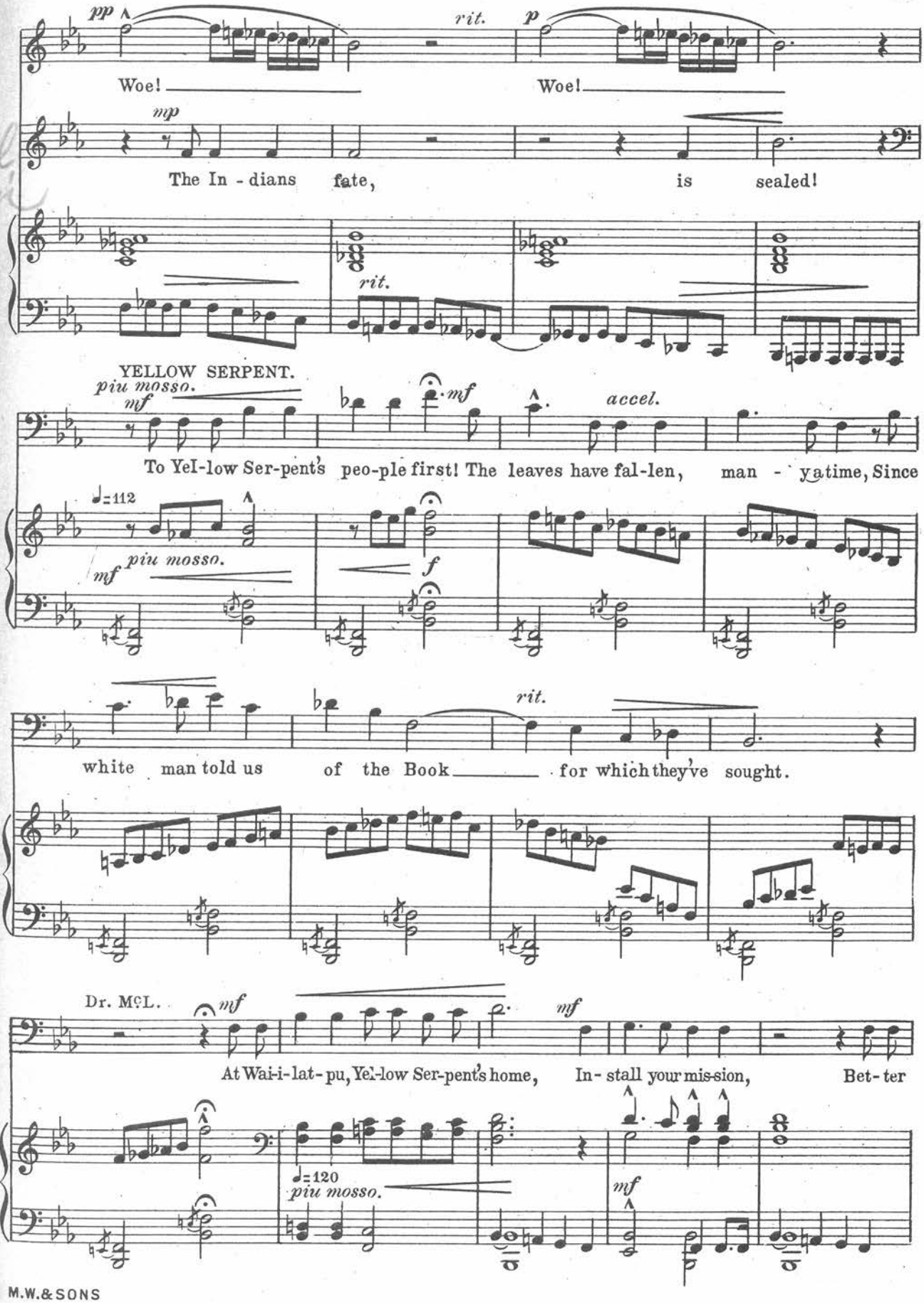

Moun - tains, barr'd our way.
On wheels, im-
ELIZA.
mf
And when we left our wag - ons,
pos-si-ble, ab - surd!
NARCISSA.
mf
'Twas not a mer - ry jaunt,
Mules we had.

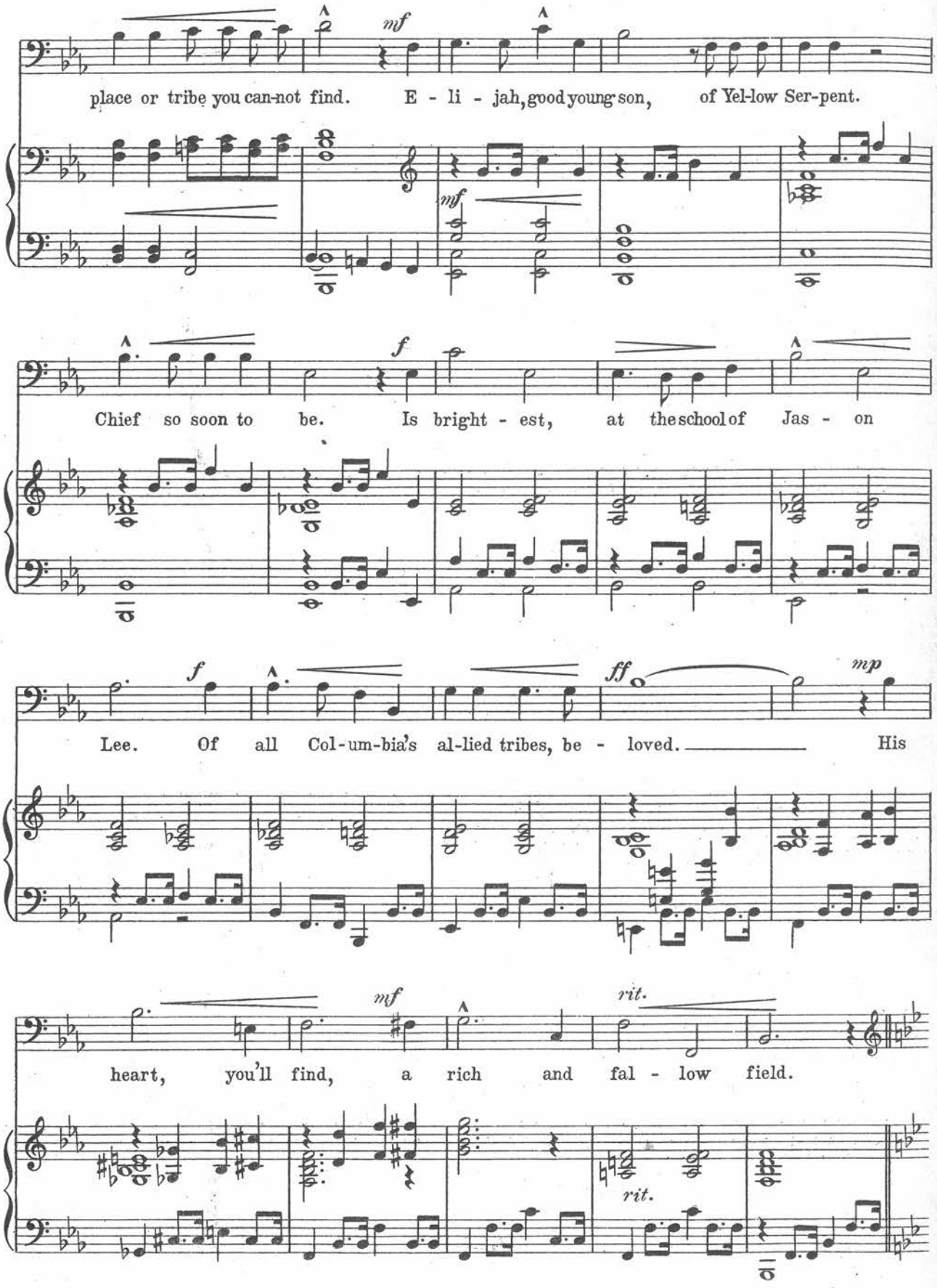

mp
for laugh - ing maids. Yet here we are pre-
f
pared to do God's work.
ELIZA.
To win from sin the sav-age
MARCUS.
mf
To win from sin the sav-age
mf
meno mosso.
mf
To win the sav-age heart.
heart, To teach him, To win his heart
heart, To teach him how to read and love, the Book of
rit.
rit.

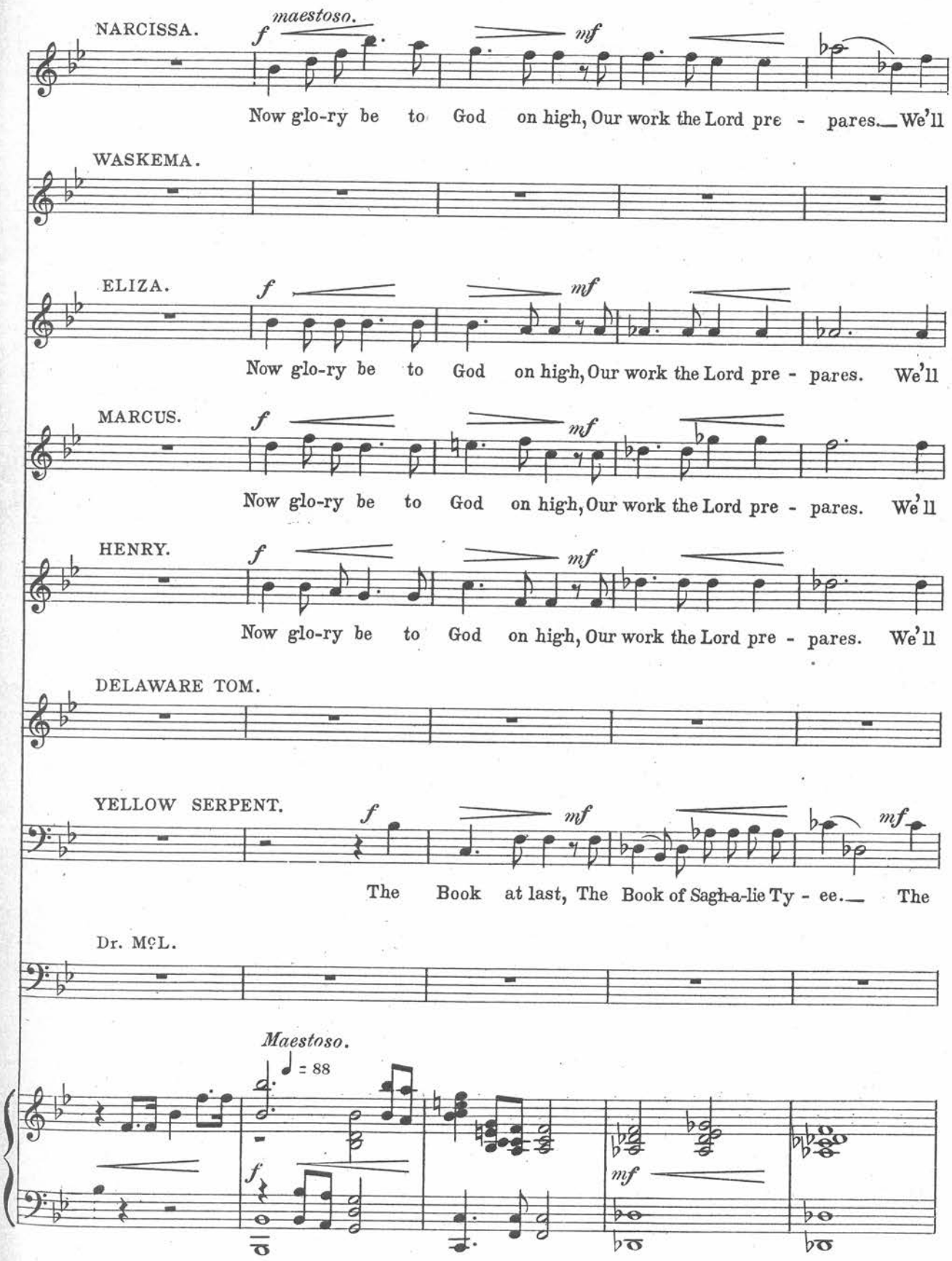

God!
YELLOW SERPENT. (with excitement.)
mf
f
The Book! The Book of Sagh - a-lie Ty - ee?
♩ = 120
piu mosso.
f
Dr. McLAUGHLIN. (Introducing Yellow Serpent.)
mf
Here is Yel - low Ser-pent, Cay - use Na-tions chief The
f
fin - est tribe, The brav - est chief that rules, on all Co -
rit.
ff
lum - bia's shores,
mf
The white man's friend.

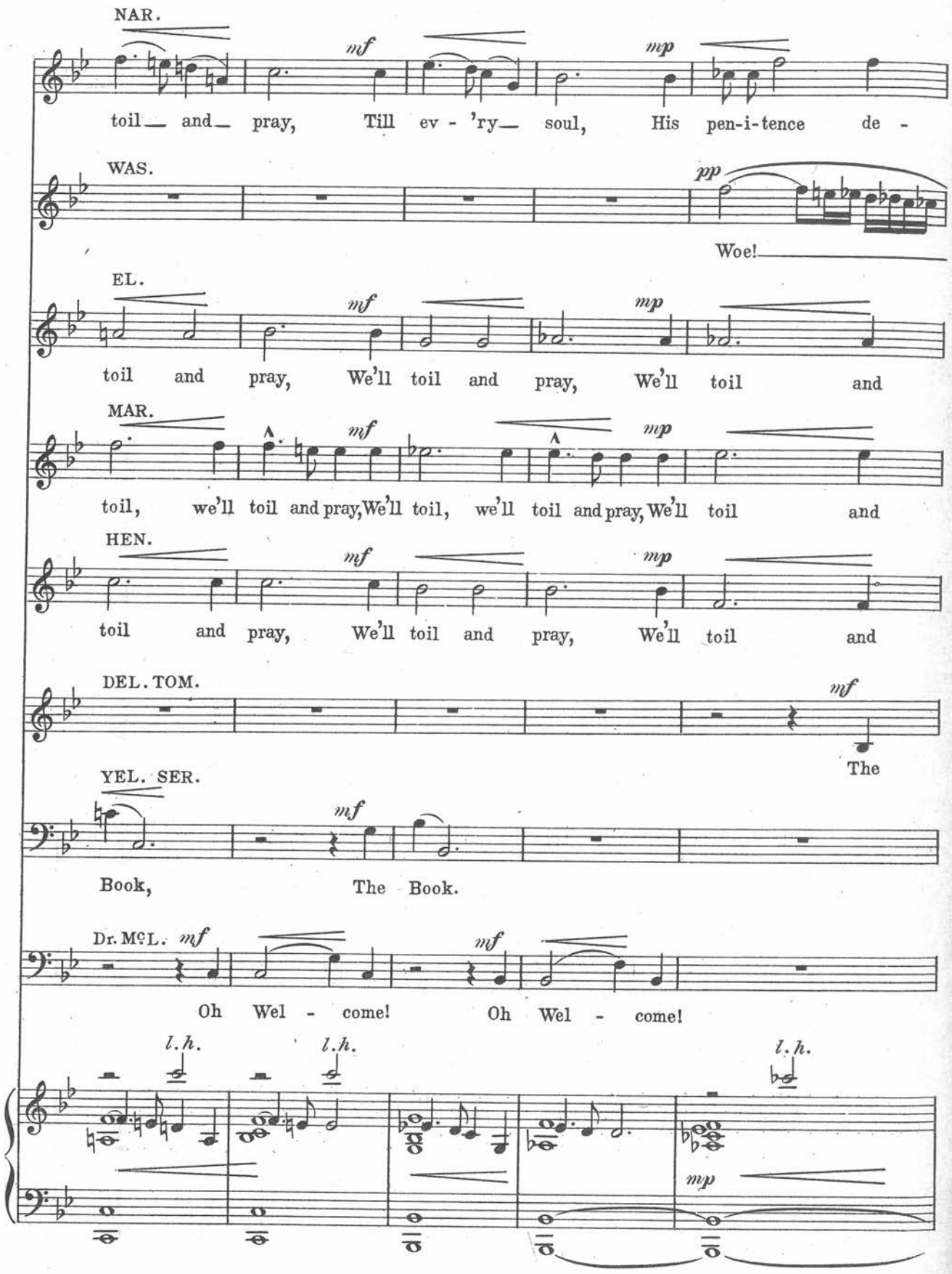

NARCISSA.
mf
Ah,
♩= 76
meno mosso.
yes, the Book— the Bi - ble's here.
MARCUS.
The
(Henry retires up, and brings large Bible, which he places on table.)
mf
We
mf
We
rit.
word of Truth and
f
Love.
mf
We
mf
We
(Indians gather 'round Marcus as he displays Bible.)
rit.

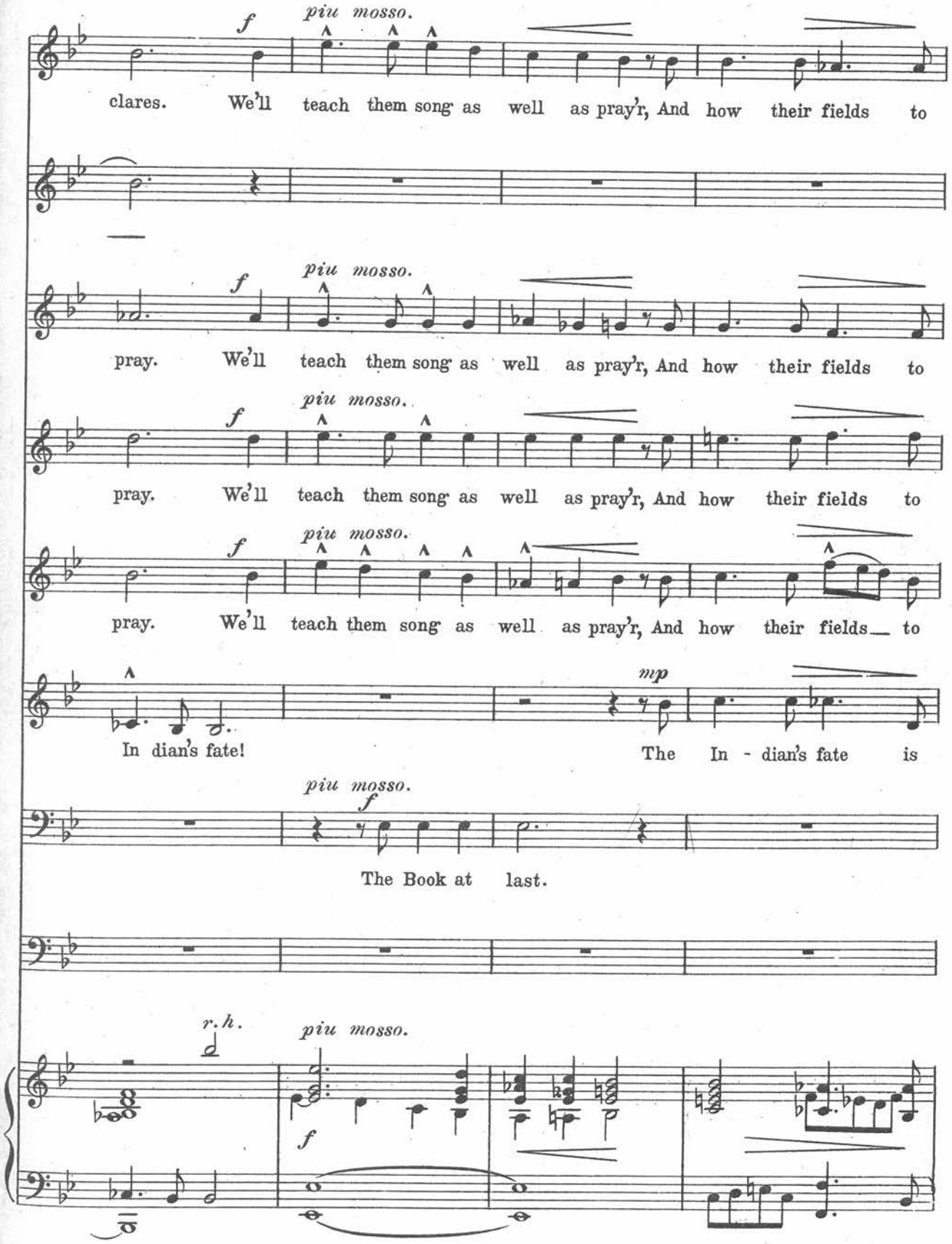

NARCISSA. Piu mosso.
bring it now, to all the tribes, The Word of
WASKEMA.
(Waskema and Tom remain near Rear Entrance and do not join group.)
ELIZA.
bring it now, to all the tribes, The Word of
MARCUS.
bring it now, to all the tribes, The Word of
HENRY.
bring it now, to all the tribes, The Word of
Piu mosso. M.M. ♩ = 92
(Yellow Serpent examines Bible with great interest.)
Peace and Love.
pp
tremolo.
Woe
Peace and Love.
Peace and Love.
Peace and Love.
mf

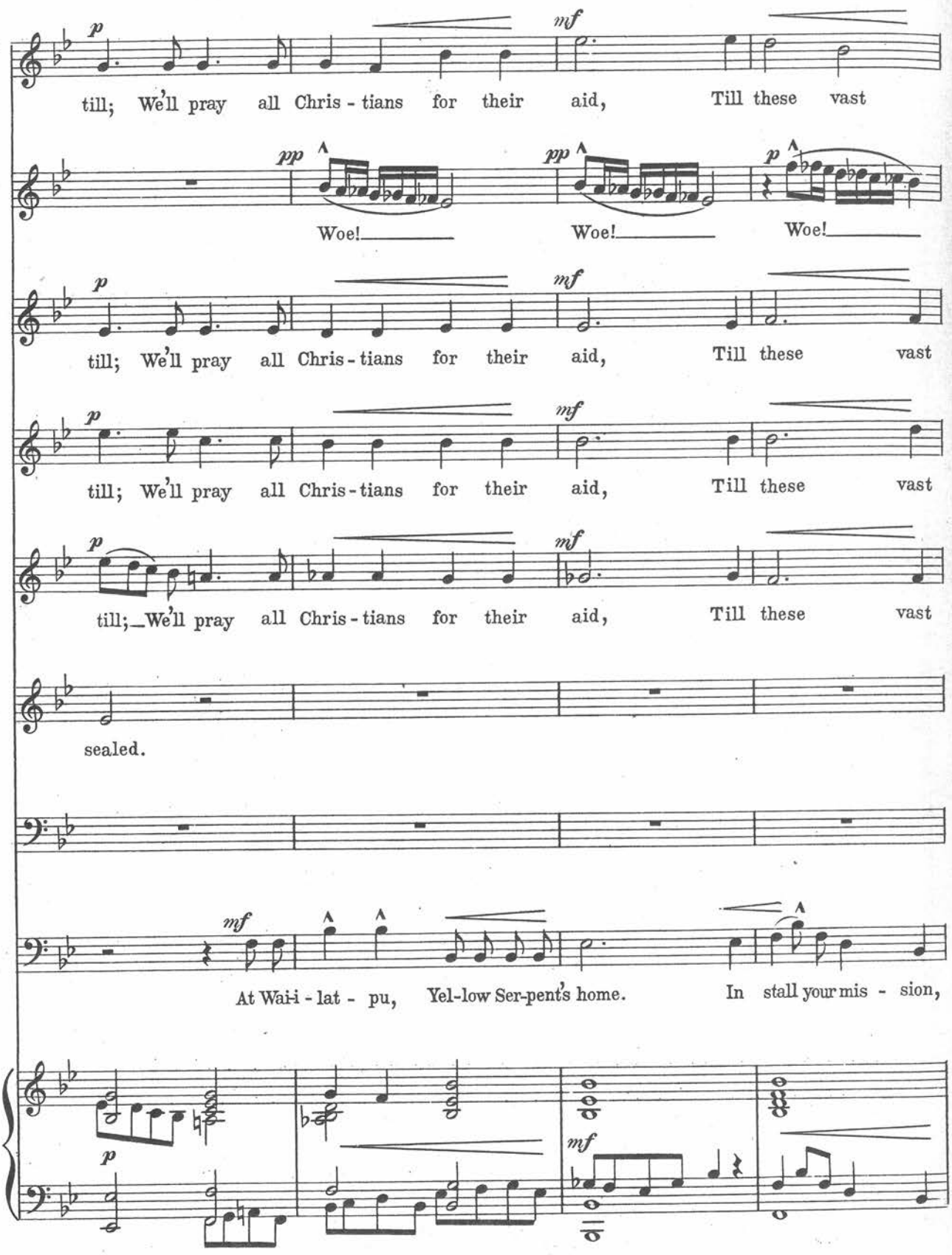

pp
rit.
p
Woe!
Woe!
mp
The In - dians fate, is sealed!
rit.
YELLOW SERPENT.
piu mosso.
mf
mf
accel.
To Yel-low Ser-pent's peo-ple first! The leaves have fal-len, man - ya time, Since
♩=112
mf
piu mosso.
f
rit.
white man told us of the Book for which they've sought.
Dr. McL.
mf
mf
At Wai-i-lat-pu, Yel-low Ser-pent's home, In-stall your mis-sion, Bet-ter
♩=120
piu mosso.
mf

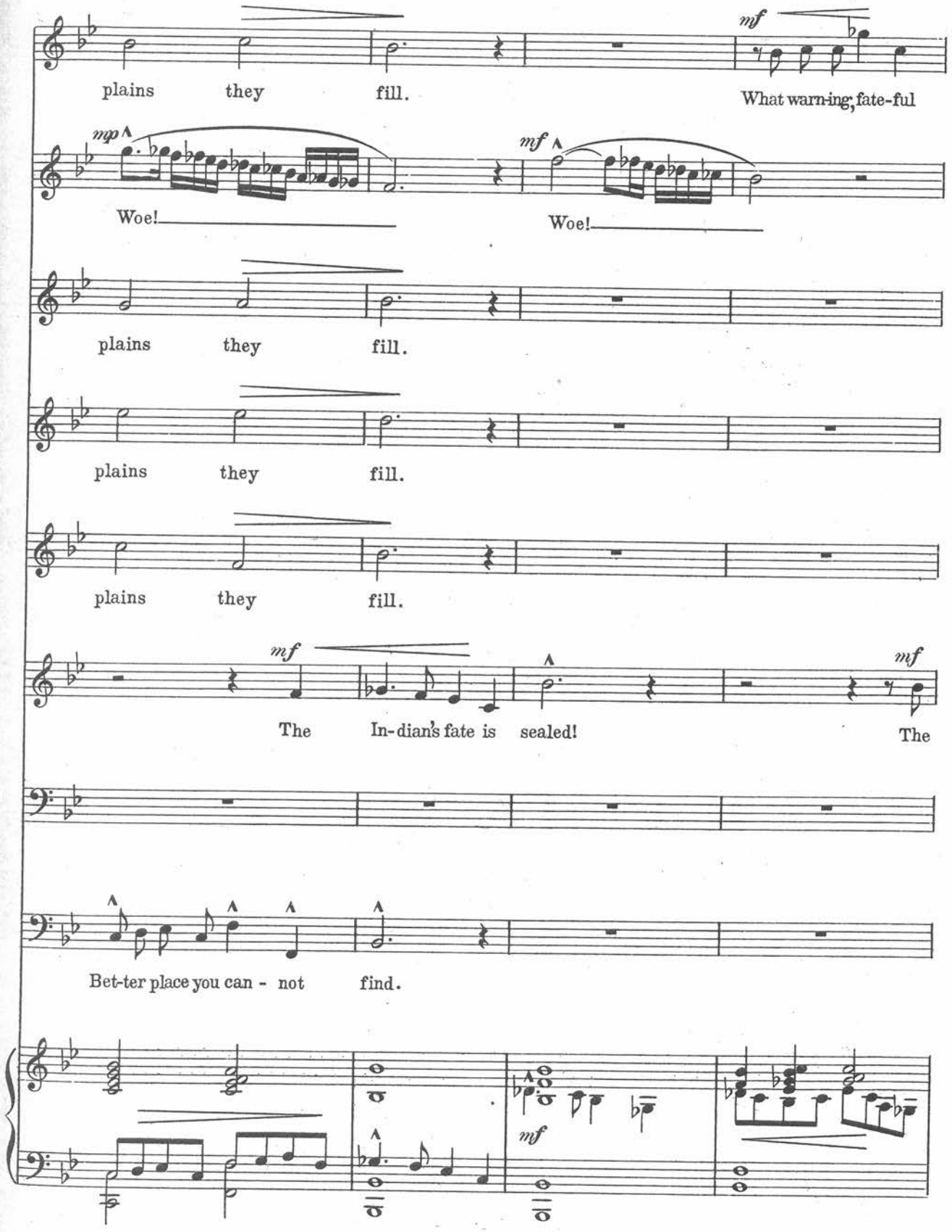

mf
place or tribe you can-not find. E - li - jah, good young son, of Yel-low Ser-pent.
mf
f
Chief so soon to be. Is bright - est, at the school of Jas - on
f
ff
mp
Lee. Of all Col-um-bia's al-lied tribes, be - loved. His
mf
rit.
heart, you'll find, a rich and fal - low field.
rit.

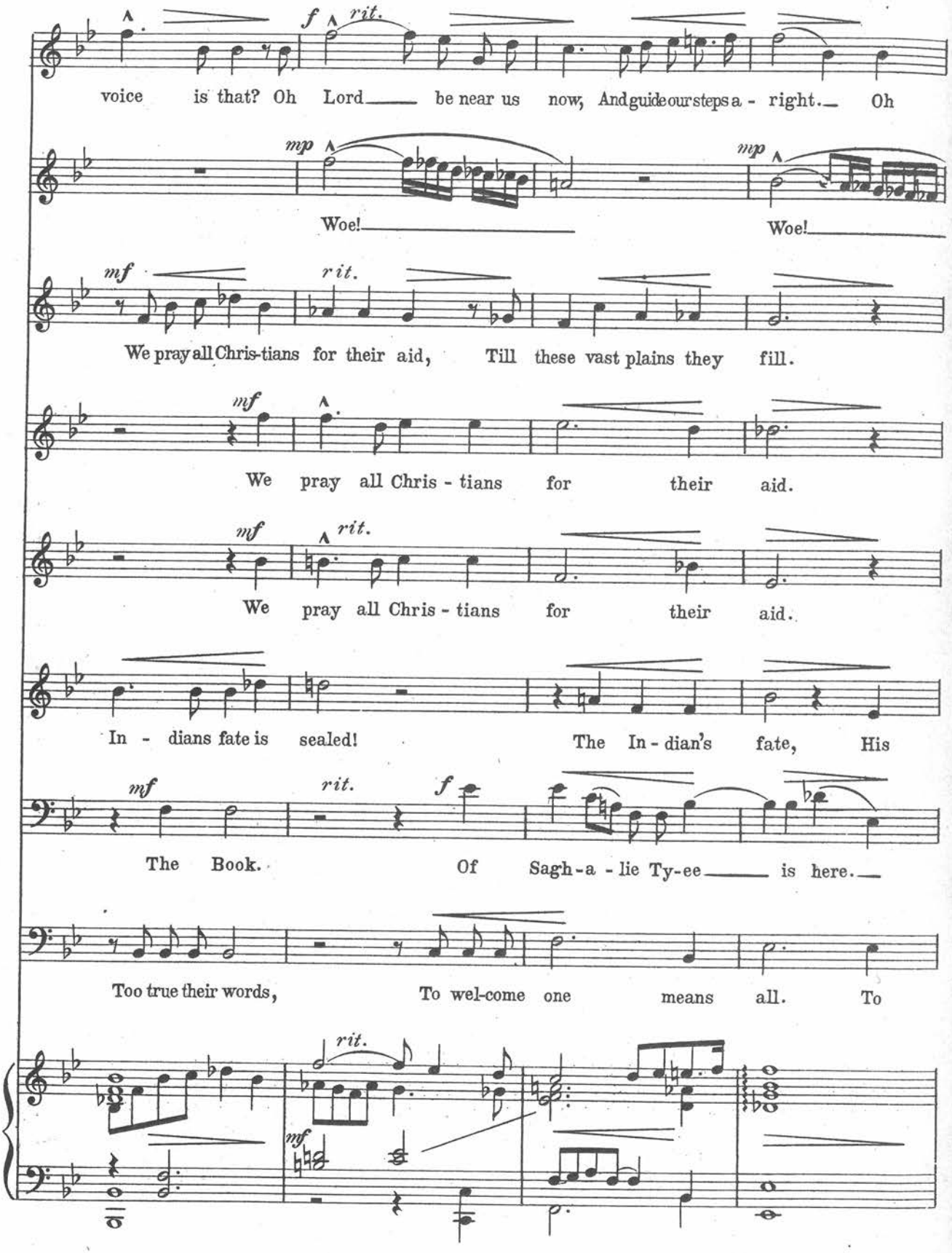

NARCISSA.
maestoso.
f
mf
Now glo-ry be to God on high, Our work the Lord pre - pares. We'll
WASKEMA.
ELIZA.
f
mf
Now glo-ry be to God on high, Our work the Lord pre - pares. We'll
MARCUS.
f
mf
Now glo-ry be to God on high, Our work the Lord pre - pares. We'll
HENRY.
f
mf
Now glo-ry be to God on high, Our work the Lord pre - pares. We'll
DELAWARE TOM.
YELLOW SERPENT.
f
mf
mf
The Book at last, The Book of Sagh-a-lie Ty - ee. The
Dr. McL.
Maestoso.
♩ = 88
f
mf

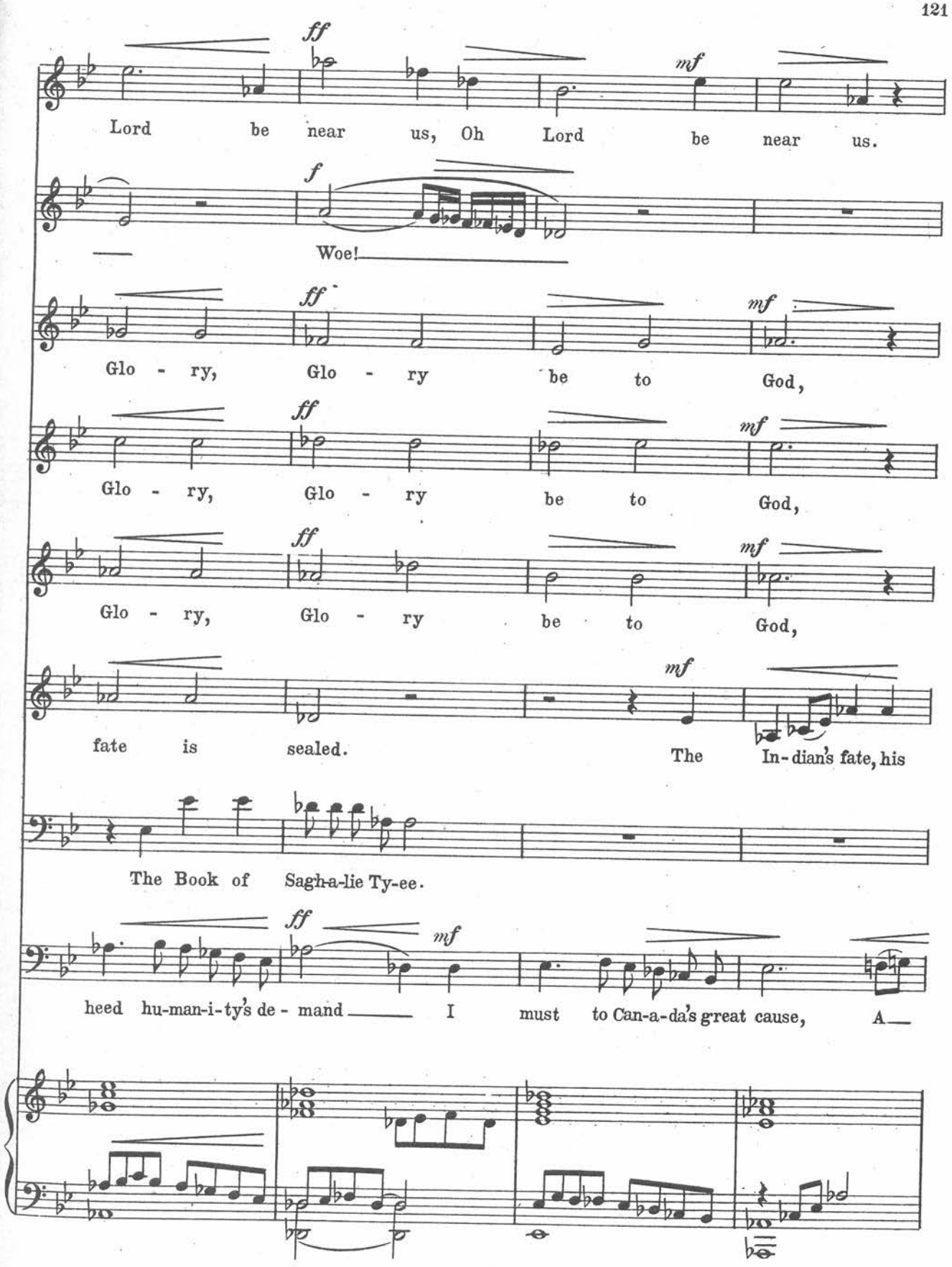

NAR.
mf
mp
toil and pray, Till ev - 'ry soul, His pen-i-tence de -
WAS.
pp
Woe!
EL.
mf
mp
toil and pray, We'll toil and pray, We'll toil and
MAR.
mf
mp
toil, we'll toil and pray, We'll toil, we'll toil and pray, We'll toil and
HEN.
mf
mp
toil and pray, We'll toil and pray, We'll toil and
DEL. TOM.
mf
The
YEL. SER.
mf
Book, The Book.
Dr. McL.
mf
mf
Oh Wel - come! Oh Wel - come!
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
mp

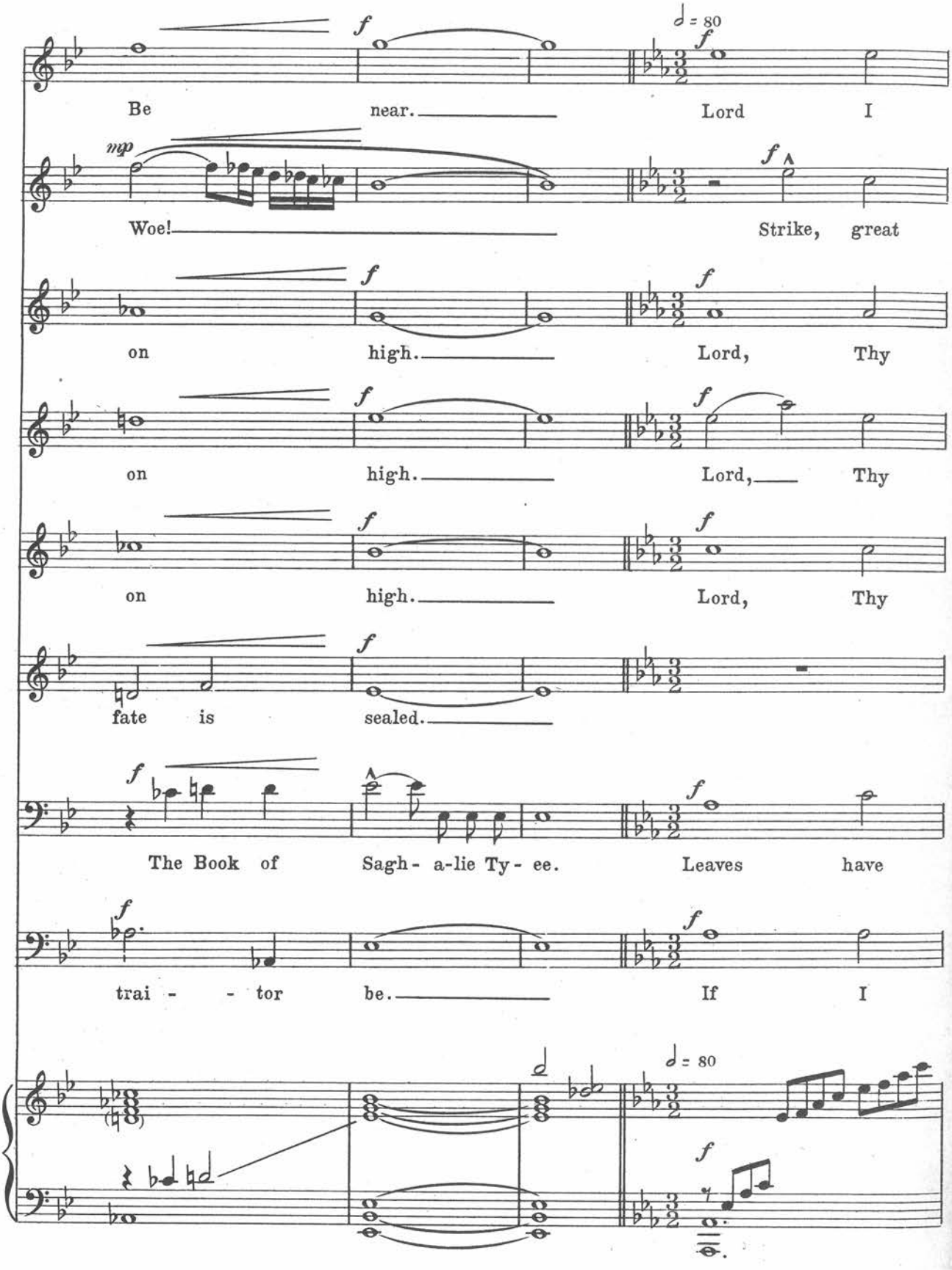

f
piu mosso.
clares. We'll teach them song as well as pray'r, And how their fields to
pray. We'll teach them song as well as pray'r, And how their fields to
pray. We'll teach them song as well as pray'r, And how their fields to
pray. We'll teach them song as well as pray'r, And how their fields to
mp
In dian's fate! The In - dian's fate is
The Book at last.
r.h.

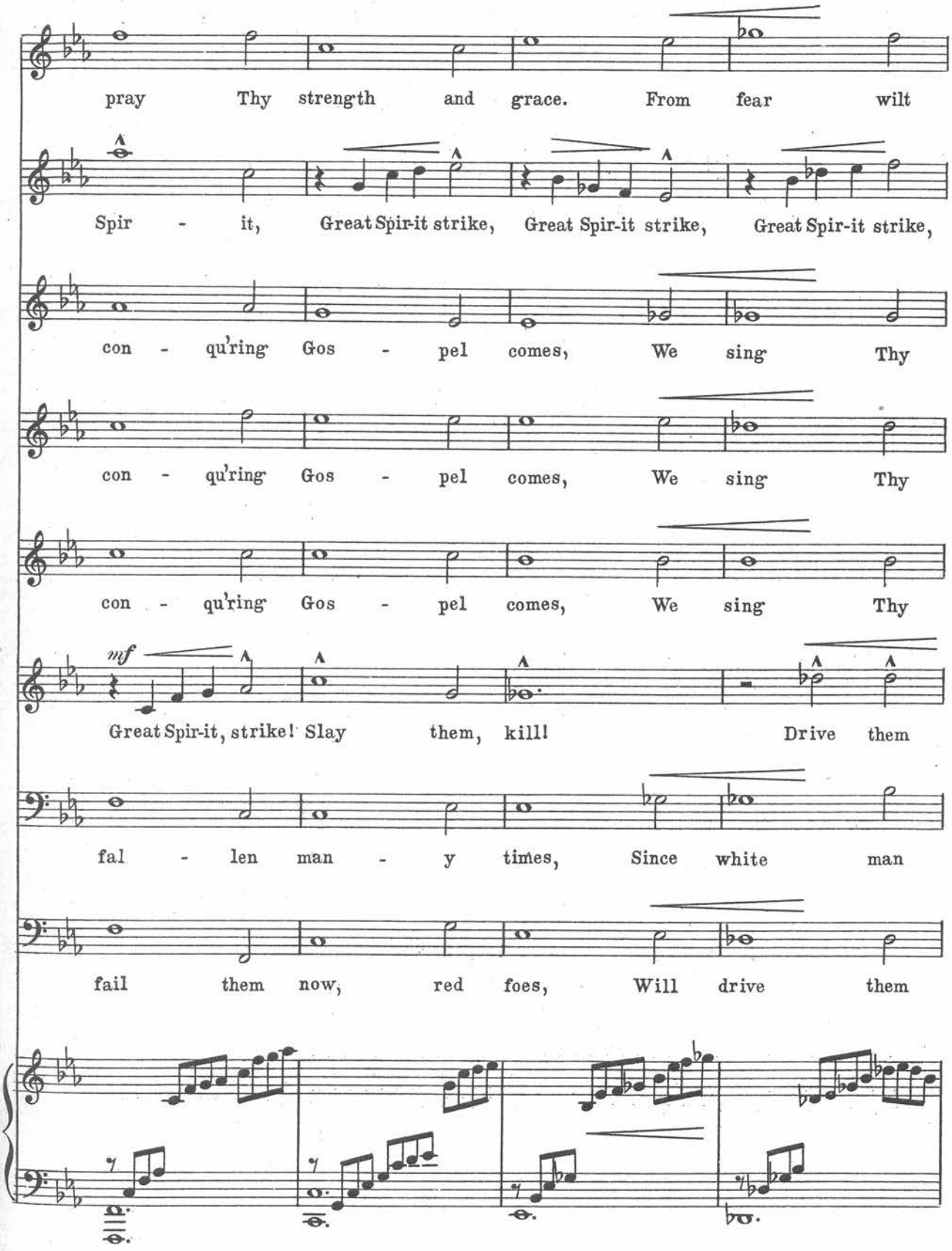

p
mf
till; We'll pray all Chris - tians for their aid, Till these vast
pp
pp
p
Woe! Woe! Woe!
p
mf
till; We'll pray all Chris - tians for their aid, Till these vast
p
mf
till; We'll pray all Chris - tians for their aid, Till these vast
p
mf
till; We'll pray all Chris - tians for their aid, Till these vast
sealed.
mf
At Wai-i - lat - pu, Yel-low Ser-pent's home. In stall your mis - sion,
p
mf

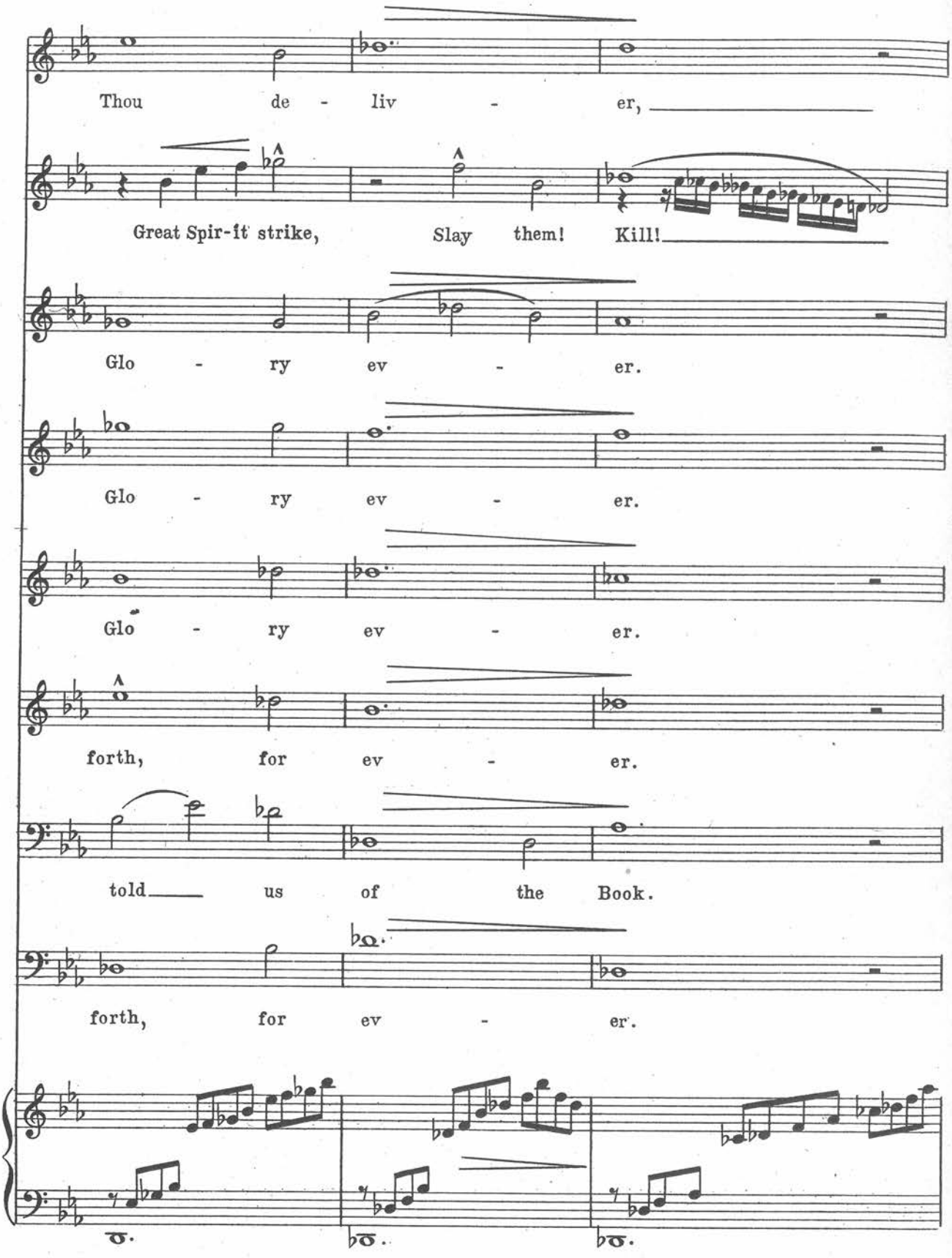

plains they fill.
mf
What warn-ing, fate-ful
mp
Woe!
mf
Woe!
plains they fill.
plains they fill.
plains they fill.
mf
The In-dian's fate is sealed!
mf
The
Bet-ter place you can - not find.
mf

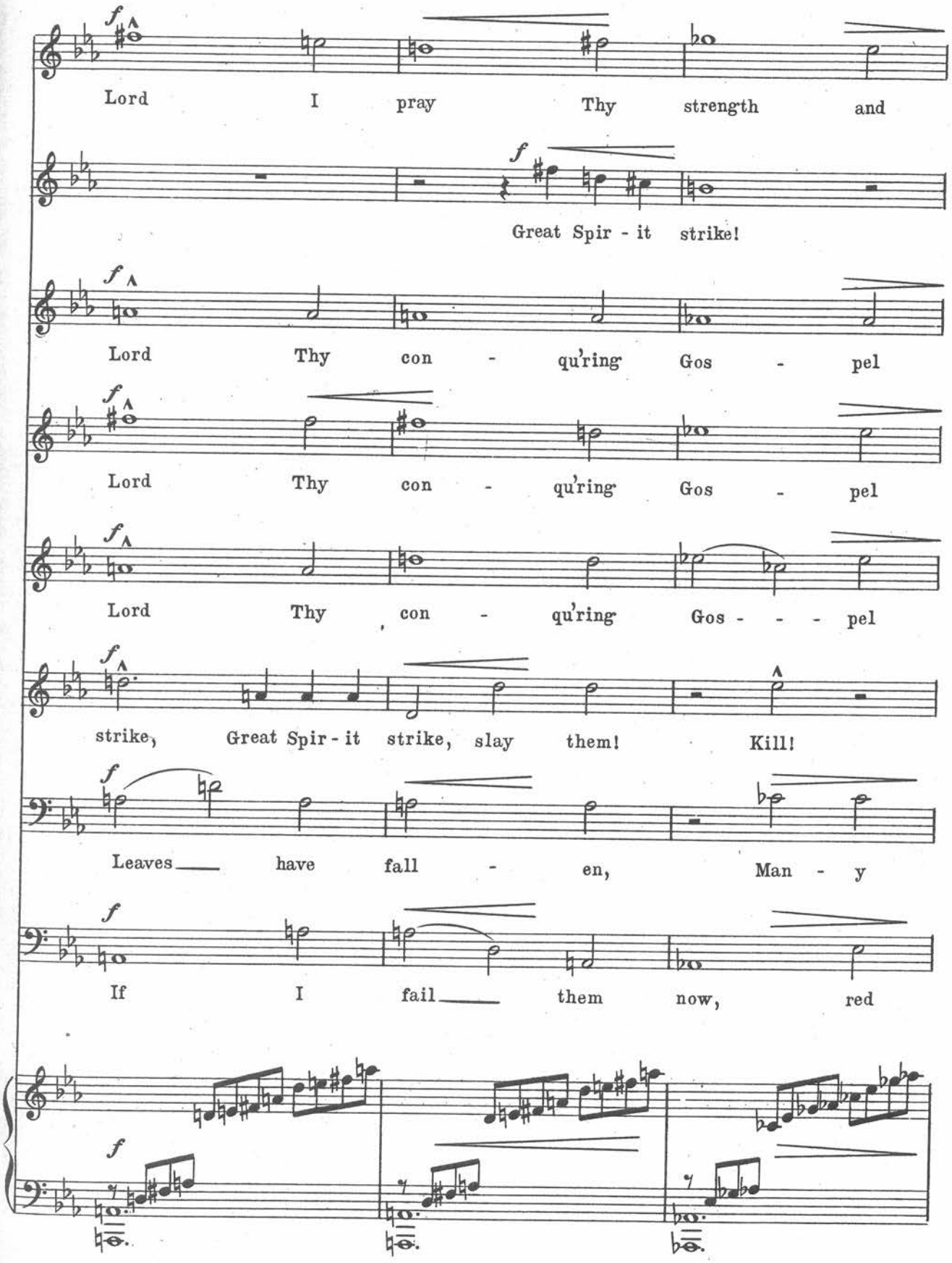

voice is that? Oh Lord be near us now, And guide our steps a - right. Oh
Woe! Woe!
We pray all Chris-tians for their aid, Till these vast plains they fill.
We pray all Chris - tians for their aid.
We pray all Chris - tians for their aid.
In - dians fate is sealed! The In - dian's fate, His
The Book. Of Sagh-a - lie Ty-ee is here.
Too true their words, To wel-come one means all. To

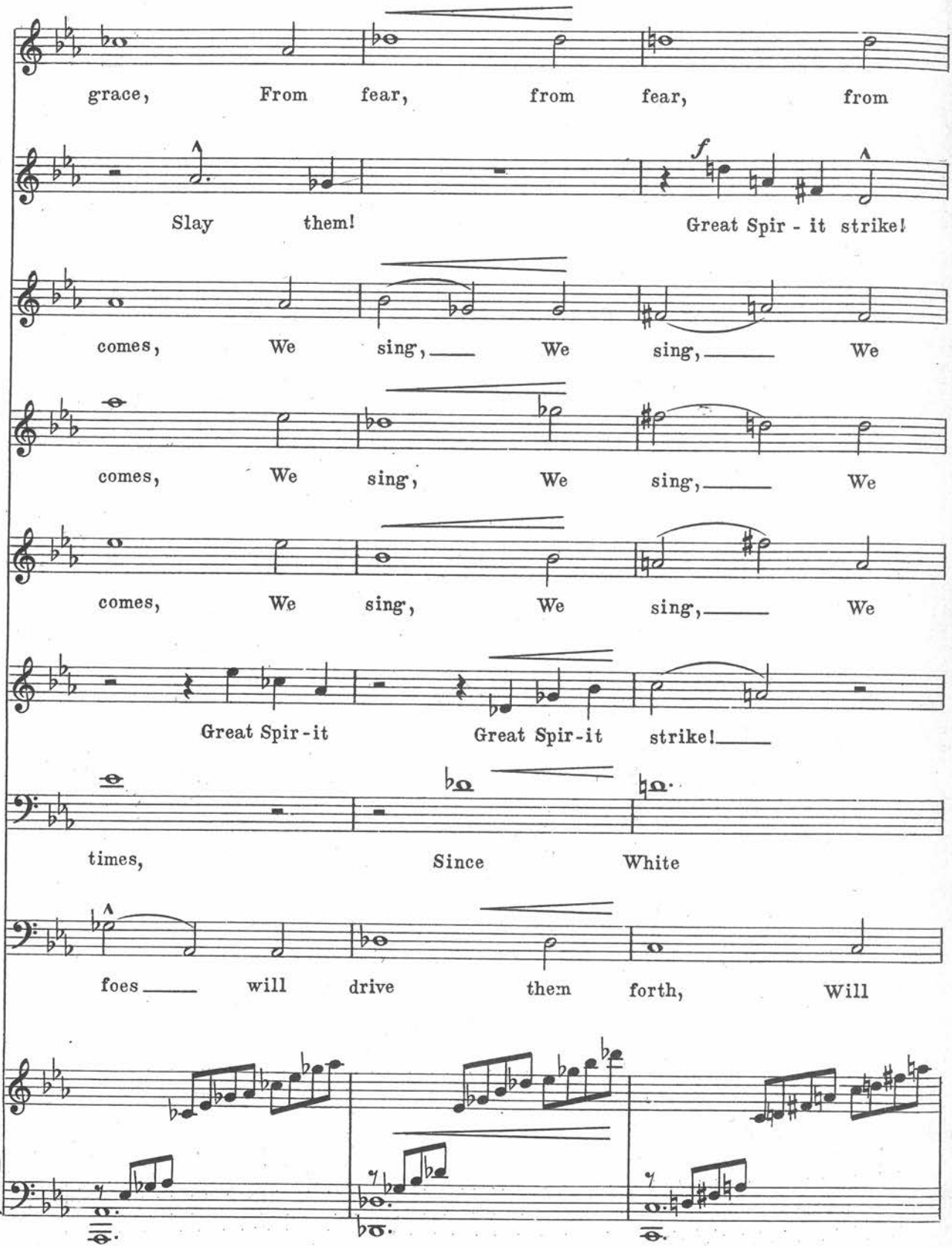

ff
mf
Lord be near us, Oh Lord be near us.
f
Woe!
ff
mf
Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God,
ff
mf
Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God,
ff
mf
Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God,
mf
fate is sealed. The In-dian's fate, his
The Book of Sagh-a-lie Ty-ee.
ff
mf
heed hu-man-i-ty's de - mand I must to Can-a-da's great cause, A

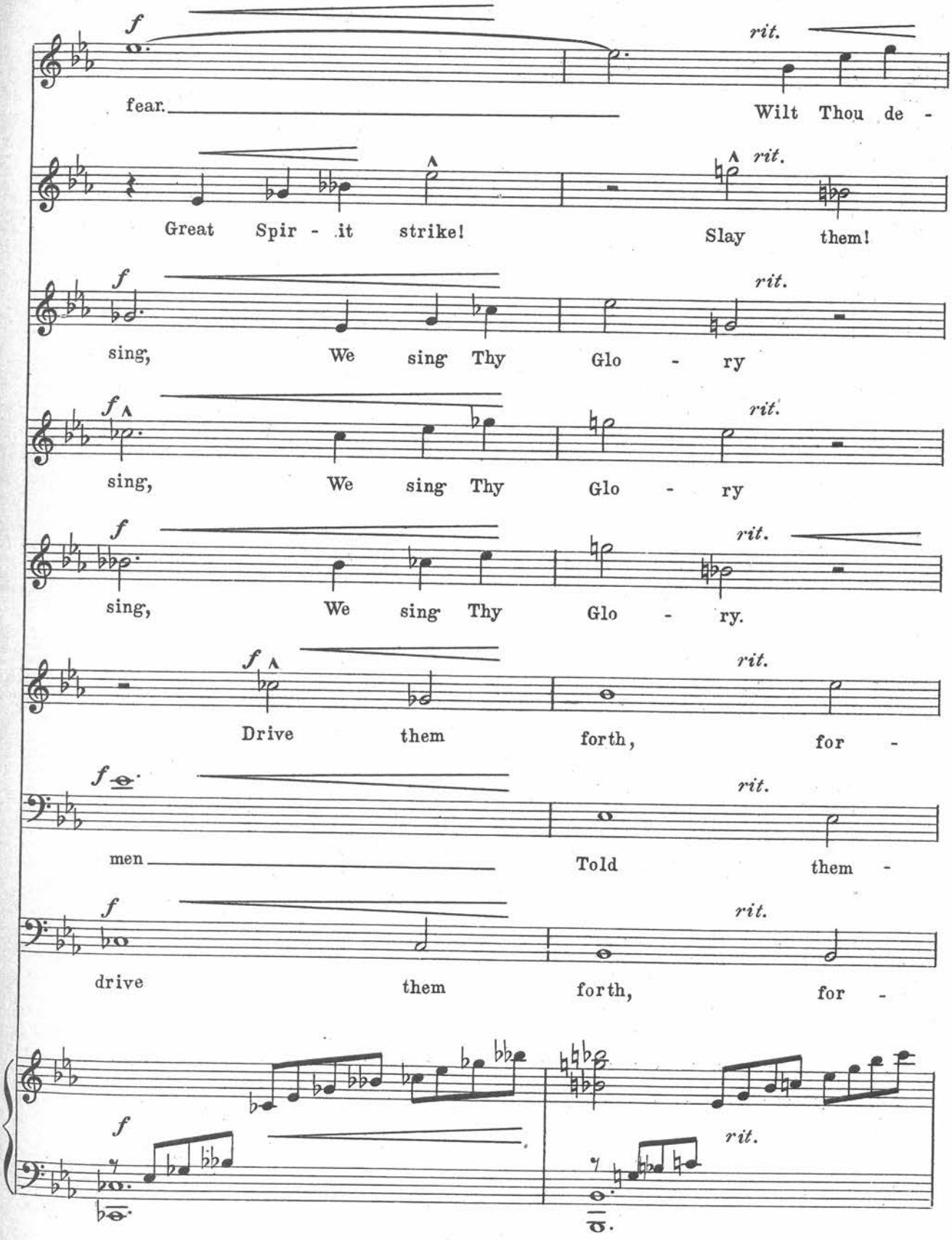

Be near. Lord I
Woe! Strike, great
on high. Lord, Thy
on high. Lord, Thy
on high. Lord, Thy
fate is sealed.
The Book of Sagh- a-lie Ty- ee. Leaves have
trai - - tor be. If I

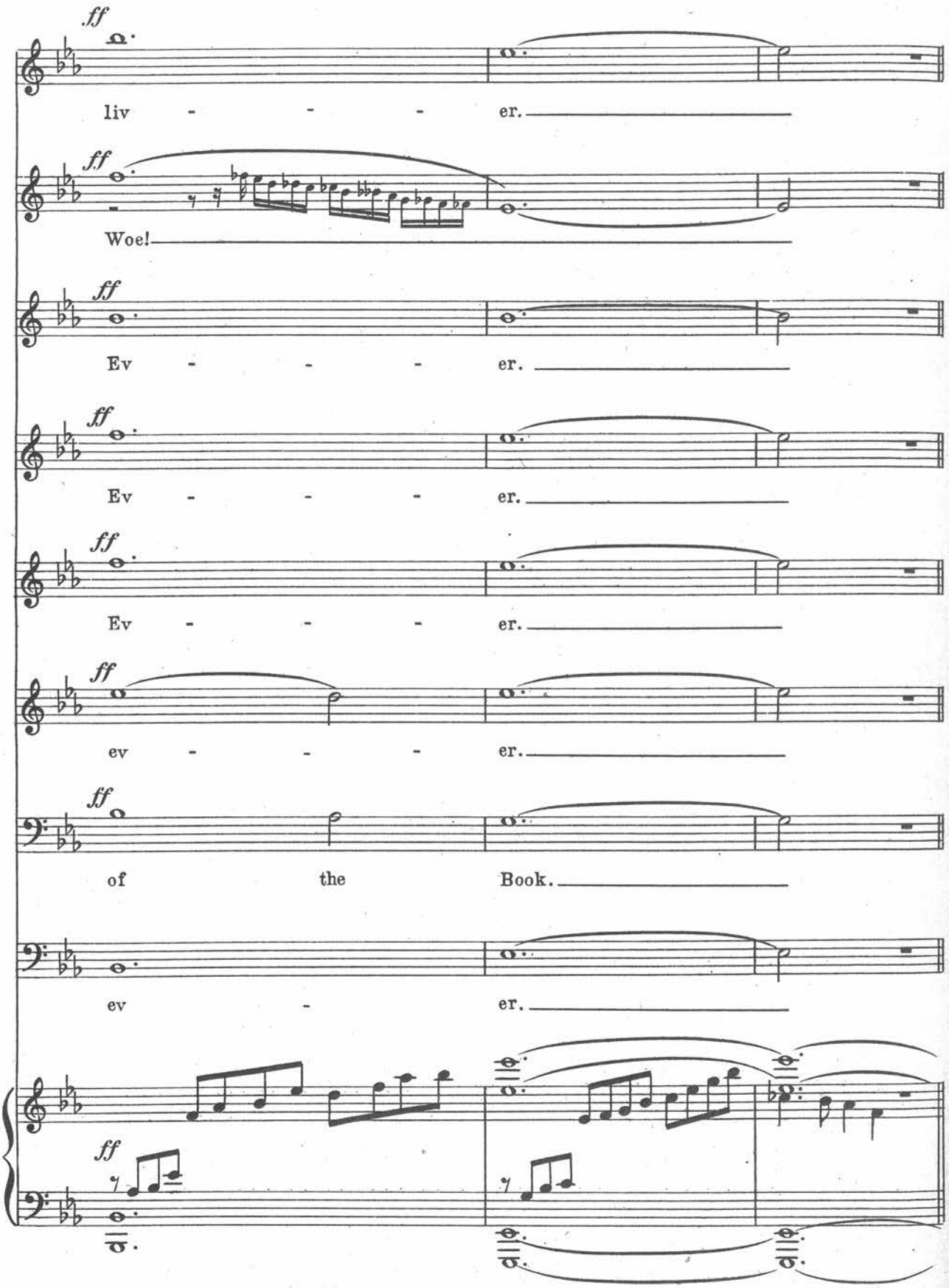

pray Thy strength and grace. From fear wilt
Spir - it, Great Spir-it strike, Great Spir-it strike, Great Spir-it strike,
con - qu'ring Gos - pel comes, We sing Thy
con - qu'ring Gos - pel comes, We sing Thy
con - qu'ring Gos - pel comes, We sing Thy
mf
Great Spir-it, strike! Slay them, kill! Drive them
fal - len man - y times, Since white man
fail them now, red foes, Will drive them

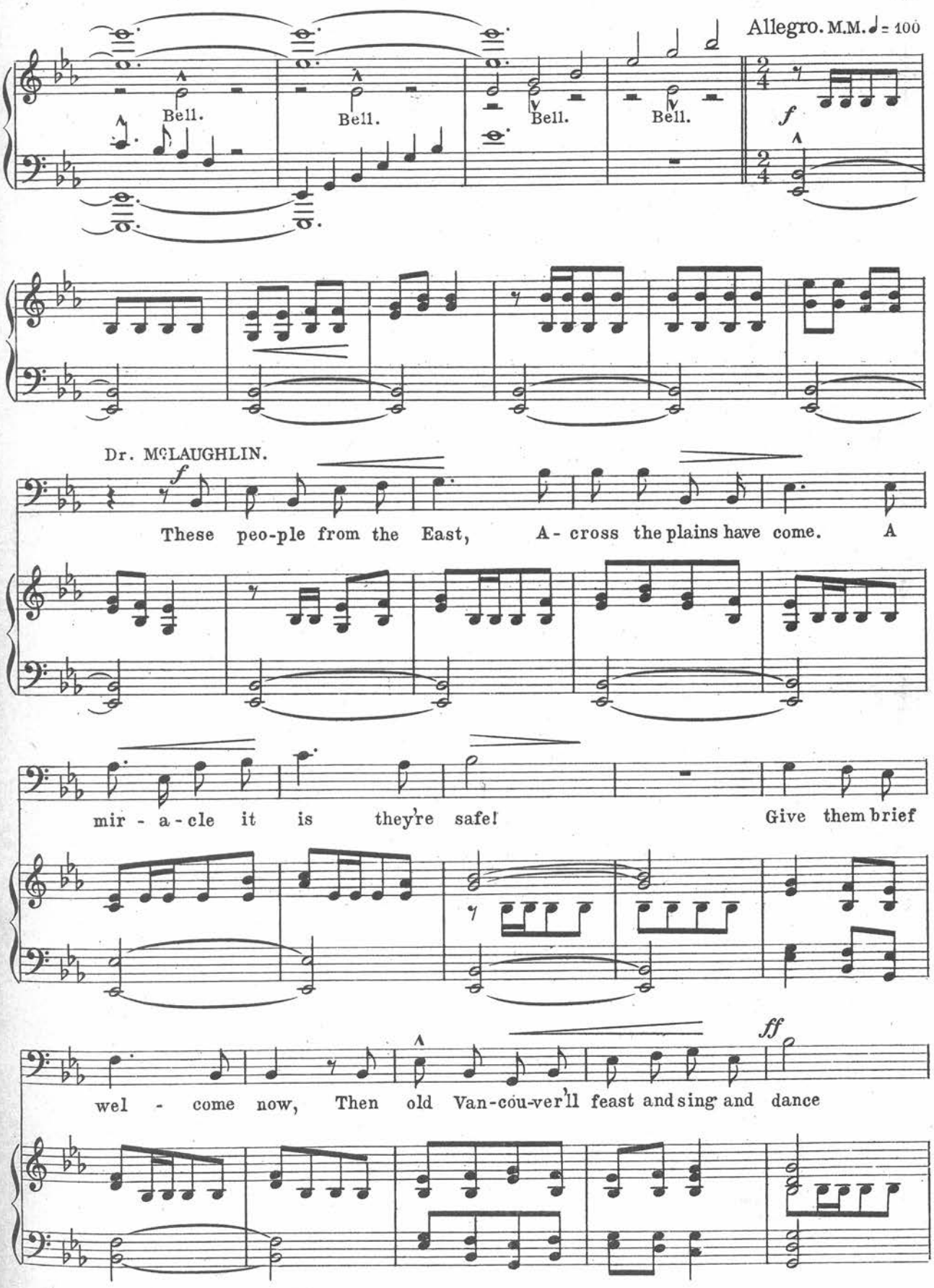

Thou de - liv - er,
Great Spir-it strike, Slay them! Kill!
Glo - ry ev - er.
Glo - ry ev - er.
Glo - ry ev - er.
forth, for ev - er.
told us of the Book.
forth, for ev - er.


Lord I pray Thy strength and
Great Spir - it strike!
Lord Thy con - qu'ring Gos - pel
Lord Thy con - qu'ring Gos - pel
Lord Thy con - qu'ring Gos - - - pel
strike, Great Spir - it strike, slay them! Kill!
Leaves have fall - en, Man - y
If I fail them now, red

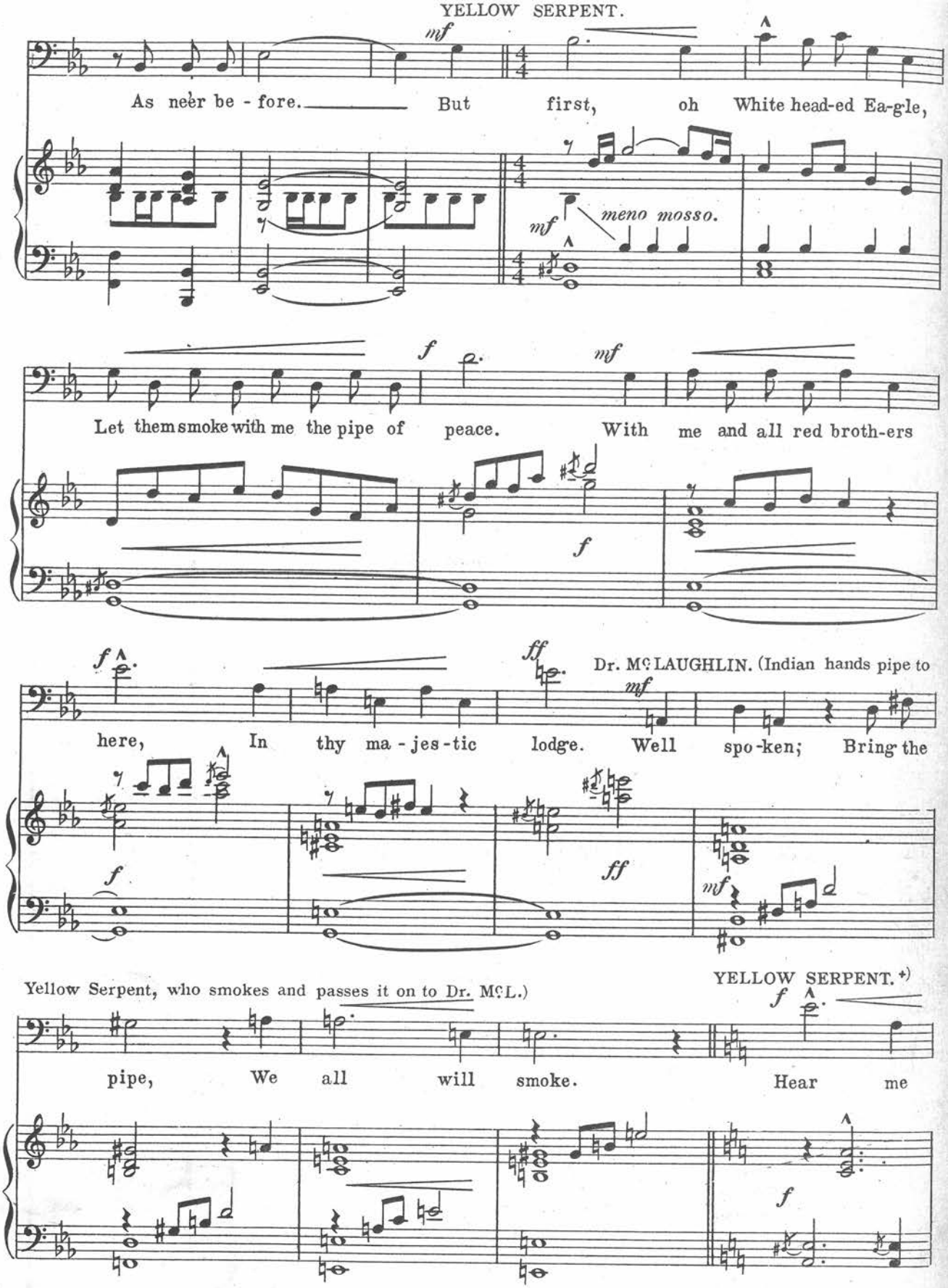

grace, From fear, from fear, from
Slay them! Great Spir - it strike!
comes, We sing, We sing, We
comes, We sing, We sing, We
comes, We sing, We sing, We
Great Spir-it Great Spir-it strike!
times, Since White
foes will drive them forth, Will


f
rit.
fear.
Wilt Thou de -
Great Spir - it strike!
Slay them!
sing, We sing Thy Glo - ry
sing, We sing Thy Glo - ry
sing, We sing Thy Glo - ry.
Drive them forth, for -
men
Told them -
drive them forth, for -

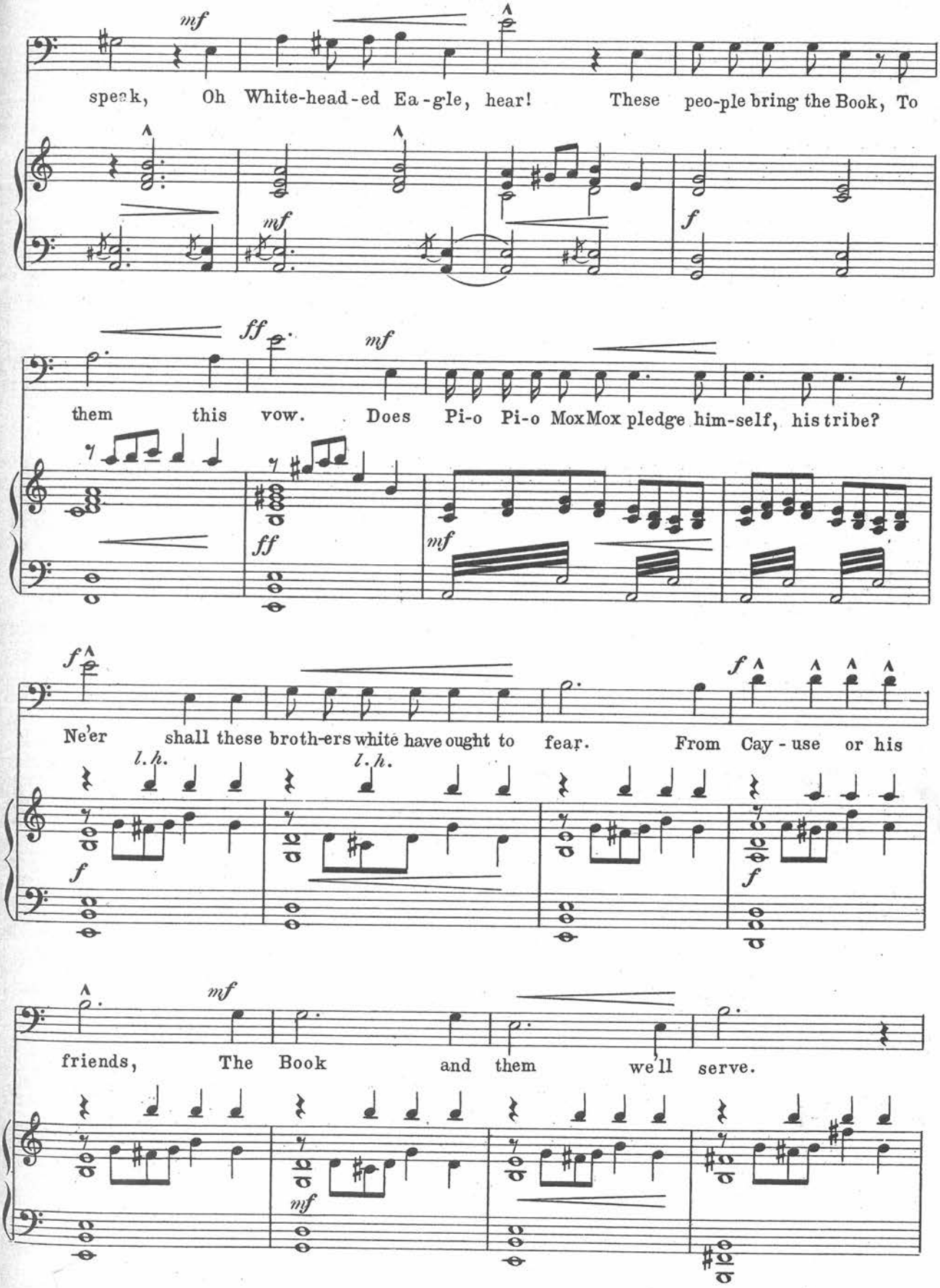

ff
liv - - - er.
ff
Woe!
ff
Ev - - - er.
ff
Ev - - - er.
ff
Ev - - - er.
ff
ev - - - er.
ff
of the Book.
ev - er.
ff


Allegro. M.M. ♩= 100
Bell.
Bell.
Bell.
Bell.
f
Dr. McLAUGHLIN.
f
These peo-ple from the East, A- cross the plains have come. A
mir - a - cle it is they're safe! Give them brief
ff
wel - come now, Then old Van-cou-ver'll feast and sing and dance

YELLOW SERPENT.



+) Smokes pipe, passing it to Marcus, he in turn to Henry and in turn to all men. Delaware Tom passes on the pipe without smoking.


mf
speak, Oh White-head-ed Ea-gle, hear! These peo-ple bring the Book, To
mf
f
ff
mf
them this vow. Does Pi-o Pi-o MoxMox pledge him-self, his tribe?
ff
mf
f
Ne'er shall these broth-ers white have ought to fear. From Cay-use or his
l.h.
l.h.
f
f
mf
friends, The Book and them we'll serve.
mf

NARCISSA. (Watching Waskema and Tom.)

mf

They do not smoke, Those fur-tive fate-ful two! I fear the e-vil

YELLOW SERPENT.

f *ff*

Great Spir-it hear I have said

r. h.

f

in their aw-ful eyes.

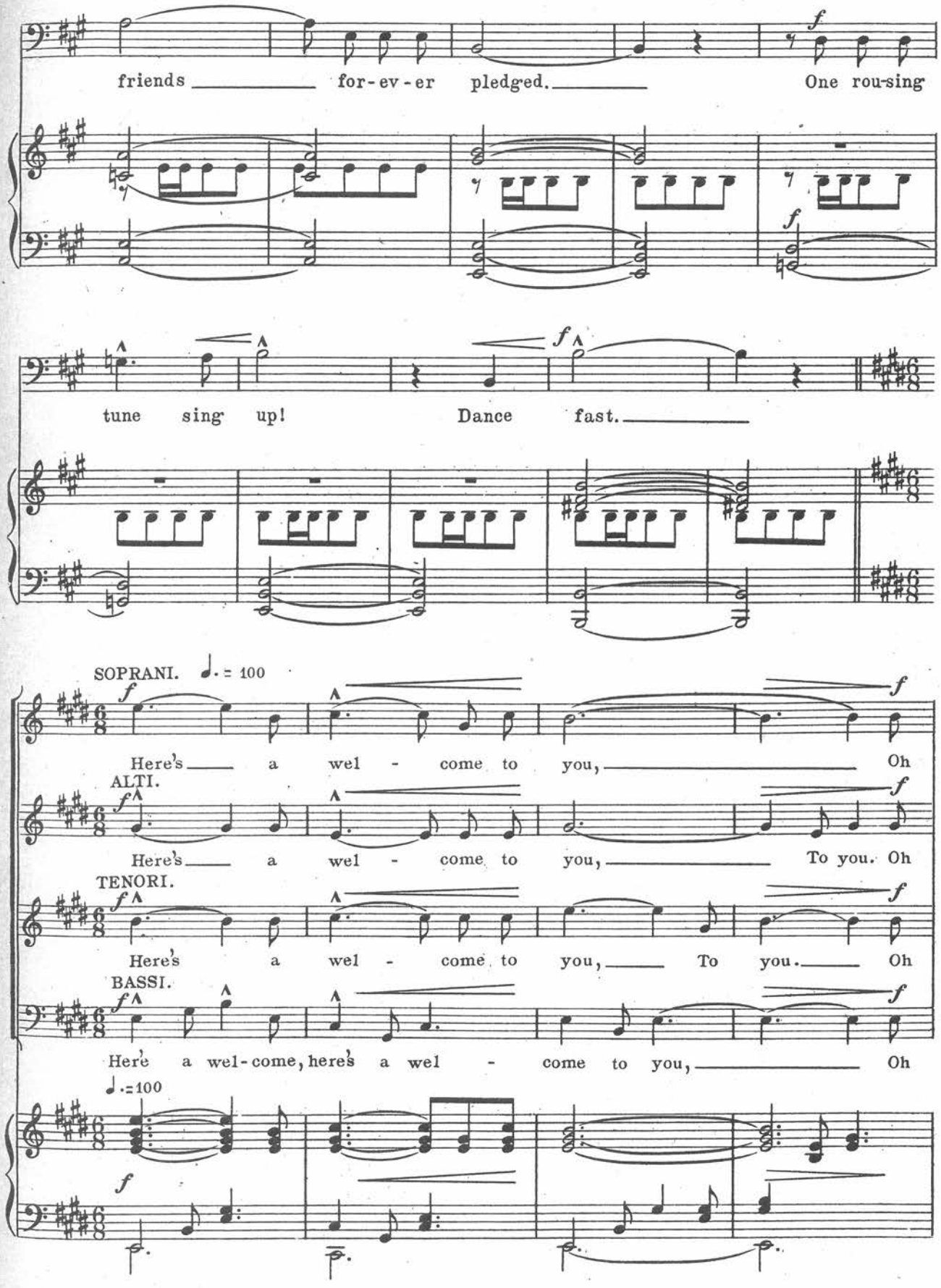
Dr. McL.

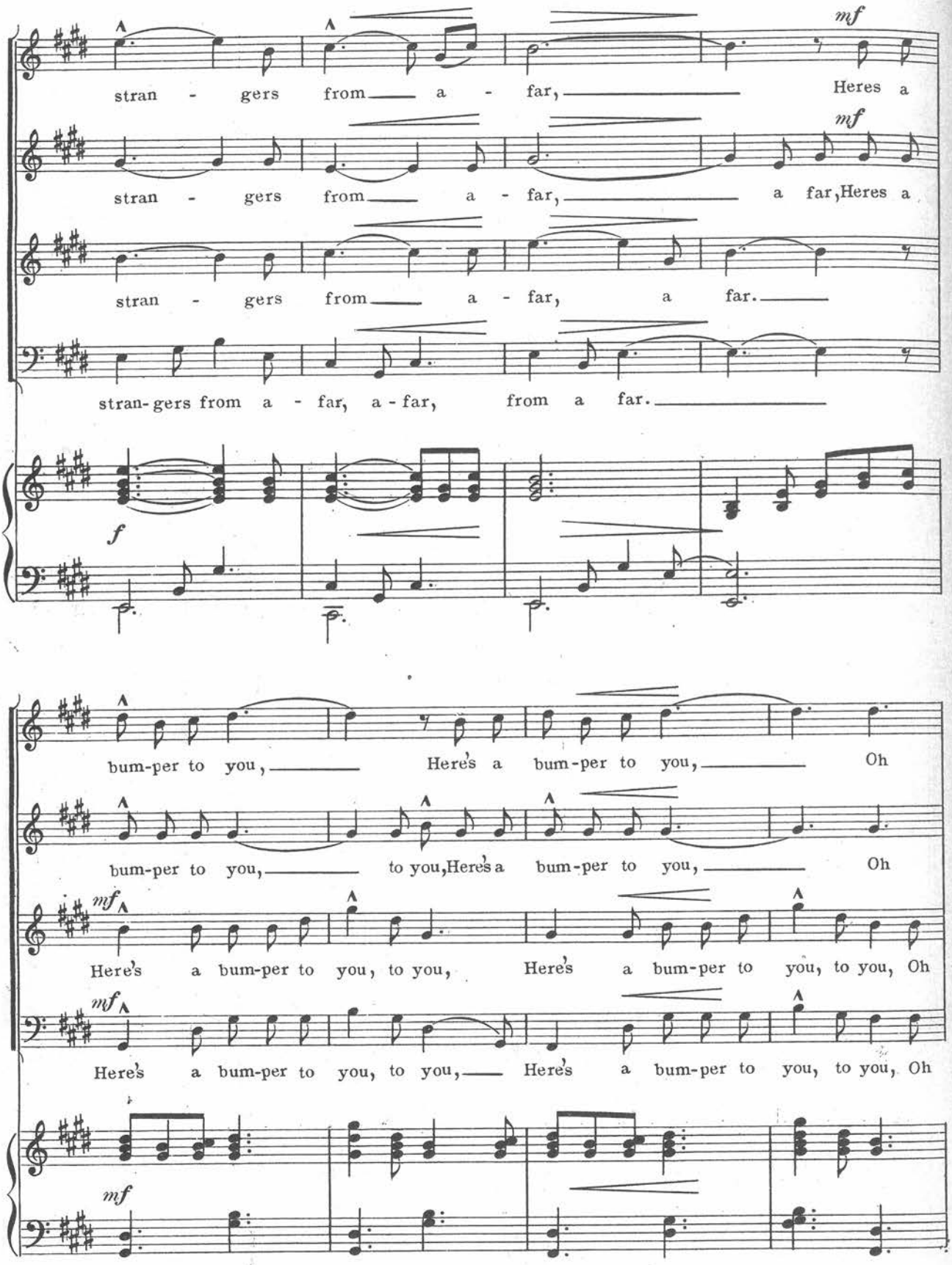
piu mosso.

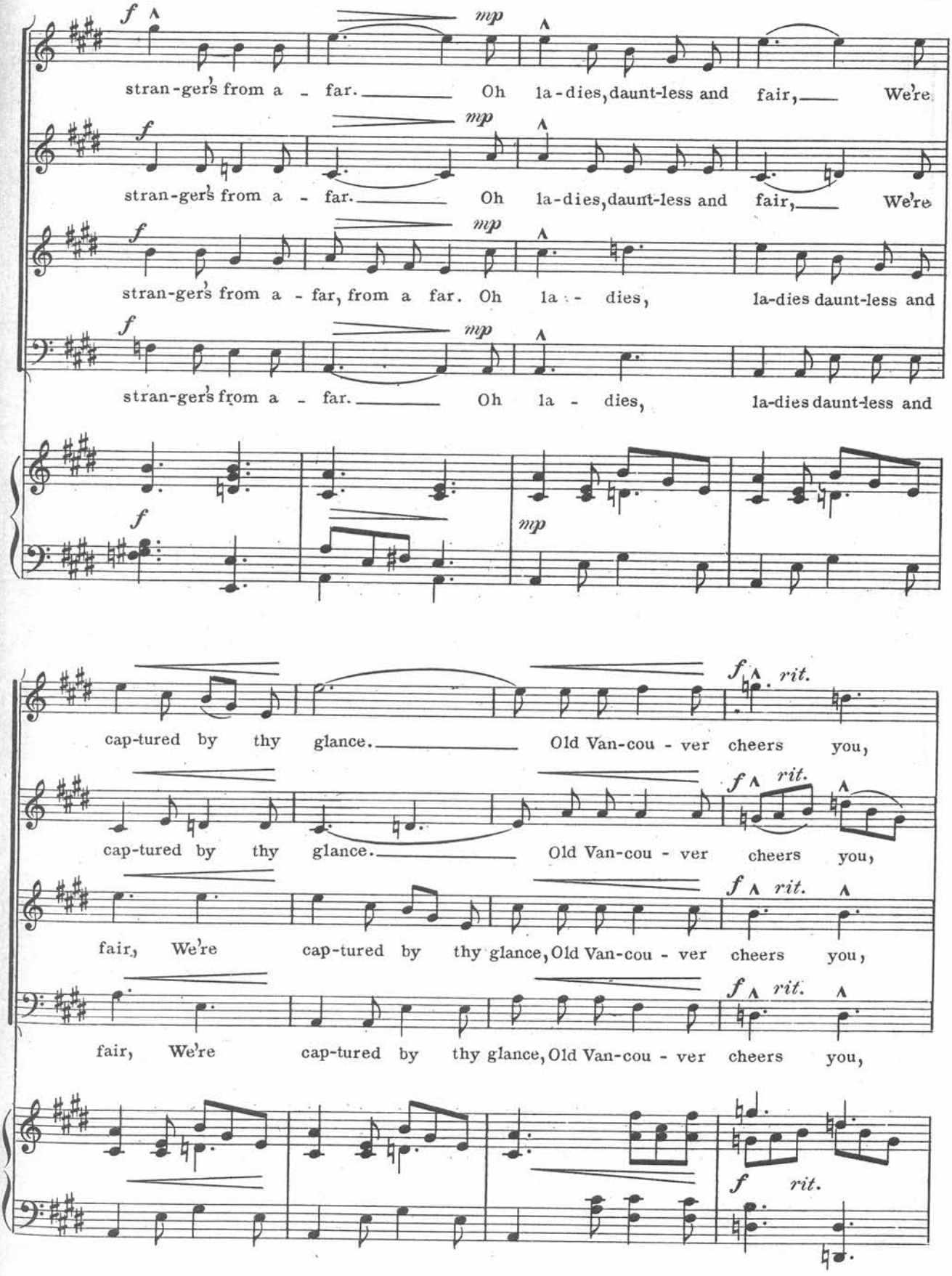
Now are we all good friends, good

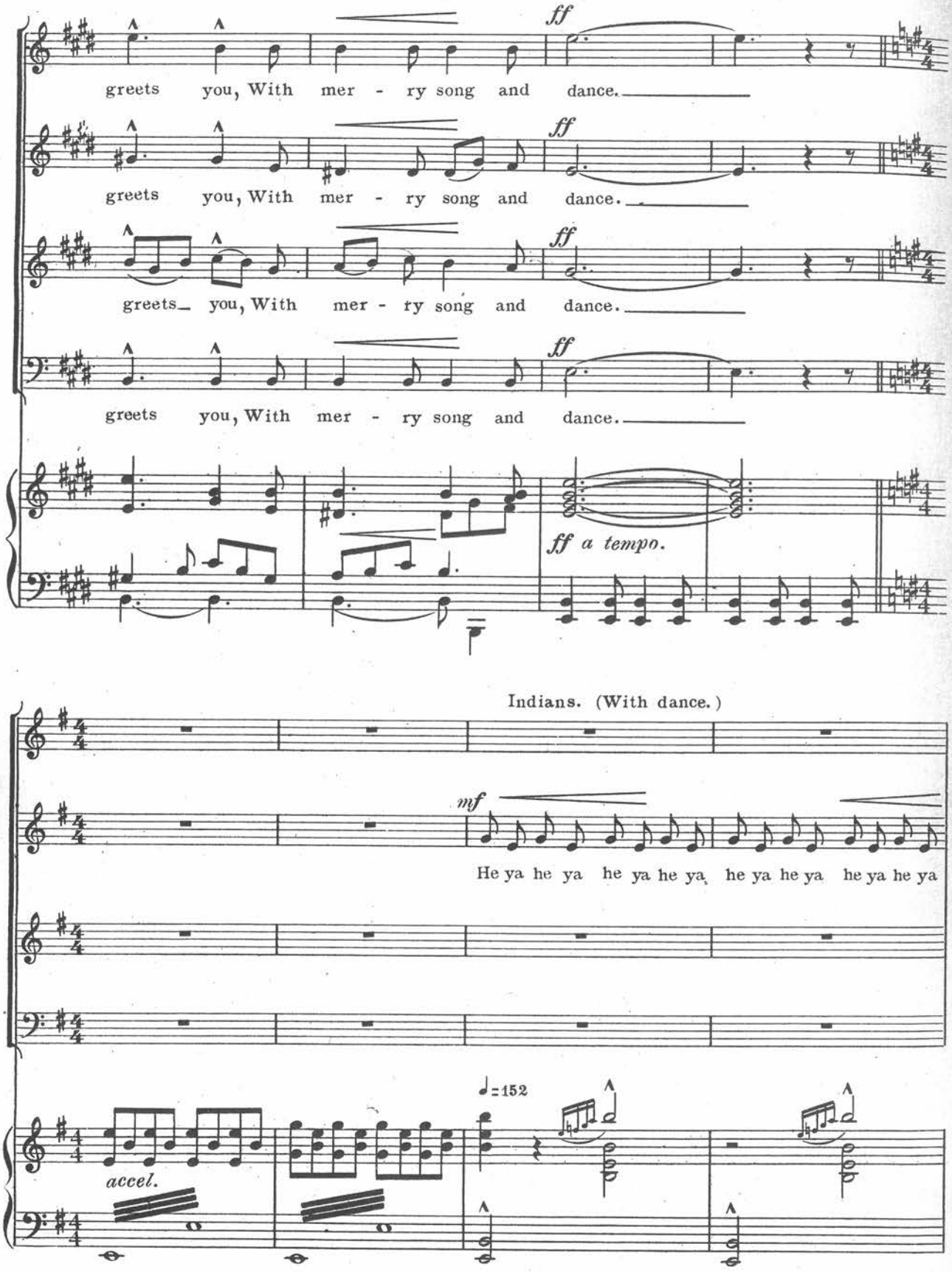
f

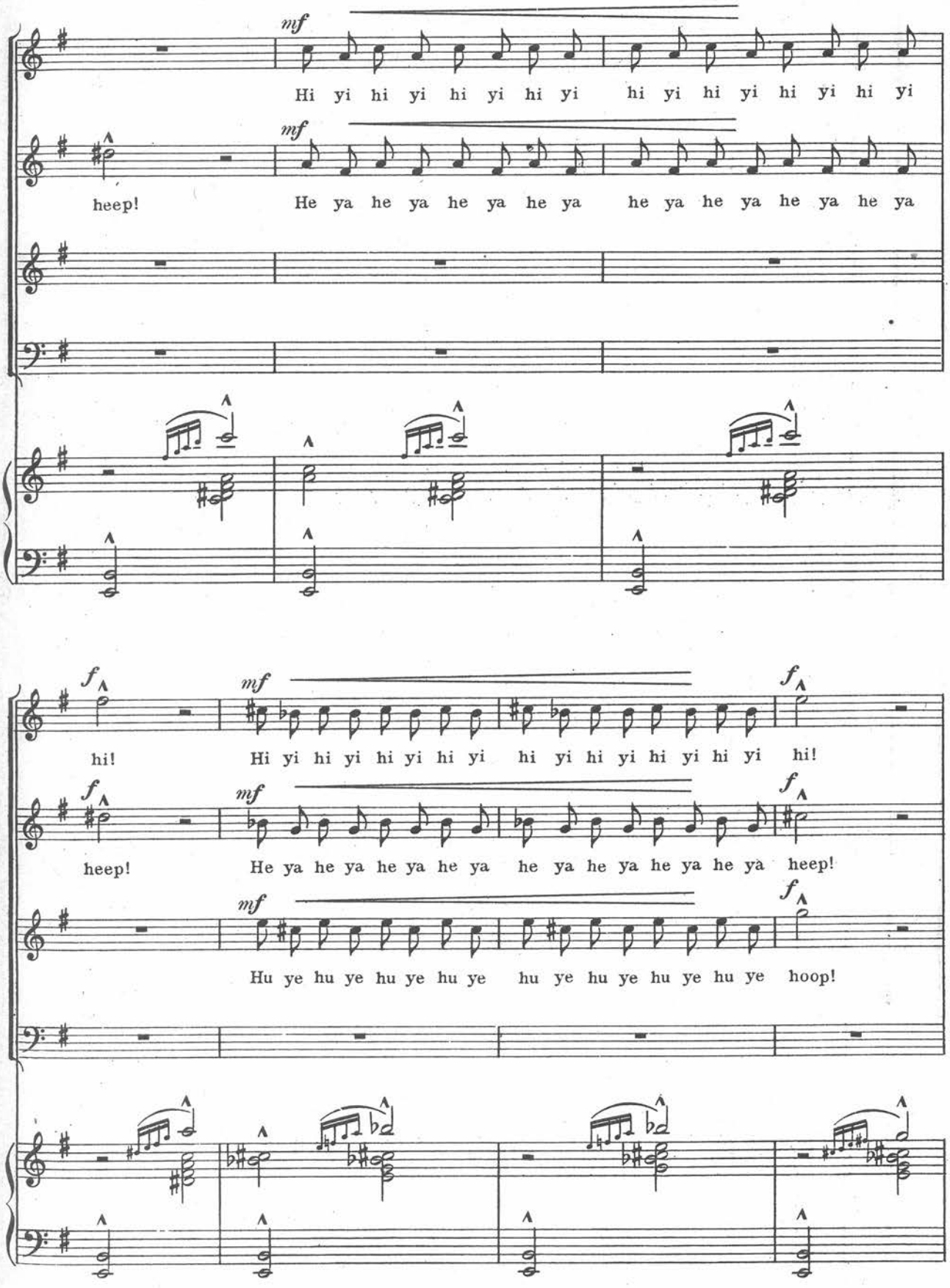
piu mosso.

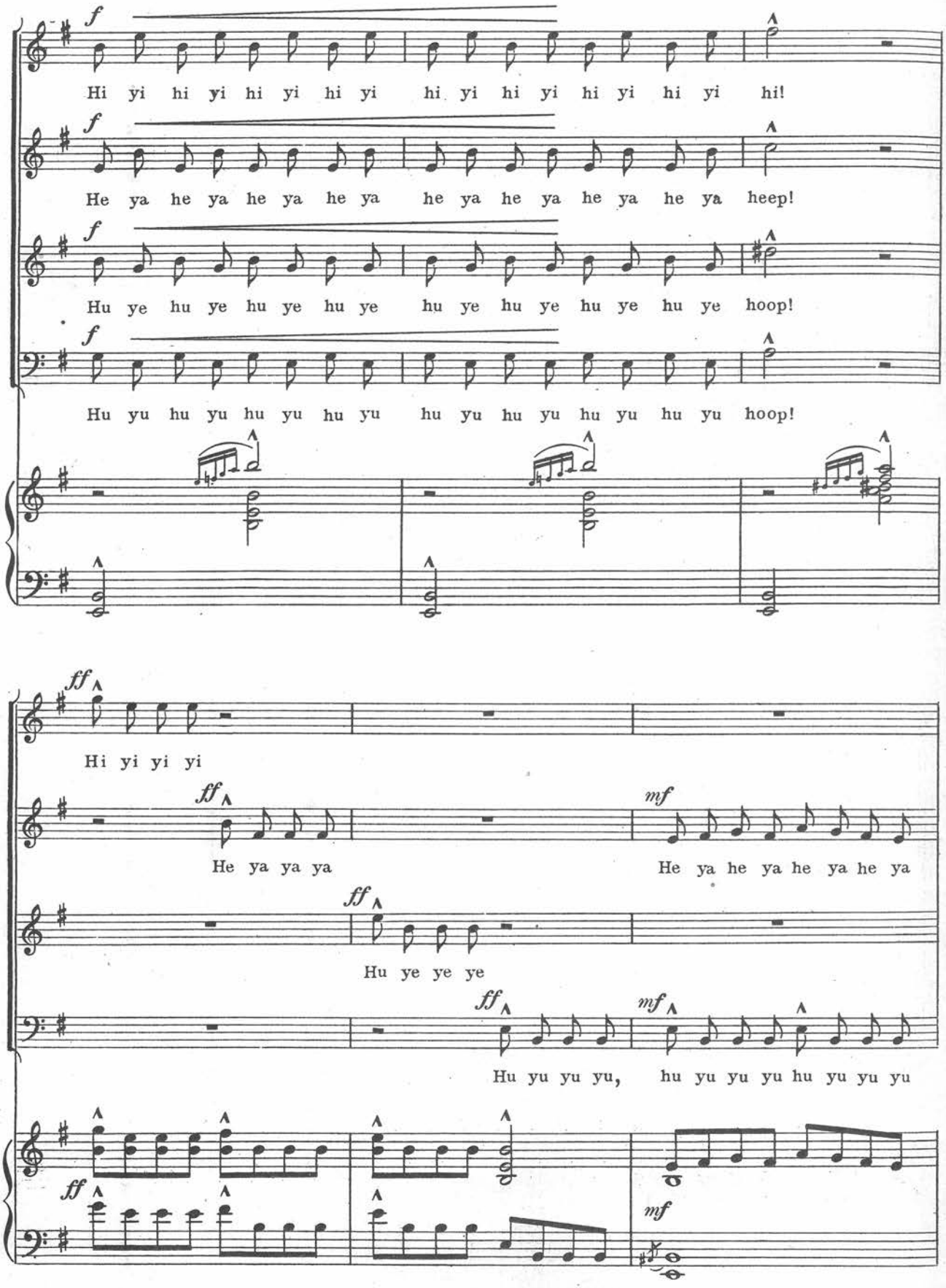

friends for-ev-er pledged. One rou-sing
tune sing up! Dance fast.
SOPRANI. ♩. = 100
Here's a wel - come to you, Oh
ALTI.
Here's a wel - come to you, To you. Oh
TENORI.
Here's a wel - come to you, To you. Oh
BASSI.
Here a wel-come, here's a wel - come to you, Oh
♩.=100

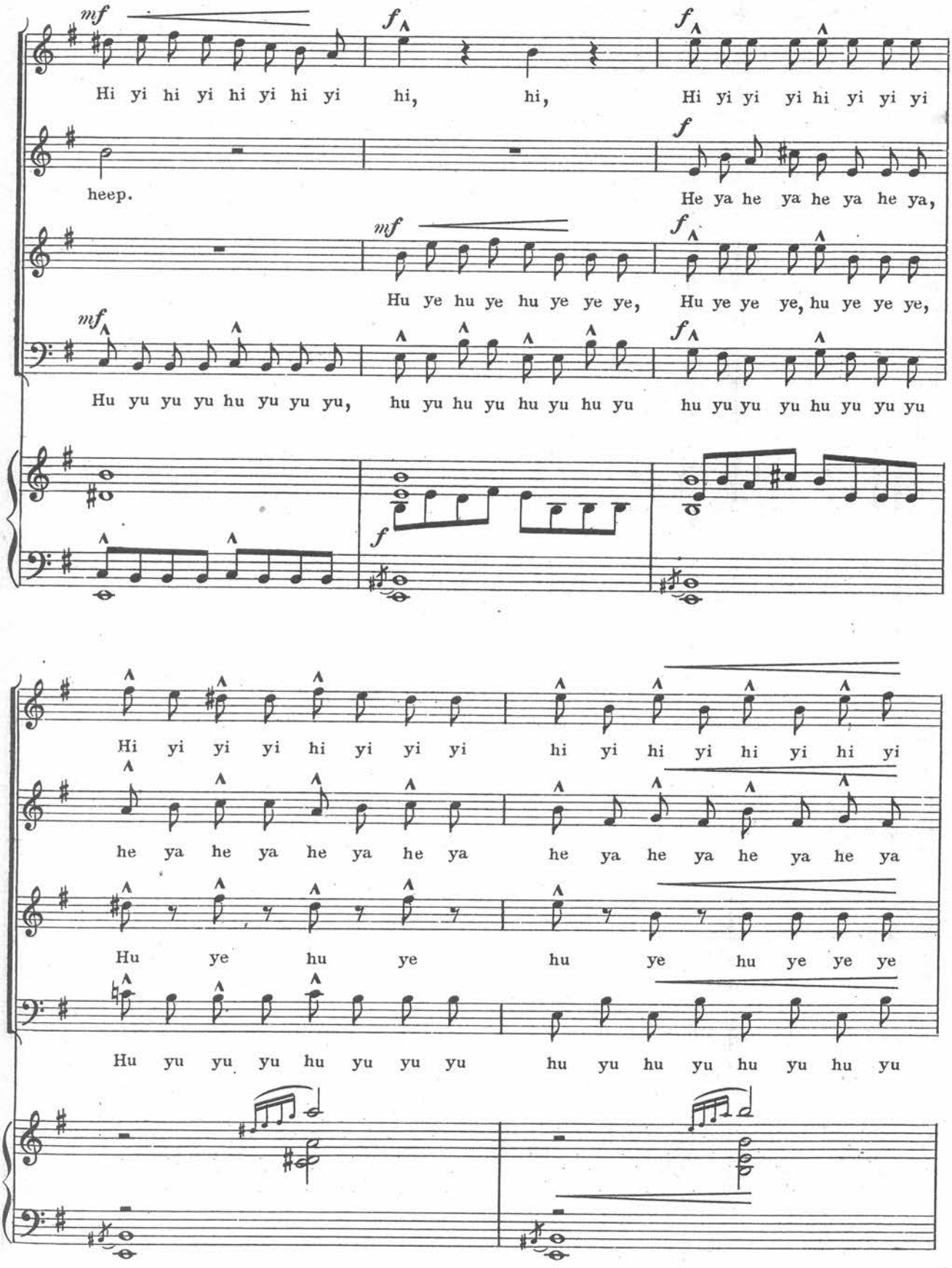

stran - gers from a - far, Heres a
stran - gers from a - far, a far, Heres a
stran - gers from a - far, a far.
stran-gers from a - far, a-far, from a far.
bum-per to you, Here's a bum-per to you, Oh
bum-per to you, to you, Here's a bum-per to you, Oh
Here's a bum-per to you, to you, Here's a bum-per to you, to you, Oh
Here's a bum-per to you, to you, Here's a bum-per to you, to you, Oh

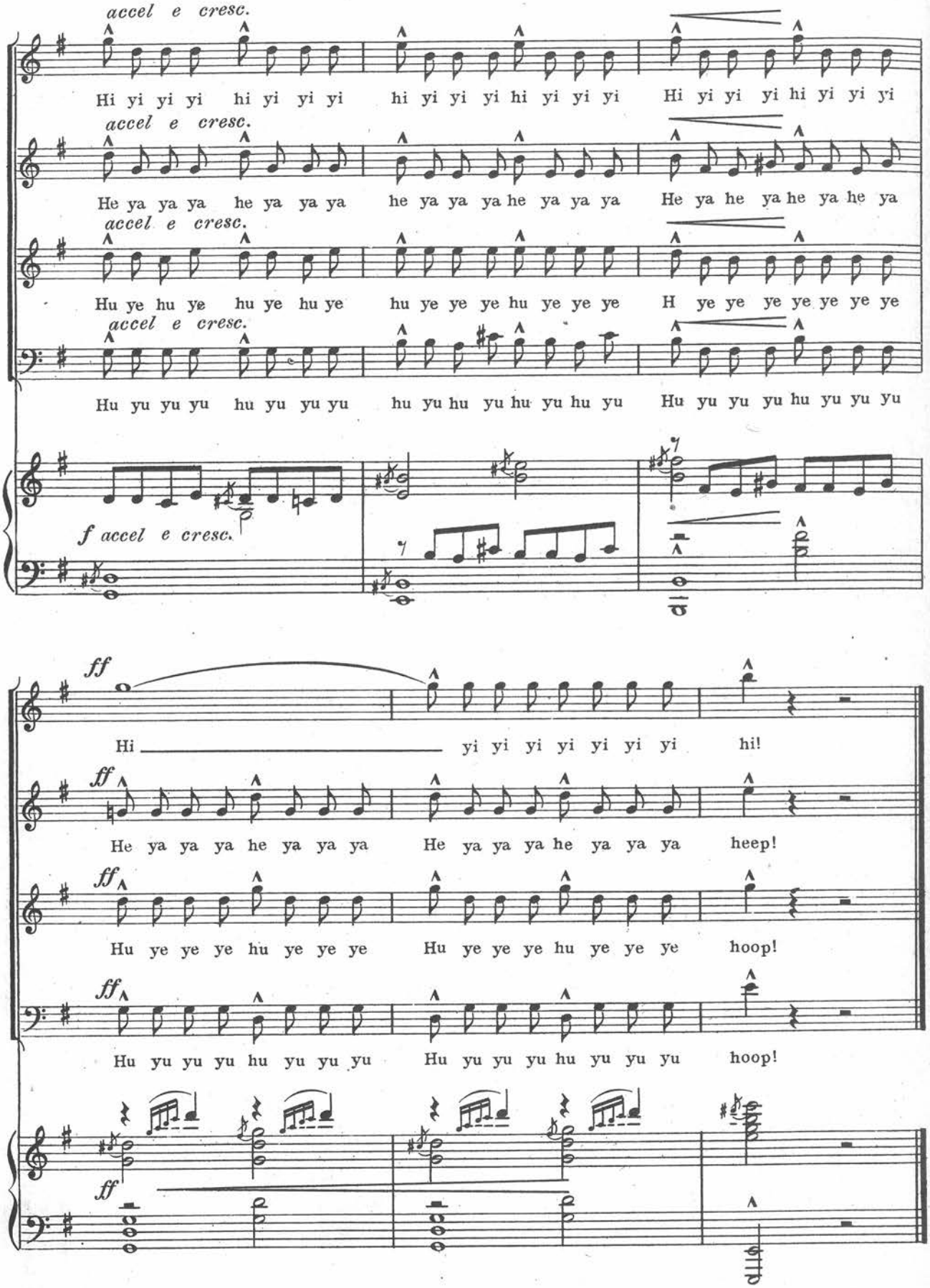

stran-ger's from a - far. Oh la-dies, daunt-less and fair, We're
stran-ger's from a - far. Oh la-dies, daunt-less and fair, We're
stran-ger's from a - far, from a far. Oh la - dies, la-dies daunt-less and
stran-ger's from a - far. Oh la - dies, la-dies daunt-less and
cap-tured by thy glance. Old Van-cou - ver cheers you,
cap-tured by thy glance. Old Van-cou - ver cheers you,
fair, We're cap-tured by thy glance, Old Van-cou - ver cheers you,
fair, We're cap-tured by thy glance, Old Van-cou - ver cheers you,


ff
greets you, With mer - ry song and dance.
ff
greets you, With mer - ry song and dance.
ff
greets you, With mer - ry song and dance.
ff
greets you, With mer - ry song and dance.
ff a tempo.
Indians. (With dance.)
mf
He ya he ya he ya he ya, he ya he ya he ya he ya
♩=152
accel.


mf
Hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi
mf
heep!
He ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya
f
mf
f
hi!
Hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi!
f
mf
f
heep!
He ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya heep!
mf
f
Hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hoop!


f
Hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi!
f
He ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya heep!
f
Hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hoop!
f
Hu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu hoop!
ff
Hi yi yi yi
ff
He ya ya ya
mf
He ya he ya he ya he ya
ff
Hu ye ye ye
ff
mf
Hu yu yu yu, hu yu yu yu hu yu yu yu
ff
mf

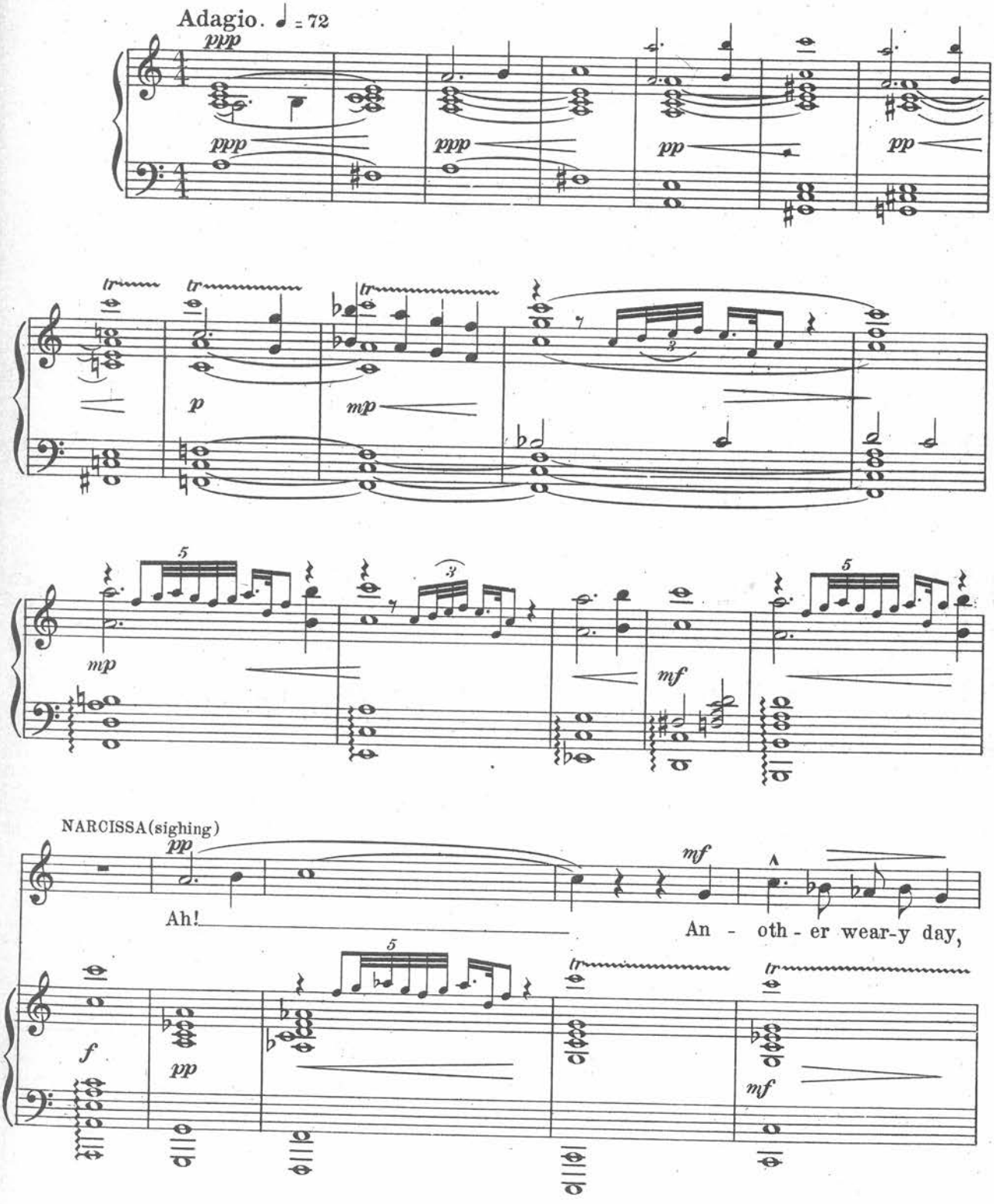

mf
f
f
Hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi, hi, Hi yi yi yi hi yi yi yi
f
heep.
He ya he ya he ya he ya,
mf
f
Hu ye hu ye hu ye ye ye, Hu ye ye ye, hu ye ye ye,
mf
f
Hu yu yu yu hu yu yu yu, hu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu yu yu hu yu yu yu
f
Hi yi yi yi hi yi yi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi hi yi
he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya
Hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye ye ye
Hu yu yu yu hu yu yu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu

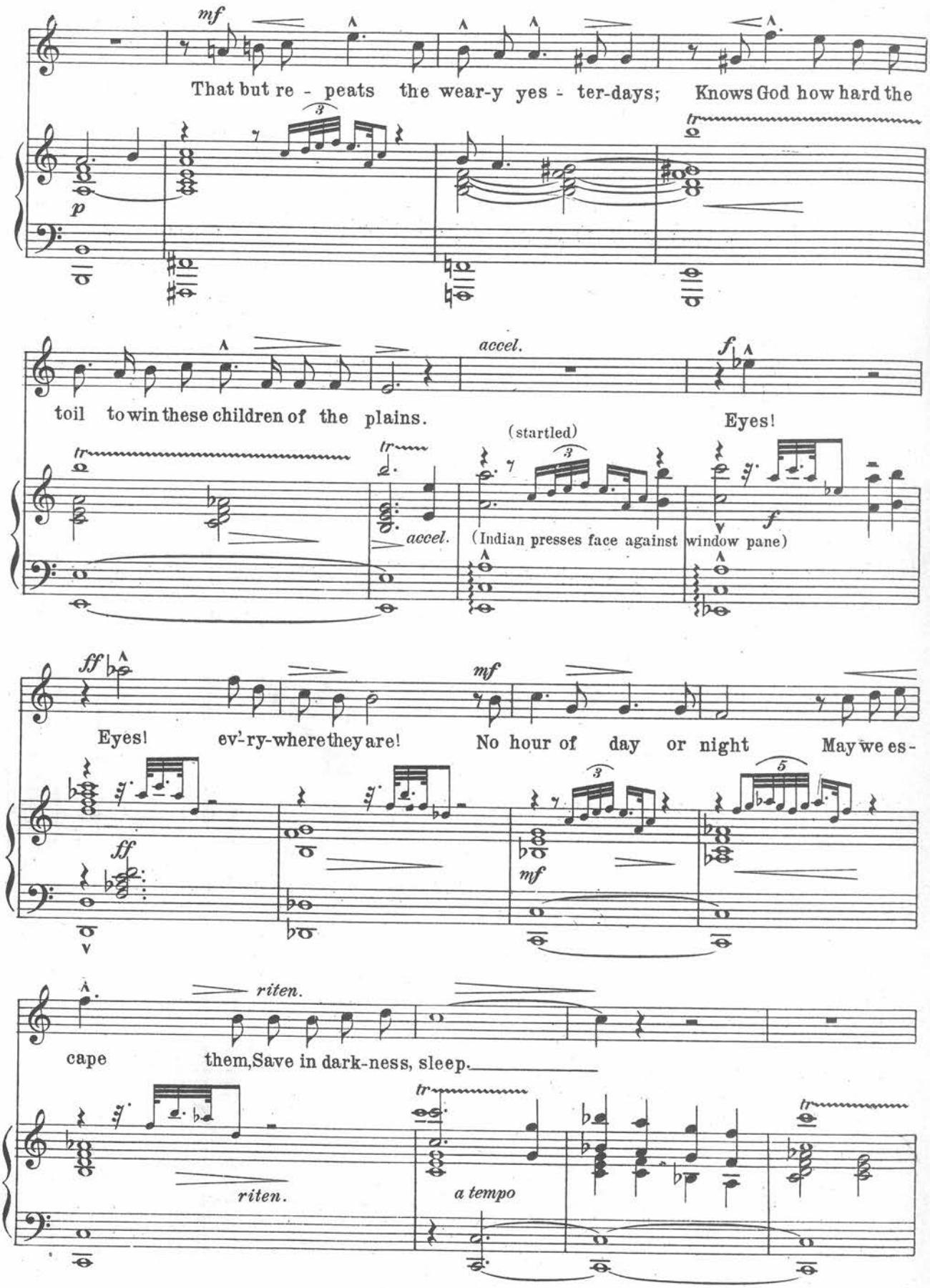

accel e cresc.
Hi yi yi yi hi yi yi yi hi yi yi yi hi yi yi yi Hi yi yi yi hi yi yi yi
accel e cresc.
He ya ya ya he ya ya ya he ya ya ya he ya ya ya He ya he ya he ya he ya
accel e cresc.
Hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye hu ye ye ye hu ye ye ye H ye ye ye ye ye ye ye
accel e cresc.
Hu yu yu yu hu yu yu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu hu yu Hu yu yu yu hu yu yu yu
f accel e cresc.
ff
Hi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi hi!
ff
He ya ya ya he ya ya ya He ya ya ya he ya ya ya heep!
ff
Hu ye ye ye hu ye ye ye Hu ye ye ye hu ye ye ye hoop!
ff
Hu yu yu yu hu yu yu yu Hu yu yu yu hu yu yu yu hoop!
ff

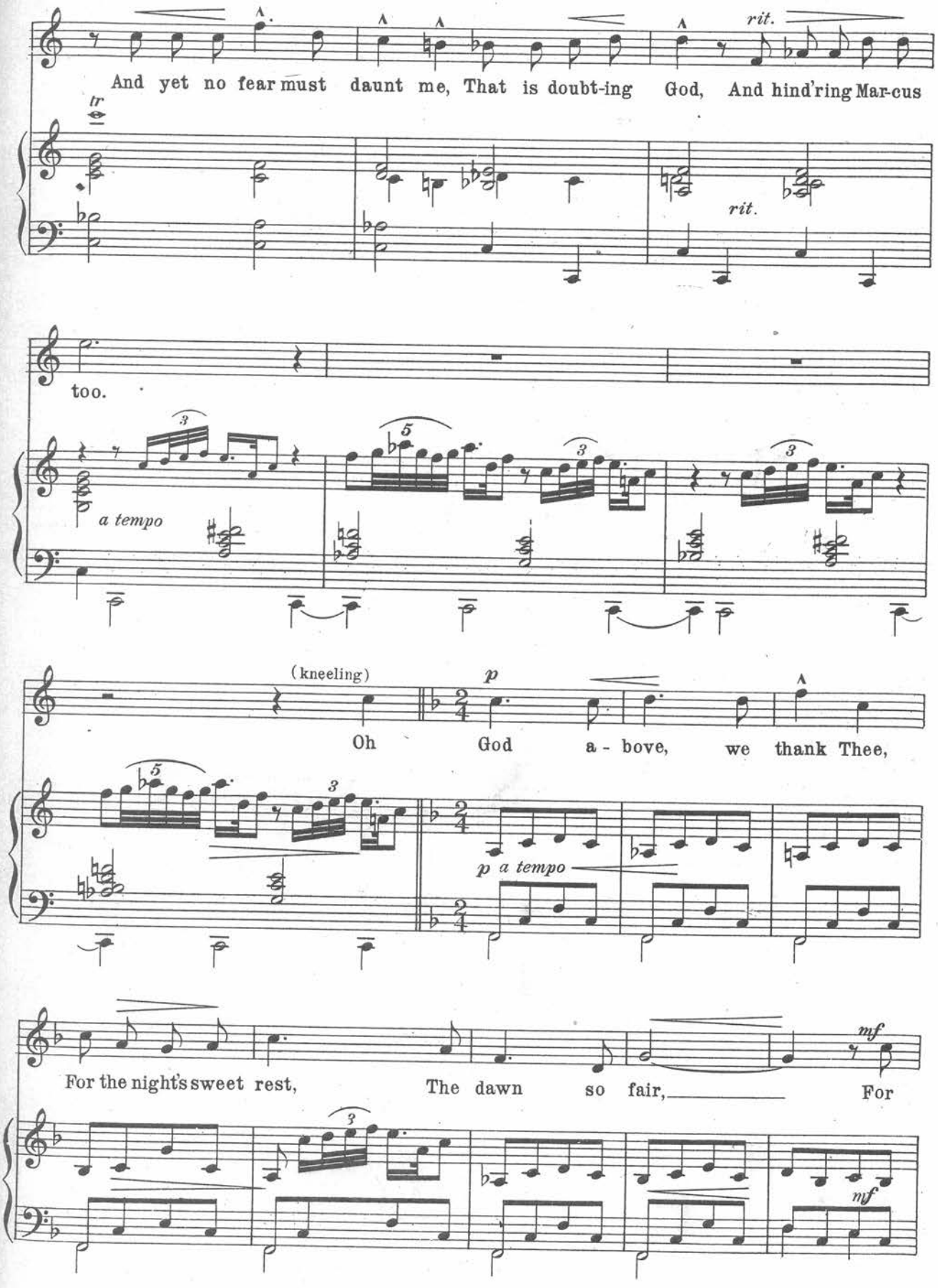
Act III

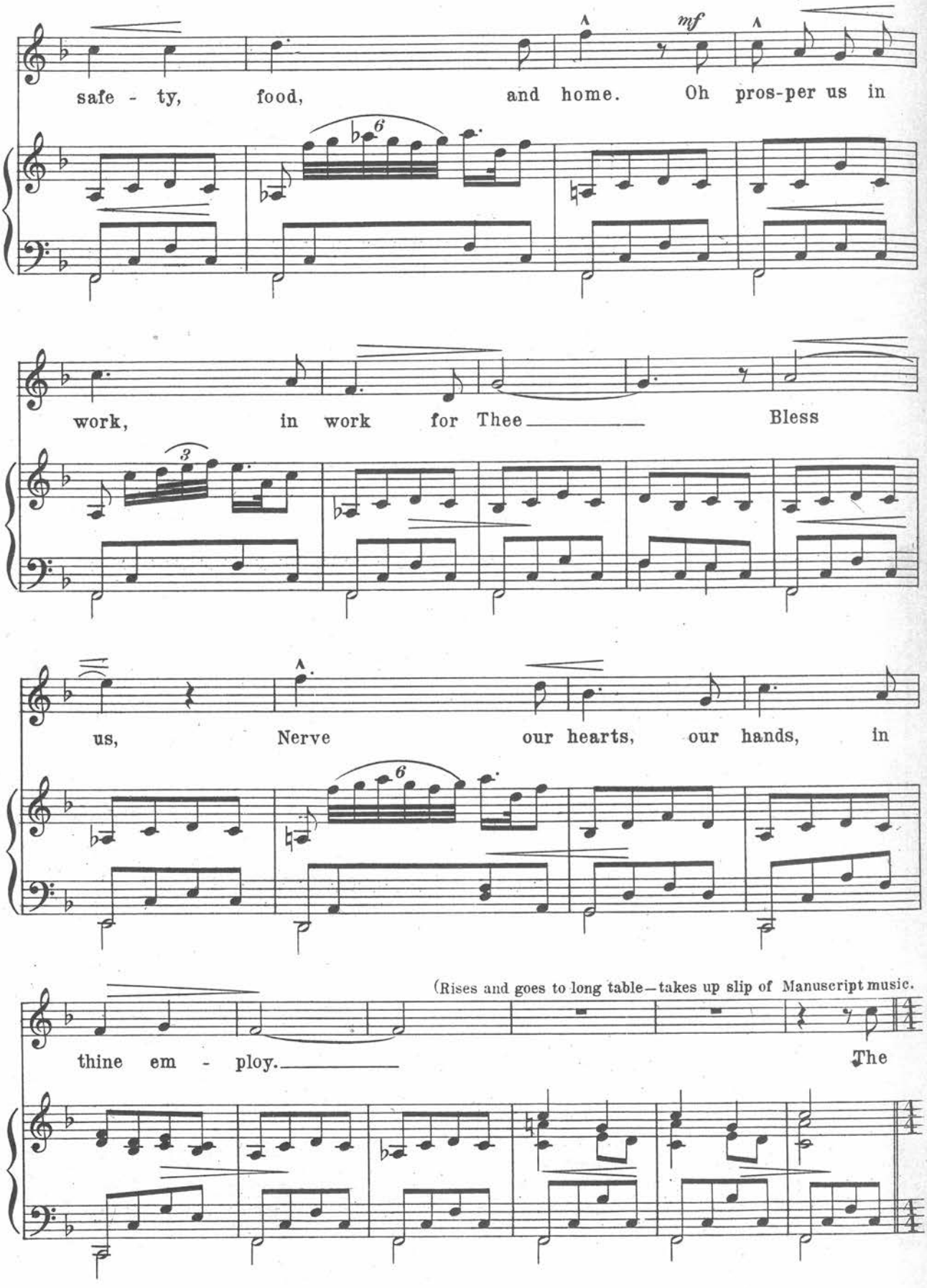
Oakland Public Library
Music Division

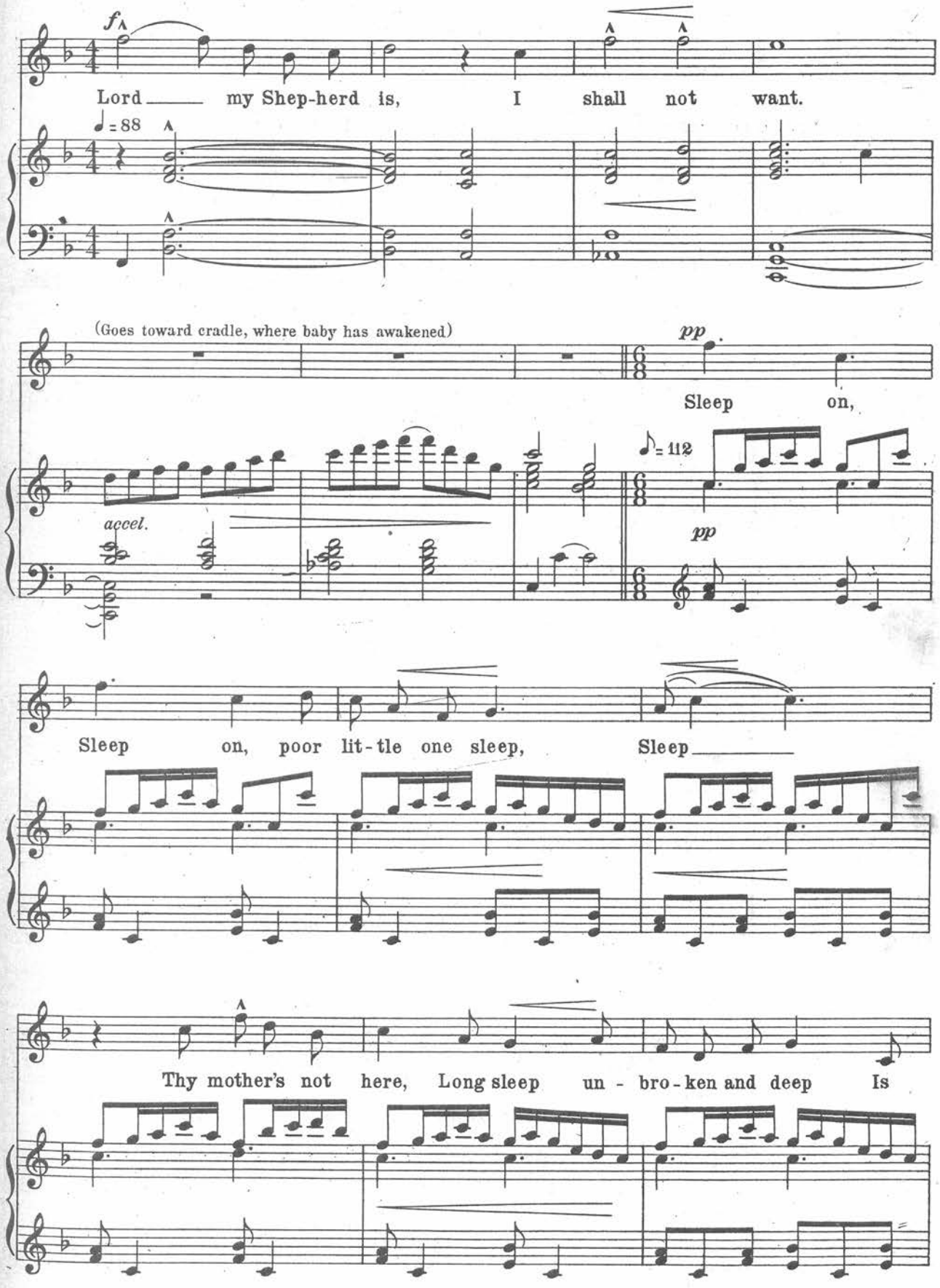
SCENE: The Mission at Wai i lat pu. Several years have passed. The Dawn steals over the mountains and in thro' the windows. Narcissa, weary and heartsick over the loss of her own baby, stands coiling her masses of golden hair. The orphaned child of settlers, sleeps in the hooded cradle.

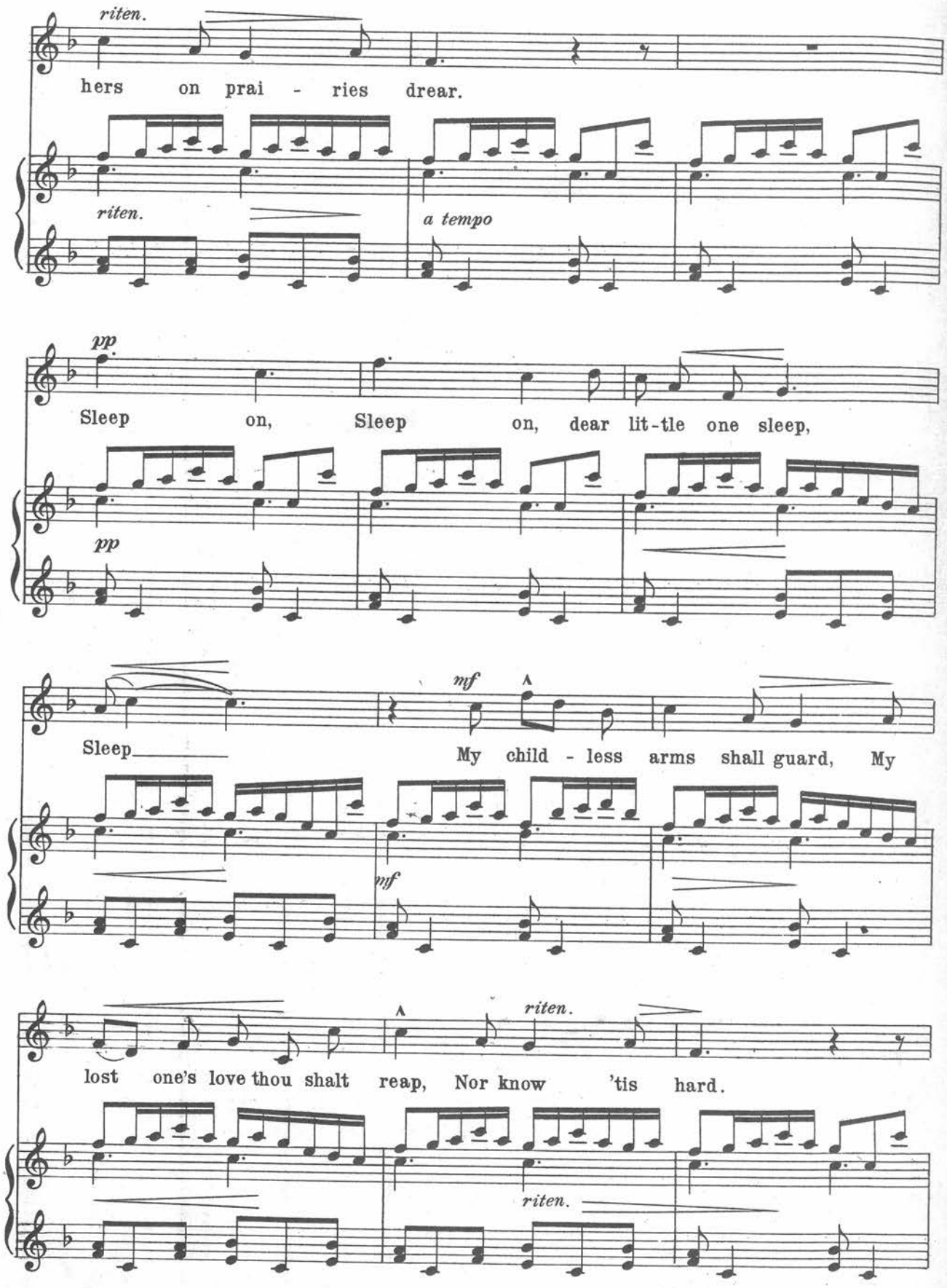


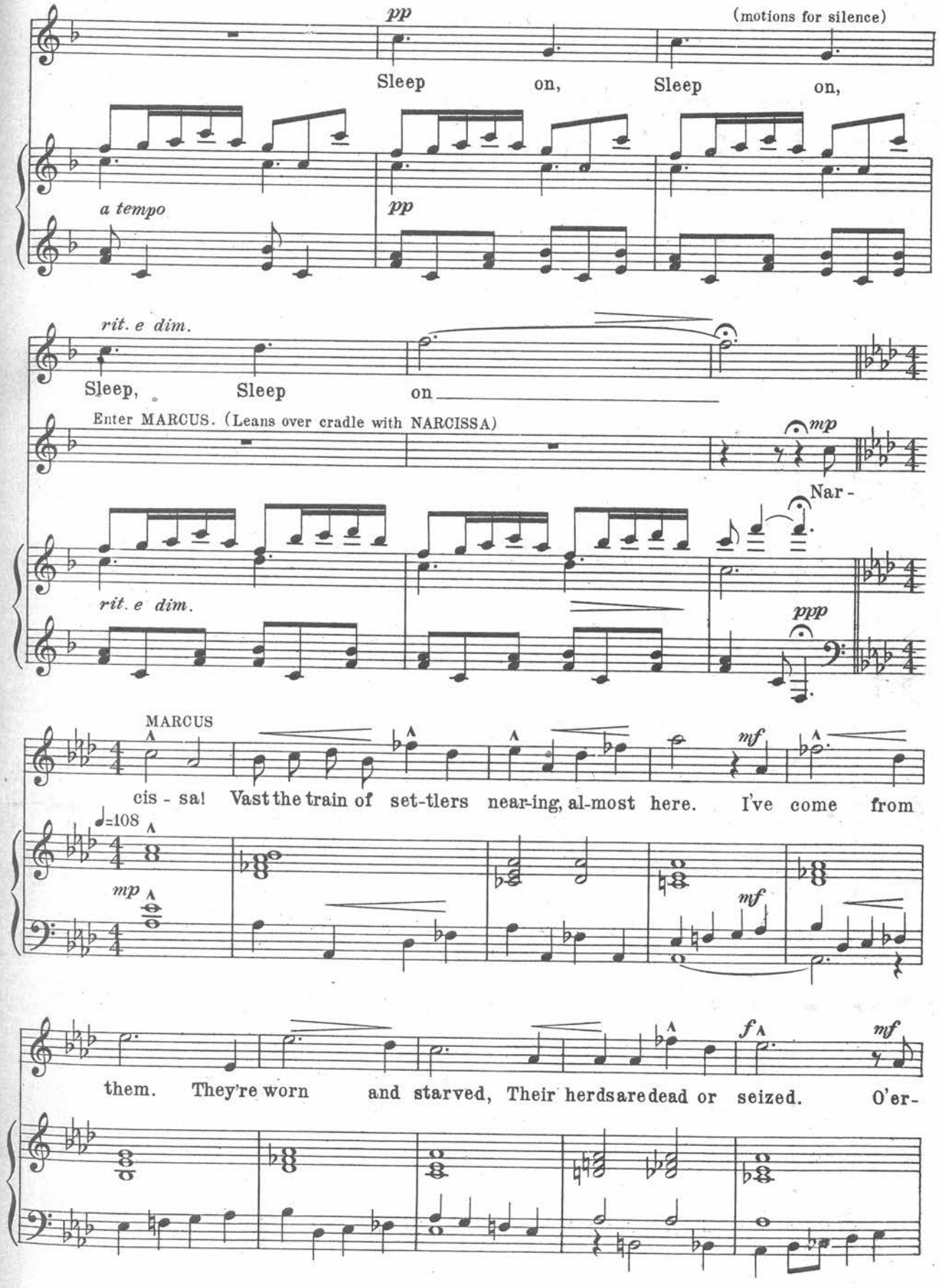

mf
That but re - peats the wear-y yes - ter-days; Knows God how hard the
p
tr
toil to win these children of the plains.
accel.
f
Eyes!
(startled)
tr
accel.
(Indian presses face against window pane)
f
ff
Eyes! ev'-ry-where they are!
mf
No hour of day or night May we es-
ff
mf
riten.
cape them, Save in dark-ness, sleep.
riten.
tr
a tempo
tr

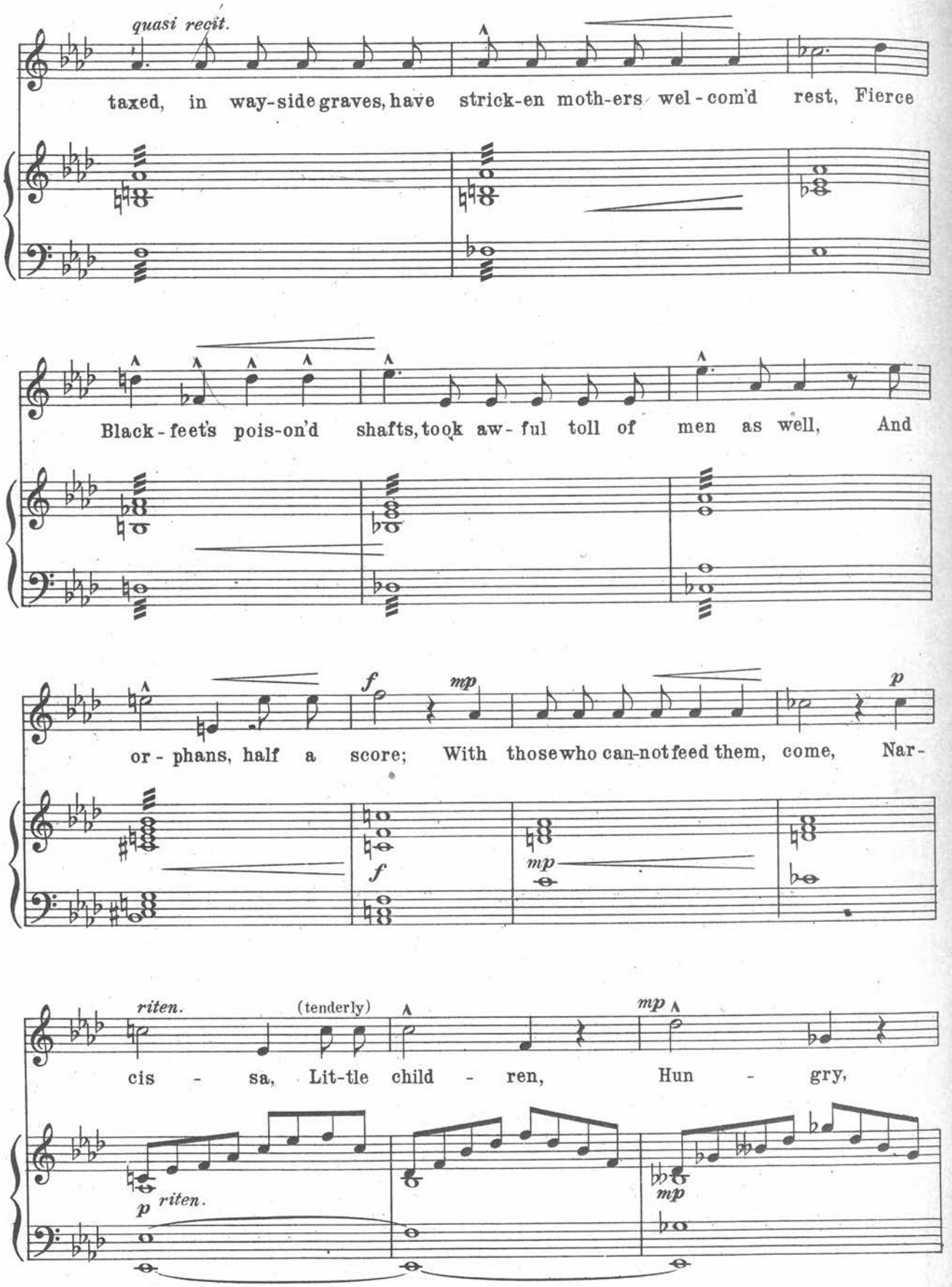

And yet no fear must daunt me, That is doubt-ing God, And hind'ring Mar-cus
rit.
rit.
too.
a tempo
(kneeling)
p
Oh God a - bove, we thank Thee,
p a tempo
mf
For the night's sweet rest, The dawn so fair, For
mf

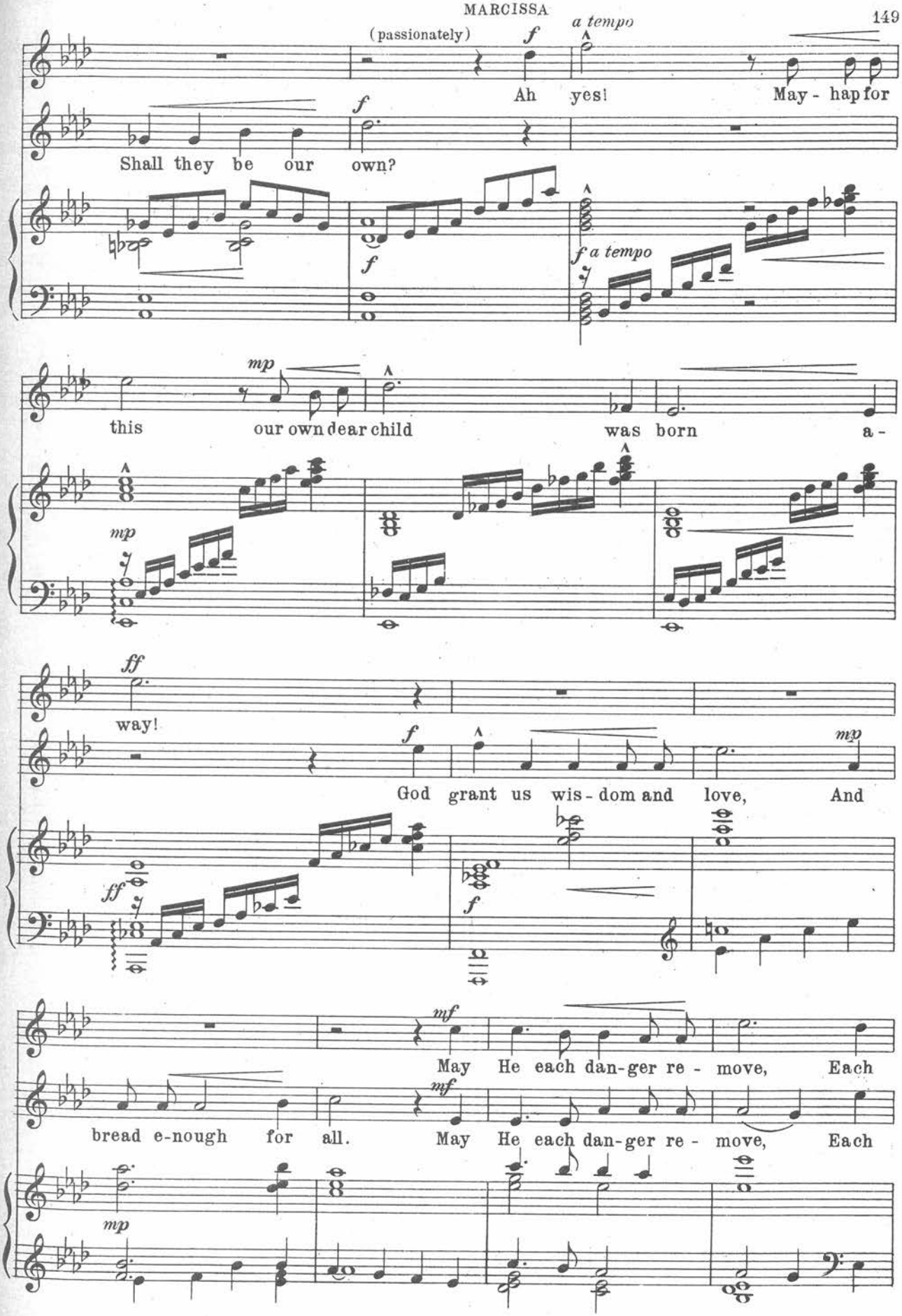

mf
safe - ty, food, and home. Oh pros-per us in
work, in work for Thee Bless
us, Nerve our hearts, our hands, in
(Rises and goes to long table—takes up slip of Manuscript music.
thine em - ploy. The

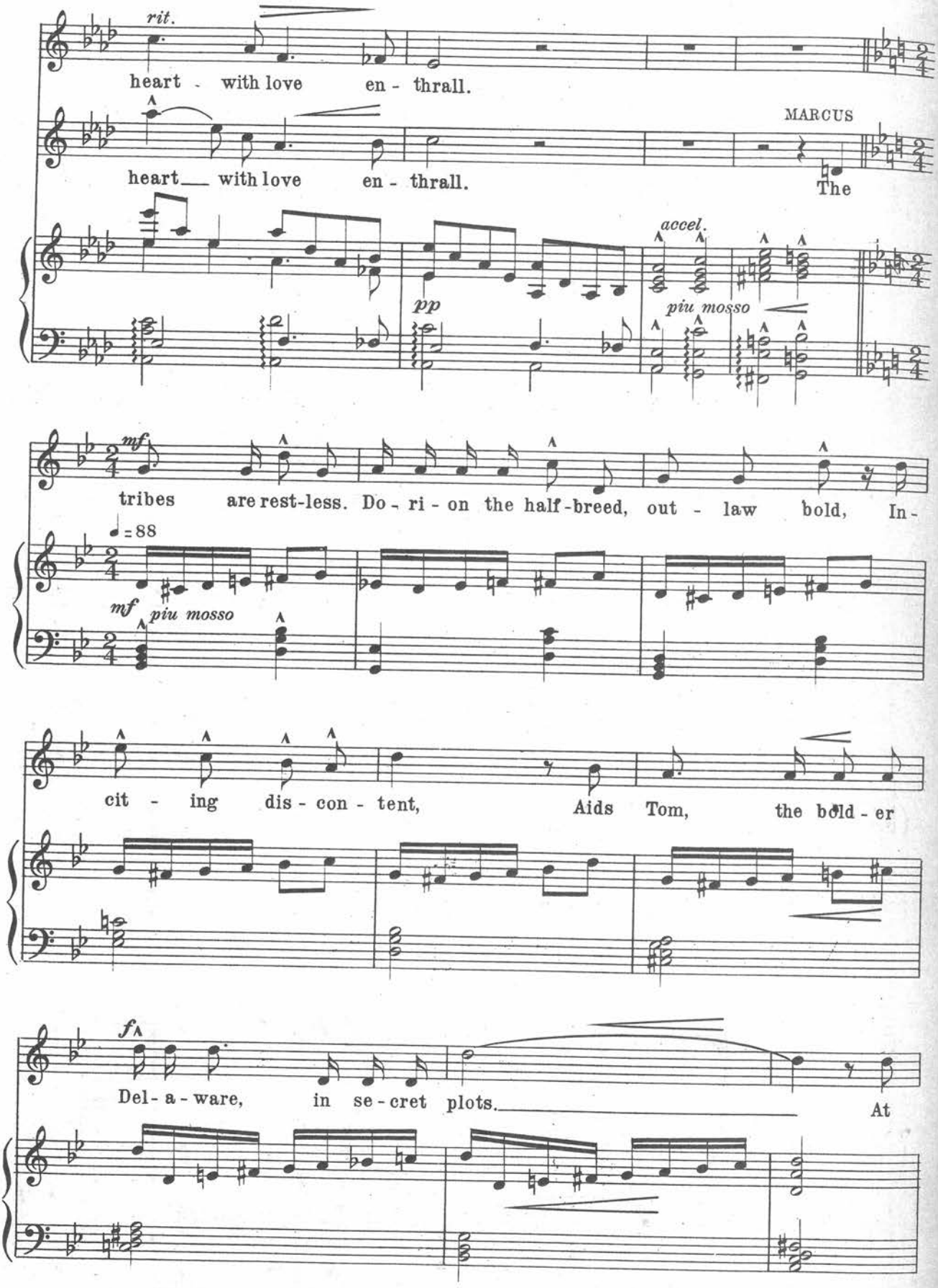

f
Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall not want.
♩= 88
(Goes toward cradle, where baby has awakened)
pp
Sleep on,
accel.
♪= 112
pp
Sleep on, poor lit-tle one sleep, Sleep
Thy mother's not here, Long sleep un - bro-ken and deep Is

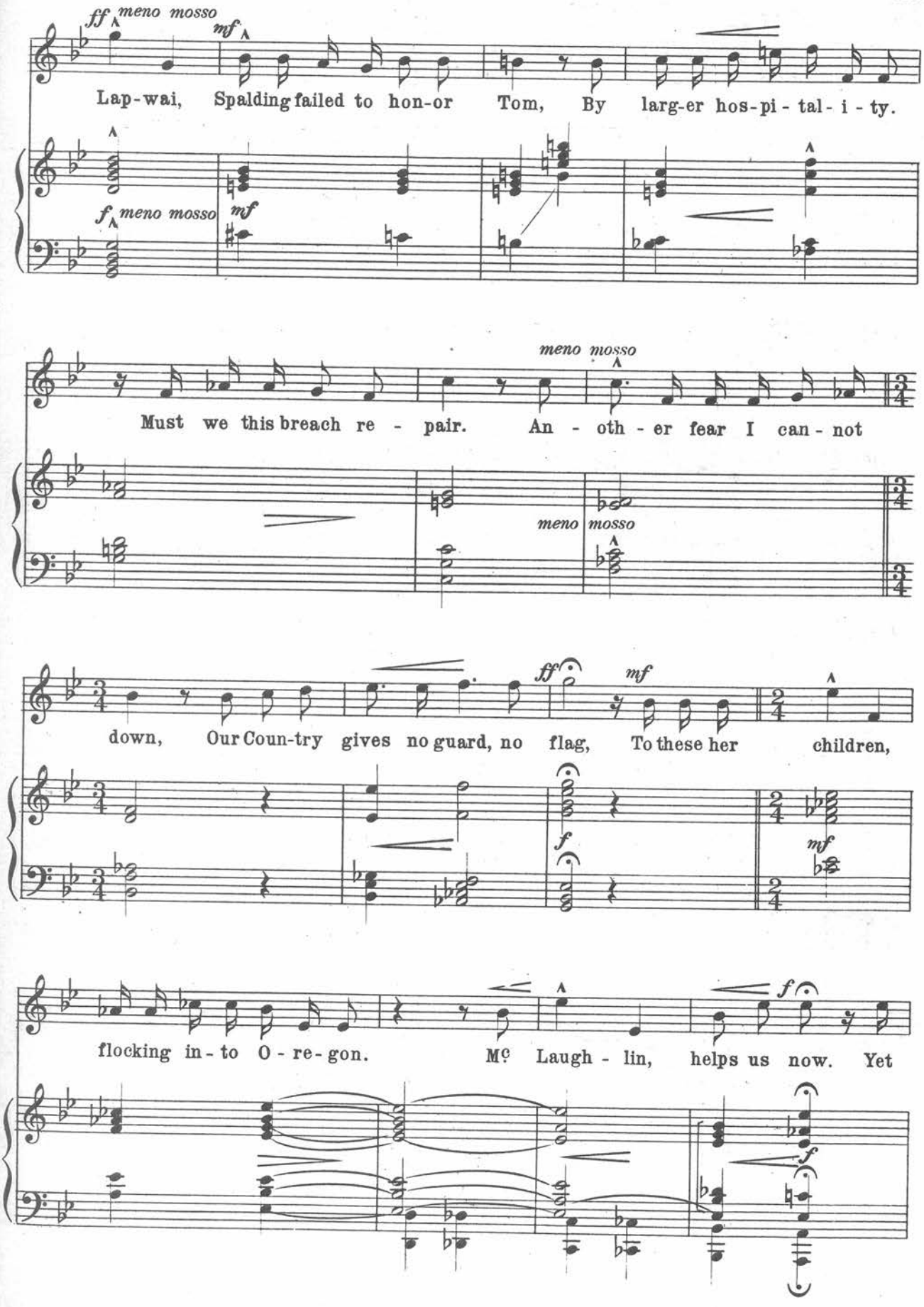

riten.
hers on prai - ries drear.
riten.
a tempo
pp
Sleep on, Sleep on, dear lit-tle one sleep,
pp
mf
Sleep
My child - less arms shall guard, My
mf
riten.
lost one's love thou shalt reap, Nor know 'tis hard.
riten.

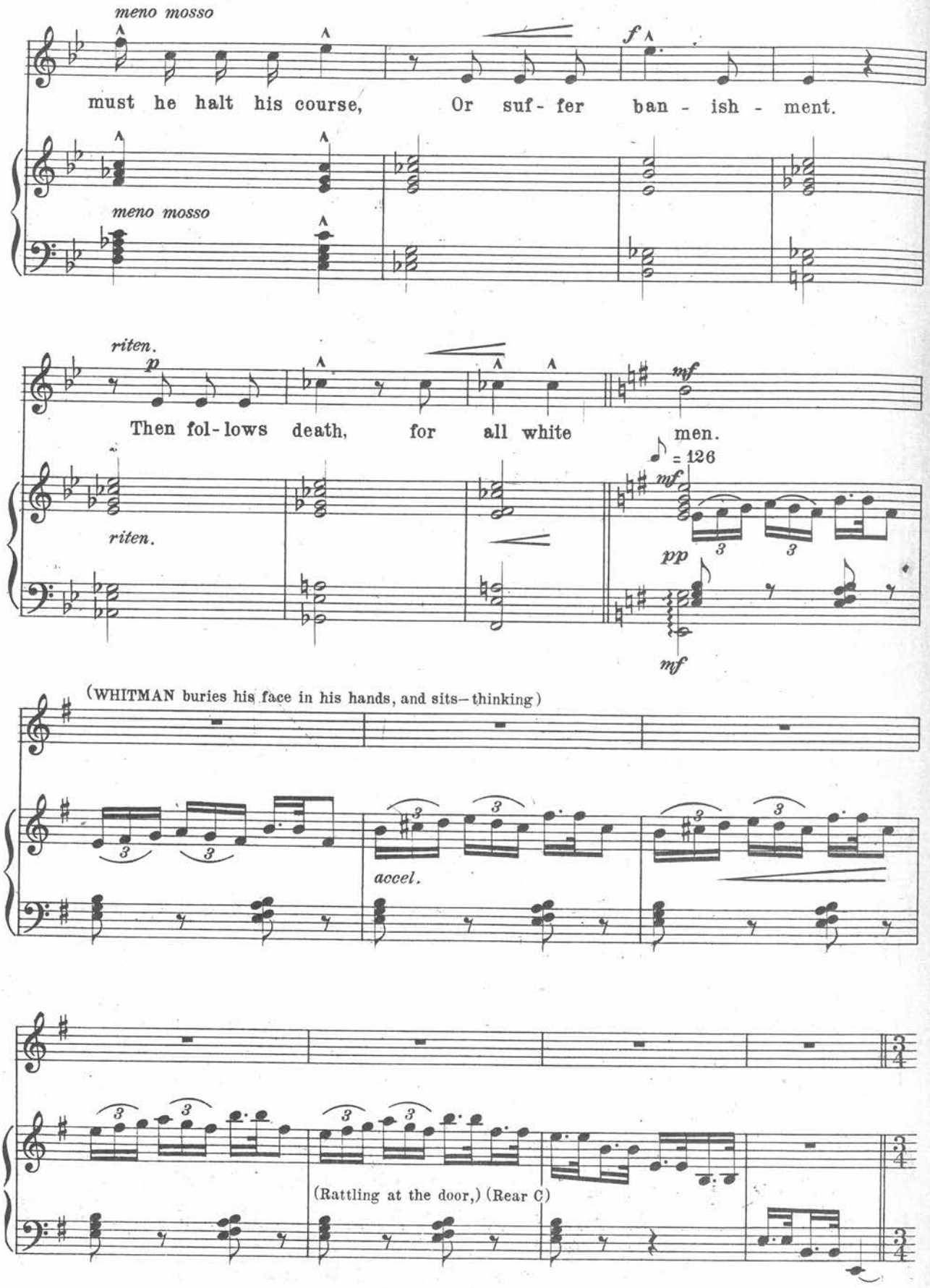

pp
(motions for silence)
Sleep on, Sleep on,
a tempo
pp
rit. e dim.
Sleep, Sleep on
Enter MARCUS. (Leans over cradle with NARCISSA)
mp
Nar-
rit. e dim.
ppp
MARCUS
cis - sa! Vast the train of set-tlers near-ing, al-most here. I've come from
♩=108
mp
mf
them. They're worn and starved, Their herds are dead or seized. O'er-
f
mf

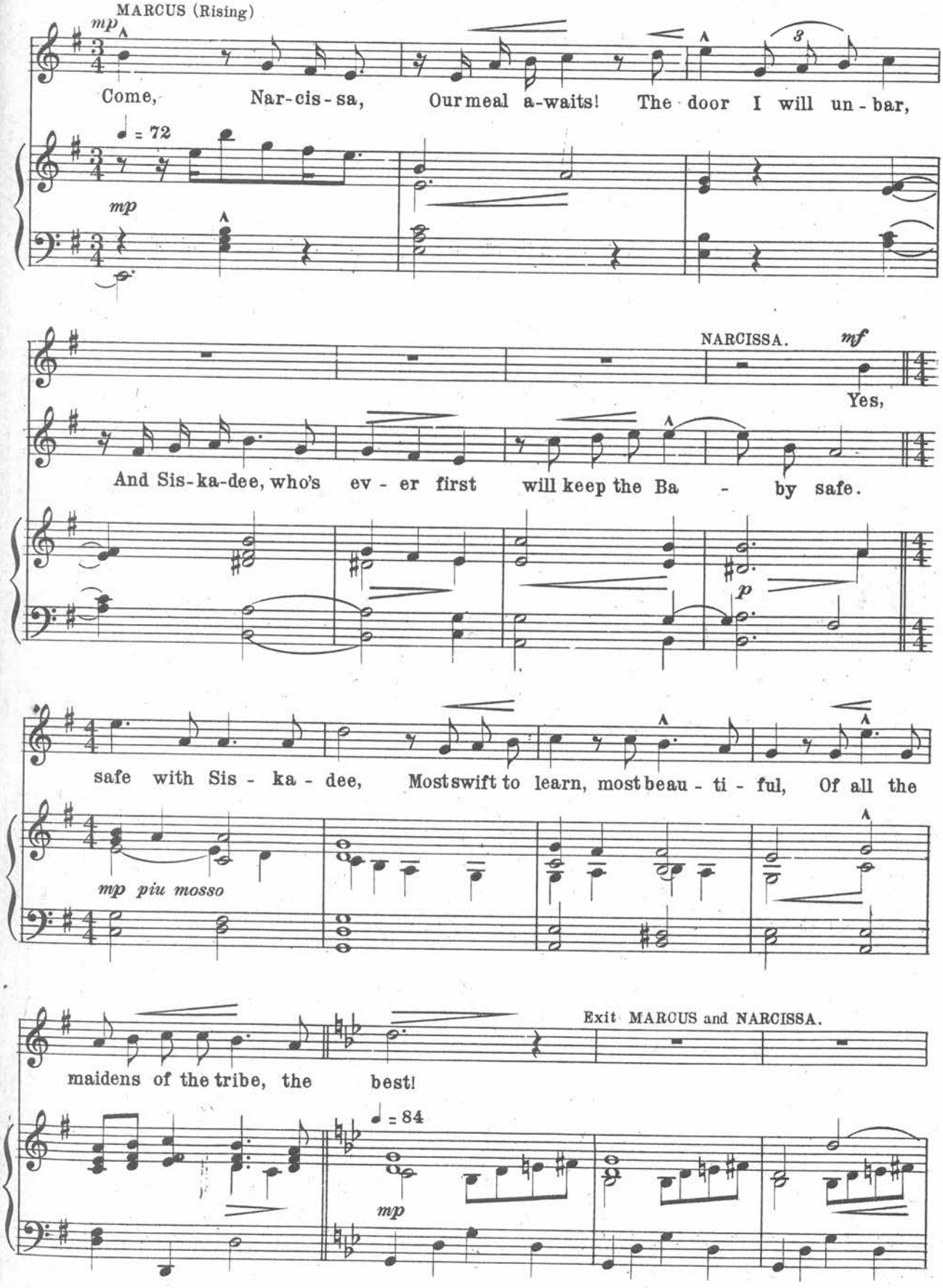

quasi recit.
taxed, in way-side graves, have strick-en moth-ers wel-com'd rest, Fierce
Black-feet's pois-on'd shafts, took aw-ful toll of men as well, And
f
mp
p
or-phans, half a score; With those who can-not feed them, come, Nar-
f
mp
riten.
(tenderly)
mp
cis-sa, Lit-tle child-ren, Hun-gry,
p
riten.
mp

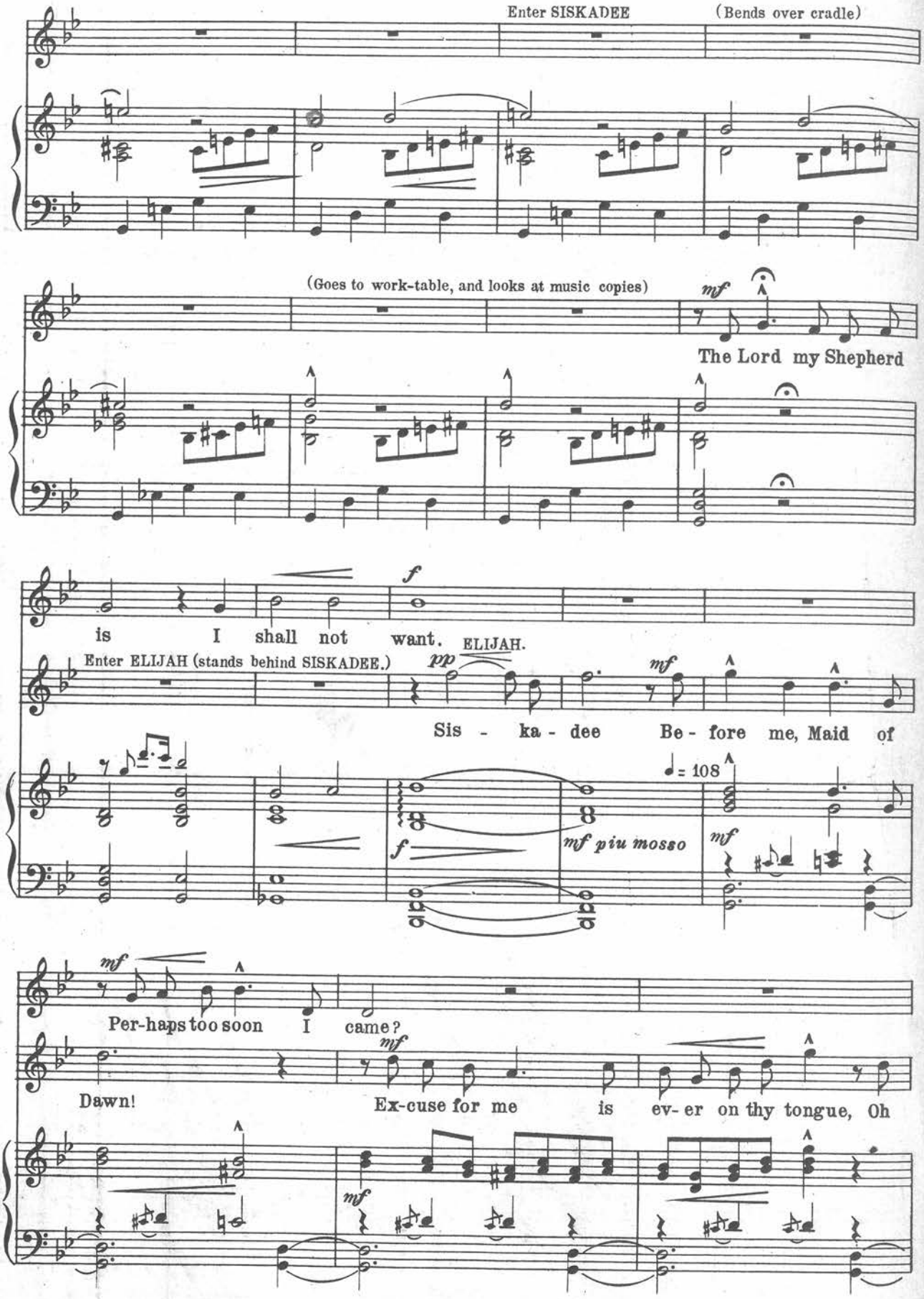

(passionately)
f
a tempo
Ah yes! May - hap for
Shall they be our own?
f
f a tempo
mp
this our own dear child was born a -
mp
ff
way!
f
God grant us wis - dom and love, And
mp
ff
f
mf
May He each dan-ger re - move, Each
bread e-nough for all. May He each dan-ger re - move, Each
mp


rit.
heart - with love en - thrall.
MARCUS
heart__ with love en - thrall.
The
accel.
pp
piu mosso
mf
tribes are rest-less. Do - ri - on the half-breed, out - law bold, In -
♩=88
mf piu mosso
cit - ing dis - con - tent, Aids Tom, the bold - er
f
Del - a - ware, in se - cret plots. At


ff meno mosso
mf
Lap-wai, Spalding failed to hon-or Tom, By larg-er hos-pi-tal-i-ty.
f meno mosso
mf
meno mosso
Must we this breach re - pair. An - oth - er fear I can - not
meno mosso
down, Our Coun-try gives no guard, no flag, To these her children,
ff
mf
f
mf
flocking in - to O - re - gon. Mc Laugh - lin, helps us now. Yet
f
f


meno mosso
must he halt his course, Or suf - fer ban - ish - ment.
f
meno mosso
riten.
p
Then fol - lows death, for all white men.
mf
riten.
= 126
mf
pp
mf
(WHITMAN buries his face in his hands, and sits– thinking)
accel.
(Rattling at the door,) (Rear C)


MARCUS (Rising)
mp
Come, Nar-cis-sa, Our meal a-waits! The door I will un-bar,
♩ = 72
mp
NARCISSA.
mf
Yes,
And Sis-ka-dee, who's ev-er first will keep the Ba - by safe.
p
safe with Sis - ka - dee, Most swift to learn, most beau - ti - ful, Of all the
mp piu mosso
Exit MARCUS and NARCISSA.
maidens of the tribe, the best!
♩ = 84
mp


Enter SISKADEE
(Bends over cradle)
(Goes to work-table, and looks at music copies)
mf
The Lord my Shepherd
f
is I shall not want.
ELIJAH.
Enter ELIJAH (stands behind SISKADEE.)
pp
mf
Sis - ka - dee Be - fore me, Maid of
♩= 108
f
mf piu mosso
mf
mf
Per-haps too soon I came?
mf
Dawn!
Ex-cuse for me is ev- er on thy tongue, Oh
mf

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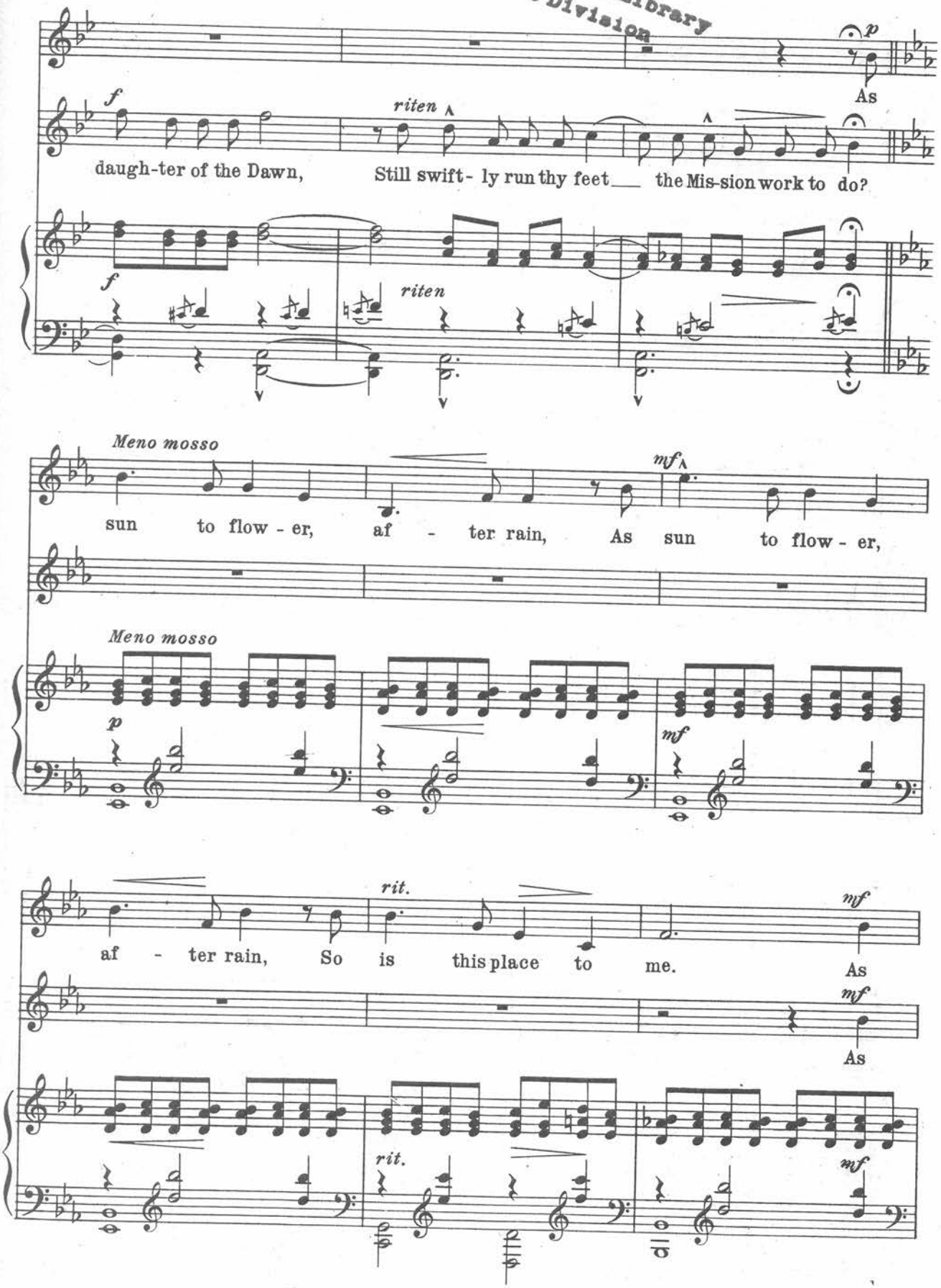
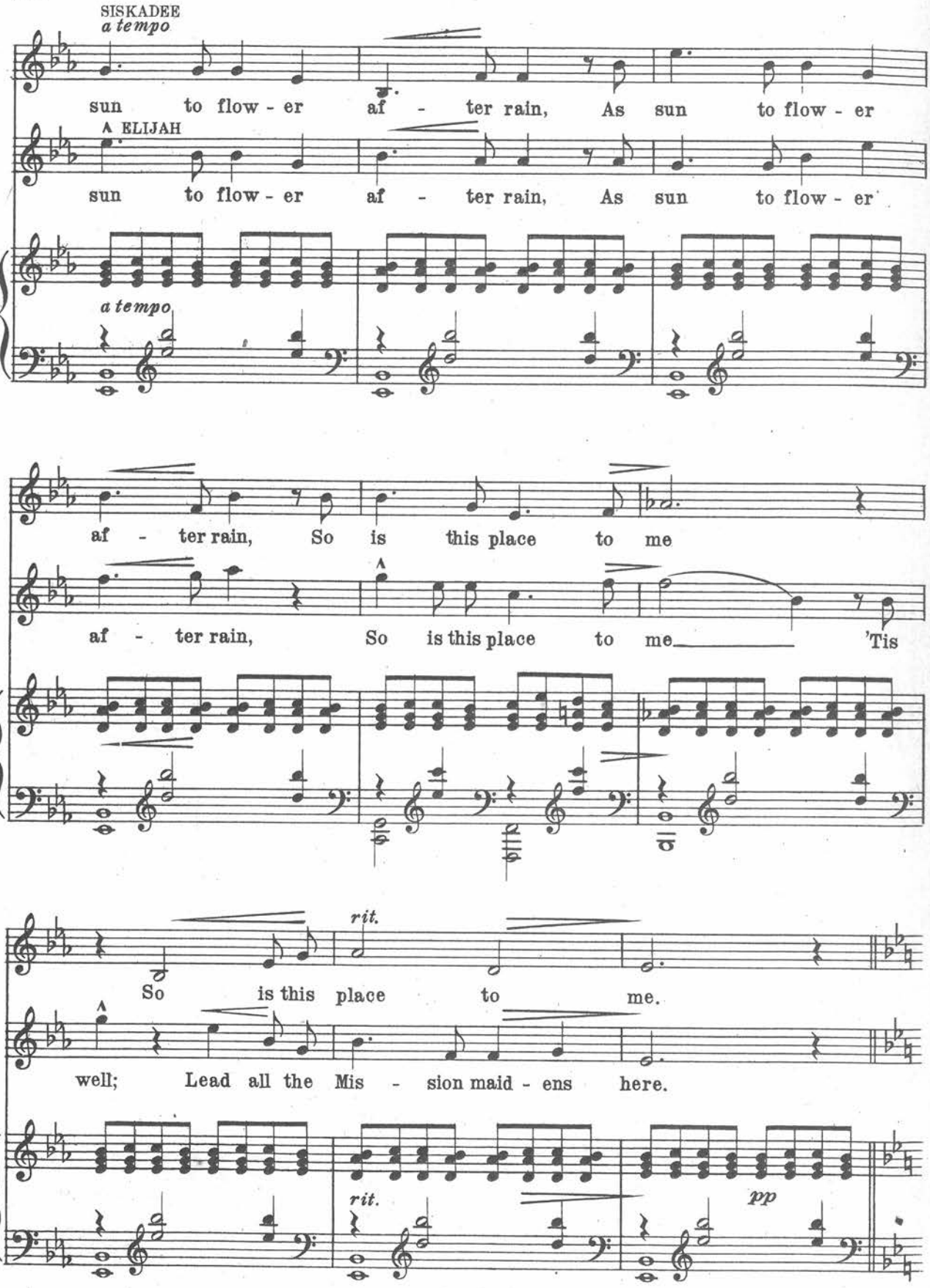
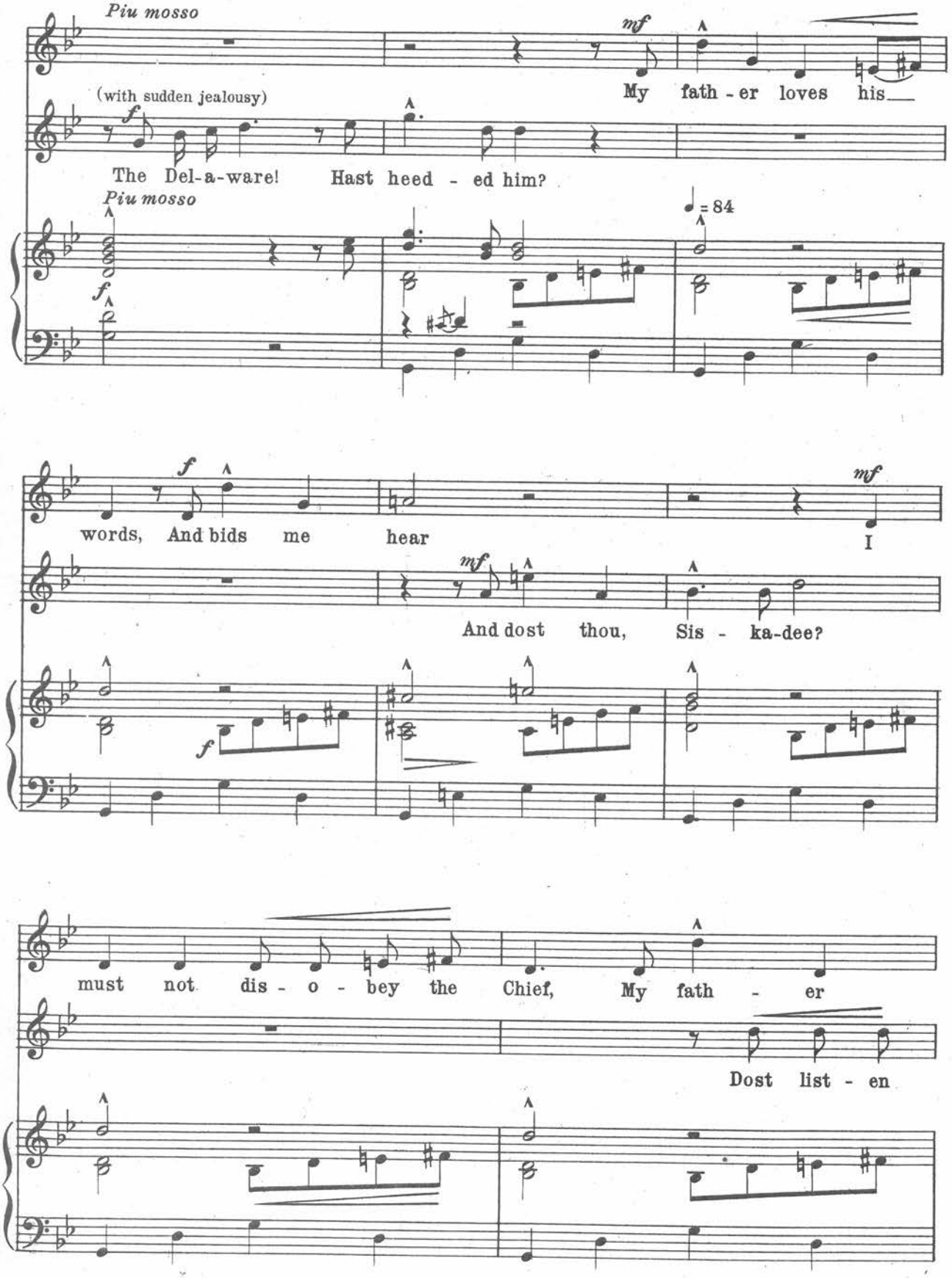
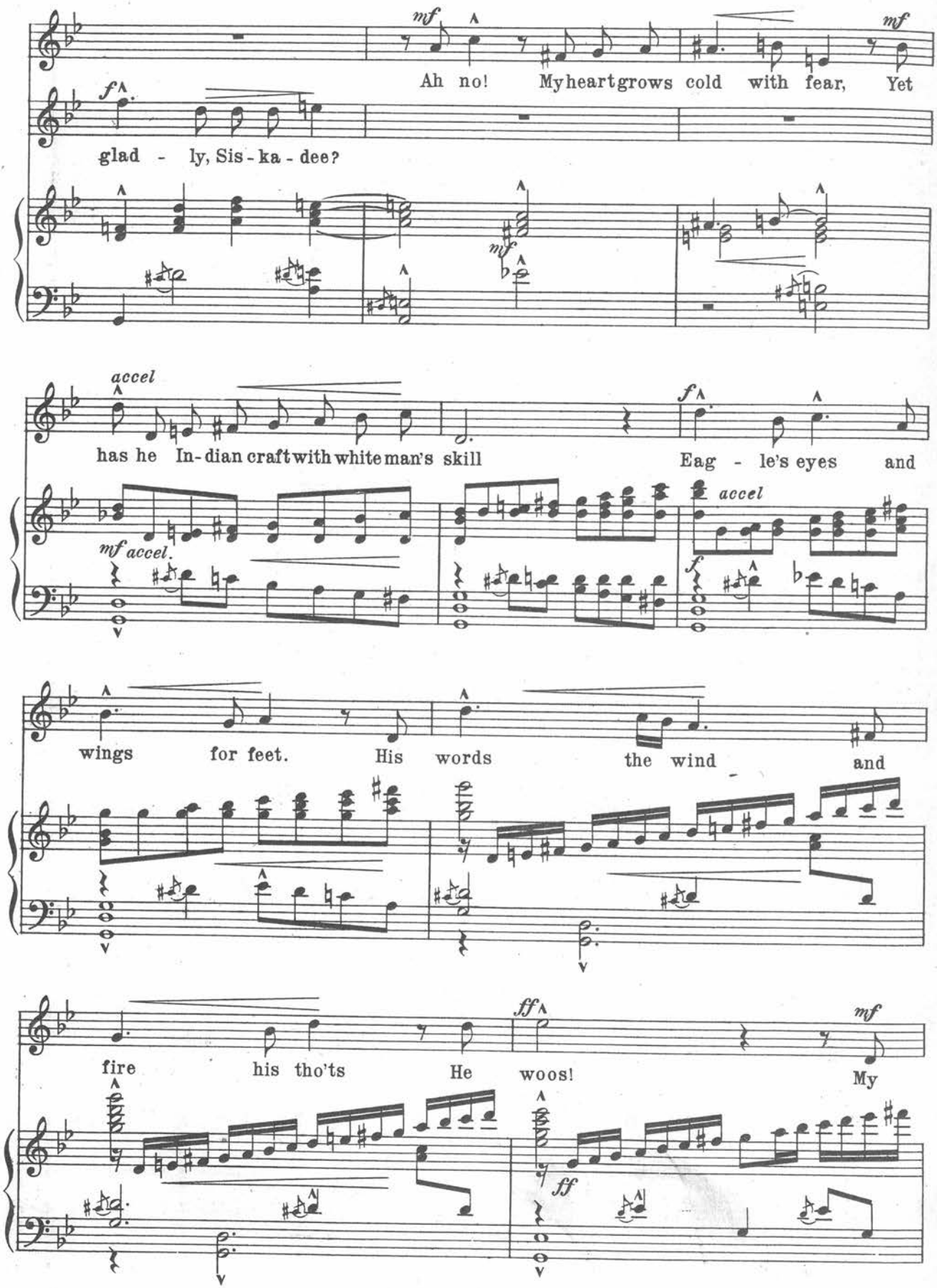
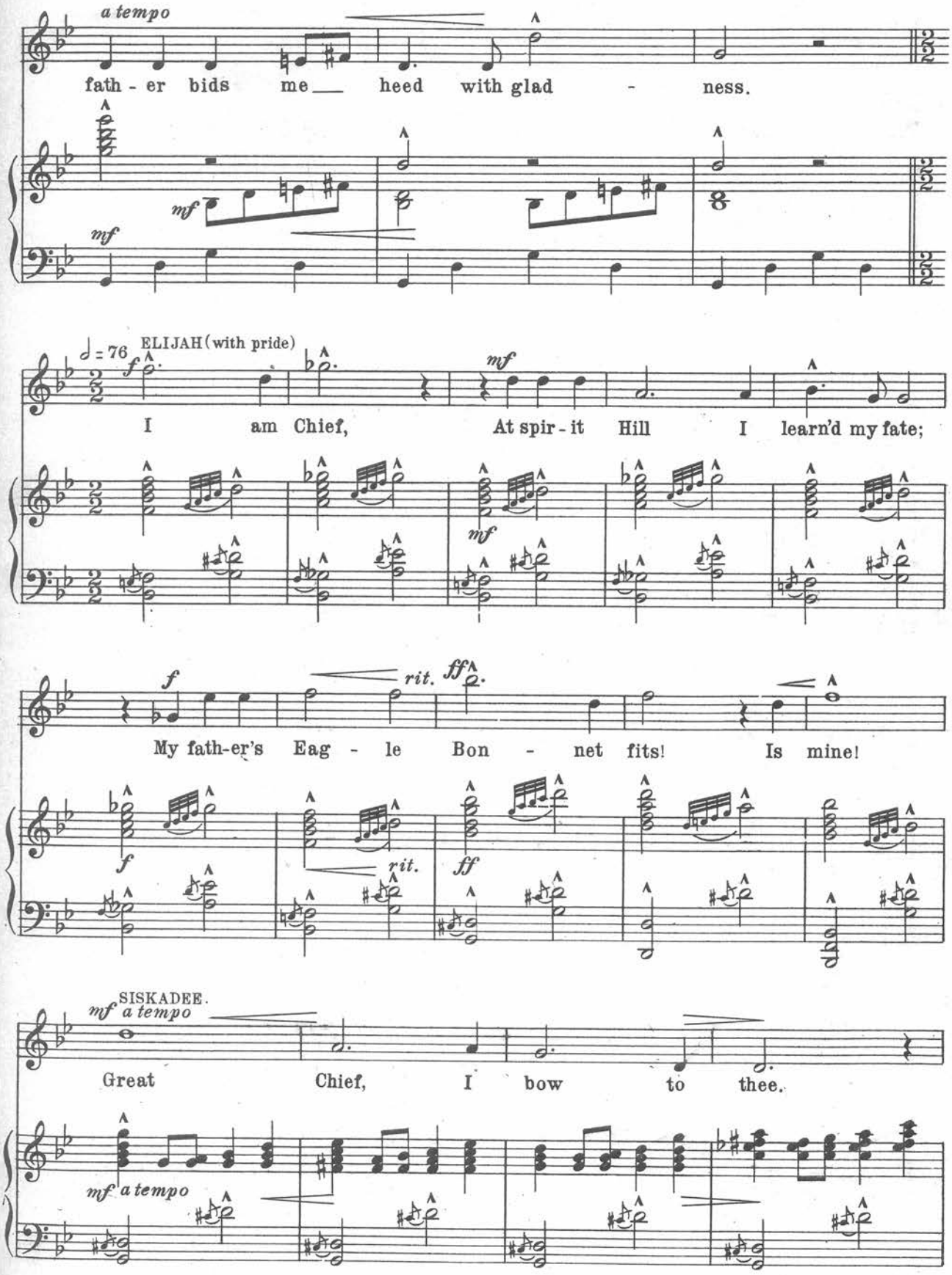
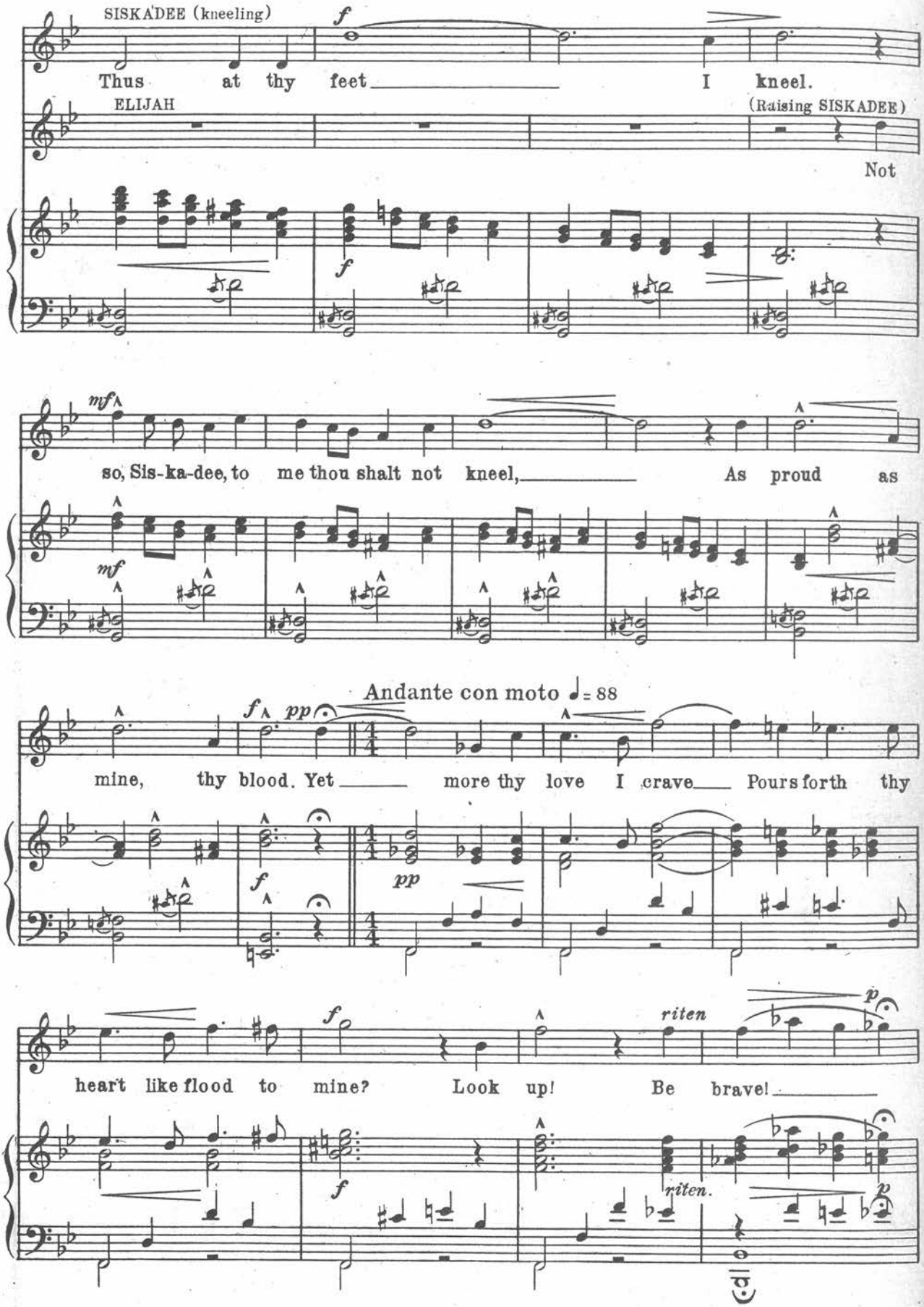


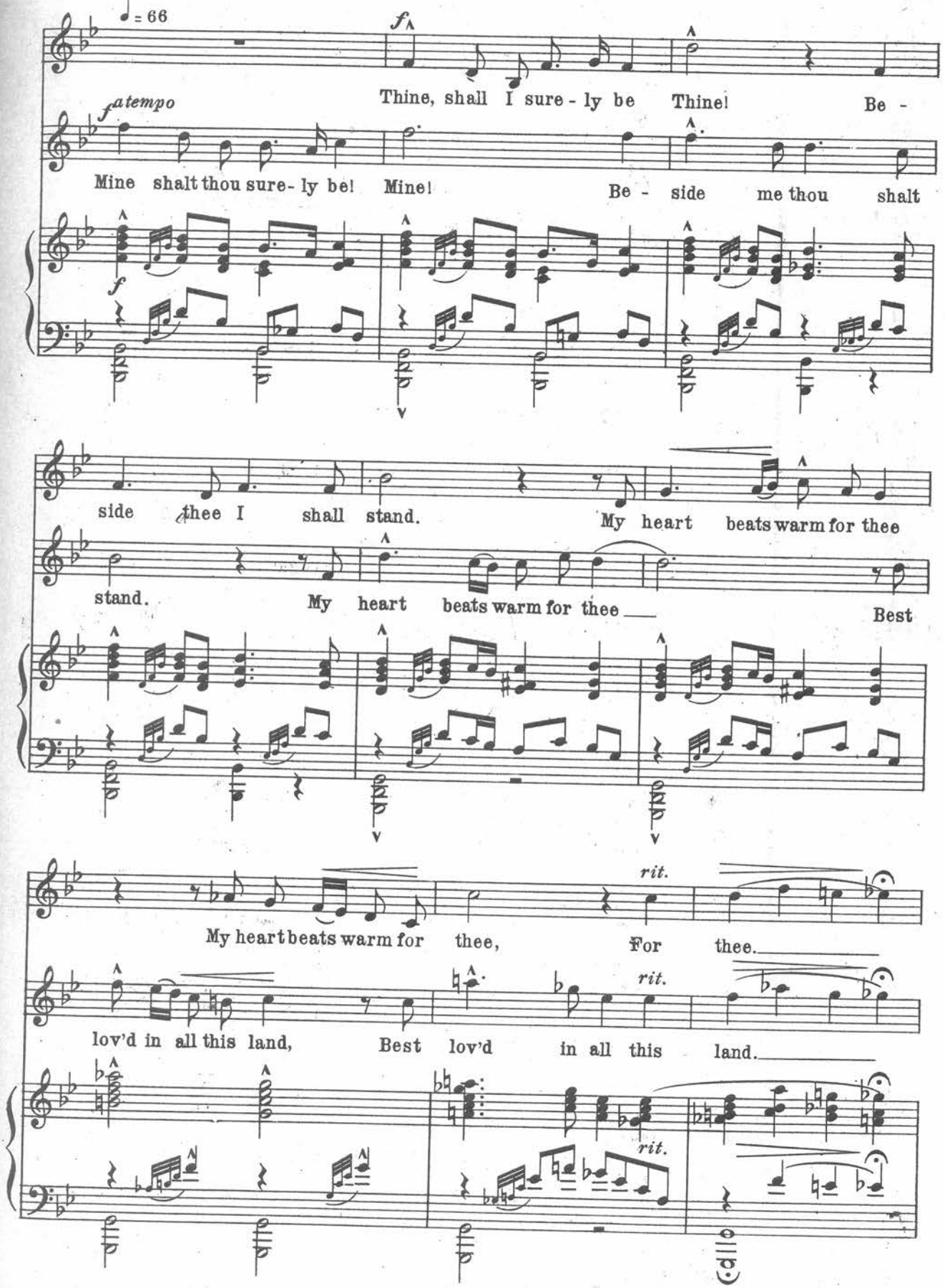

SISKADEE
a tempo
sun to flow - er af - ter rain, As sun to flow - er
ELIJAH
sun to flow - er af - ter rain, As sun to flow - er
a tempo
af - ter rain, So is this place to me
af - ter rain, So is this place to me 'Tis
rit.
So is this place to me.
well; Lead all the Mis - sion maid - ens here.
rit.
pp

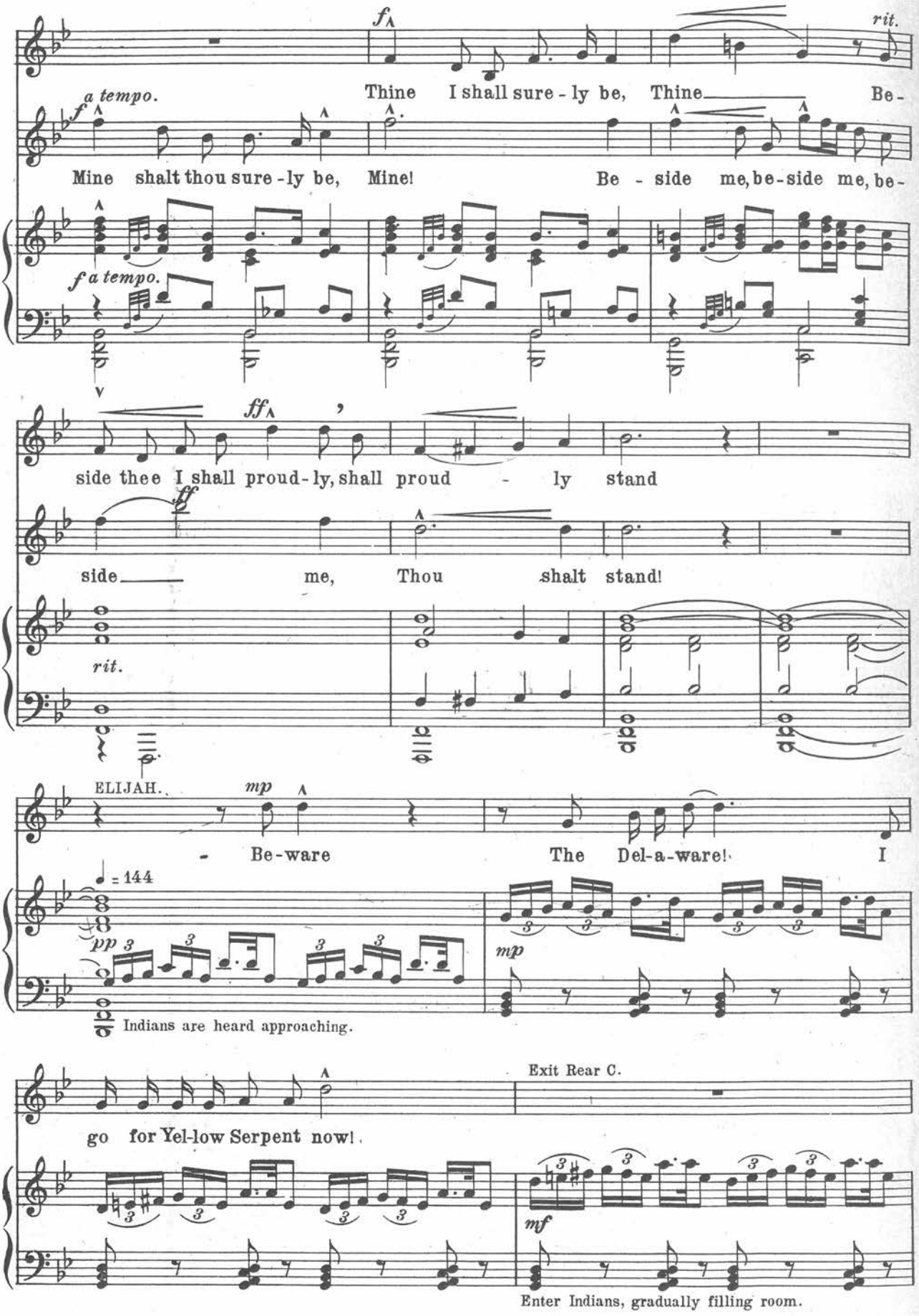

Piu mosso
mf
My fath - er loves his
(with sudden jealousy)
f
The Del-a-ware! Hast heed - ed him?
Piu mosso
= 84
f
f
words, And bids me hear
mf
I
mf
And dost thou, Sis - ka-dee?
f
must not dis - o - bey the Chief, My fath - er
Dost list - en


mf
Ah no! My heart grows cold with fear, Yet
mf
f
glad - ly, Sis - ka - dee?
mf
accel
has he In - dian craft with white man's skill
f
Eag - le's eyes and
mf accel.
accel
f
wings for feet. His words the wind and
fire his tho'ts He woos!
ff
mf
My
ff


a tempo
fath - er bids me heed with glad - ness.
mf
mf
♩ = 76
ELIJAH (with pride)
f
I am Chief, At spir - it Hill I learn'd my fate;
mf
mf
My fath-er's Eag - le Bon - net fits! Is mine!
f
rit.
ff
f
rit.
ff
SISKADEE.
mf a tempo
Great Chief, I bow to thee.
mf a tempo


SISKA'DEE (kneeling)
Thus at thy feet I kneel.
ELIJAH
(Raising SISKADEE)
Not
so, Sis-ka-dee, to me thou shalt not kneel, As proud as
Andante con moto ♩= 88
mine, thy blood. Yet more thy love I crave Pours forth thy
heart like flood to mine? Look up! Be brave!
riten
riten.


♩= 66
f
Thine, shall I sure - ly be Thine! Be -
f atempo
Mine shalt thou sure - ly be! Mine! Be - side me thou shalt
f
side thee I shall stand. My heart beats warm for thee
stand. My heart beats warm for thee Best
rit.
My heart beats warm for thee, For thee.
rit.
lov'd in all this land, Best lov'd in all this land.
rit.


f
rit.
Thine I shall sure - ly be, Thine Be -
a tempo.
f
Mine shalt thou sure - ly be, Mine! Be - side me, be-side me, be-
f a tempo.
ff
side thee I shall proud - ly, shall proud - ly stand
ff
side me, Thou shalt stand!
rit.
ELIJAH.
mp
- Be-ware The Del-a-ware! I
= 144
pp
mp
Indians are heard approaching.
Exit Rear C.
go for Yel-low Serpent now!
mf
Enter Indians, gradually filling room.

(Indians crowding around table— taking up lessons to study— jostling one another.)

SISKADEE – down C.

Enter DELAWARE TOM; goes down C. to SISKADEE, takes her by arm.

f

DELAWARE TOM

Your father hears me gladly, Gives you to

♩ = 92
piu mosso

f

f

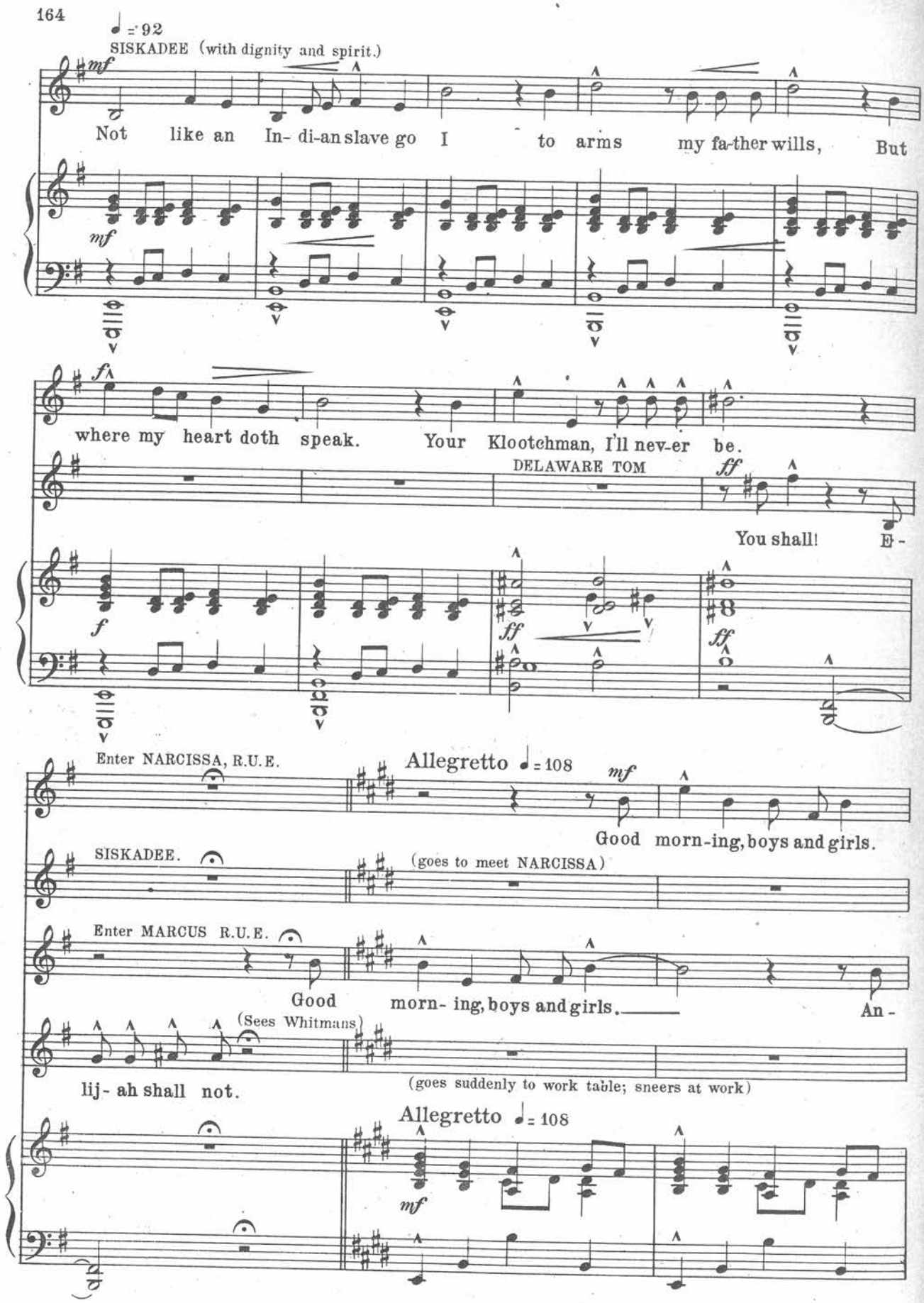
SISKADEE turns toward work table

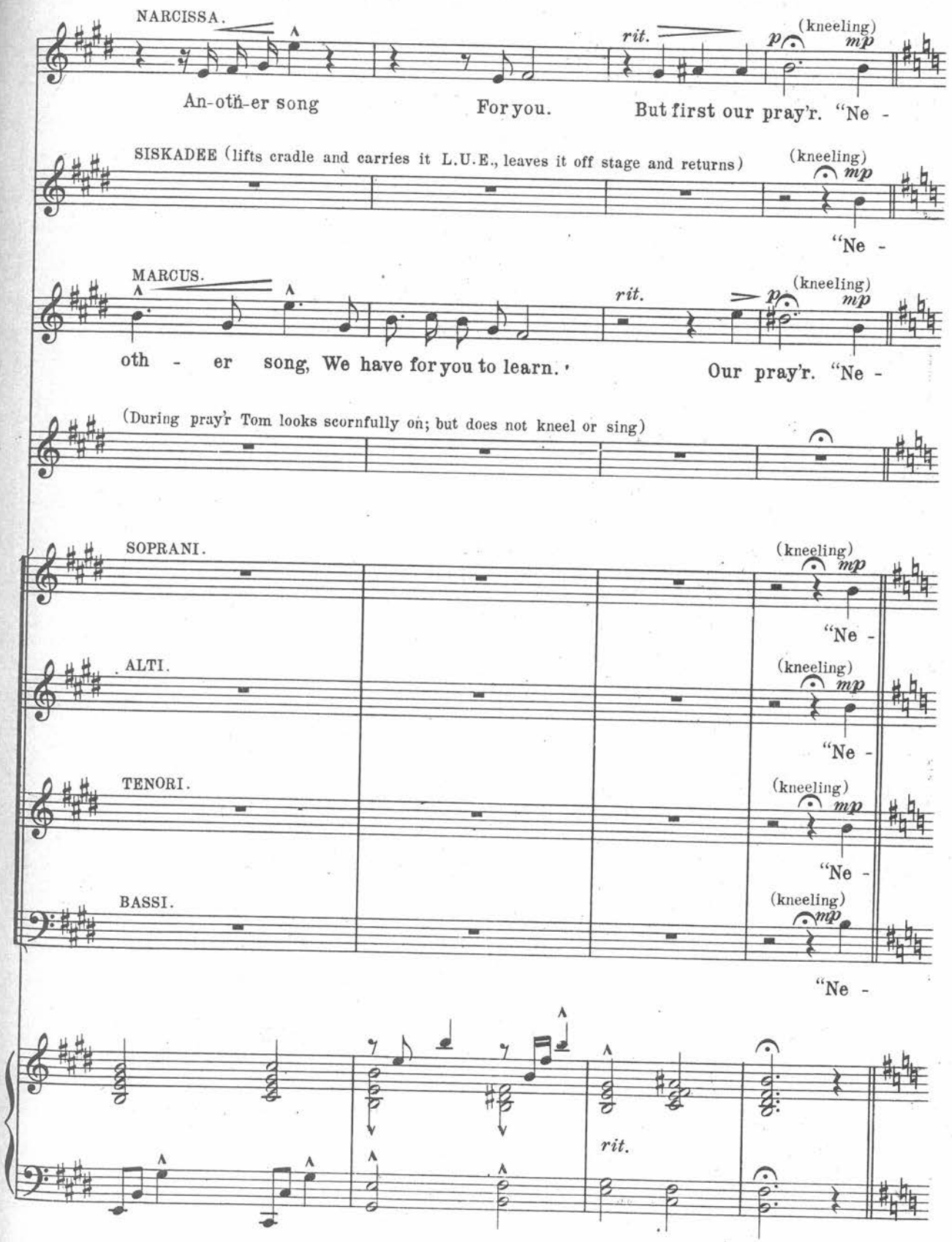
TOM pulls SISKADEE back to C.

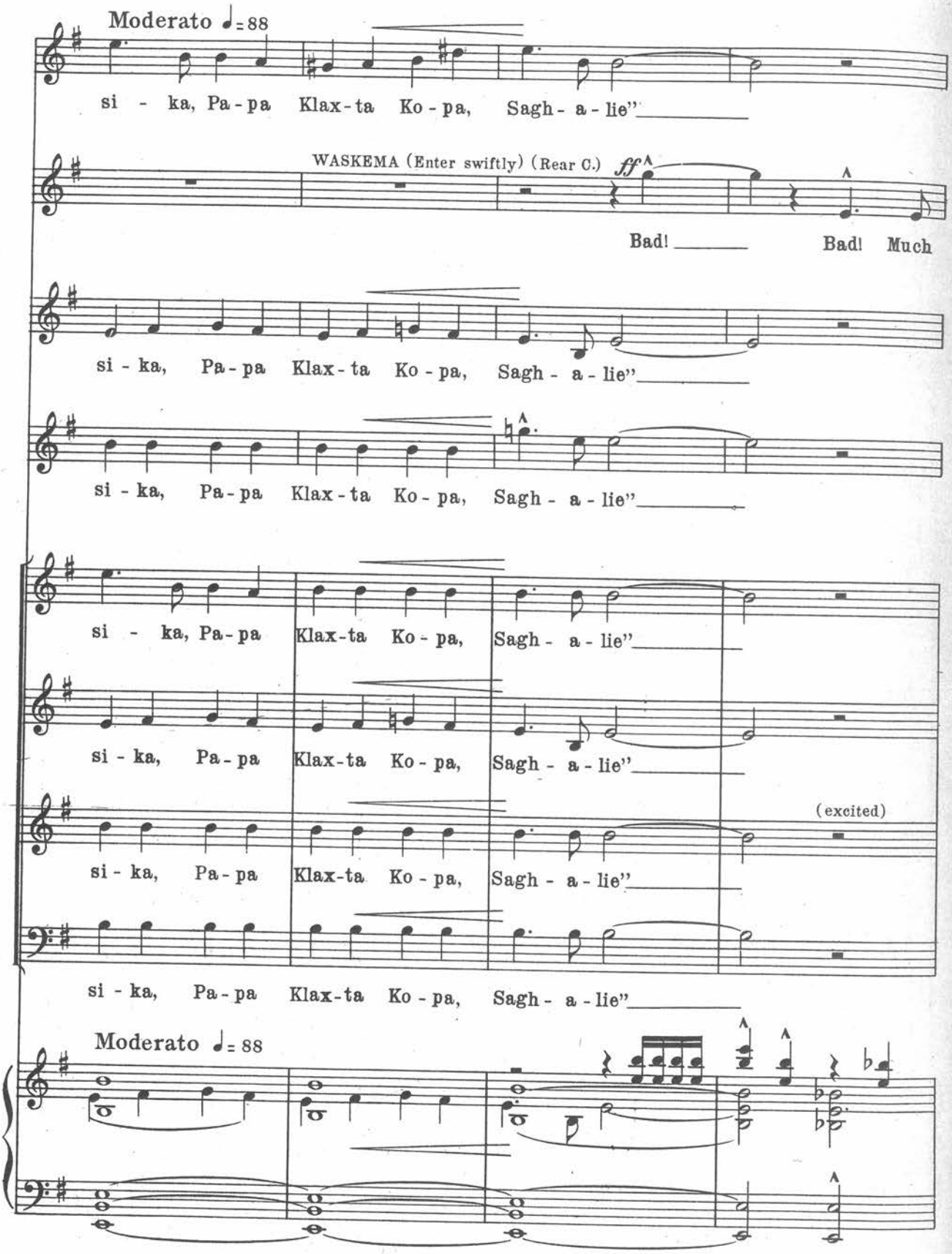
me for squaw.

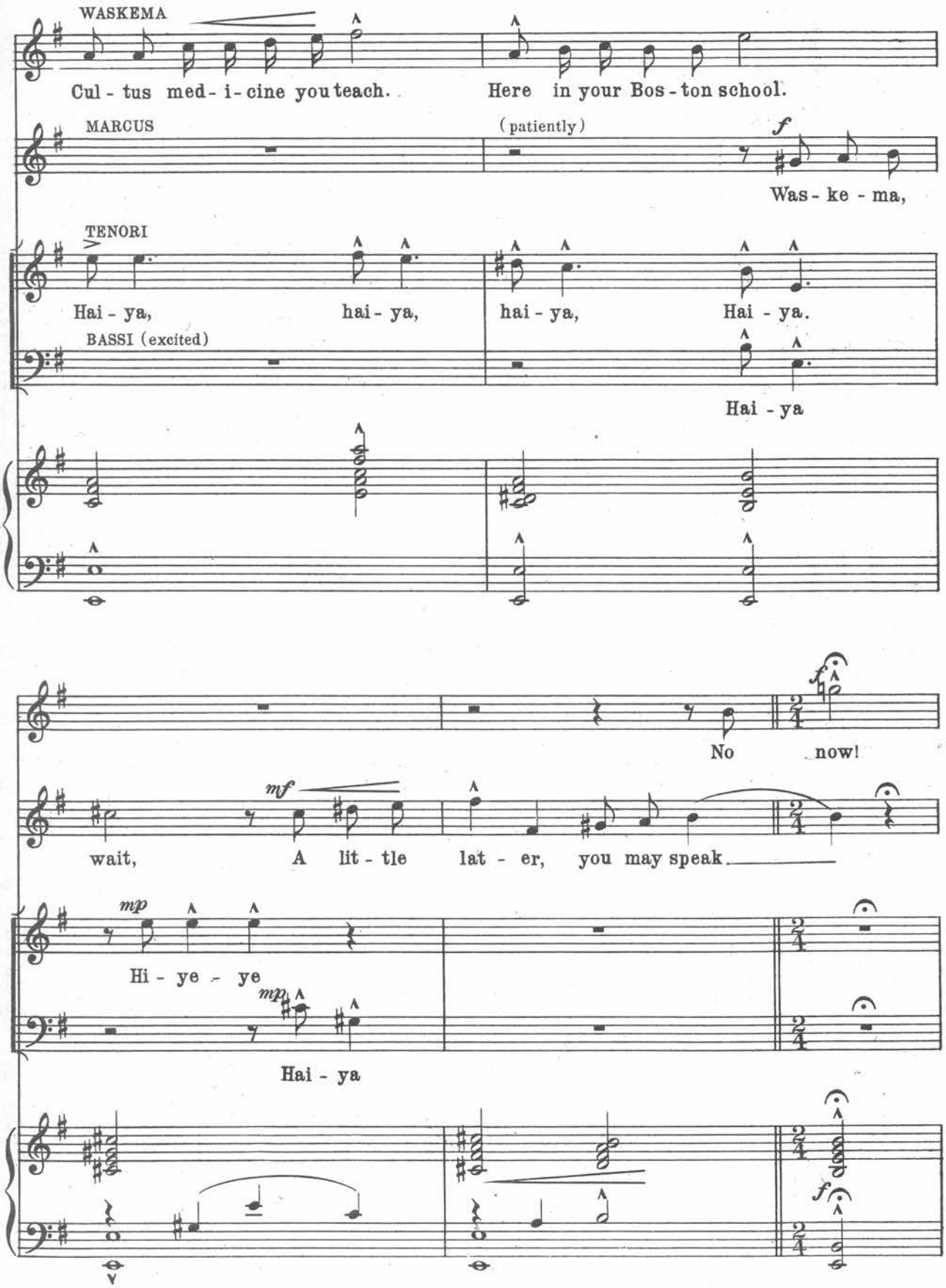
rit.

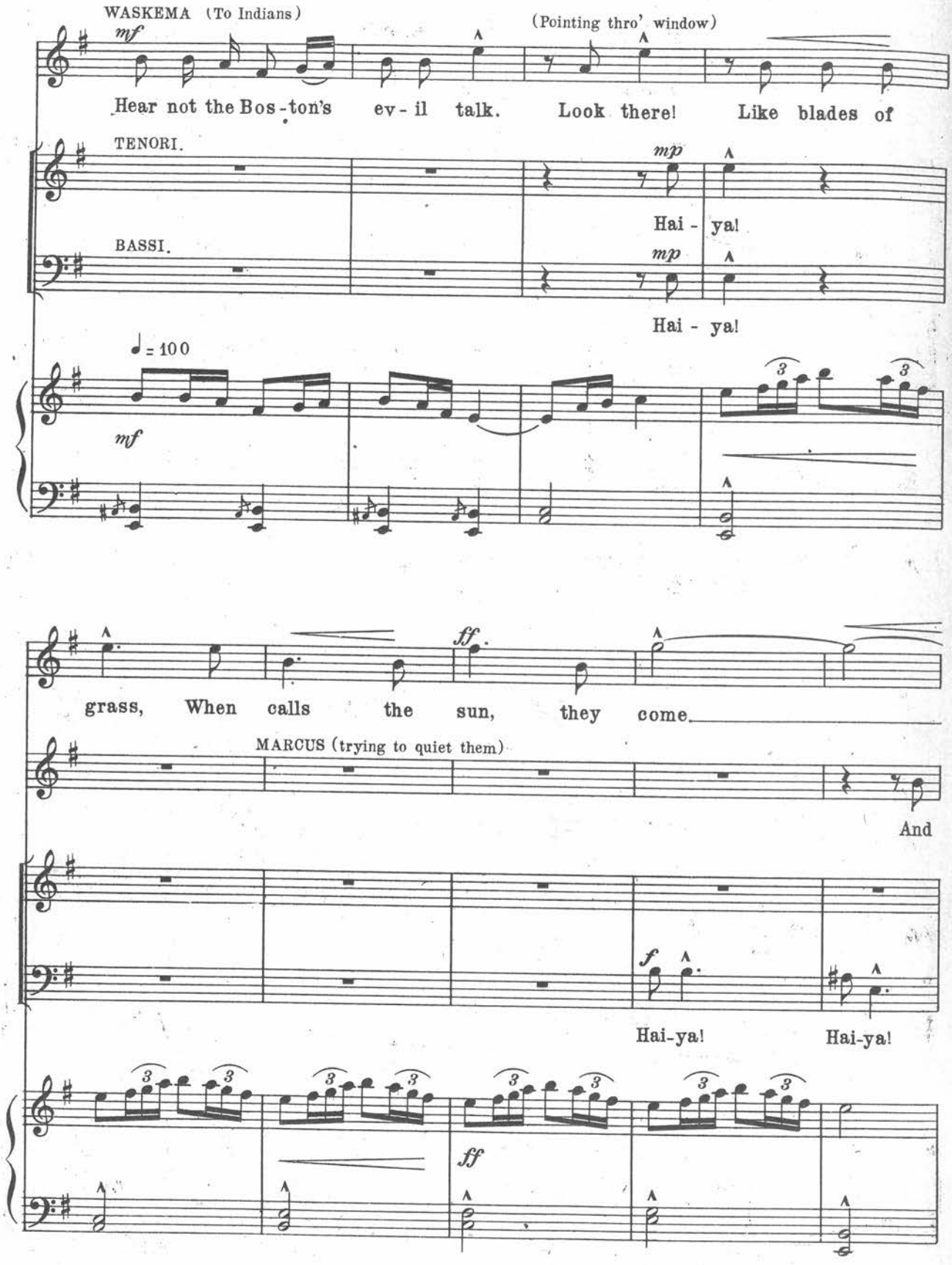
Ped. ✱

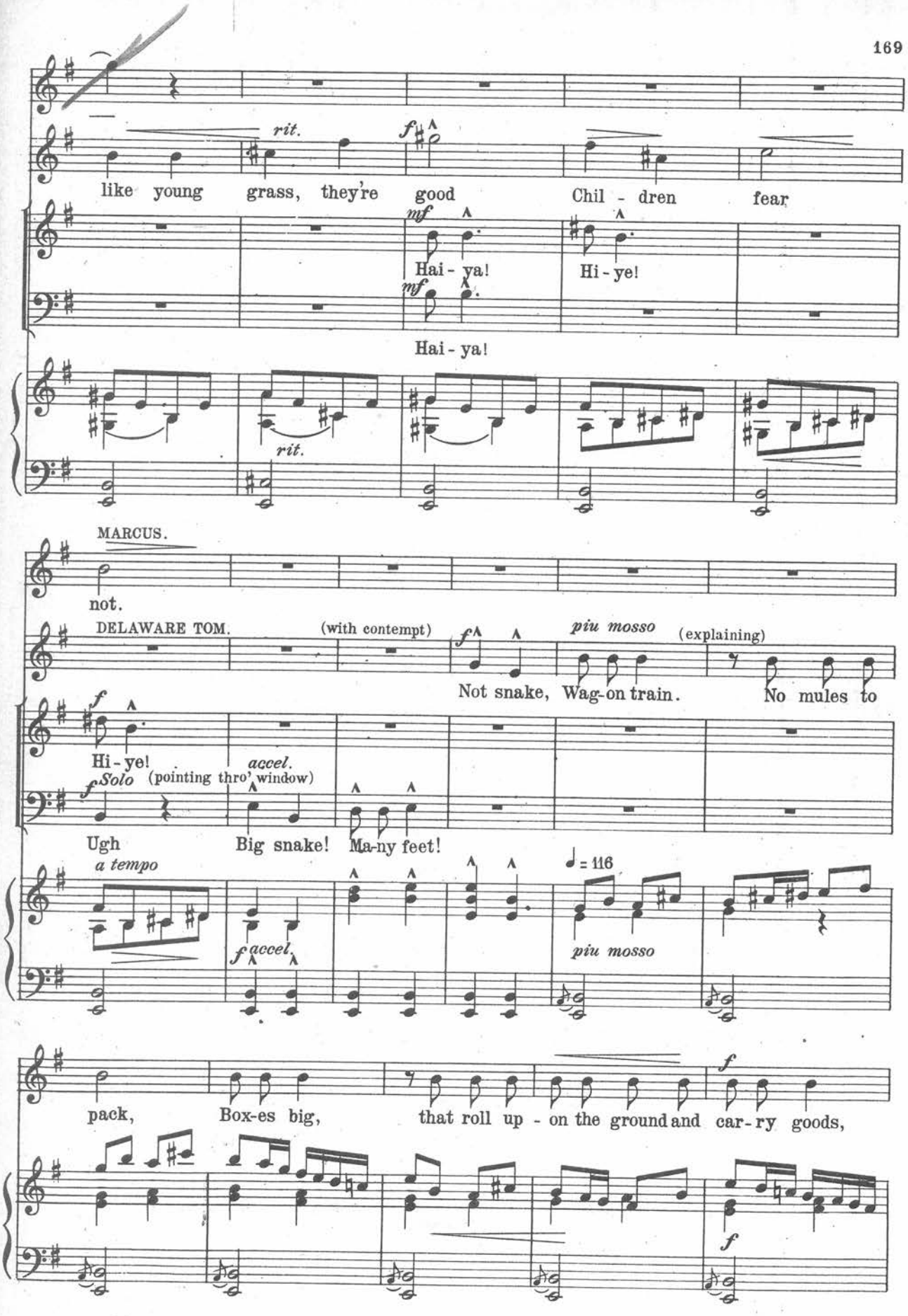

♩ = 92
SISKADEE (with dignity and spirit.)
mf
Not like an In- di-an slave go I to arms my fa-ther wills, But
mf
where my heart doth speak. Your Klootchman, I'll nev-er be.
DELAWARE TOM
ff
You shall! E-
f
ff
ff
Enter NARCISSA, R.U.E.
Allegretto ♩ = 108
mf
Good morn-ing, boys and girls.
SISKADEE.
(goes to meet NARCISSA)
Enter MARCUS R.U.E.
Good morn- ing, boys and girls. An-
(Sees Whitmans)
lij- ah shall not.
(goes suddenly to work table; sneers at work)
Allegretto ♩ = 108
mf

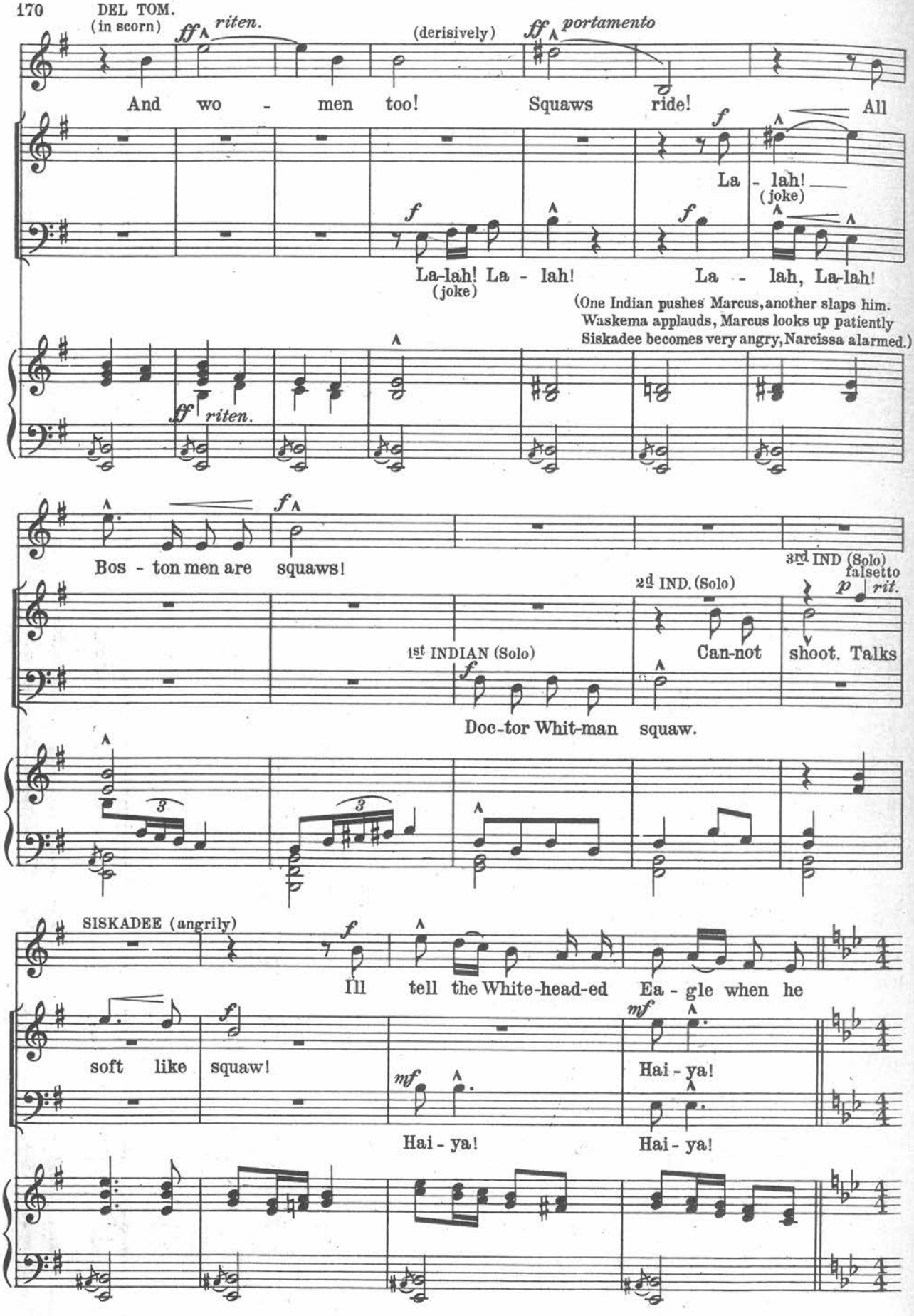

NARCISSA.
An-oth-er song
For you.
But first our pray'r. "Ne -
rit.
p
(kneeling)
mp
SISKADEE (lifts cradle and carries it L.U.E., leaves it off stage and returns)
(kneeling)
mp
"Ne -
MARCUS.
oth - er song, We have for you to learn.
Our pray'r. "Ne -
rit.
p
(kneeling)
mp
(During pray'r Tom looks scornfully on; but does not kneel or sing)
SOPRANI.
(kneeling)
mp
"Ne -
ALTI.
(kneeling)
mp
"Ne -
TENORI.
(kneeling)
mp
"Ne -
BASSI.
(kneeling)
mp
"Ne -
rit.


Moderato ♩= 88
si - ka, Pa - pa Klax - ta Ko - pa, Sagh - a - lie"
WASKEMA (Enter swiftly) (Rear C.) ff
Bad! Bad! Much
si - ka, Pa - pa Klax - ta Ko - pa, Sagh - a - lie"
si - ka, Pa - pa Klax - ta Ko - pa, Sagh - a - lie"
si - ka, Pa - pa Klax - ta Ko - pa, Sagh - a - lie"
si - ka, Pa - pa Klax - ta Ko - pa, Sagh - a - lie"
si - ka, Pa - pa Klax - ta Ko - pa, Sagh - a - lie"
(excited)
si - ka, Pa - pa Klax - ta Ko - pa, Sagh - a - lie"
Moderato ♩= 88


WASKEMA
Cul - tus med - i - cine you teach.
Here in your Bos - ton school.
MARCUS
(patiently)
f
Was - ke - ma,
TENORI
Hai - ya, hai - ya, hai - ya, Hai - ya.
BASSI (excited)
Hai - ya
No now!
mf
wait, A lit - tle lat - er, you may speak.
mp
Hi - ye - ye
mp
Hai - ya
f

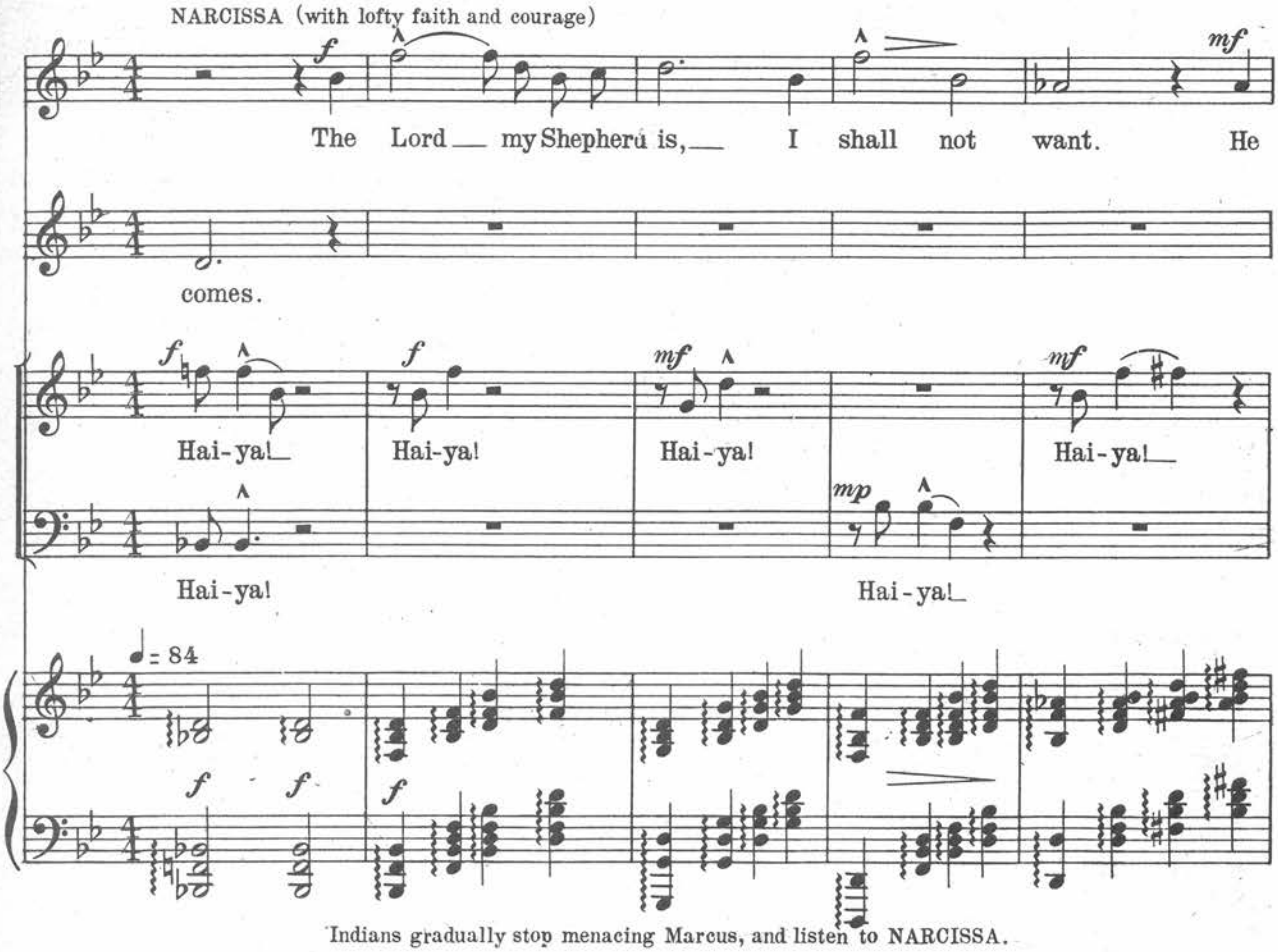

WASKEMA (To Indians)
(Pointing thro' window)
Hear not the Bos-ton's ev-il talk. Look there! Like blades of
TENORI.
Hai - ya!
BASSI.
Hai - ya!
grass, When calls the sun, they come.
MARCUS (trying to quiet them)
And
Hai-ya!
Hai-ya!


rit.
like young grass, they're good
Chil - dren fear
mf
Hai - ya!
Hi - ye!
mf
Hai - ya!
rit.
MARCUS.
not.
DELAWARE TOM.
(with contempt)
piu mosso
(explaining)
Not snake, Wag-on train.
No mules to
Hi - ye!
accel.
Solo
(pointing thro' window)
Ugh
Big snake!
Ma-ny feet!
a tempo
accel.
= 116
piu mosso
pack,
Box-es big,
that roll up - on the ground and car - ry goods,

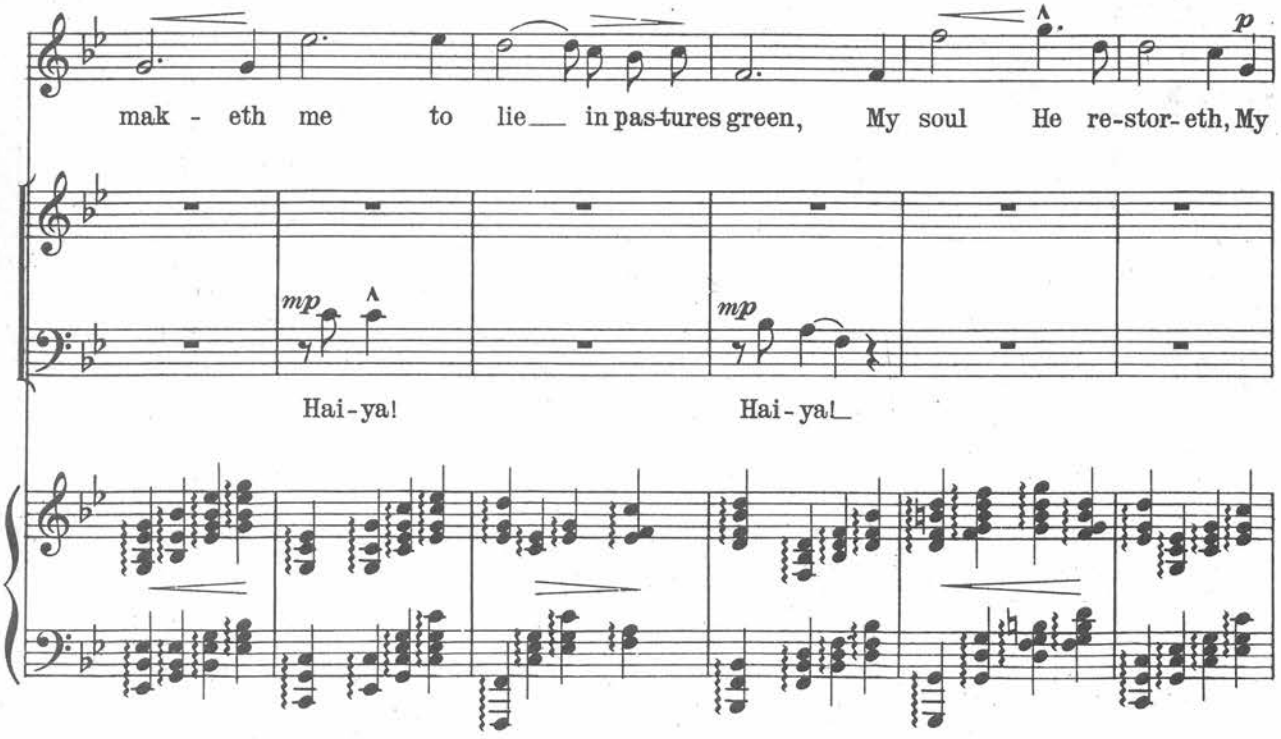

DEL TOM.
(in scorn)
ff riten.
(derisively)
ff portamento
And wo - men too! Squaws ride! All
f
La - lah!
(joke)
f
f
La-lah! La - lah! La - lah, La-lah!
(joke)
(One Indian pushes Marcus, another slaps him.
Waskema applauds, Marcus looks up patiently
Siskadee becomes very angry, Narcissa alarmed.)
ff riten.
f
Bos - ton men are squaws!
3rd IND (Solo)
falsetto
p rit.
2d IND. (Solo)
1st INDIAN (Solo)
f
Can-not shoot. Talks
Doc-tor Whit-man squaw.
3
3
SISKADEE (angrily)
f
I'll tell the White-head-ed Ea - gle when he
f
mf
soft like squaw!
Hai - ya!
mf
Hai - ya!
Hai - ya!

The sun, now shining brightly over the mountains, shines in through the door and windows, illuminating NARCISSA'S face and hair. The Indians accept it as an omen, and are deeply impressed.

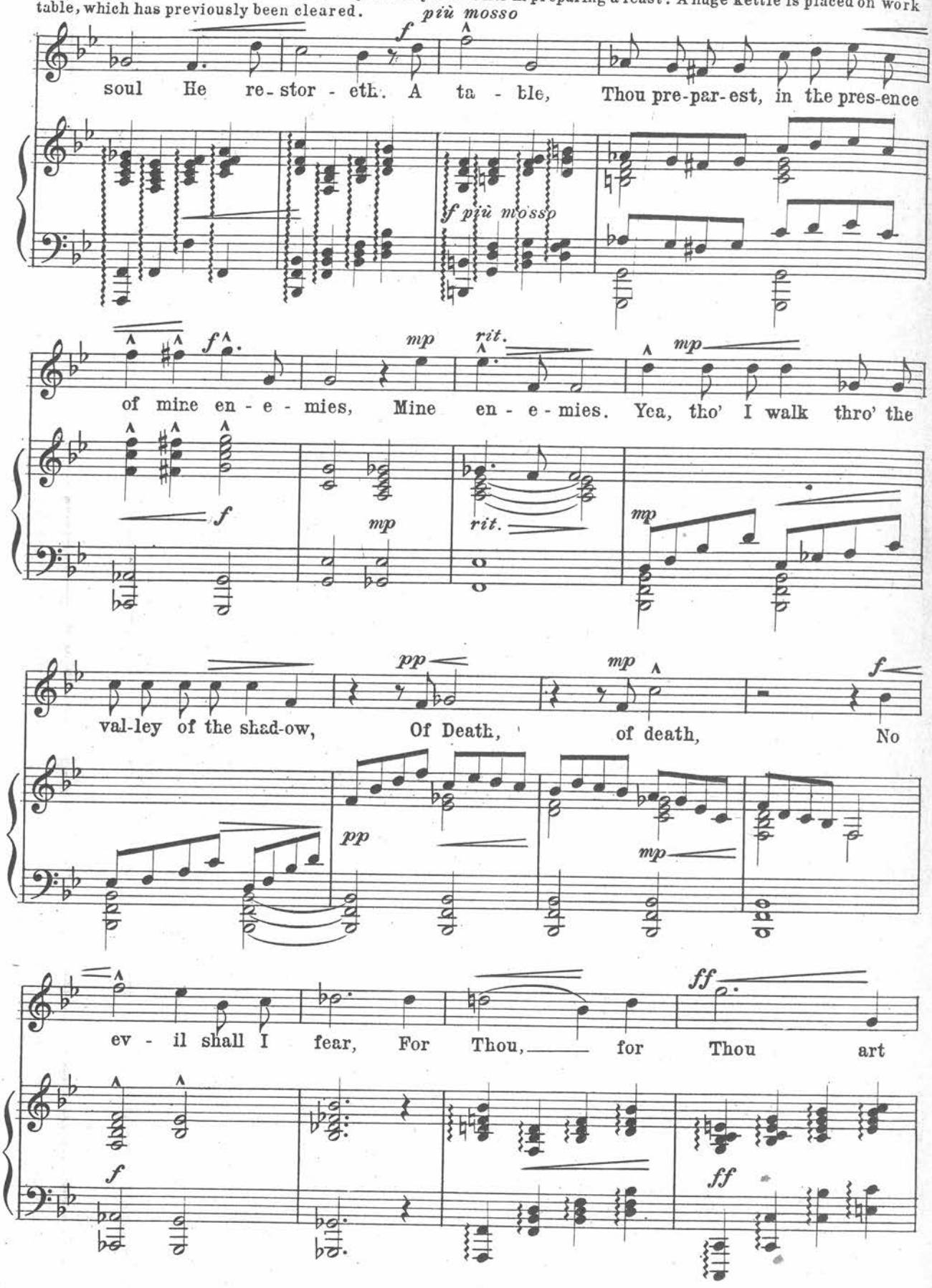
NARCISSA (with lofty faith and courage)

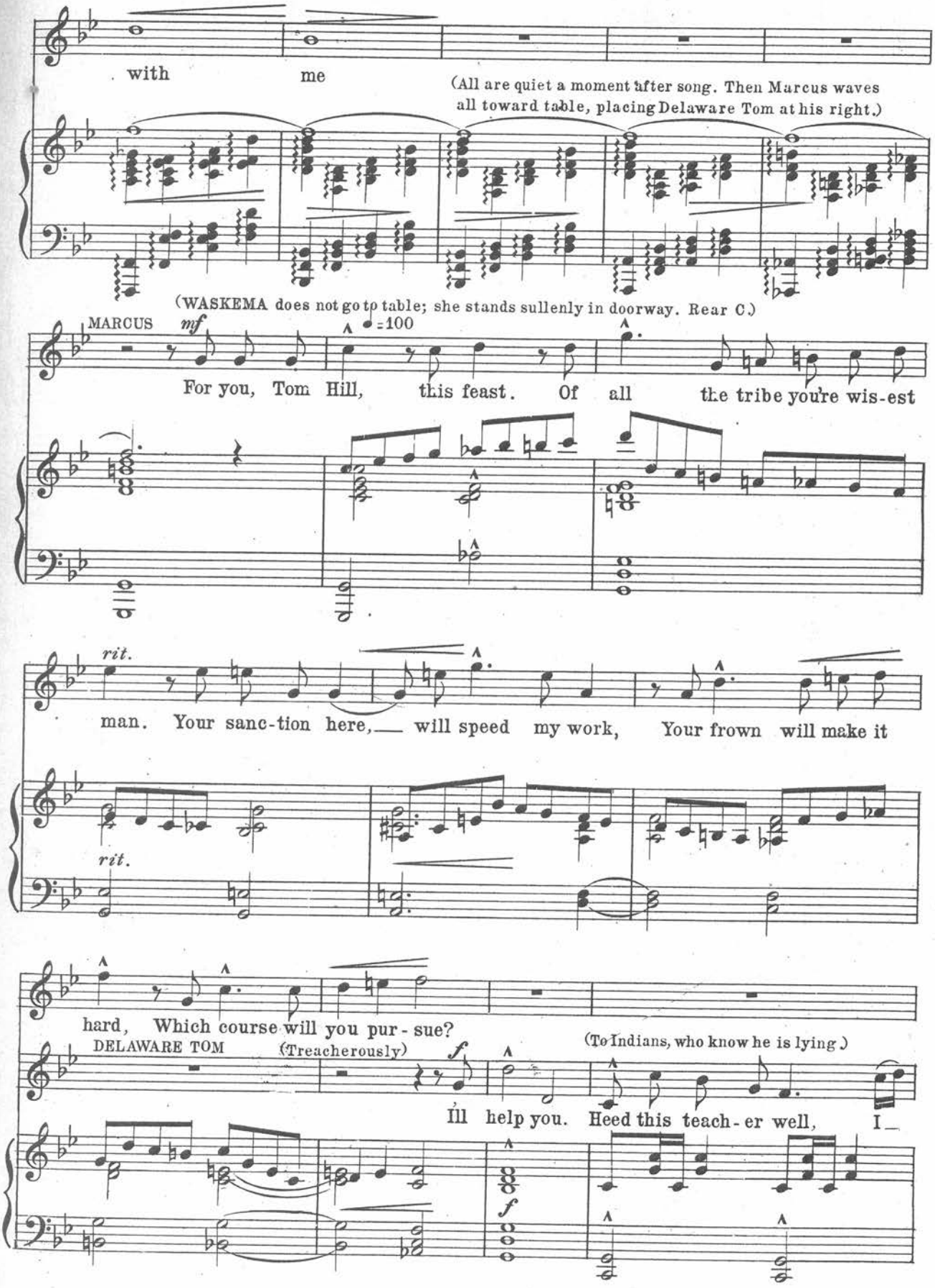


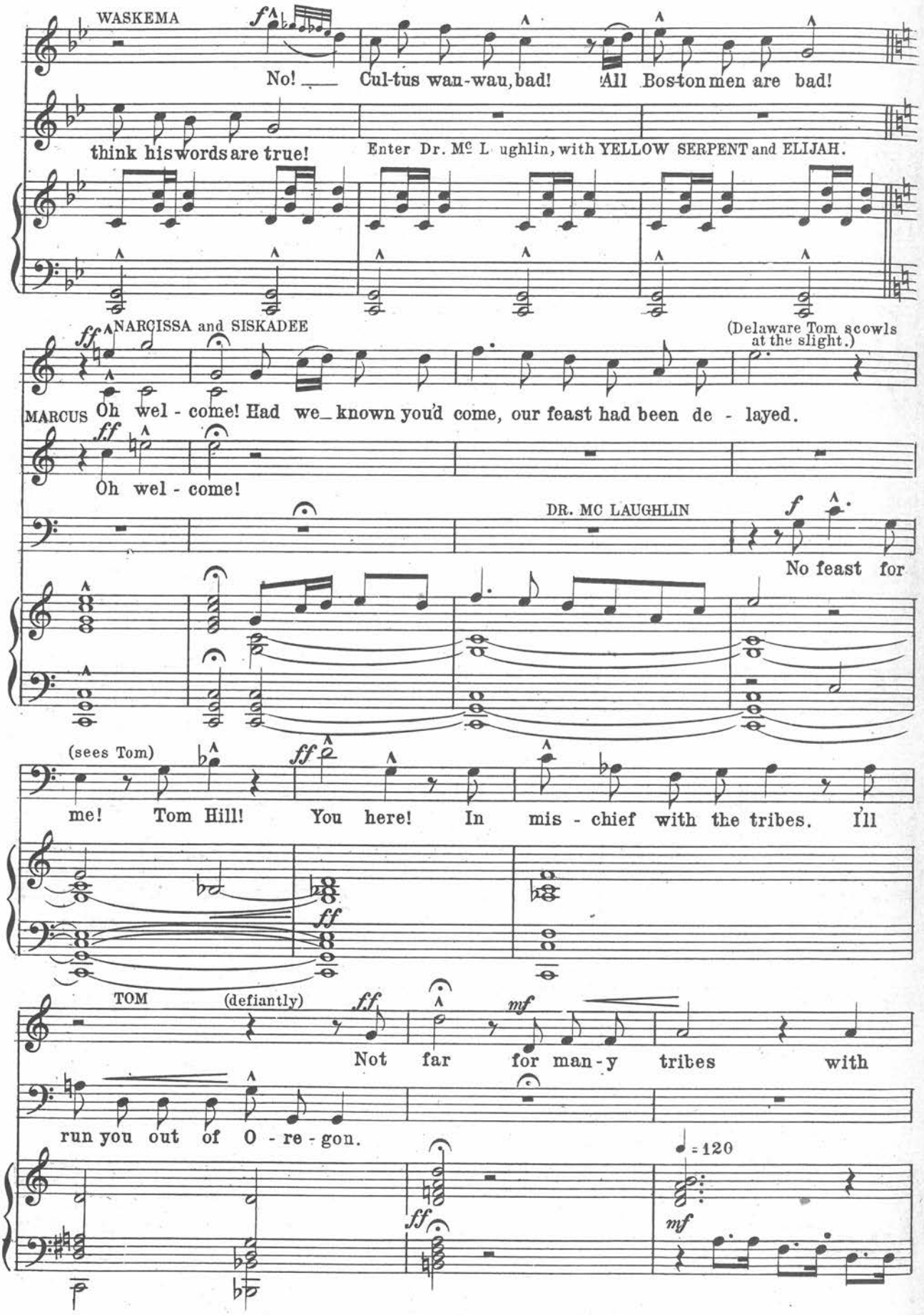
Indians gradually stop menacing Marcus, and listen to NARCISSA.

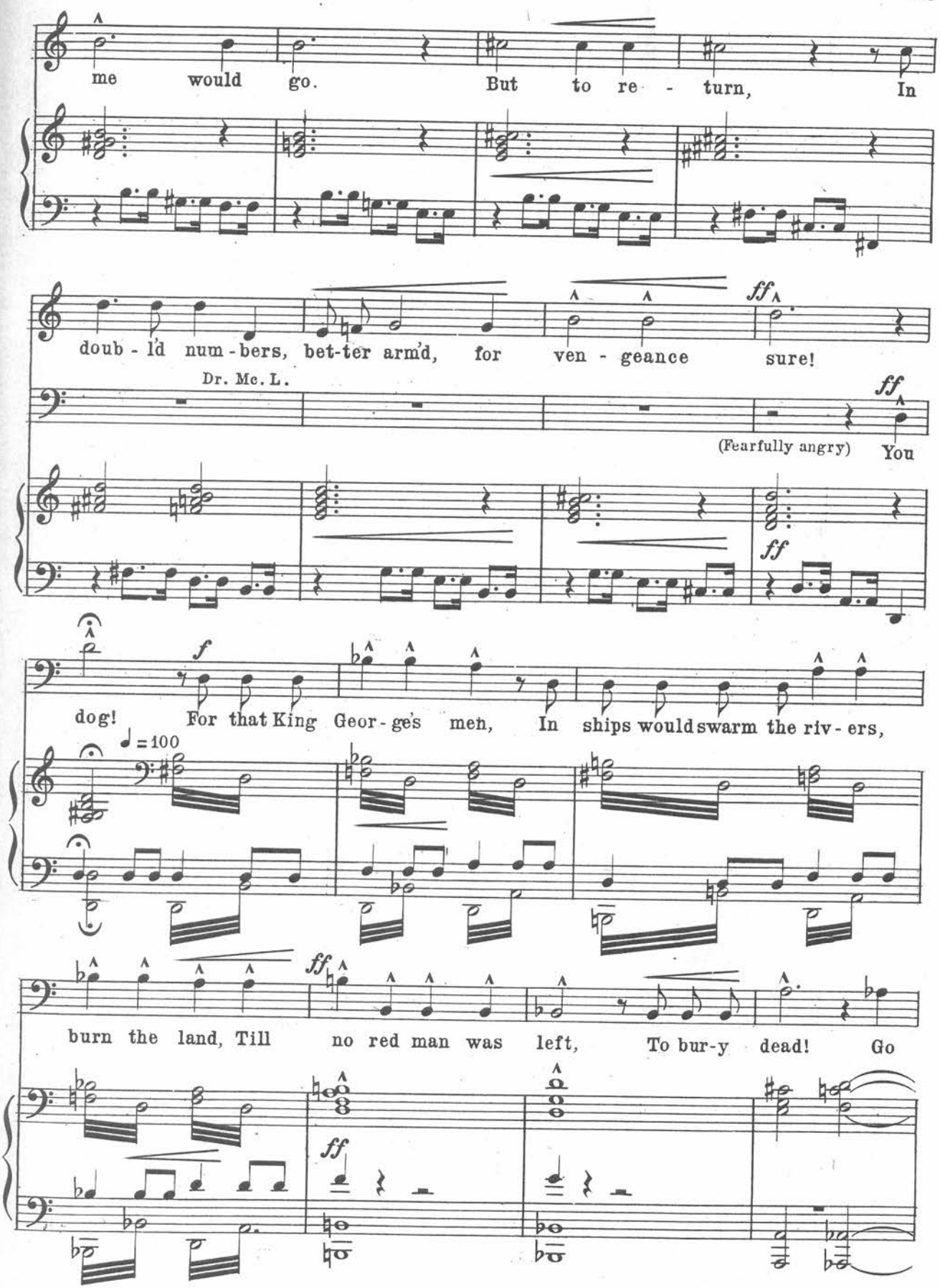


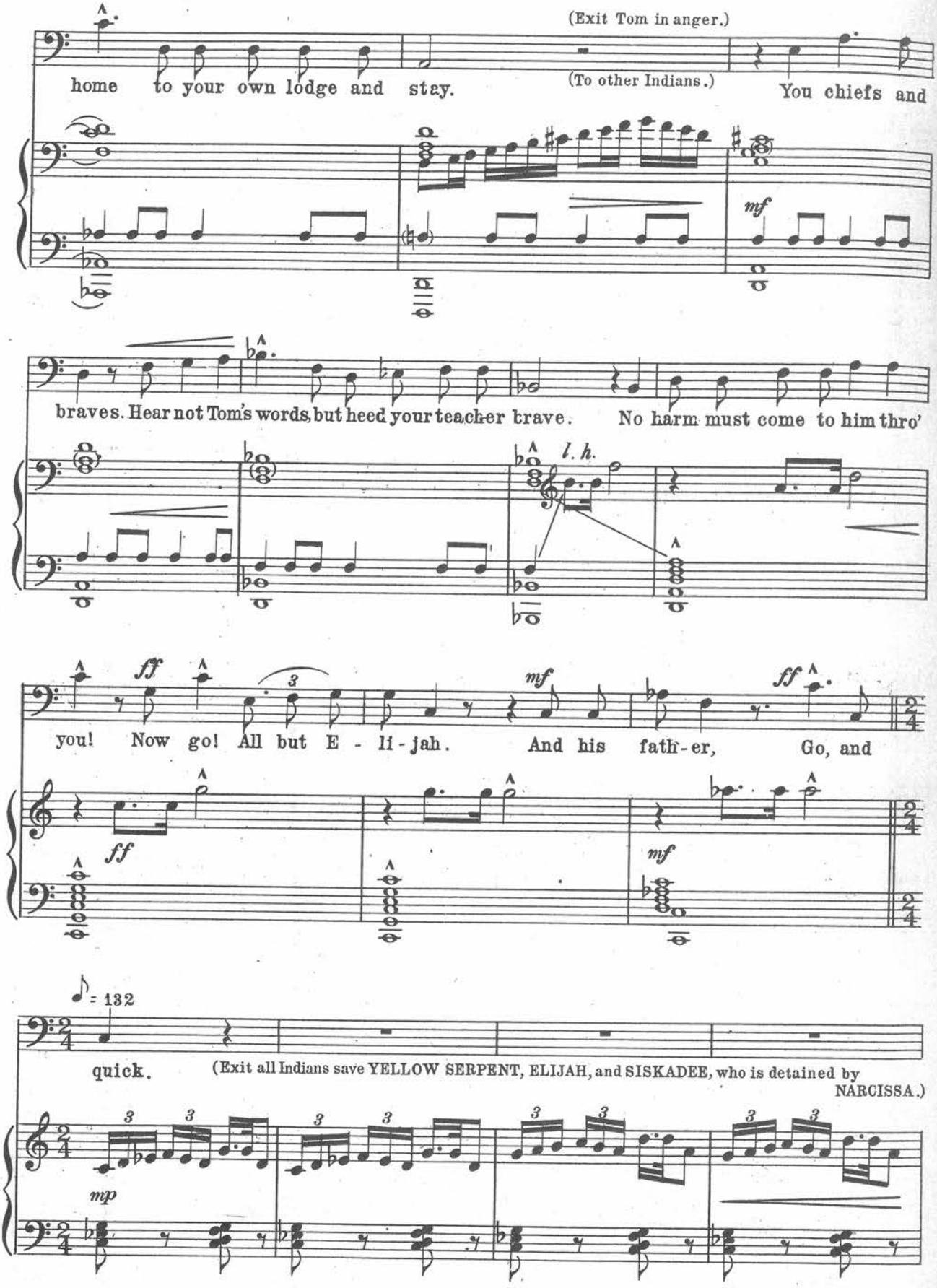
SISKADEE motions to Indian girls, and they silently assist her in preparing a "feast". A huge kettle is placed on work table, which has previously been cleared.

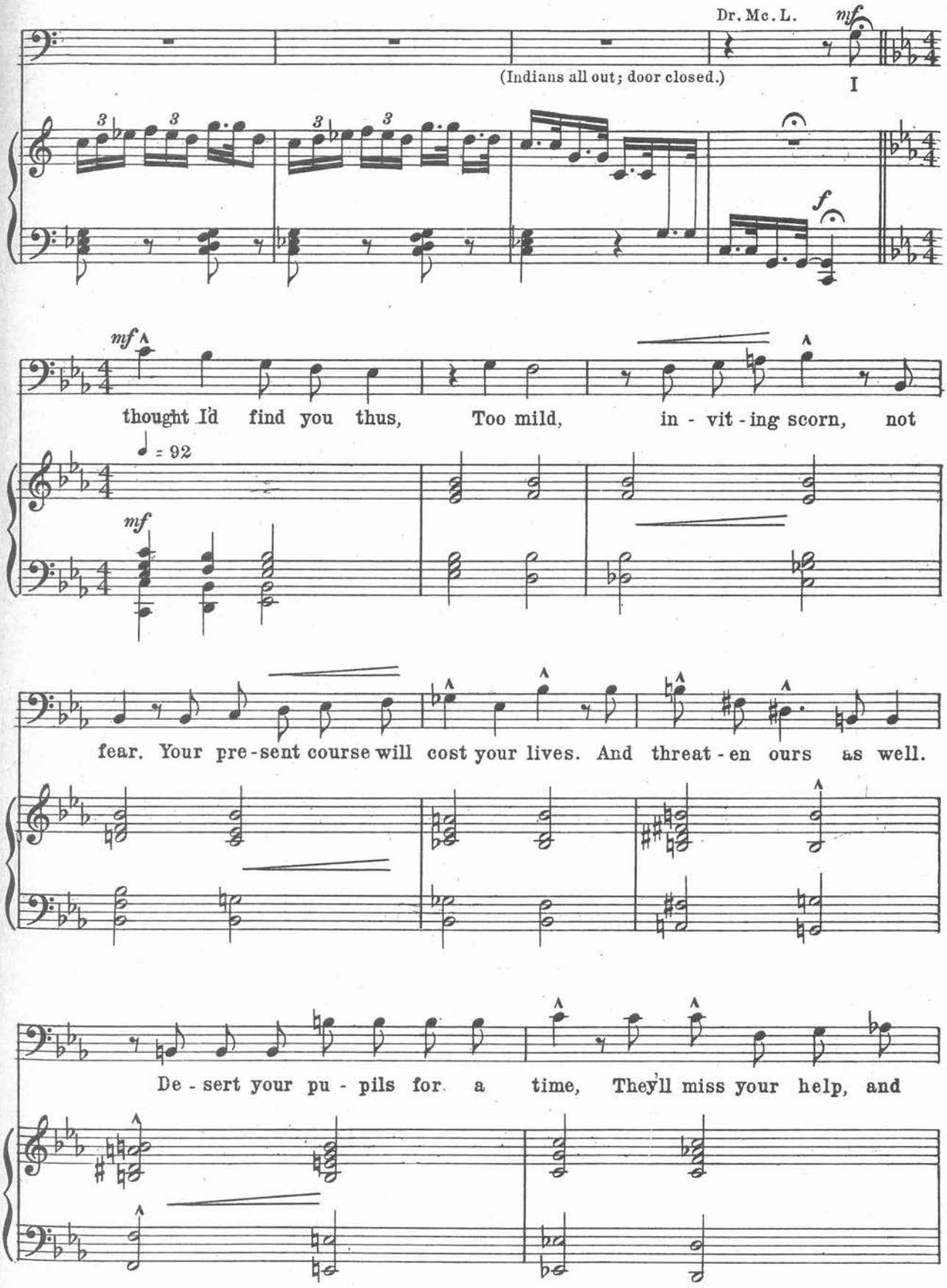


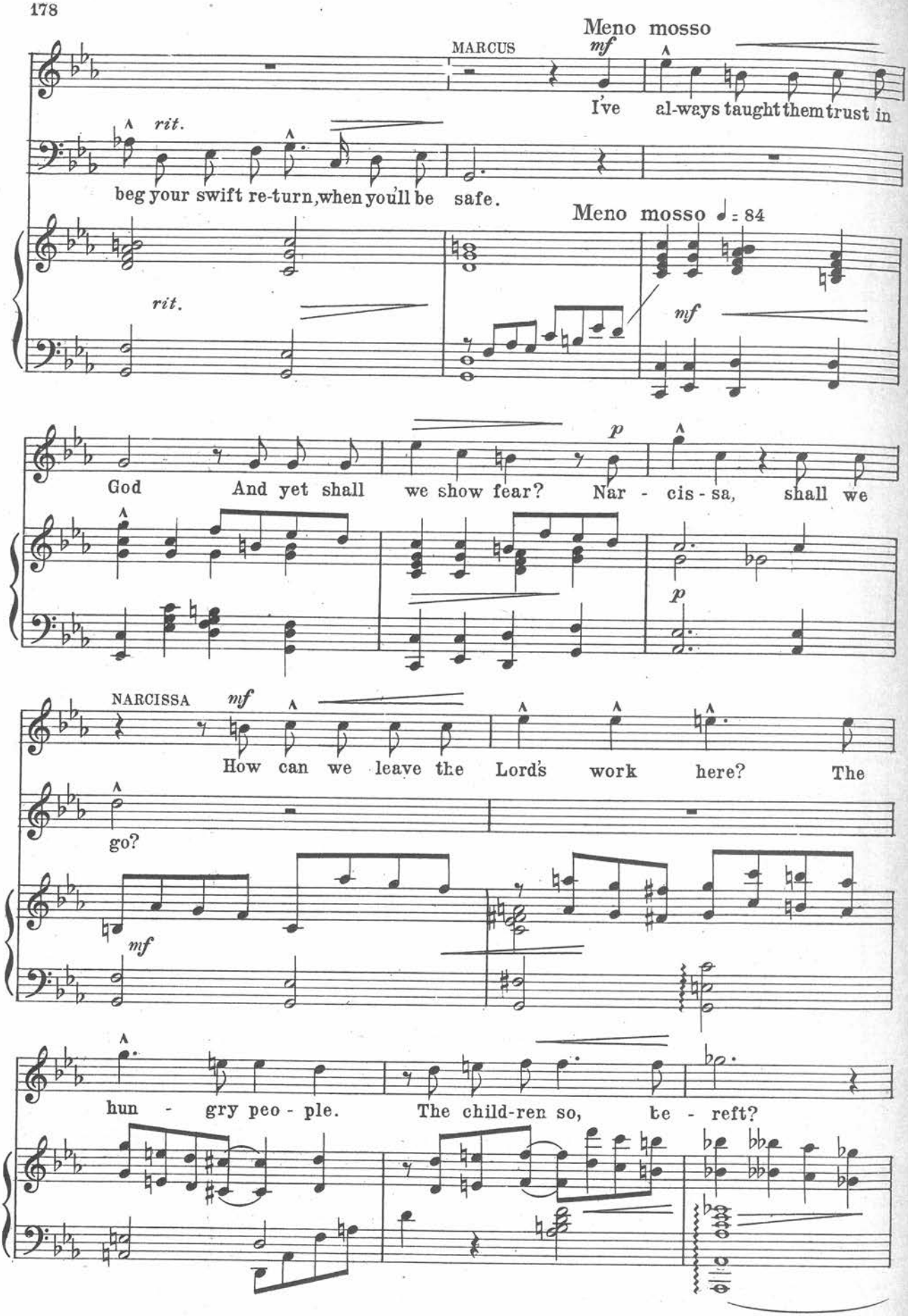

with me
(All are quiet a moment after song. Then Marcus waves all toward table, placing Delaware Tom at his right.)
(WASKEMA does not go to table; she stands sullenly in doorway. Rear C.)
MARCUS
mf
♩=100
For you, Tom Hill, this feast. Of all the tribe you're wis-est
rit.
man. Your sanc-tion here, will speed my work, Your frown will make it
rit.
hard, Which course will you pur-sue?
DELAWARE TOM
(Treacherously)
f
(To Indians, who know he is lying.)
I'll help you. Heed this teach-er well, I
f

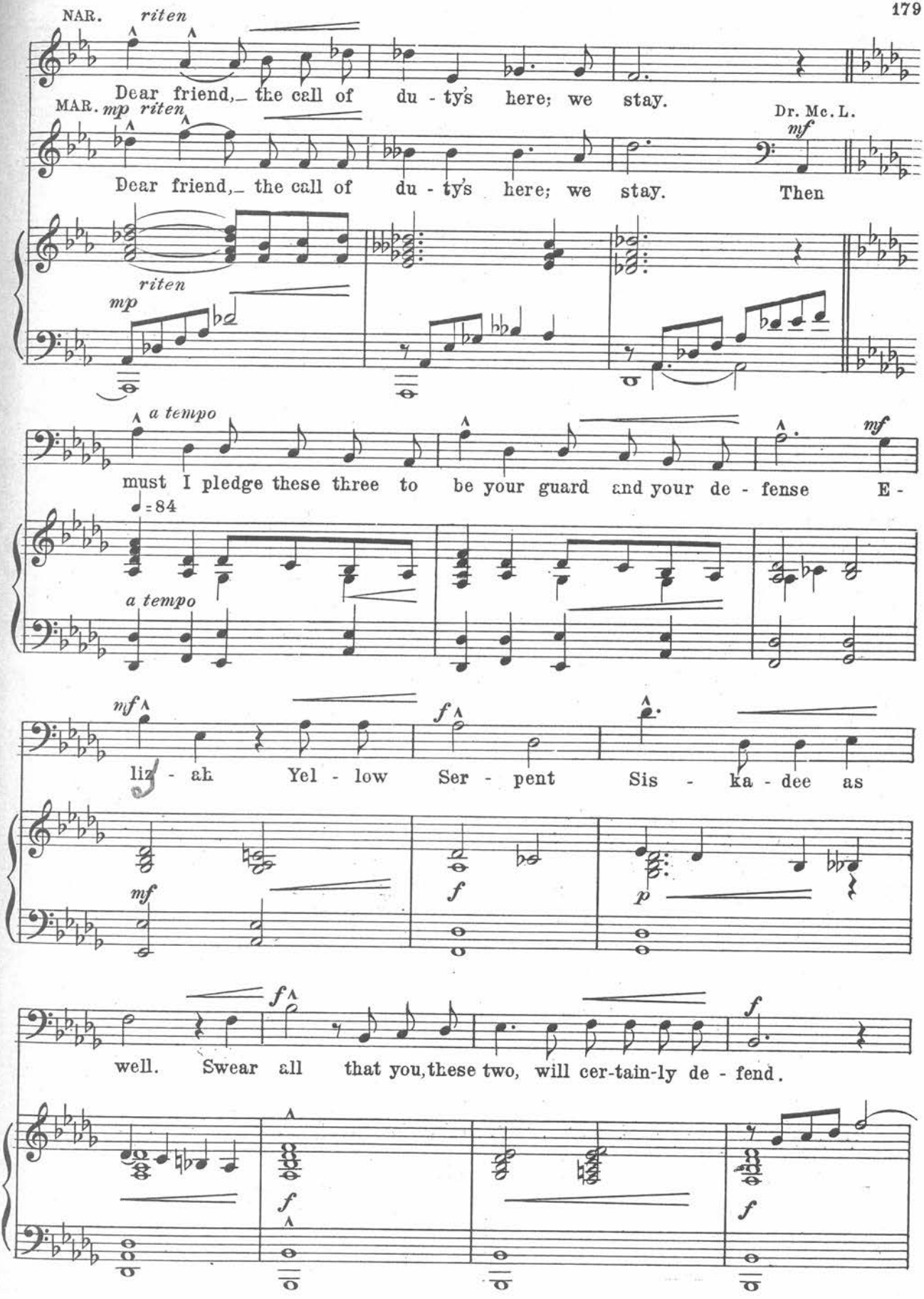

WASKEMA
No! Cul-tus wan-wau, bad! All Boston men are bad!
think his words are true!
Enter Dr. Mc Laughlin, with YELLOW SERPENT and ELIJAH.
NARCISSA and SISKADEE
(Delaware Tom scowls at the slight.)
MARCUS Oh wel - come! Had we known you'd come, our feast had been de - layed.
Oh wel - come!
DR. MC LAUGHLIN
No feast for
(sees Tom)
me! Tom Hill! You here! In mis - chief with the tribes. I'll
TOM
(defiantly)
Not far for man - y tribes with
run you out of O - re - gon.
♩ = 120

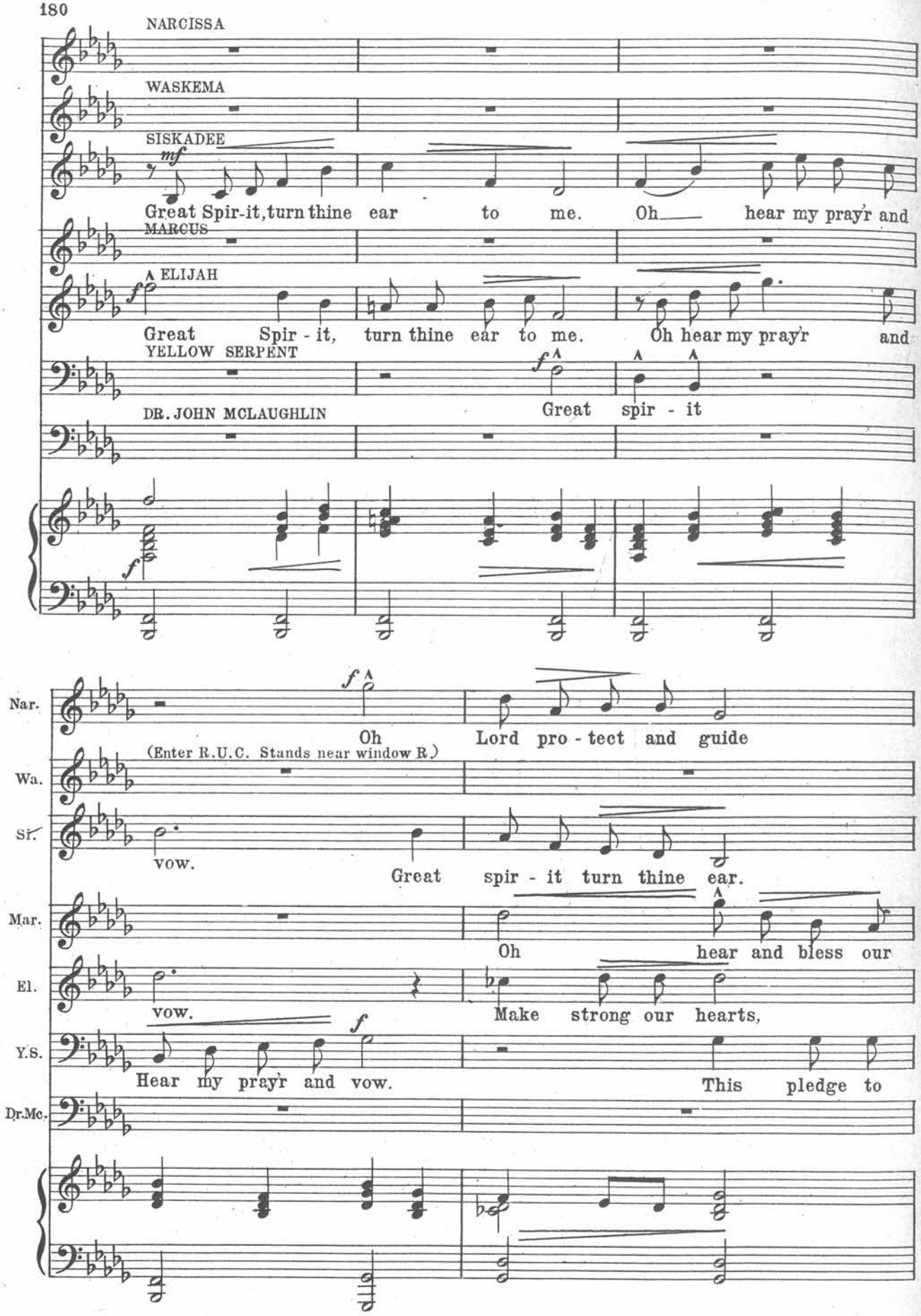

me would go. But to re - turn, In
doub - l'd num - bers, bet-ter arm'd, for ven - geance sure!
ff
Dr. Mc. L.
(Fearfully angry) You
dog! For that King Geor - ge's men, In ships would swarm the riv - ers,
♩ = 100
burn the land, Till no red man was left, To bur-y dead! Go

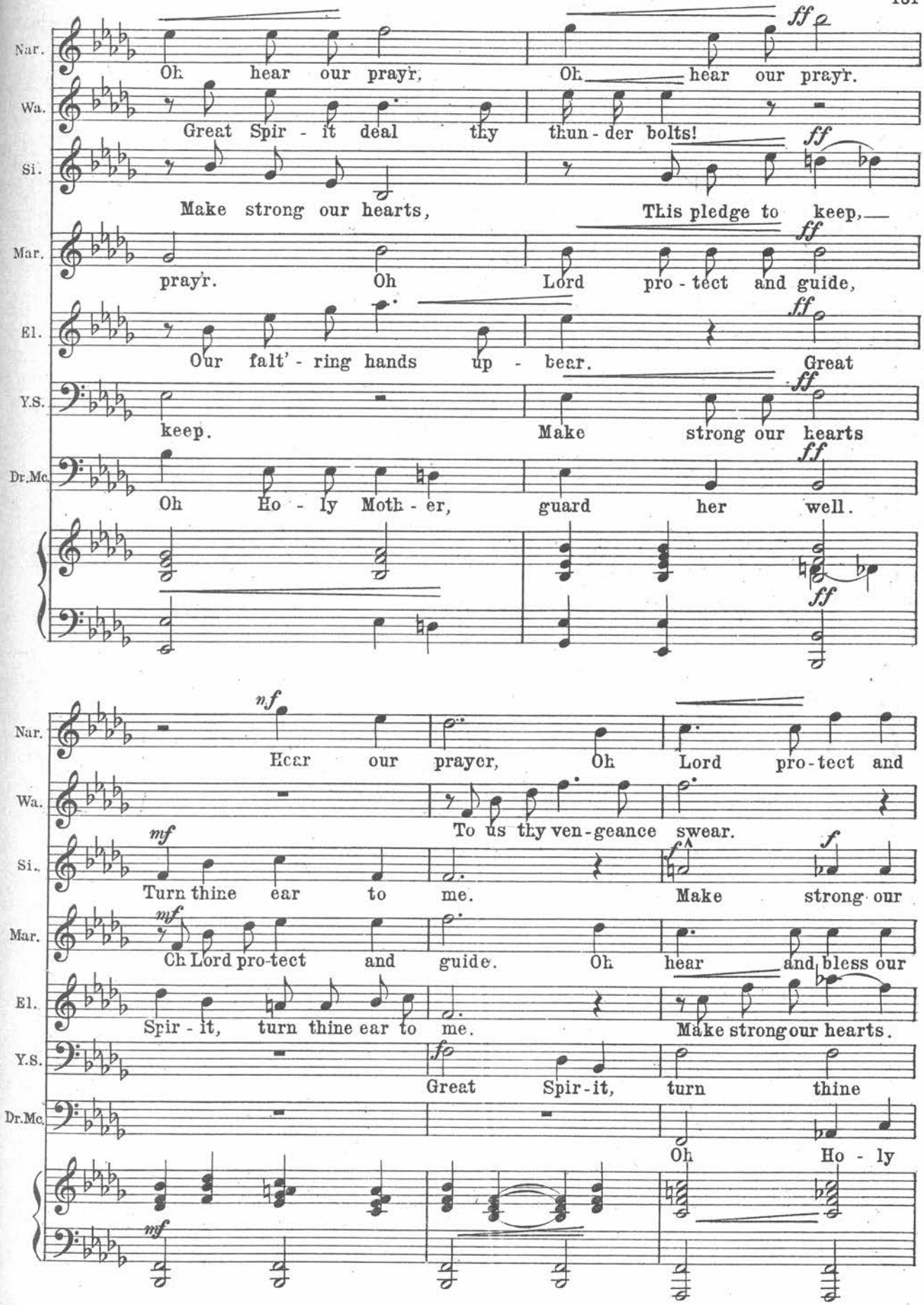

(Exit Tom in anger.)
home to your own lodge and stay.
(To other Indians.)
You chiefs and
mf
braves. Hear not Tom's words, but heed your teacher brave.
No harm must come to him thro'
l. h.
ff
you! Now go! All but E - li - jah.
mf
And his fath-er,
ff
Go, and
ff
mf
= 132
quick.
(Exit all Indians save YELLOW SERPENT, ELIJAH, and SISKADEE, who is detained by NARCISSA.)
mp

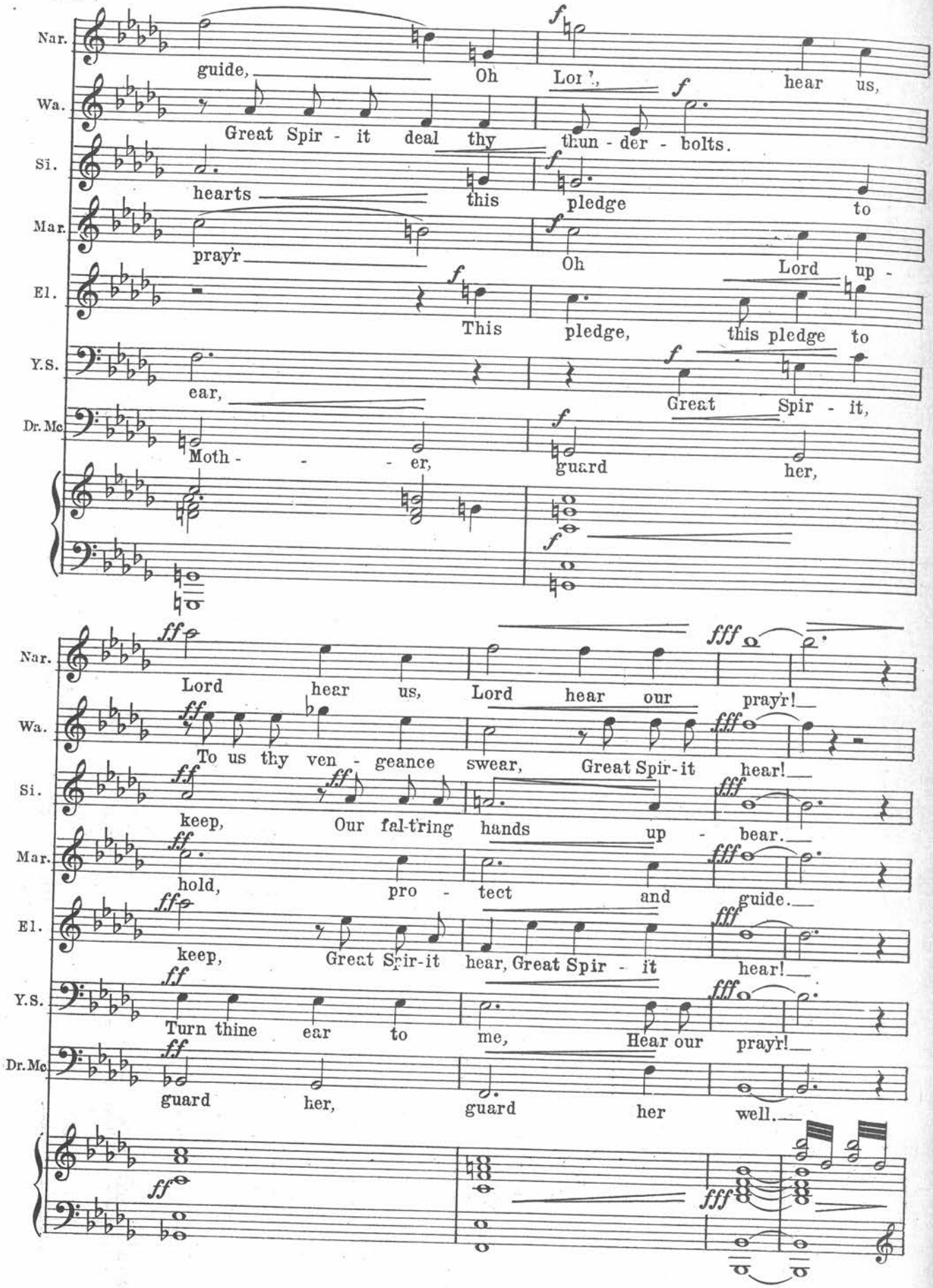

Dr. Mc. L.
mf
(Indians all out; door closed.)
I
f
mf
thought I'd find you thus, Too mild, in - vit - ing scorn, not
♩ = 92
mf
fear. Your pre - sent course will cost your lives. And threat - en ours as well.
De - sert your pu - pils for a time, They'll miss your help, and


Meno mosso
MARCUS
mf
I've al-ways taught them trust in
rit.
beg your swift re-turn, when you'll be safe.
Meno mosso ♩ = 84
rit.
mf
p
God And yet shall we show fear? Nar - cis - sa, shall we
p
NARCISSA
mf
How can we leave the Lord's work here? The
go?
mf
hun - gry peo - ple. The child-ren so, be - reft?

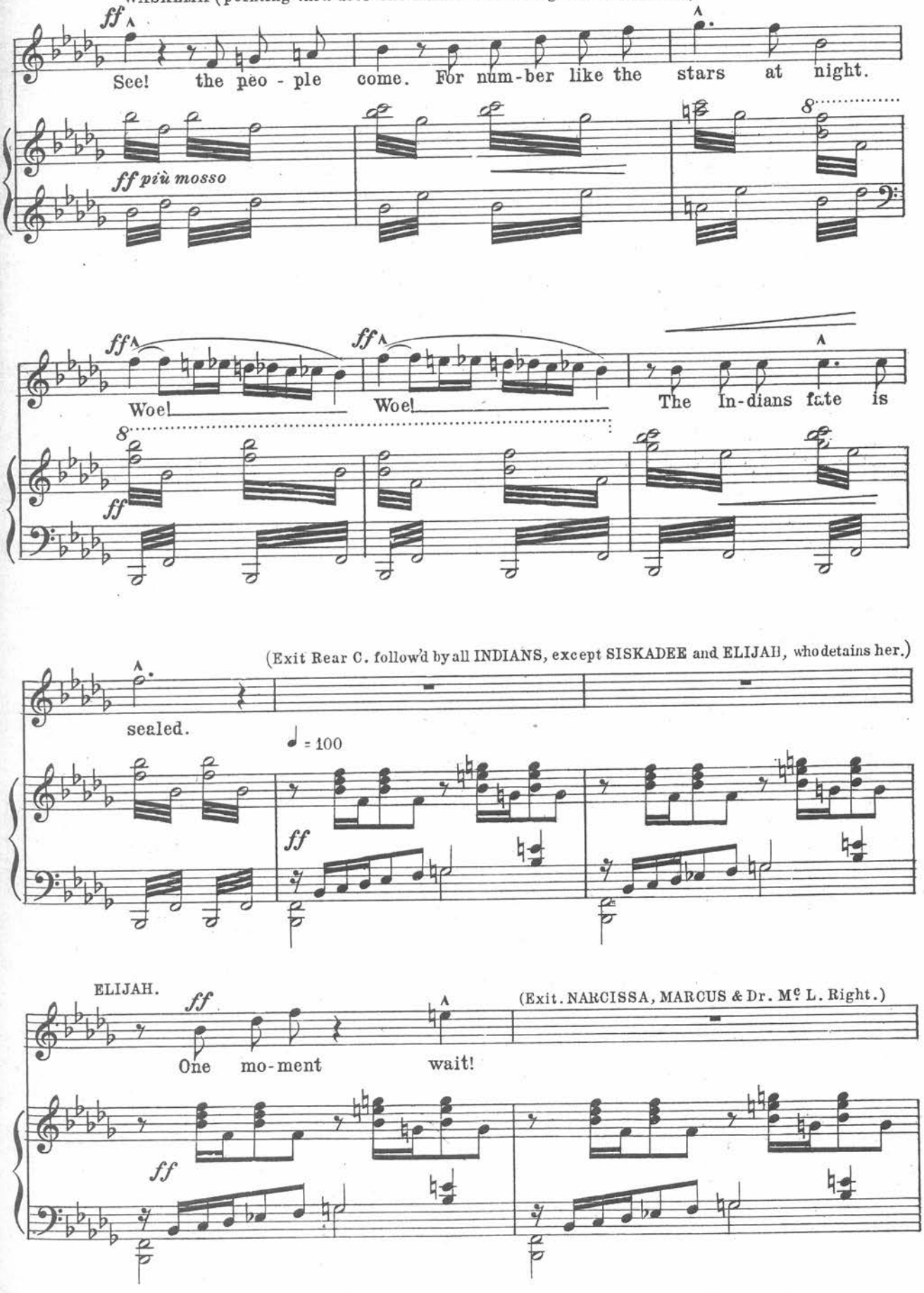

NAR.
riten
Dear friend, the call of du - ty's here; we stay.
MAR.
mp riten
Dear friend, the call of du - ty's here; we stay.
Dr. Mc. L.
mf
Then
riten
mp
a tempo
must I pledge these three to be your guard and your de - fense E -
mf
♩=84
a tempo
liz - ah Yel - low Ser - pent Sis - ka - dee as
mf
f
p
well. Swear all that you, these two, will cer-tain-ly de - fend.
f
f
f

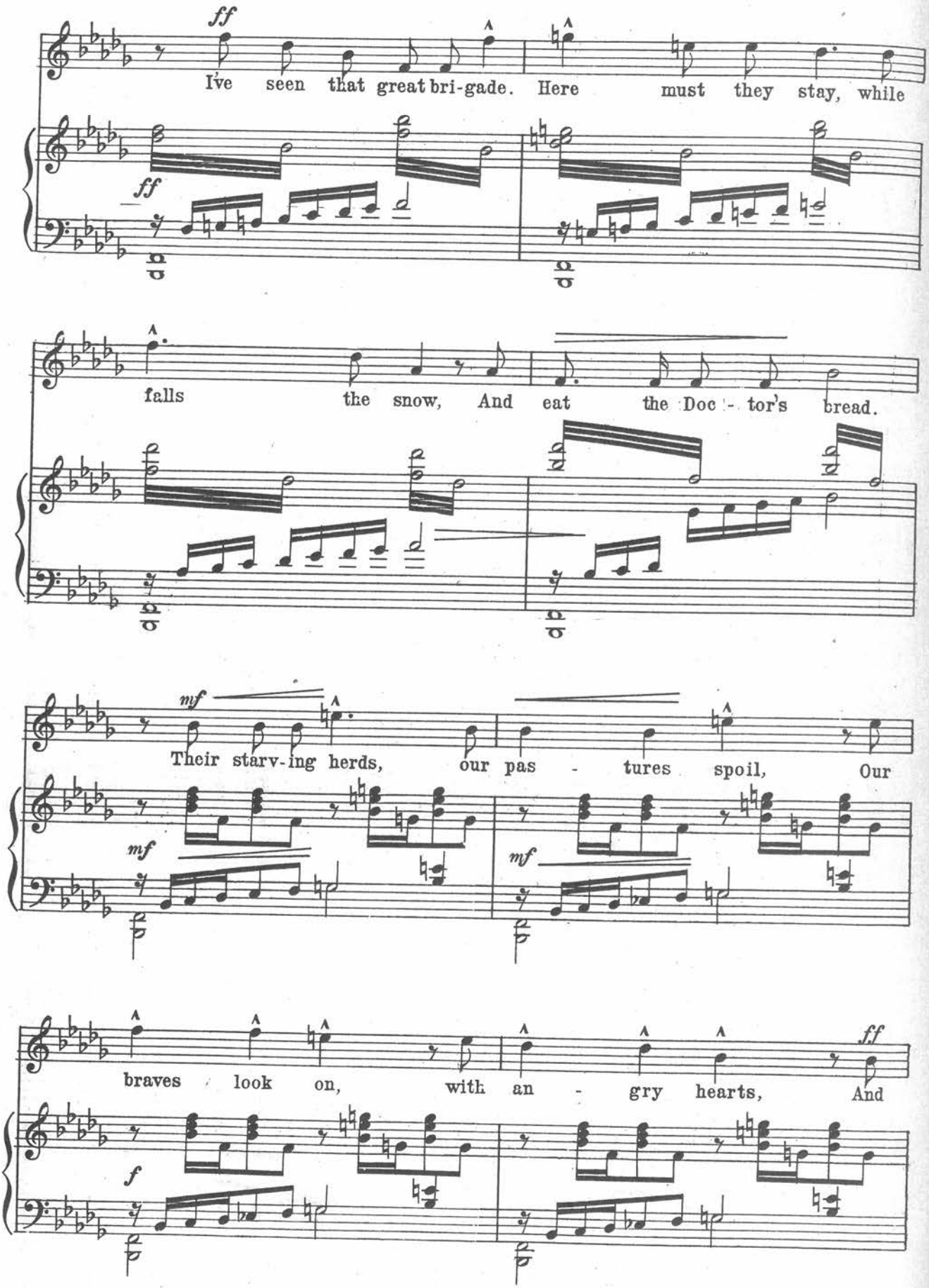

NARCISSA
WASKEMA
SISKADEE
mf
Great Spir-it, turn thine ear to me. Oh hear my pray'r and
MARCUS
ELIJAH
f
Great Spir - it, turn thine ear to me. Oh hear my pray'r and
YELLOW SERPENT
f
Great spir - it
DR. JOHN MCLAUGHLIN
f
Nar.
f
Oh Lord pro - tect and guide
(Enter R.U.C. Stands near window R.)
Wa.
Sr.
vow. Great spir - it turn thine ear.
Mar.
Oh hear and bless our
El.
vow. Make strong our hearts,
Y.S.
f
Hear my pray'r and vow. This pledge to
Dr.Mc.

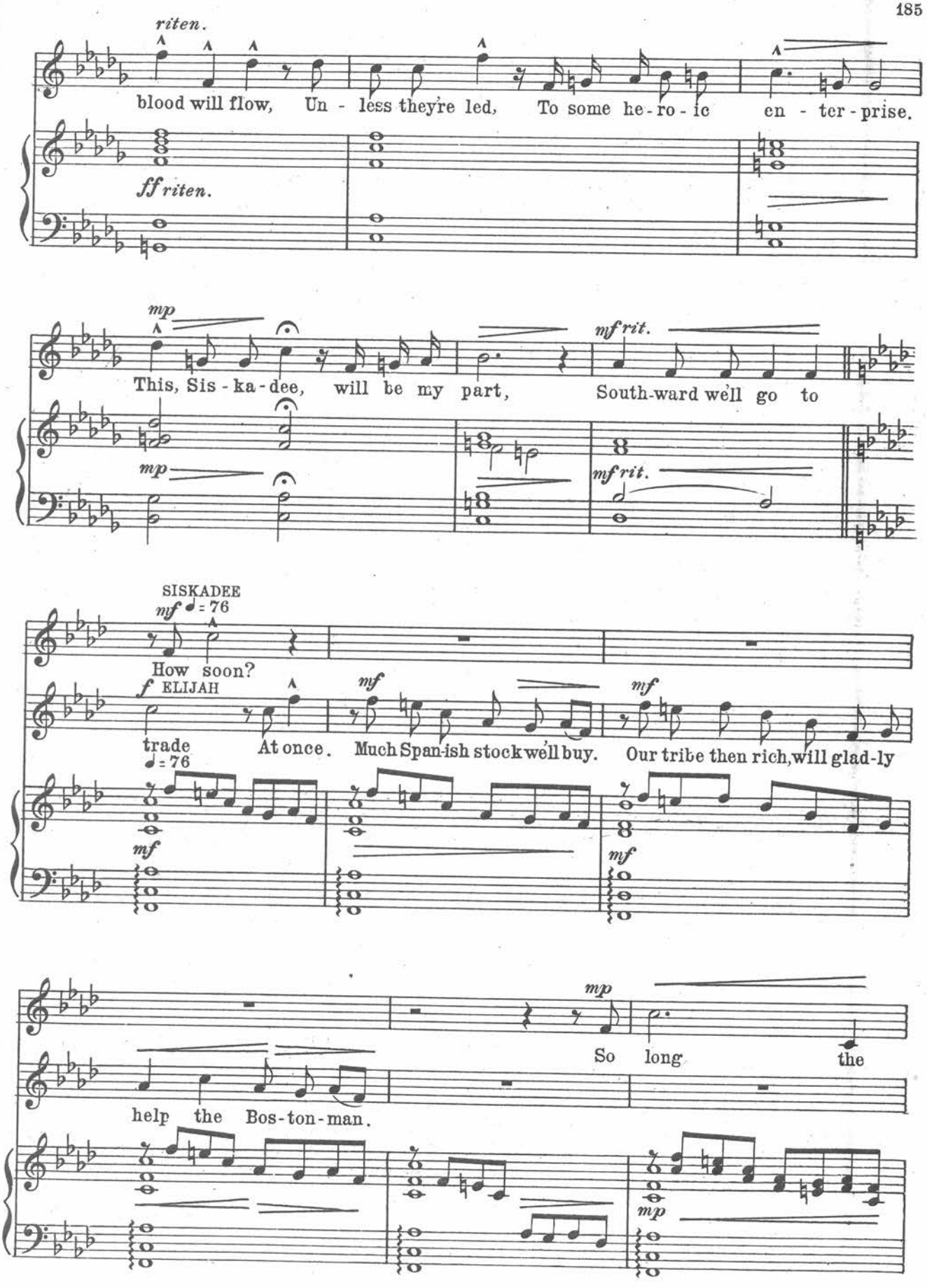

Nar.
Oh hear our prayr,
Oh hear our prayr.
Wa.
Great Spir - it deal thy thun - der bolts!
Si.
Make strong our hearts,
This pledge to keep,
Mar.
prayr. Oh
Lord pro - tect and guide,
El.
Our falt' - ring hands up - bear.
Great
Y.S.
keep.
Make strong our hearts
Dr.Mc.
Oh Ho - ly Moth - er,
guard her well.
Nar.
Hear our prayer, Oh Lord pro-tect and
Wa.
To us thy ven-geance swear.
Si.
Turn thine ear to me.
Make strong our
Mar.
Ch Lord pro-tect and guide. Oh hear and bless our
El.
Spir - it, turn thine ear to me.
Make strong our hearts.
Y.S.
Great Spir-it, turn thine
Dr.Mc.
Oh Ho - ly

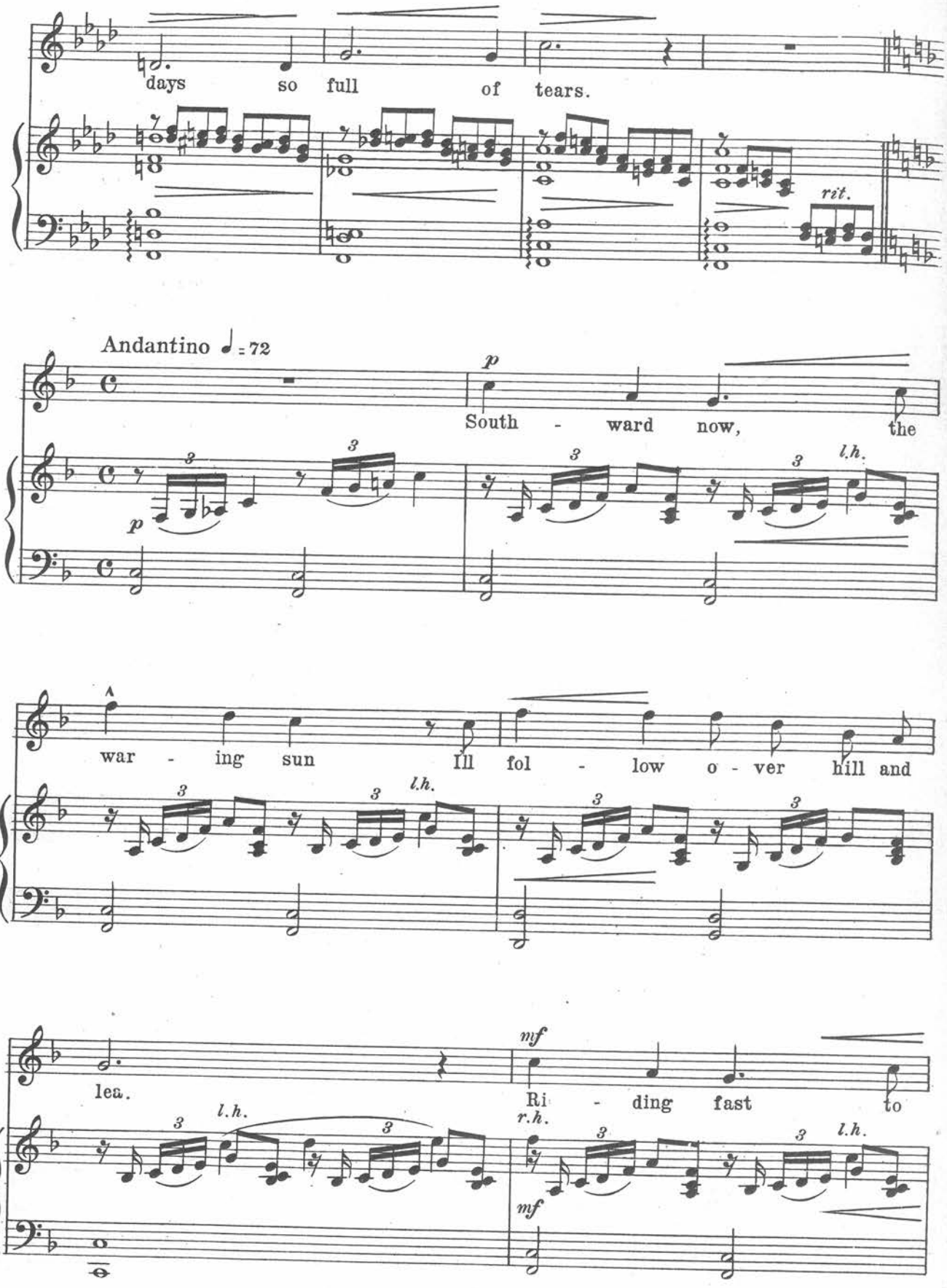

Nar.
guide, Oh Lor', hear us,
Wa.
Great Spir - it deal thy thun - der - bolts.
Si.
hearts this pledge to
Mar.
pray'r Oh Lord up -
El.
This pledge, this pledge to
Y.S.
ear, Great Spir - it,
Dr. Mc
Moth - - - er, guard her,
Nar.
Lord hear us, Lord hear our pray'r!
Wa.
To us thy ven - geance swear, Great Spir-it hear!
Si.
keep, Our fal-'ring hands up - bear.
Mar.
hold, pro - tect and guide.
El.
keep, Great Spir-it hear, Great Spir - it hear!
Y.S.
Turn thine ear to me, Hear our pray'r!
Dr. Mc
guard her, guard her well.

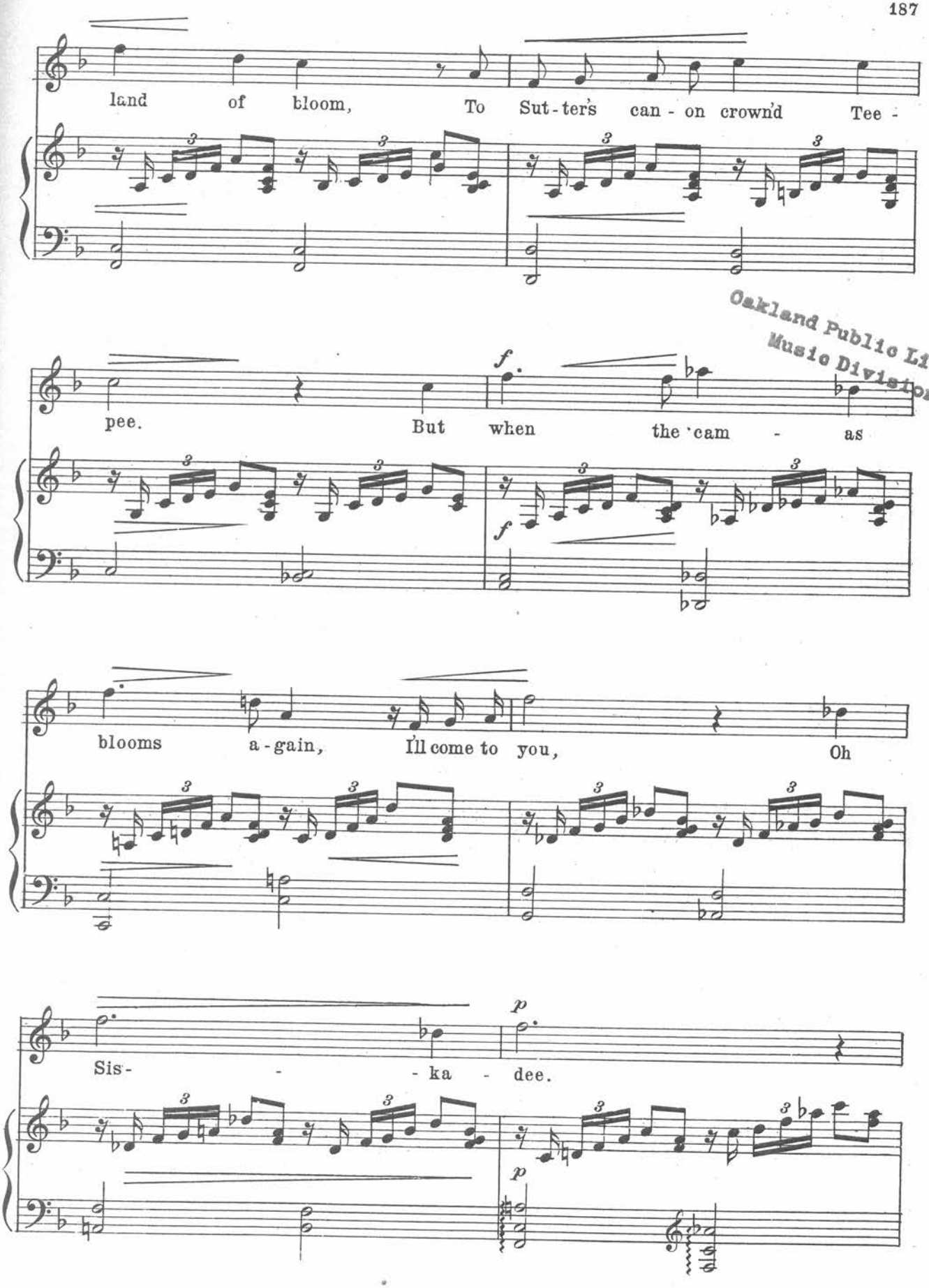
WASKEMA (pointing thru' door–she comes down C. in great excitement.)




ff
I've seen that great bri-gade. Here must they stay, while
ff
falls the snow, And eat the Doc - tor's bread.
mf
Their starv-ing herds, our pas - tures spoil, Our
mf
mf
braves look on, with an - gry hearts, And
ff
f


riten.
blood will flow, Un - less they're led, To some he - ro - ic en - ter - prise.
ff riten.
mp
This, Sis - ka - dee, will be my part, South-ward we'll go to
mf rit.
mp
mf rit.
SISKADEE
mf ♩= 76
How soon?
f ELIJAH
trade At once. Much Span-ish stock we'll buy. Our tribe then rich, will glad-ly
♩= 76
mf
mf
mf
mp
So long the
help the Bos-ton-man.
mp


days so full of tears.
rit.
Andantino ♩ = 72
p
South - ward now, the
p
l.h.
war - ing sun I'll fol - low o - ver hill and
l.h.
lea.
mf
Ri - ding fast to
l.h.
r.h.
mf
l.h.



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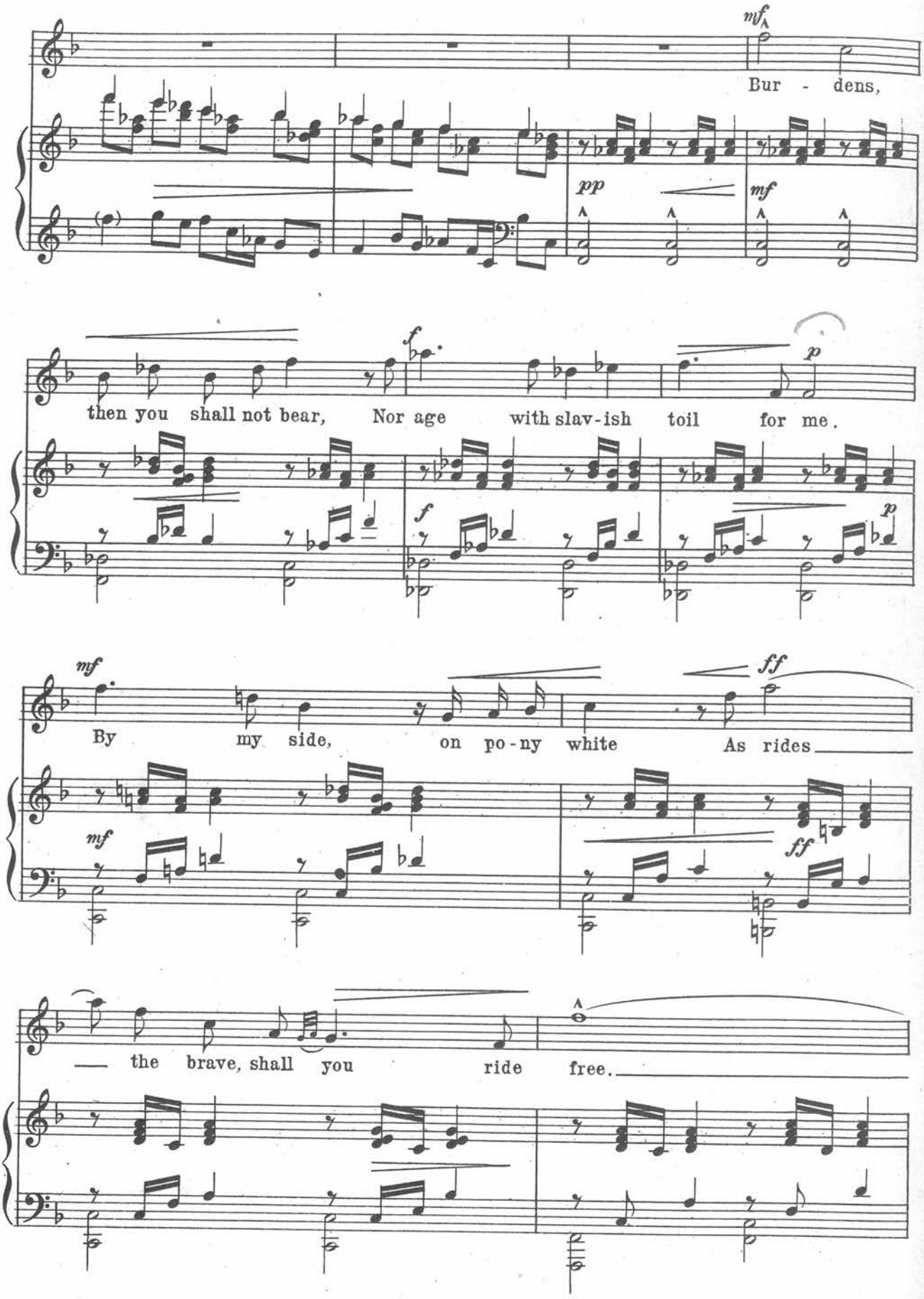
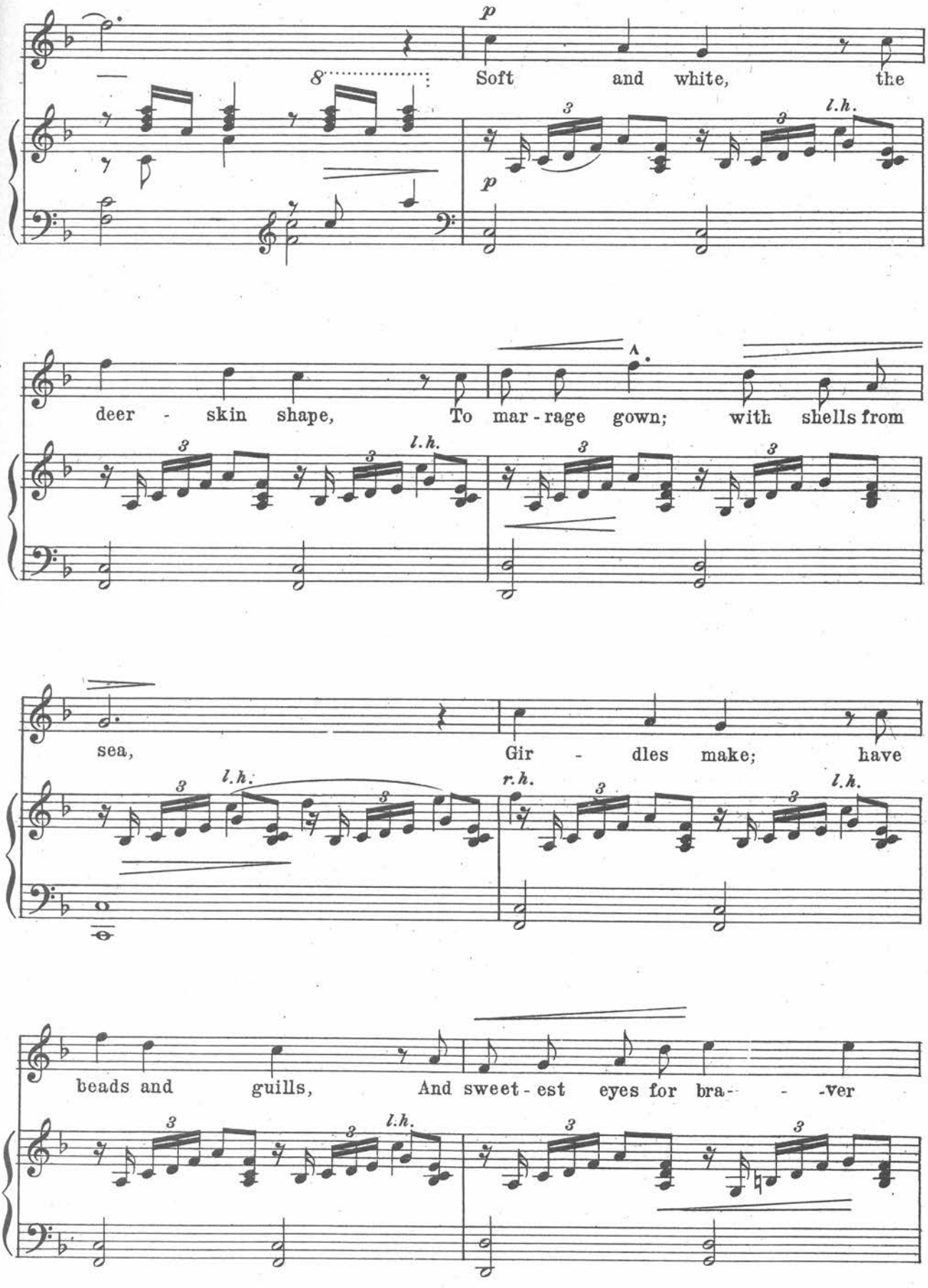
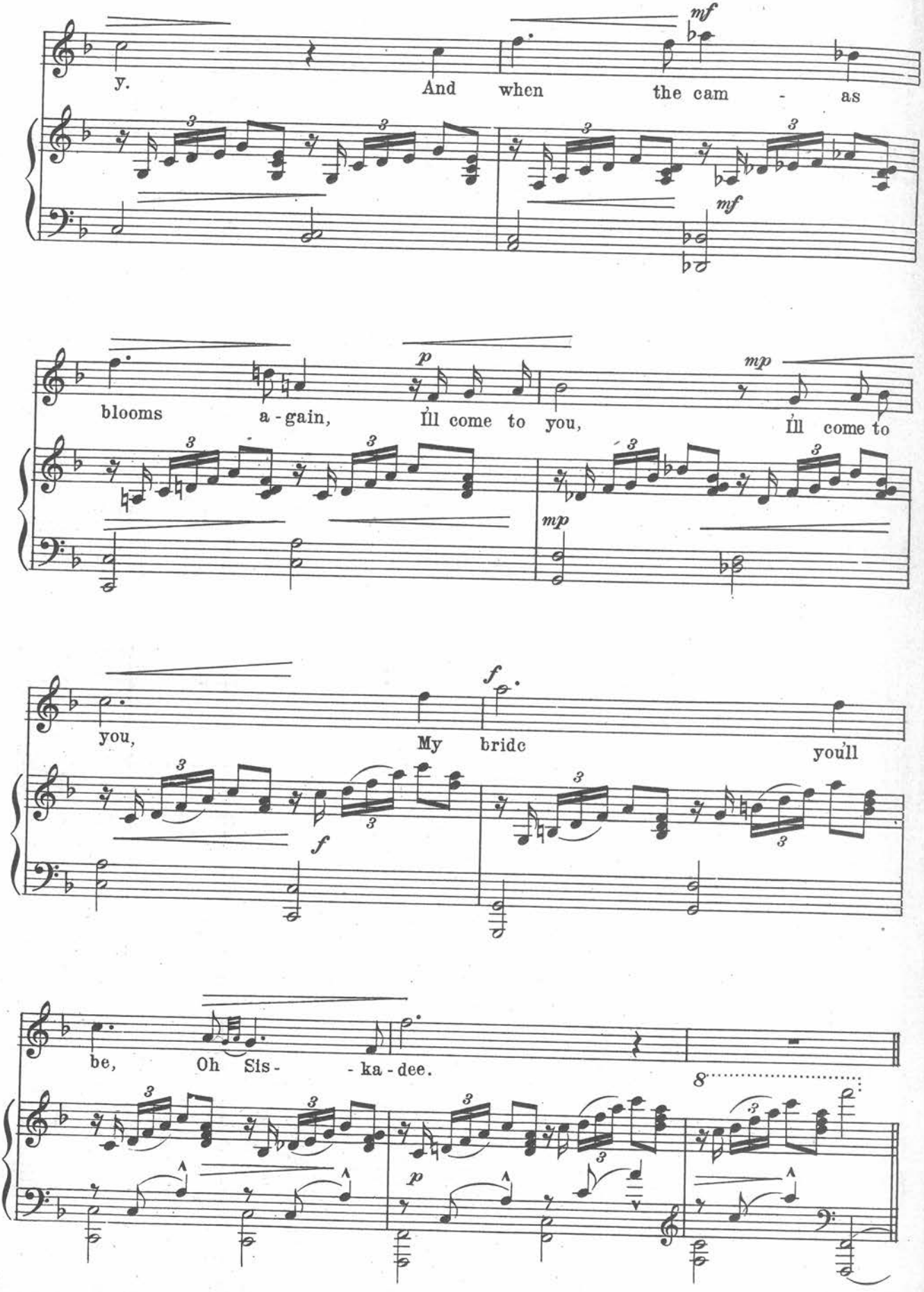
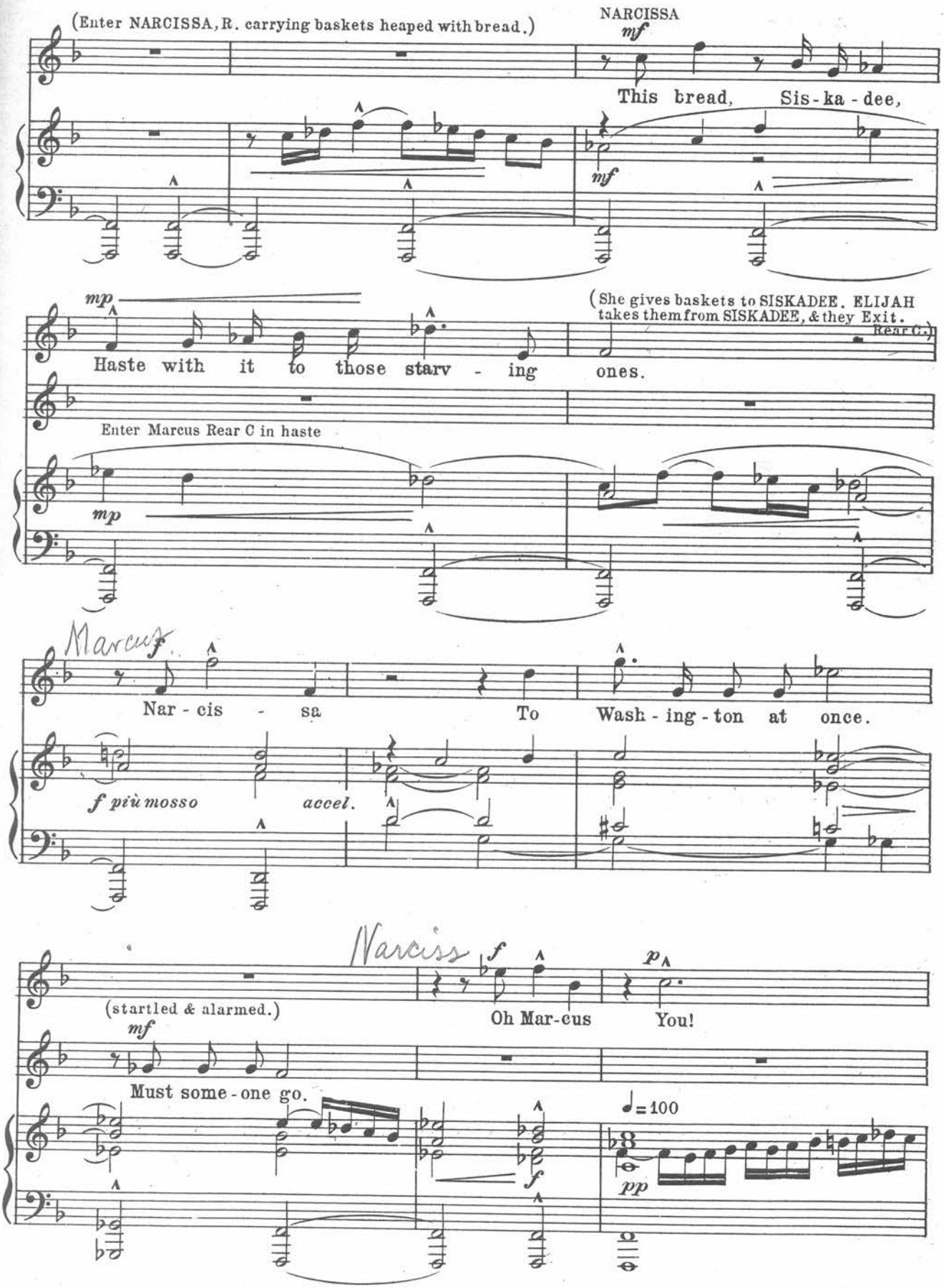
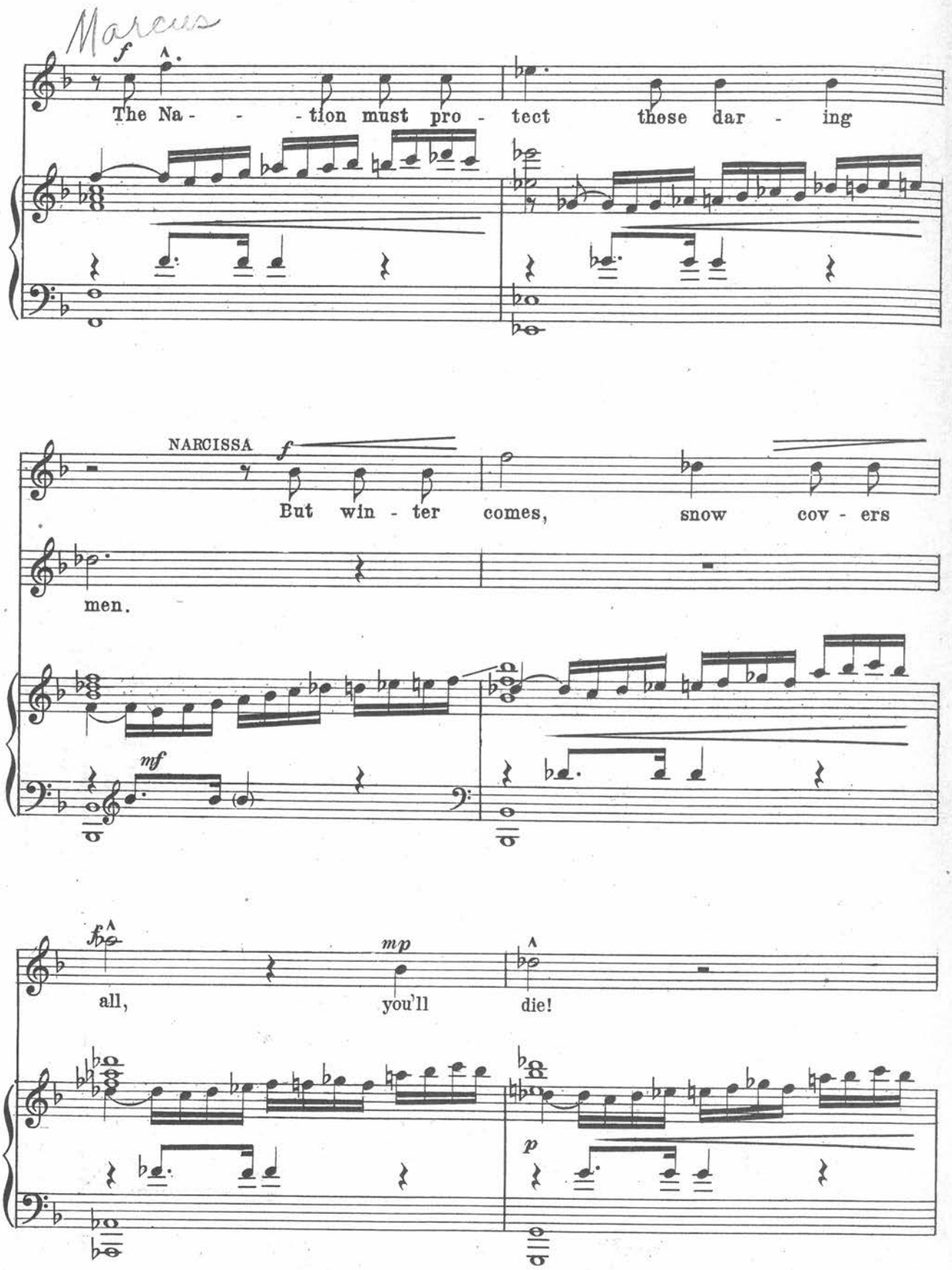
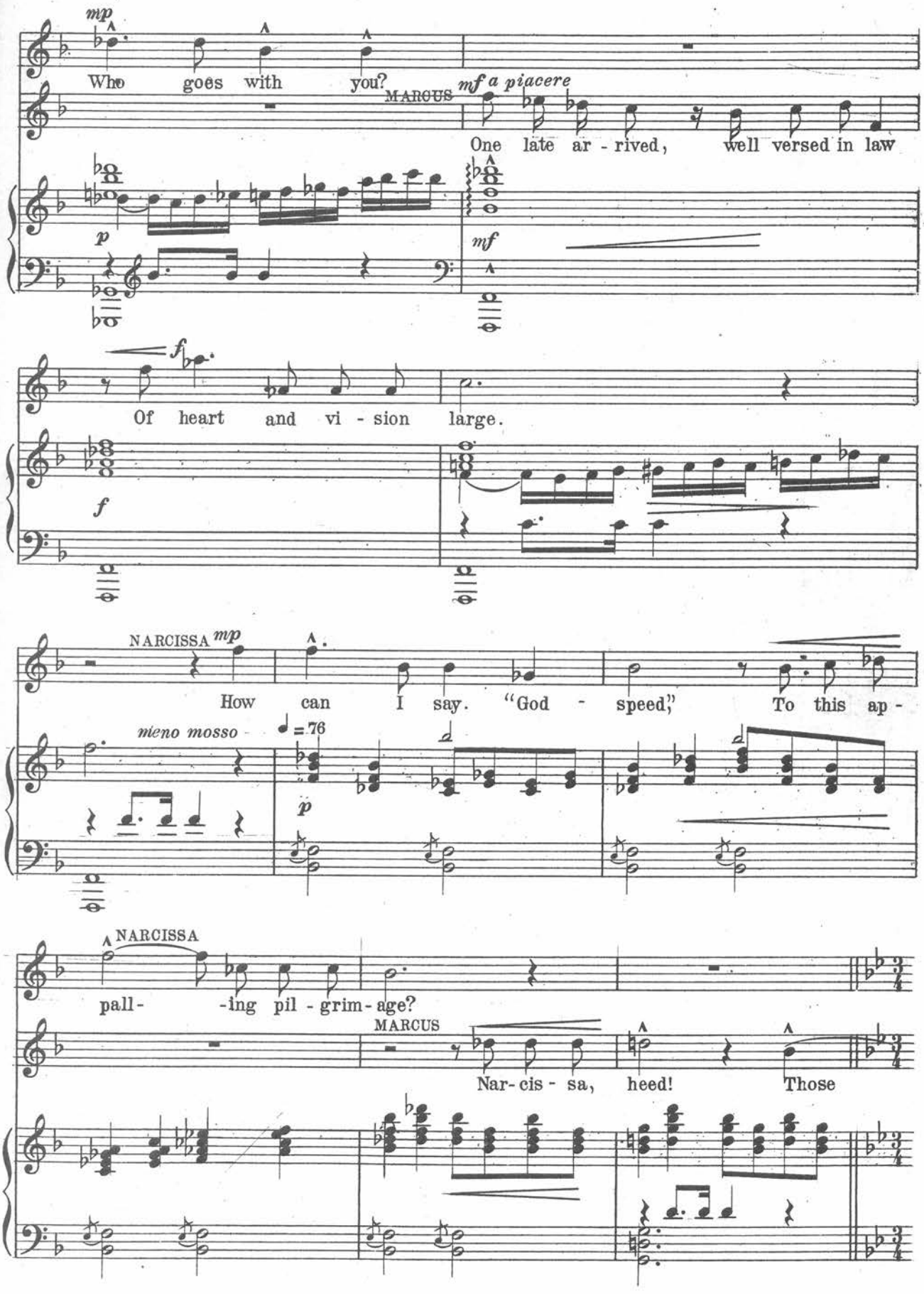

mf
Bur - dens,
pp
mf
then you shall not bear, Nor age with slav-ish toil for me.
f
p
f
p
mf
By my side, on po-ny white As rides
ff
mf
ff
the brave, shall you ride free.

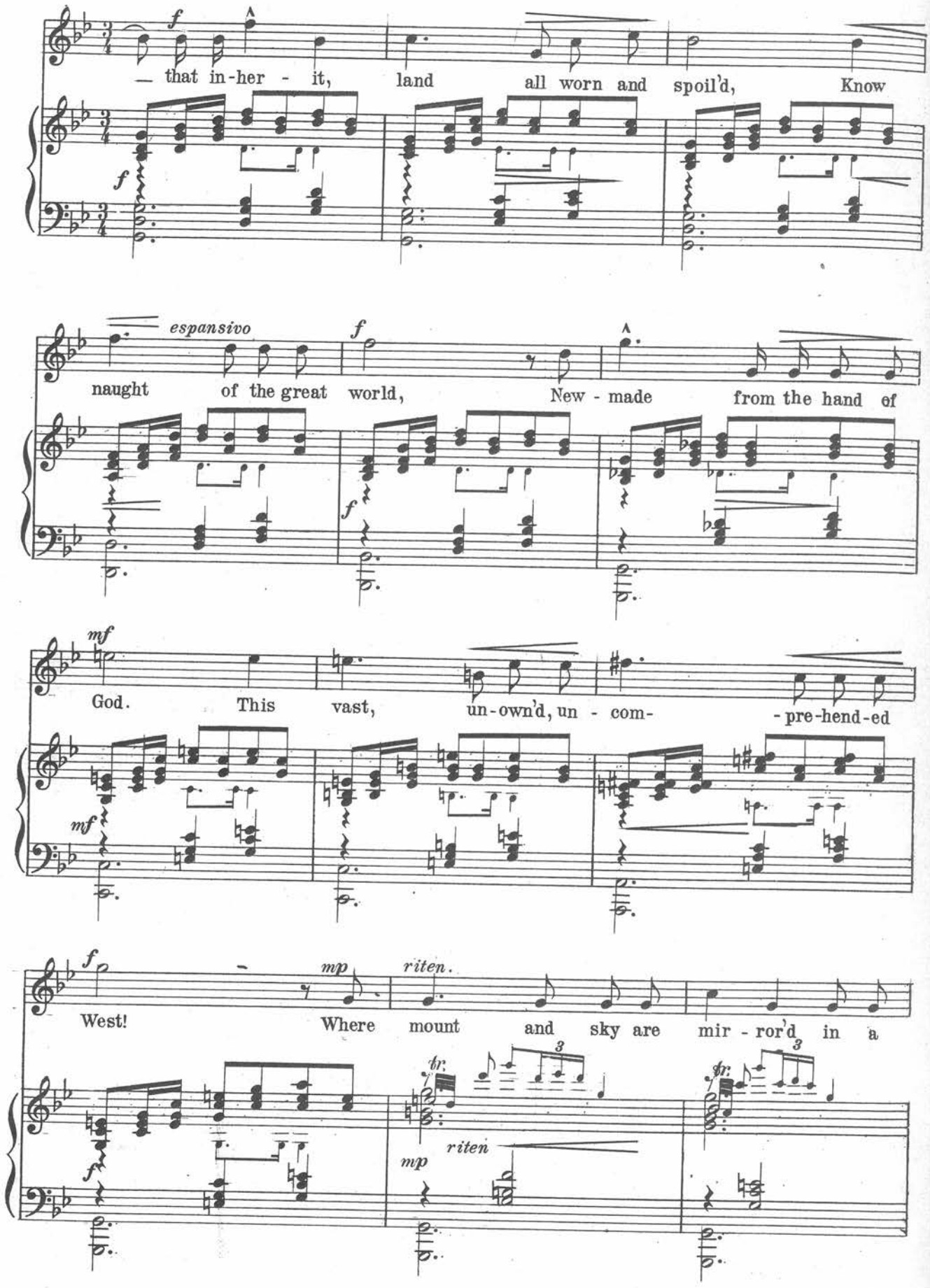

p
Soft and white, the
l.h.
p
deer - skin shape, To mar - rage gown; with shells from
l.h.
sea, Gir - dles make; have
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
beads and guills, And sweet - est eyes for bra- - -ver
l.h.

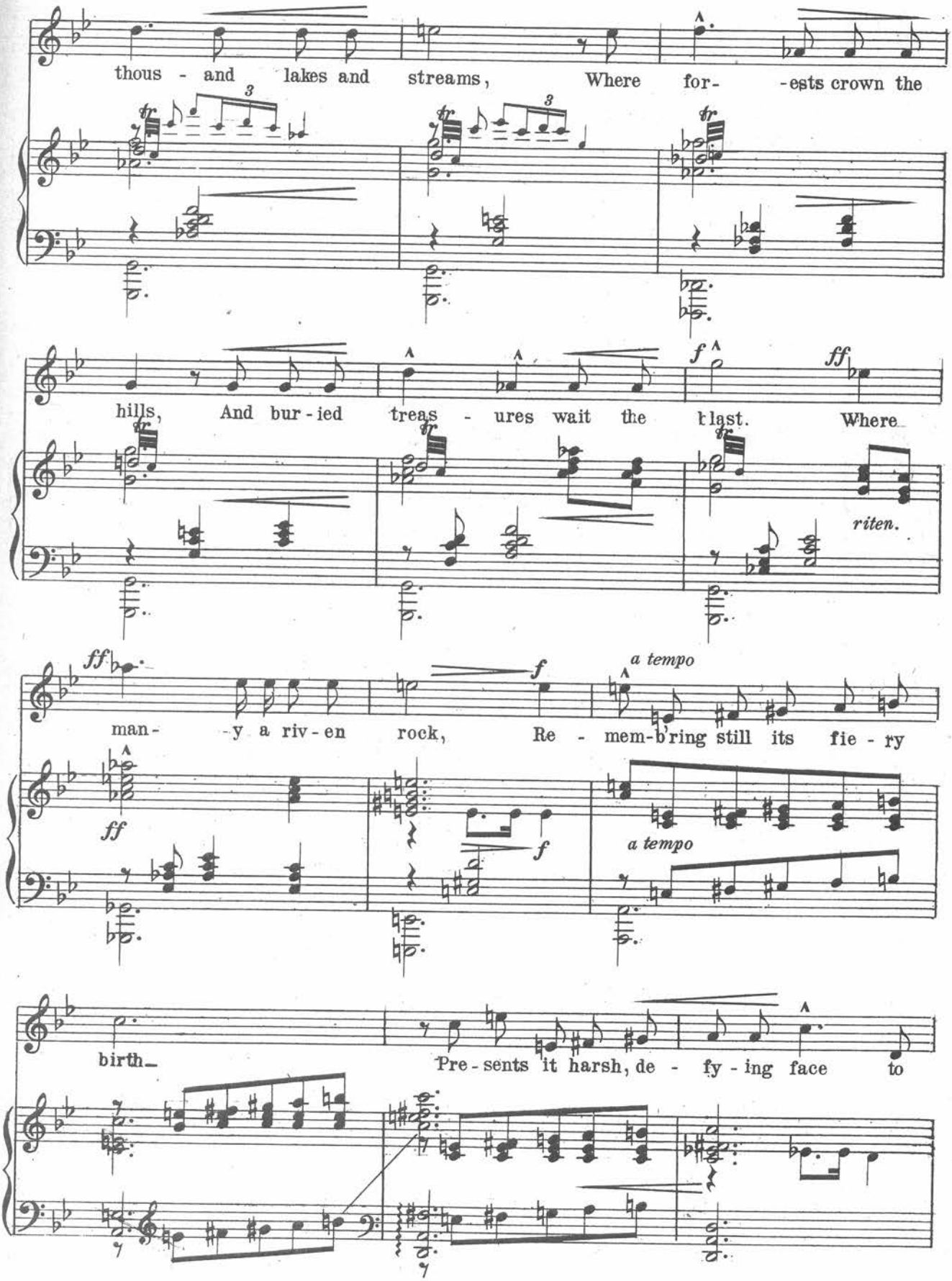

y.
And when the cam - as
blooms a - gain,
I'll come to you,
I'll come to
you,
My bride
you'll
be,
Oh Sis -
- ka - dee.

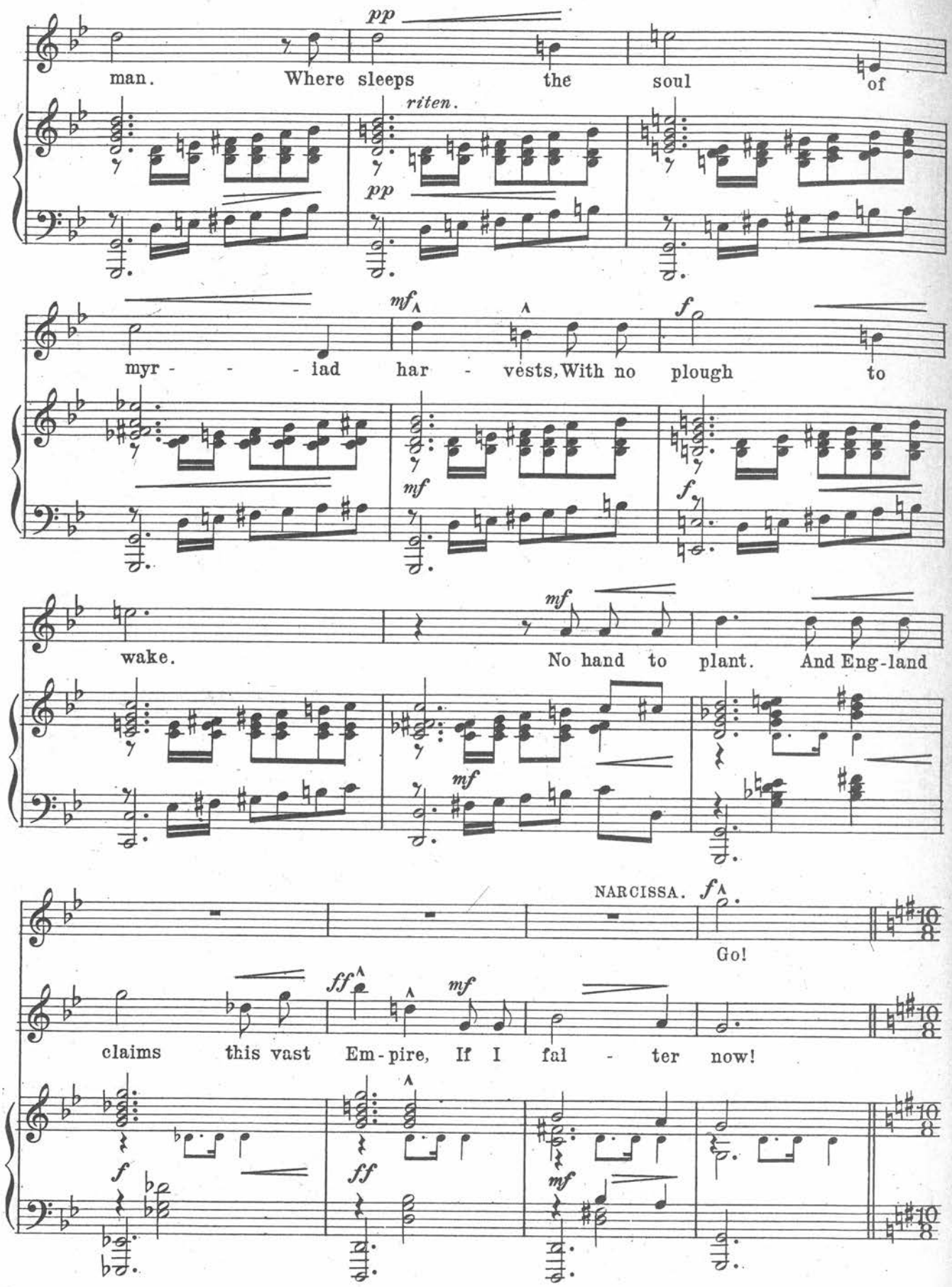

(Enter NARCISSA, R. carrying baskets heaped with bread.)
NARCISSA
mf
This bread, Sis-ka-dee,
mf
mp
Haste with it to those starv - ing ones.
(She gives baskets to SISKADEE. ELIJAH takes them from SISKADEE, & they Exit. Rear C.)
Enter Marcus Rear C in haste
mp
Marcus
f
Nar - cis - sa To Wash - ing - ton at once.
f più mosso
accel.
Narciss
f
p
(startled & alarmed.)
Oh Mar-cus You!
mf
Must some-one go.
♩=100
f
pp


Marcus
f
The Na - - - tion must pro - tect these dar - ing
NARCISSA
f
But win - ter comes, snow cov - ers
men.
mf
fp
mp
all, you'll die!
p

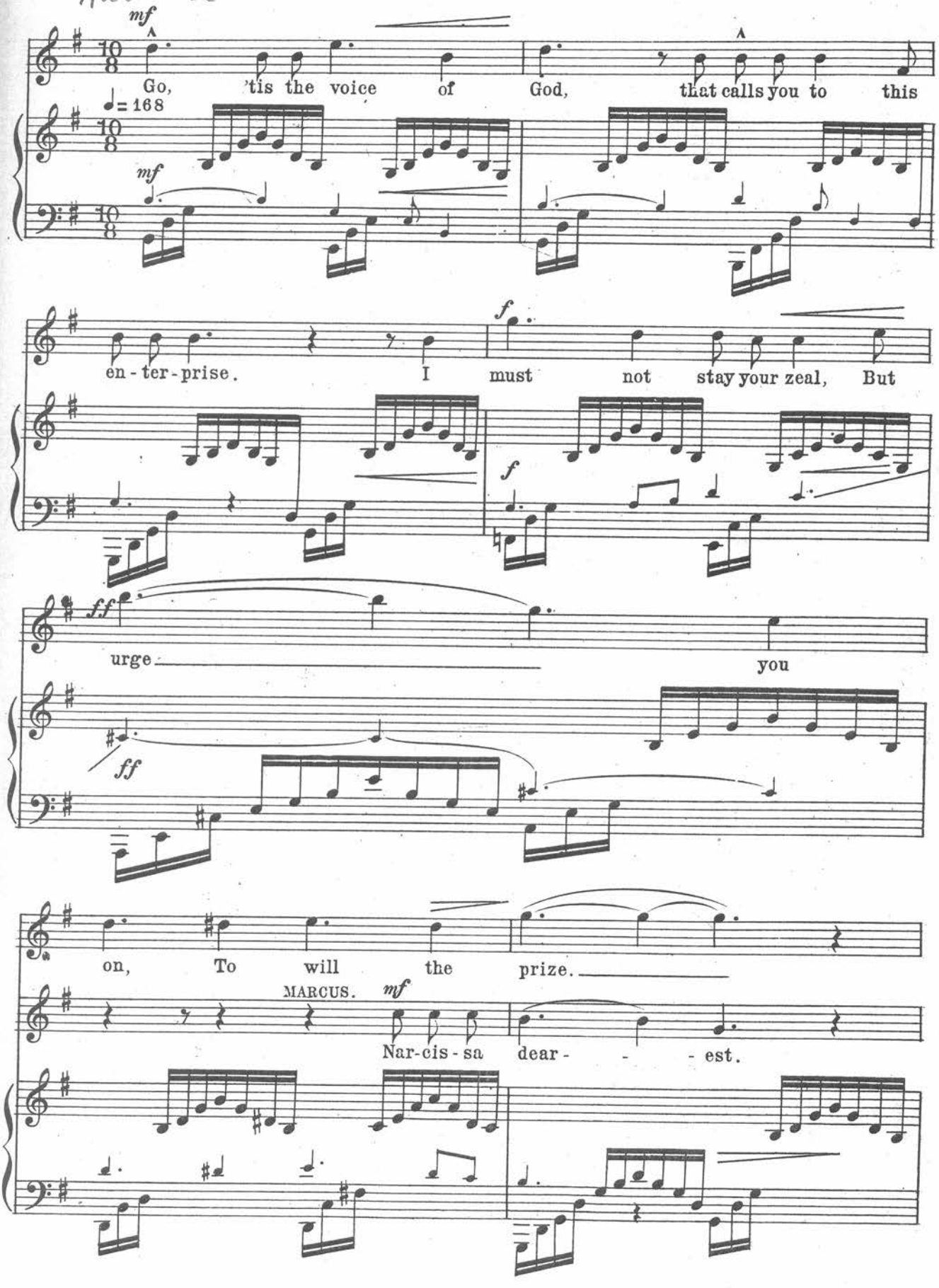

mp
Who goes with you?
MARCUS
mf a piacere
One late ar - rived, well versed in law
p
mf
f
Of heart and vi - sion large.
f
NARCISSA
mp
How can I say. "God - speed," To this ap -
meno mosso
♩=76
p
NARCISSA
pall- -ing pil - grim - age?
MARCUS
Nar - cis - sa, heed! Those


f
— that in-her - it, land all worn and spoil'd, Know
espansivo
f
naught of the great world, New - made from the hand of
mf
God. This vast, un-own'd, un - com- -pre-hend-ed
f
mp
riten.
West! Where mount and sky are mir - ror'd in a
tr.
riten

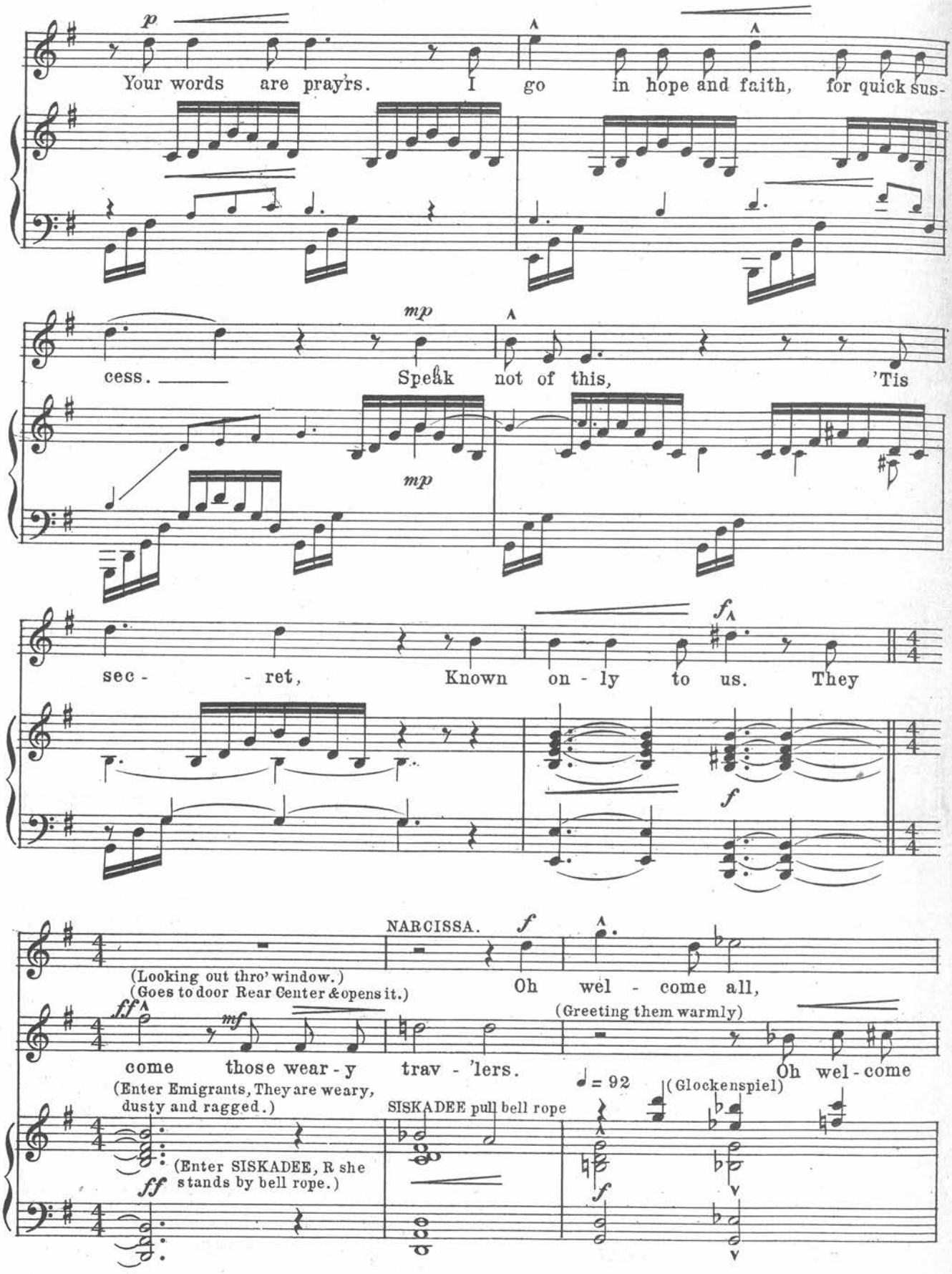

thous - and lakes and streams, Where for- -ests crown the
hills, And bur - ied treas - ures wait the blast. Where
riten.
man- -y a riv - en rock, Re - mem - b'ring still its fie - ry
a tempo
birth Pre - sents it harsh, de - fy - ing face to

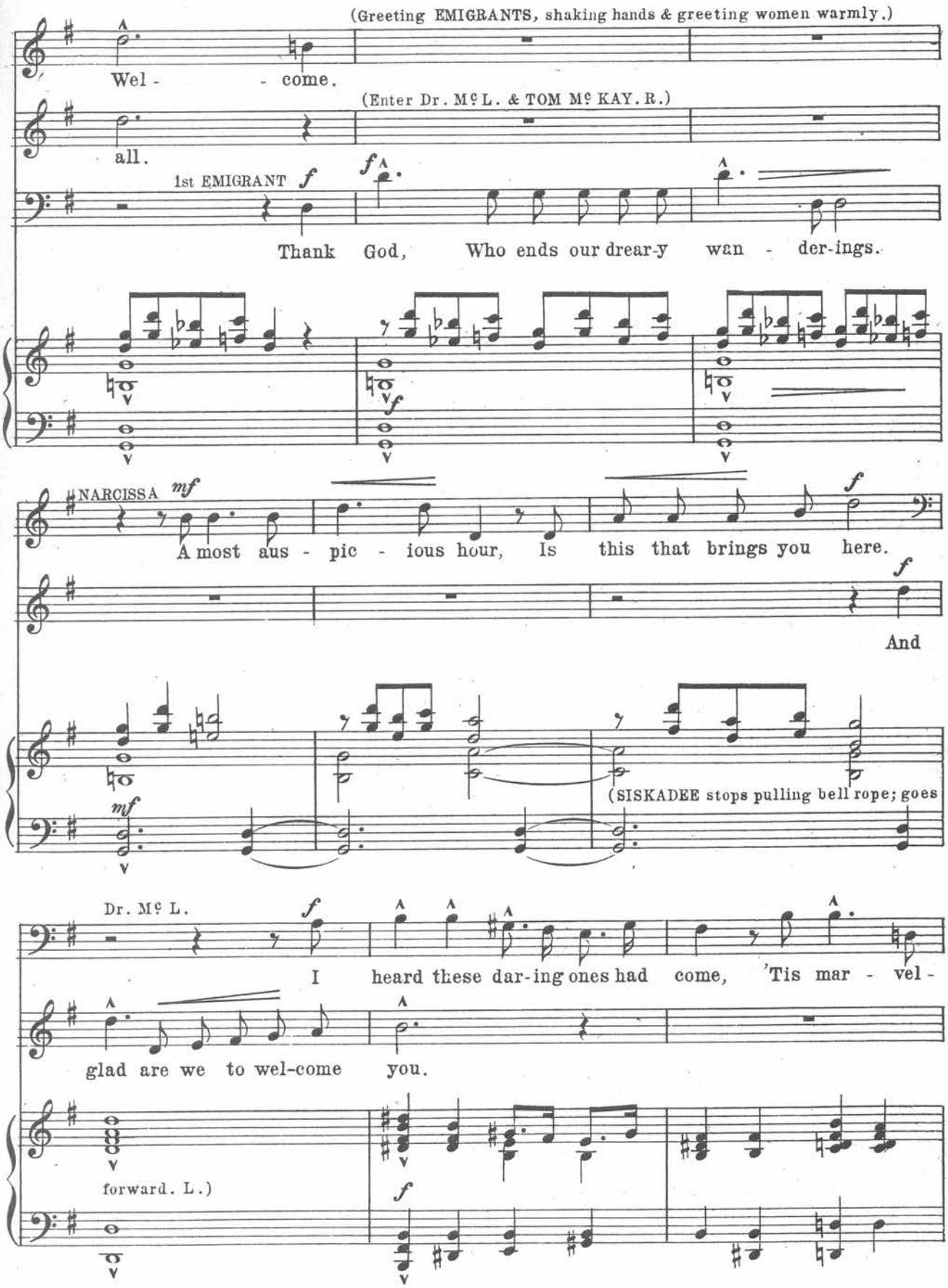

pp
man. Where sleeps the soul of
riten.
pp
mf
myr - - - iad har - vests, With no plough to
f
mf
f
mf
wake. No hand to plant. And Eng-land
mf
NARCISSA. f
Go!
ff
mf
claims this vast Em-pire, If I fal - ter now!
f
ff
mf

Narcissa


mf
Go, 'tis the voice of God, that calls you to this
♩= 168
mf
en - ter - prise. I must not stay your zeal, But
f
f
ff
urge you
ff
on, To will the prize.
MARCUS.
mf
Nar-cis-sa dear - - - est.

Marcus


p
Your words are pray'rs. I go in hope and faith, for quick sus-
mp
cess. Speak not of this, 'Tis
mp
sec - ret, Known on - ly to us. They
fA
f
NARCISSA.
f
(Looking out thro' window.)
(Goes to door Rear Center & opens it.)
Oh wel - come all,
ff
mf
(Greeting them warmly)
come those wear - y trav - 'lers.
Oh wel - come
(Enter Emigrants, They are weary, dusty and ragged.)
SISKADEE pull bell rope
♩ = 92
(Glockenspiel)
(Enter SISKADEE, R she stands by bell rope.)
ff
f


(Greeting EMIGRANTS, shaking hands & greeting women warmly.)
Wel - - come.
(Enter Dr. Mc L. & TOM Mc KAY. R.)
all.
1st EMIGRANT
Thank God, Who ends our drear-y wan - der-ings.
NARCISSA
A most aus - pic - ious hour, Is this that brings you here.
And
(SISKADEE stops pulling bell rope; goes
Dr. Mc L.
I heard these dar-ing ones had come, 'Tis mar - vel -
glad are we to wel-come you.
forward. L.)

Tenori.

TENORI CHO.

f

You see few of us here. We're

lous. Your wo - men and child - ren.

ff

bet-ter than a thou-sand strong.

TOM Mc KAY. *tempo*

f

And trou-ble too,

BASSI

riten.

f

And throngs next year will come.

riten.

ffz *tempo*

The tribes will rise as one. From Black-feet East, to Clat - sops

mf

West!

f

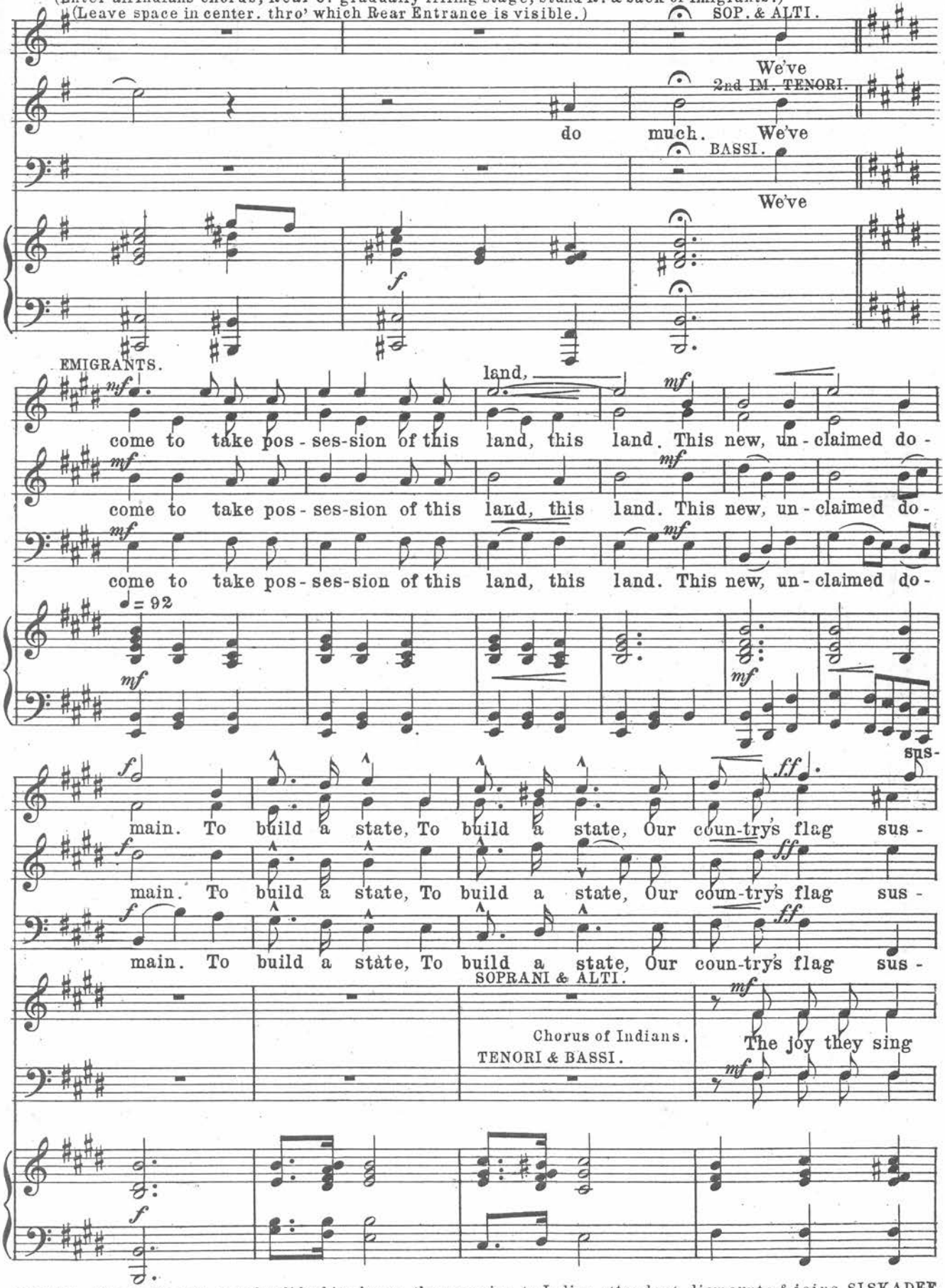
(Takes flag from pocket and waves it.)

We'll chance it! Ri - fle, pluck, And this

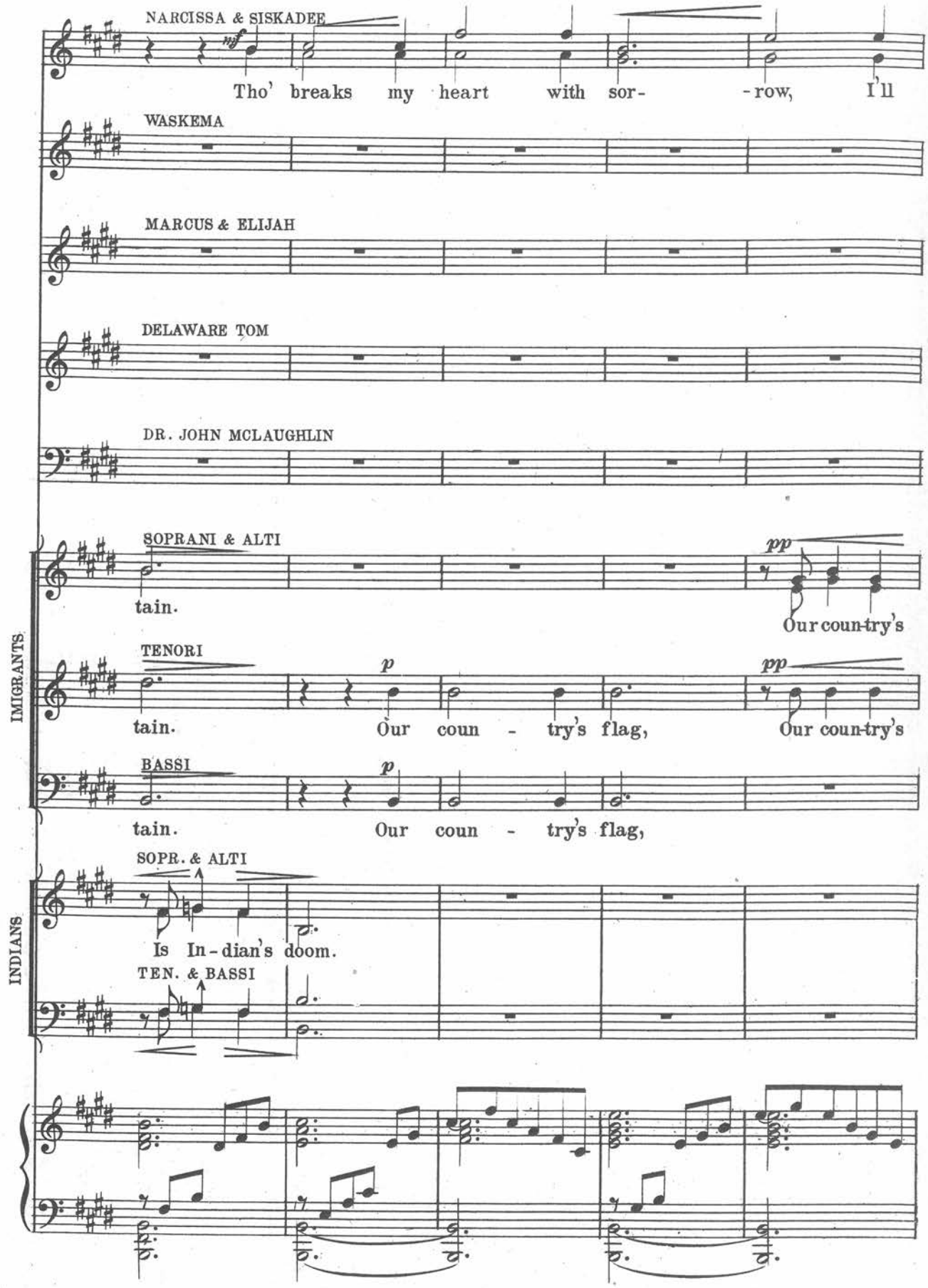
mf

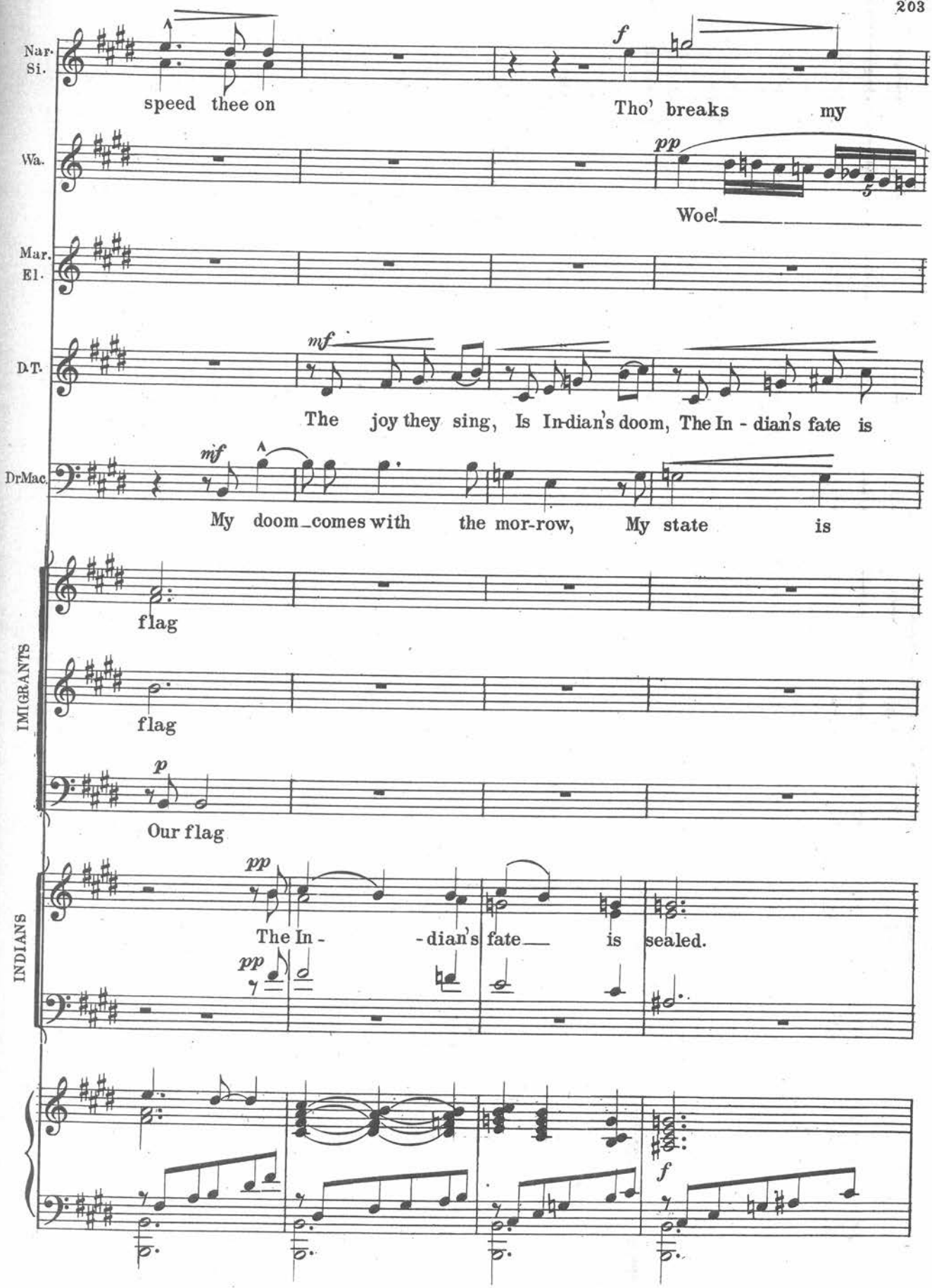
f

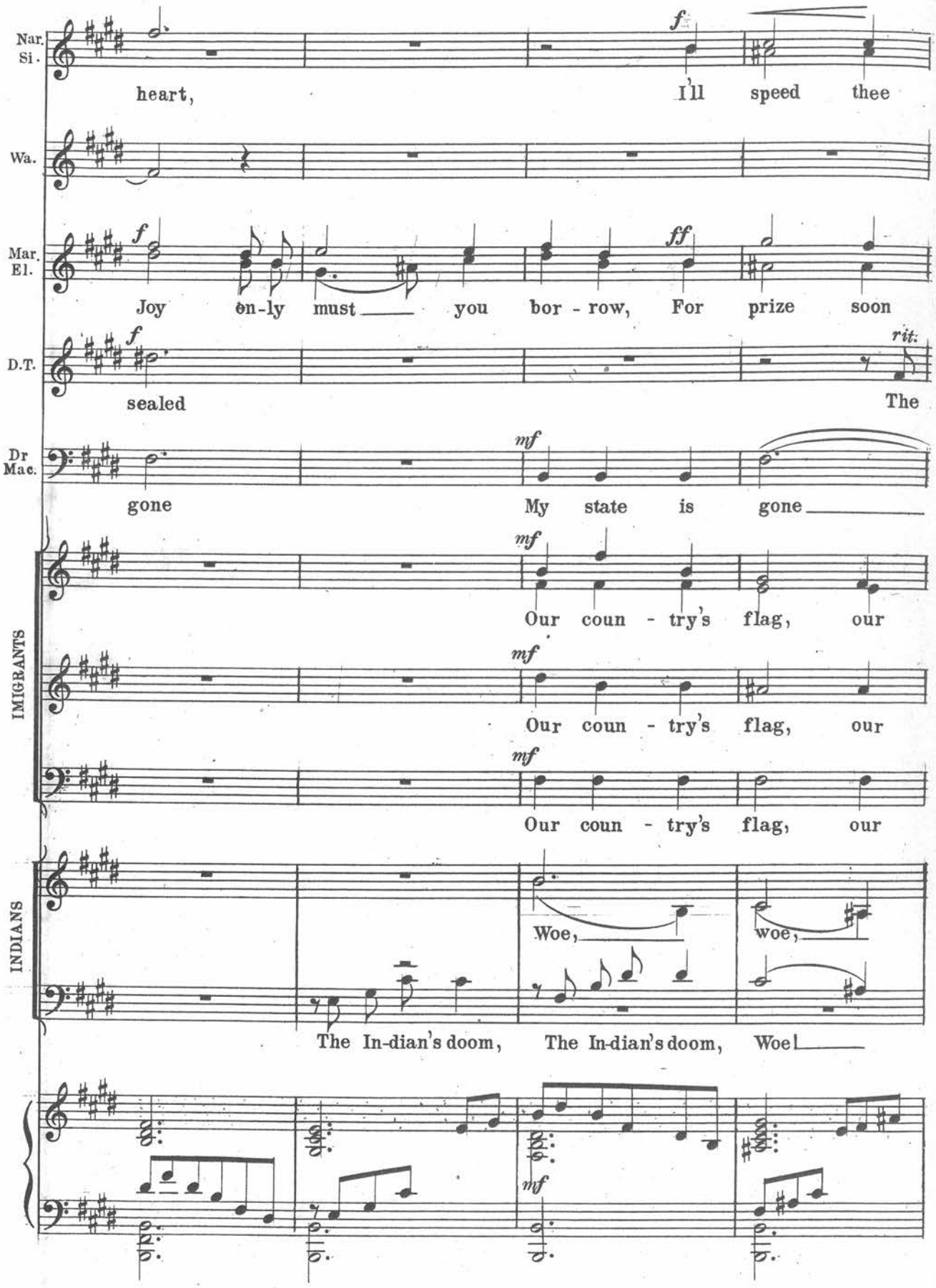
(Enter Waskema & Delaware Tom R., they stand near door, unobserved by Narcissa, Marcus & Dr. Mc L.)
(Enter all Indians chorus, Rear C. gradually filling stage, stand R. & back of Imigrants.)
(Leave space in center. thro' which Rear Entrance is visible.)

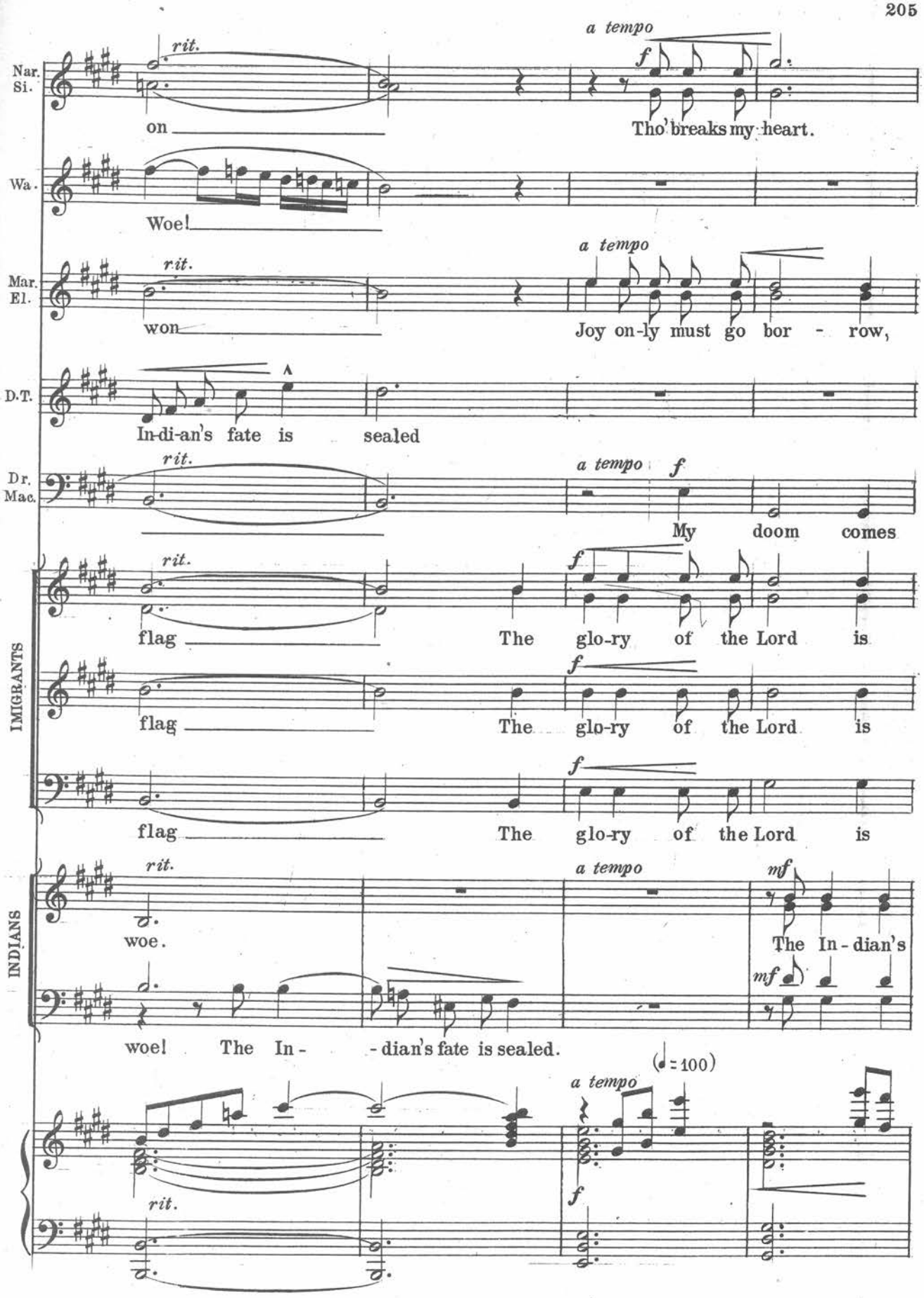


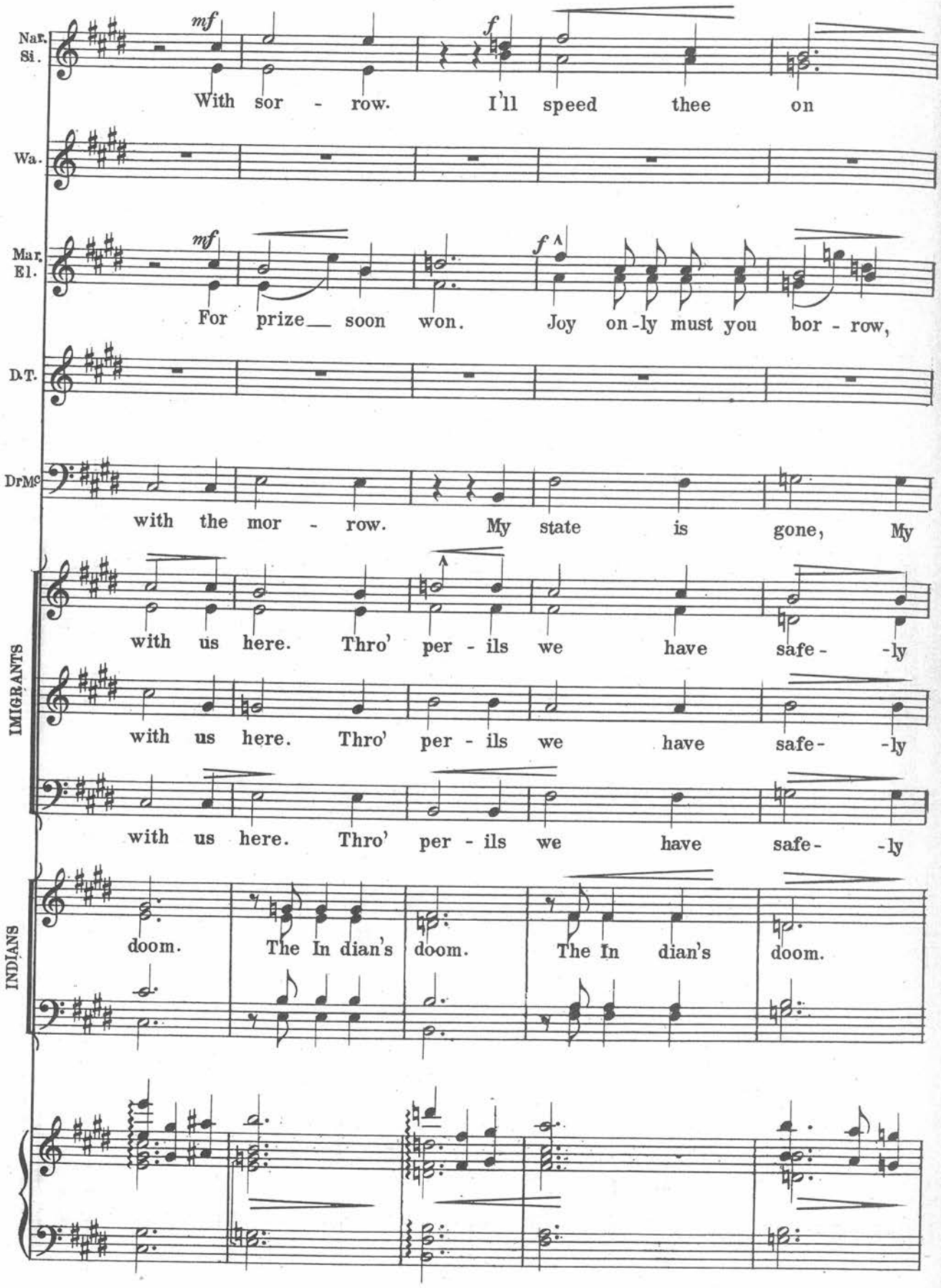
ELIJAH, rides to Rear C. on splendid white horse, throws reins to Indian attendant, dismounts & joins SISKADEE left front.

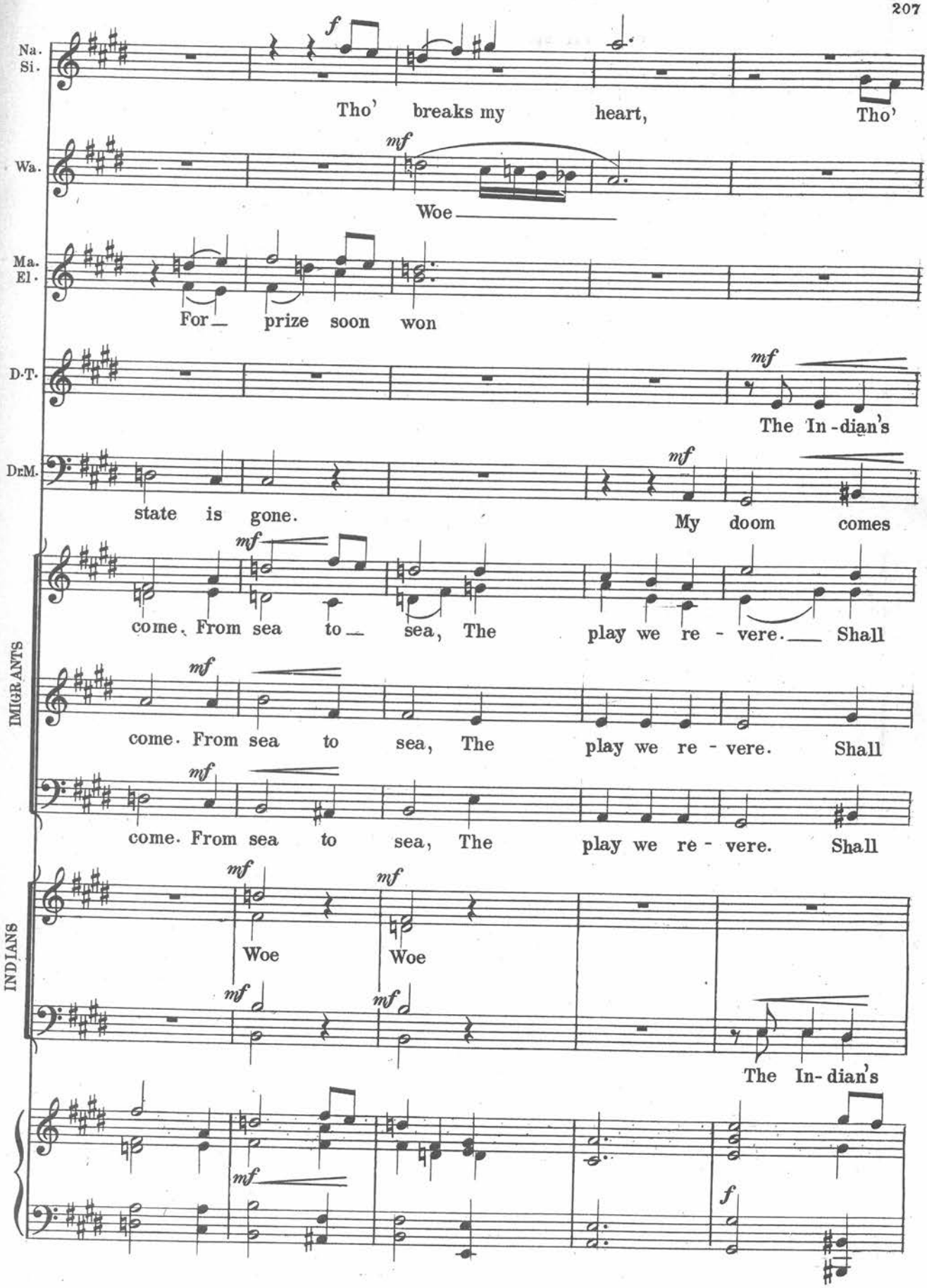

NARCISSA & SISKADEE
mf
Tho' breaks my heart with sor- -row, I'll
WASKEMA
MARCUS & ELIJAH
DELAWARE TOM
DR. JOHN MCLAUGHLIN
SOPRANI & ALTI
pp
tain.
Our coun-try's
IMIGRANTS
TENORI
p
pp
tain.
Our coun - try's flag,
Our coun-try's
BASSI
p
tain.
Our coun - try's flag,
INDIANS
SOPR. & ALTI
Is In-dian's doom.
TEN. & BASSI

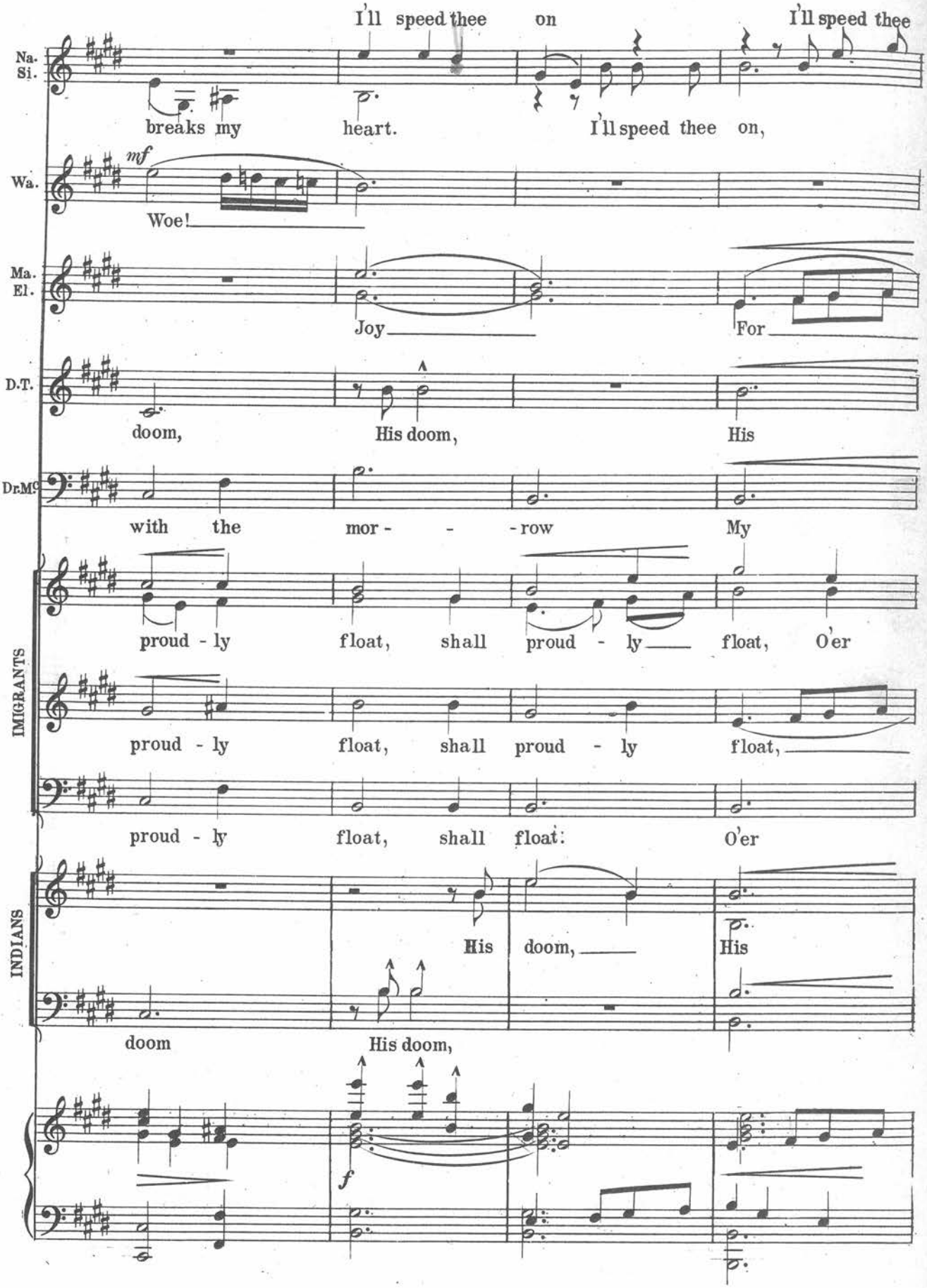

Nar. Si.
speed thee on
f
Tho' breaks my
Wa.
pp
Woe!
Mar. El.
D.T.
mf
The joy they sing, Is In-dian's doom, The In - dian's fate is
DrMac.
mf
My doom comes with the mor-row, My state is
IMIGRANTS
flag
flag
p
Our flag
INDIANS
pp
The In - - dian's fate is sealed.
pp
f

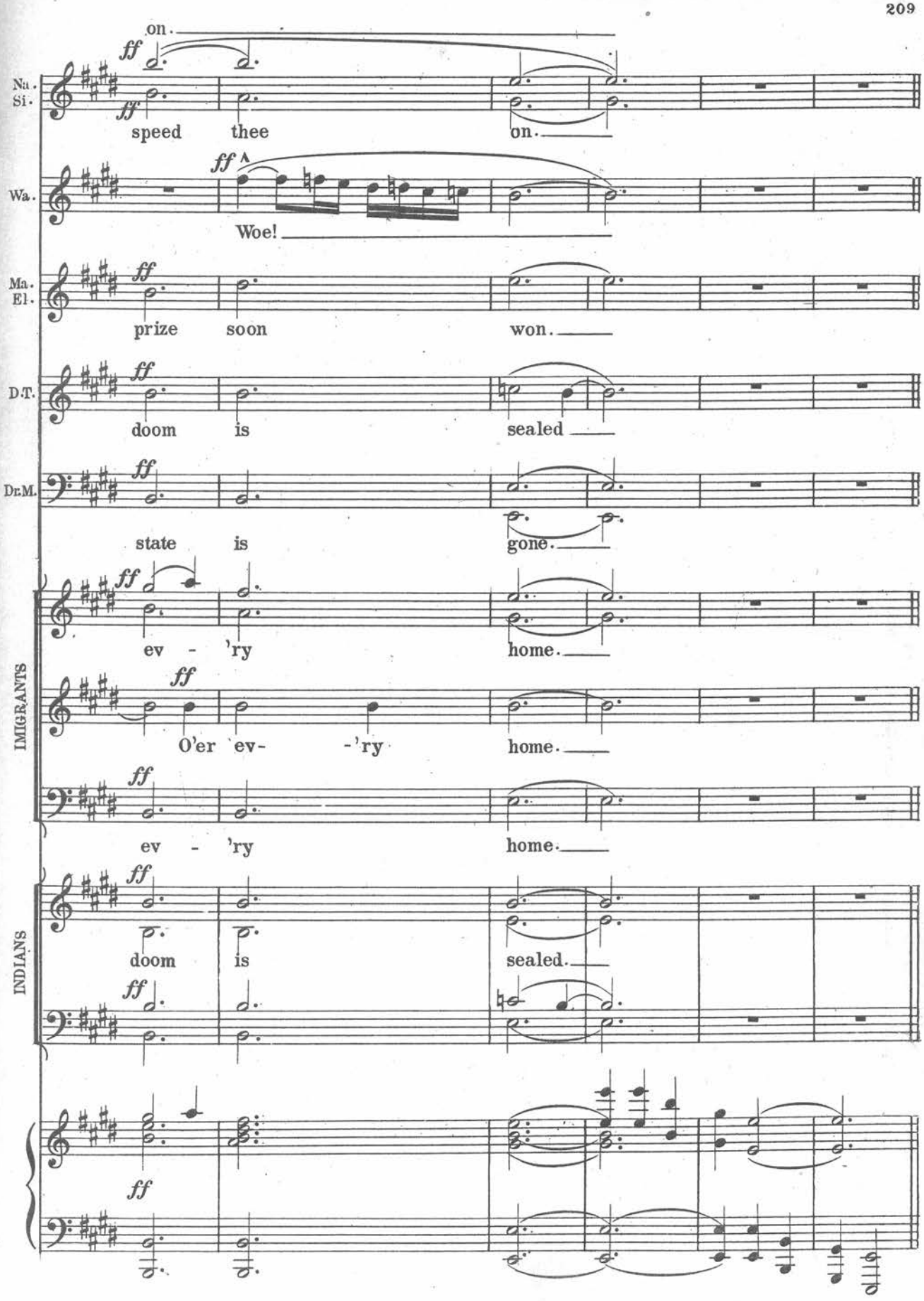

Nar. Si.
heart,
f
I'll speed thee
Wa.
Mar. El.
f
Joy on-ly must you bor - row,
ff
For prize soon
D.T.
f
sealed
rit.
The
Dr Mac.
gone
mf
My state is gone
IMIGRANTS
mf
Our coun - try's flag, our
mf
Our coun - try's flag, our
mf
Our coun - try's flag, our
INDIANS
Woe,
woe,
The In-dian's doom,
The In-dian's doom,
Woe!
mf


Nar. Si.
rit.
on
a tempo
f
Tho' breaks my heart.
Wa.
Woe!
Mar. El.
rit.
won
a tempo
Joy on-ly must go bor - row,
D.T.
In-di-an's fate is sealed
Dr. Mac.
rit.
a tempo
f
My doom comes
IMIGRANTS
rit.
flag
f
The glo-ry of the Lord is
flag
f
The glo-ry of the Lord is
flag
f
The glo-ry of the Lord is
INDIANS
rit.
woe.
a tempo
mf
The In - dian's
mf
woe! The In - - dian's fate is sealed.
(♩=100)
a tempo
f
rit.


Nar. Si.
mf
f
With sor - row. I'll speed thee on
Wa.
Mar. El.
mf
f
For prize soon won. Joy on-ly must you bor - row,
D.T.
Dr Mc
with the mor - row. My state is gone, My
IMIGRANTS
with us here. Thro' per - ils we have safe- -ly
with us here. Thro' per - ils we have safe- -ly
with us here. Thro' per - ils we have safe- -ly
INDIANS
doom. The In dian's doom. The In dian's doom.


Na.
Si.
Tho' breaks my heart, Tho'
Wa.
Woe
Ma.
El.
For prize soon won
D.T.
The In-dian's
DrM.
state is gone. My doom comes
IMIGRANTS
come. From sea to sea, The play we re - vere. Shall
come. From sea to sea, The play we re - vere. Shall
come. From sea to sea, The play we re - vere. Shall
INDIANS
Woe Woe
The In-dian's


I'll speed thee on
I'll speed thee
Na.
Si.
breaks my heart.
I'll speed thee on,
mf
Wa.
Woe!
Ma.
El.
Joy
For
D.T.
doom,
His doom,
His
DrMº
with the mor - - - row
My
IMIGRANTS
proud - ly float, shall proud - ly float, O'er
proud - ly float, shall proud - ly float,
proud - ly float, shall float: O'er
INDIANS
His doom,
His
doom
His doom,
f


on.
Na.
Si.
speed thee on.
Wa.
Woe!
Ma.
El.
prize soon won.
D.T.
doom is sealed
Dr.M.
state is gone.
IMIGRANTS
ev - 'ry home.
O'er ev- -'ry home.
ev - 'ry home.
INDIANS
doom is sealed.

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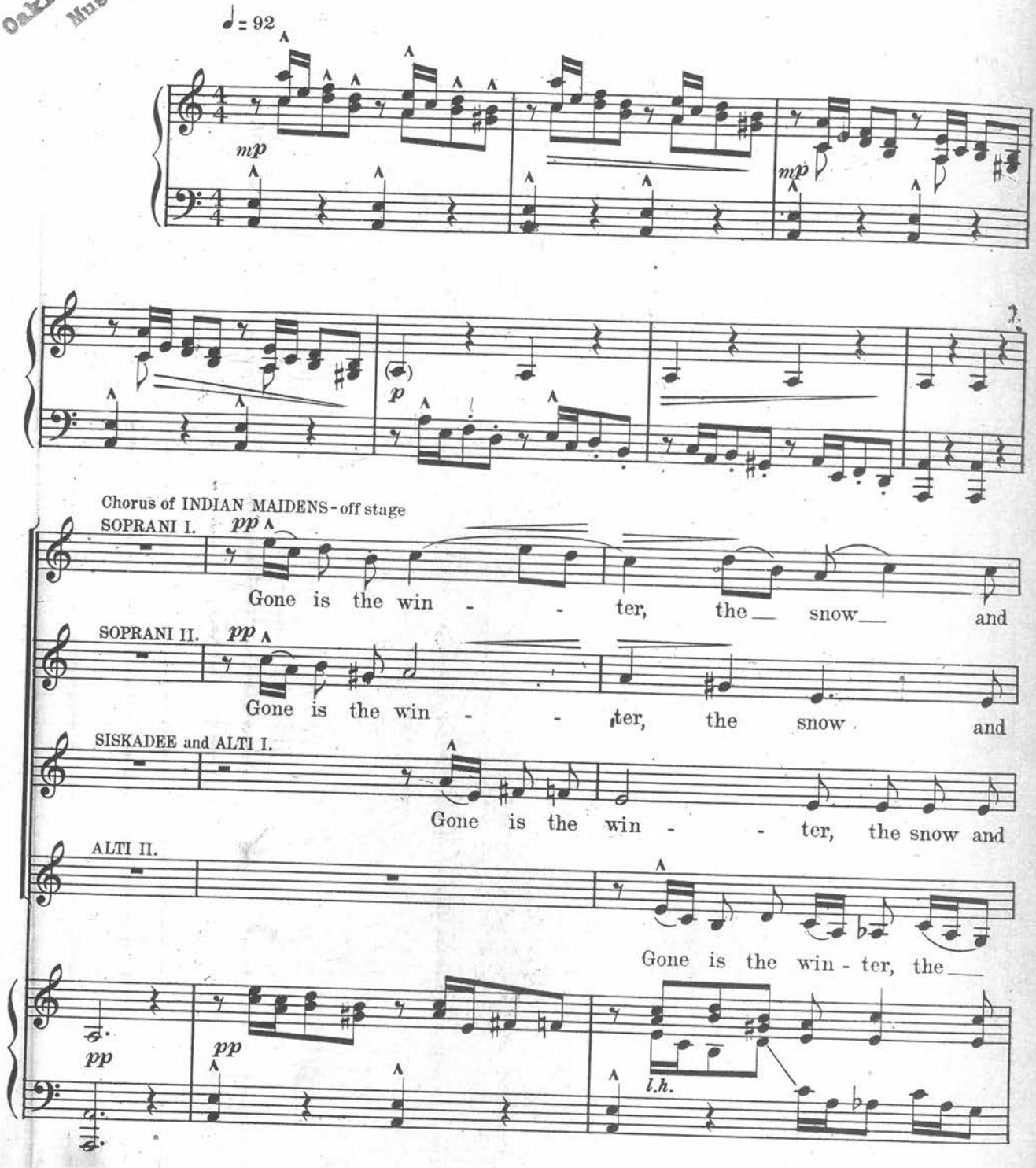
Act IV



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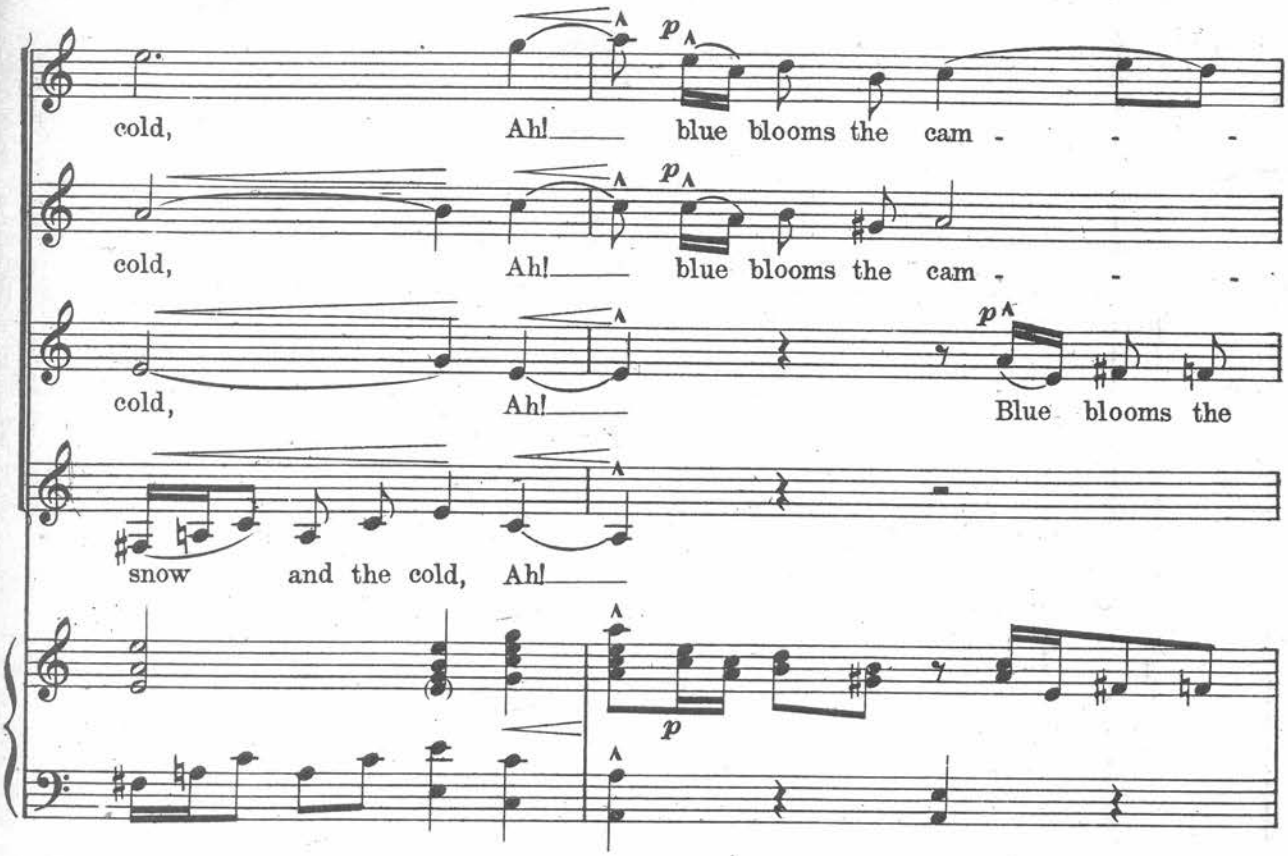
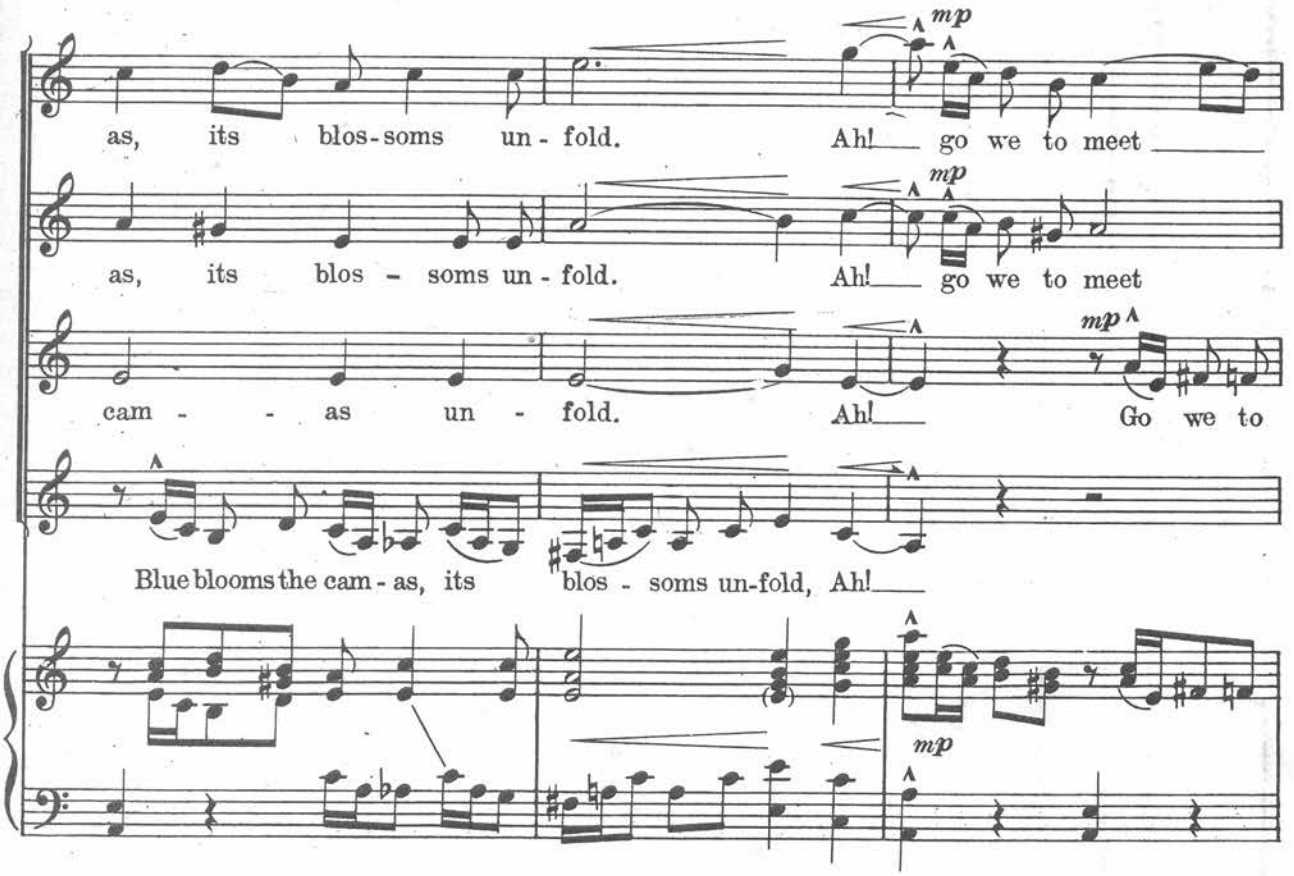
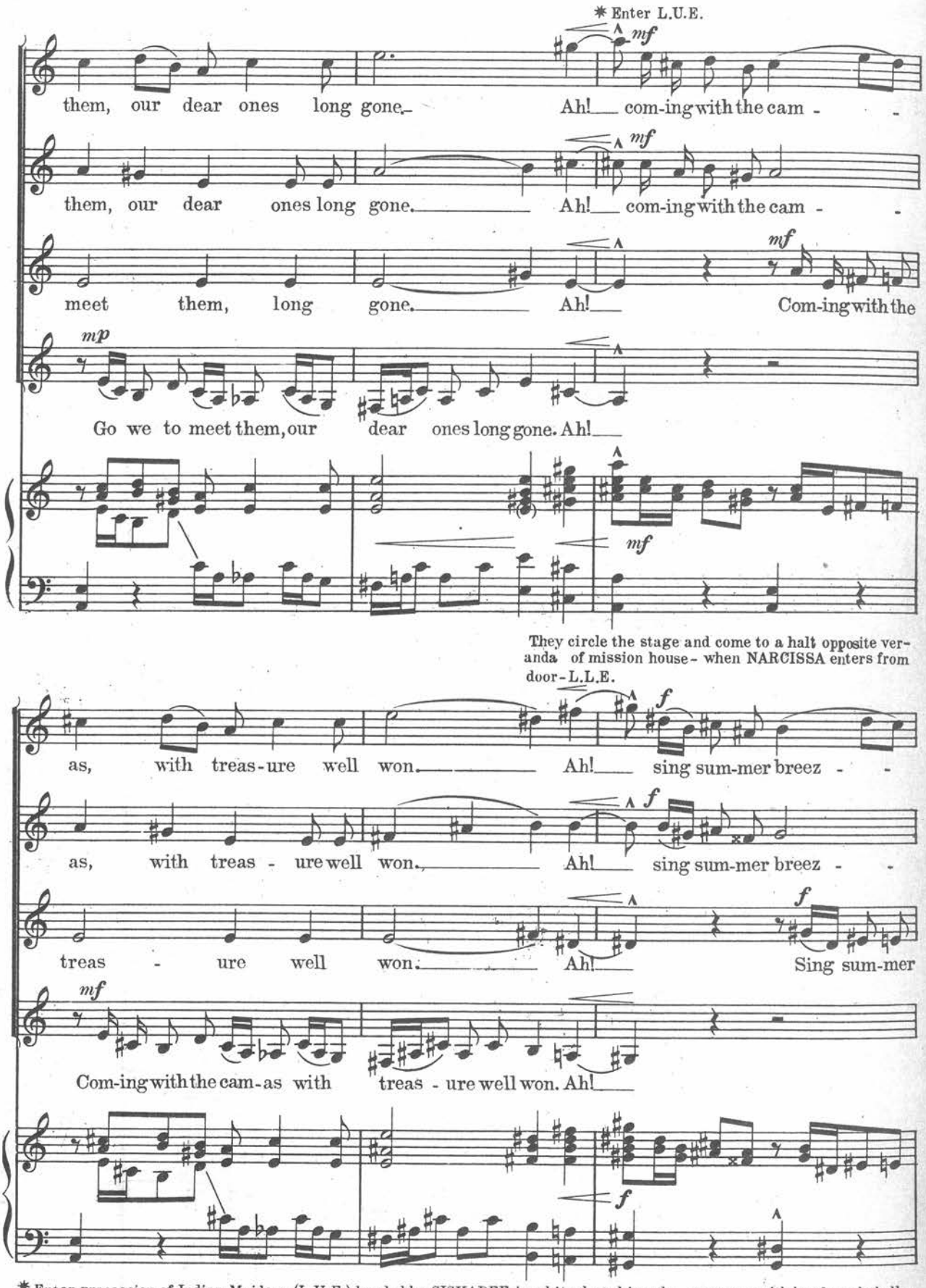
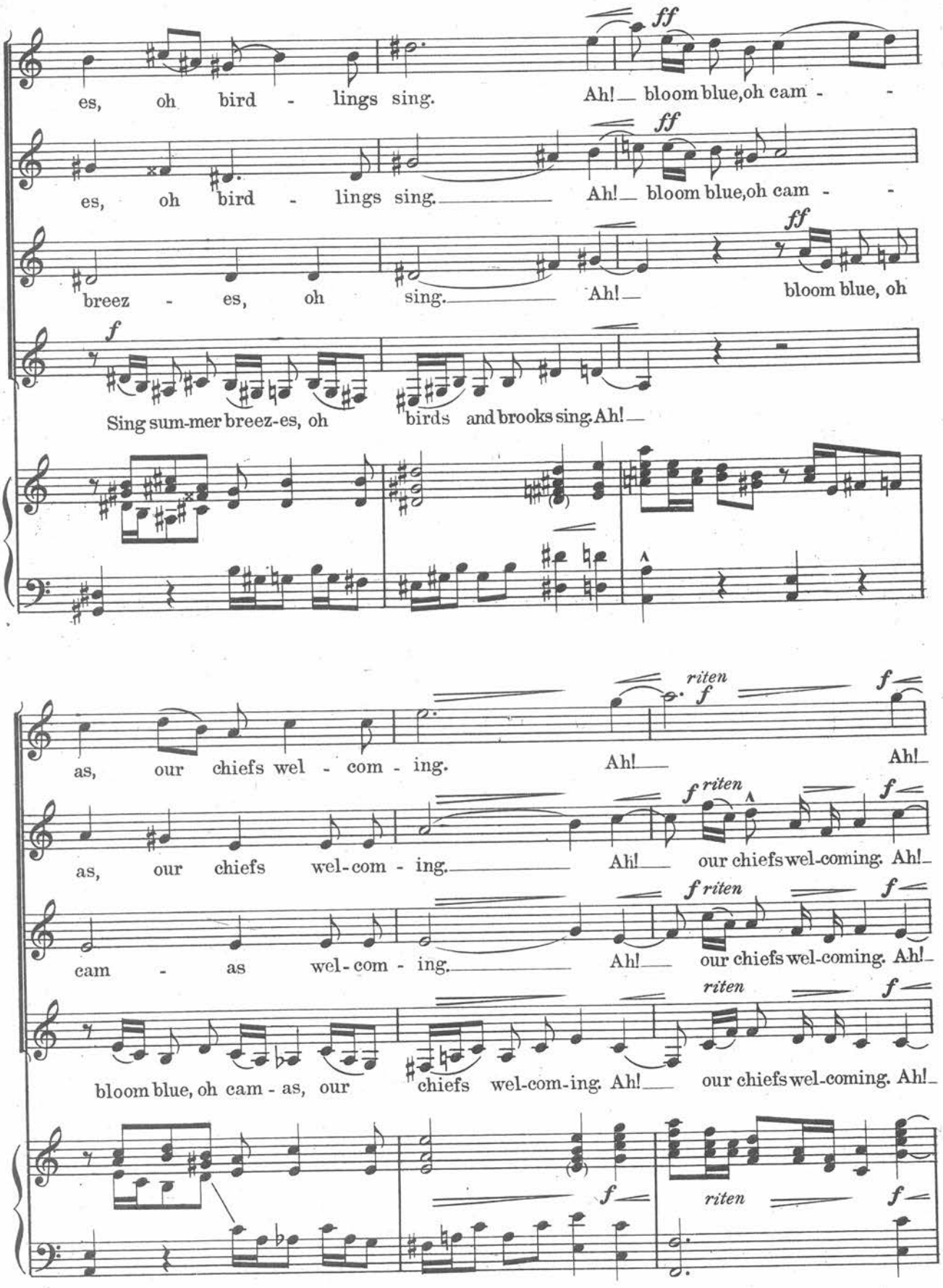
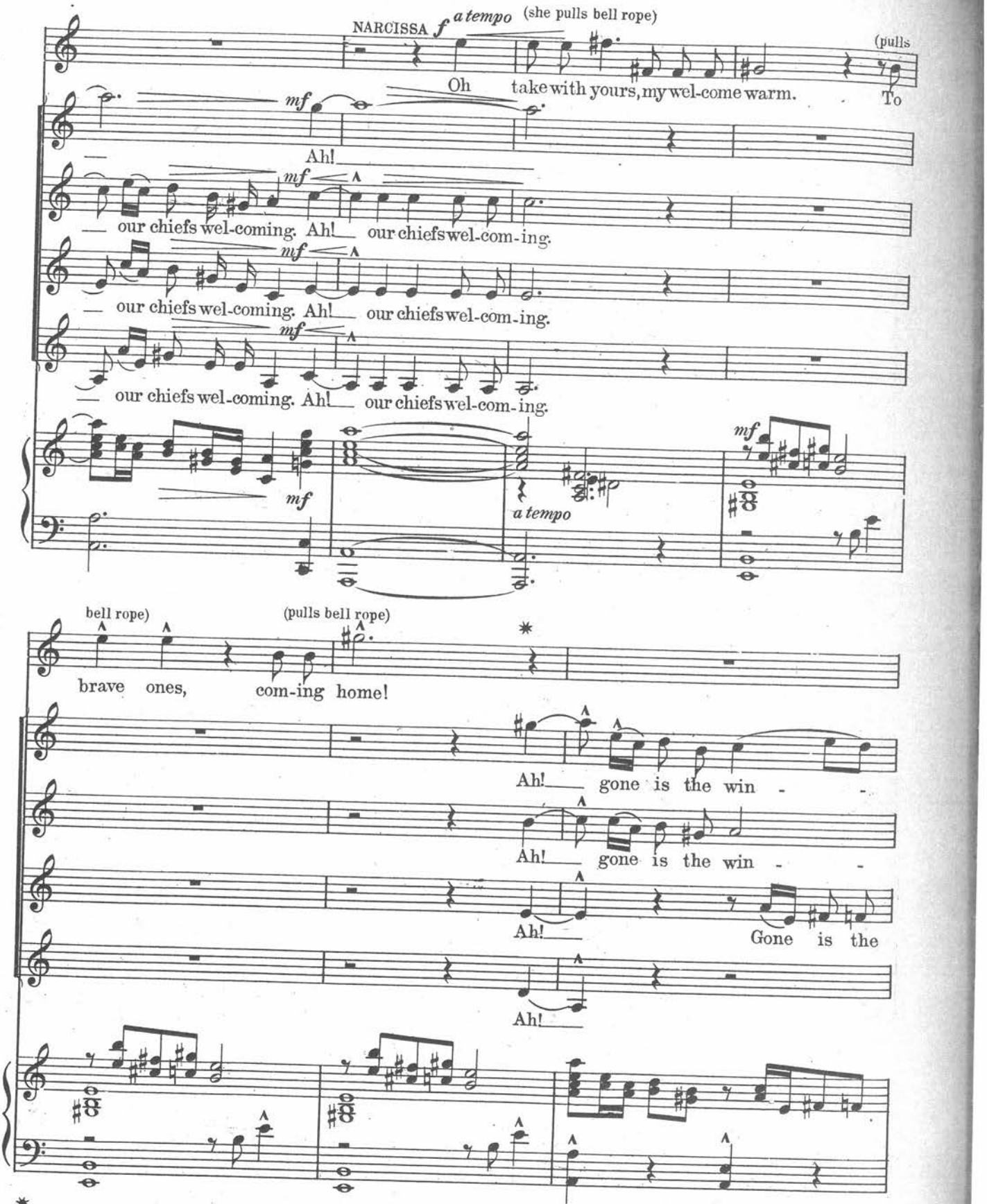

cold, Ah! blue blooms the cam - - -
cold, Ah! blue blooms the cam - - -
cold, Ah! Blue blooms the
snow and the cold, Ah!


as, its blos-soms un - fold. Ah! go we to meet
as, its blos - soms un - fold. Ah! go we to meet
cam - - as un - fold. Ah! Go we to
Blue blooms the cam - as, its blos - soms un-fold, Ah!

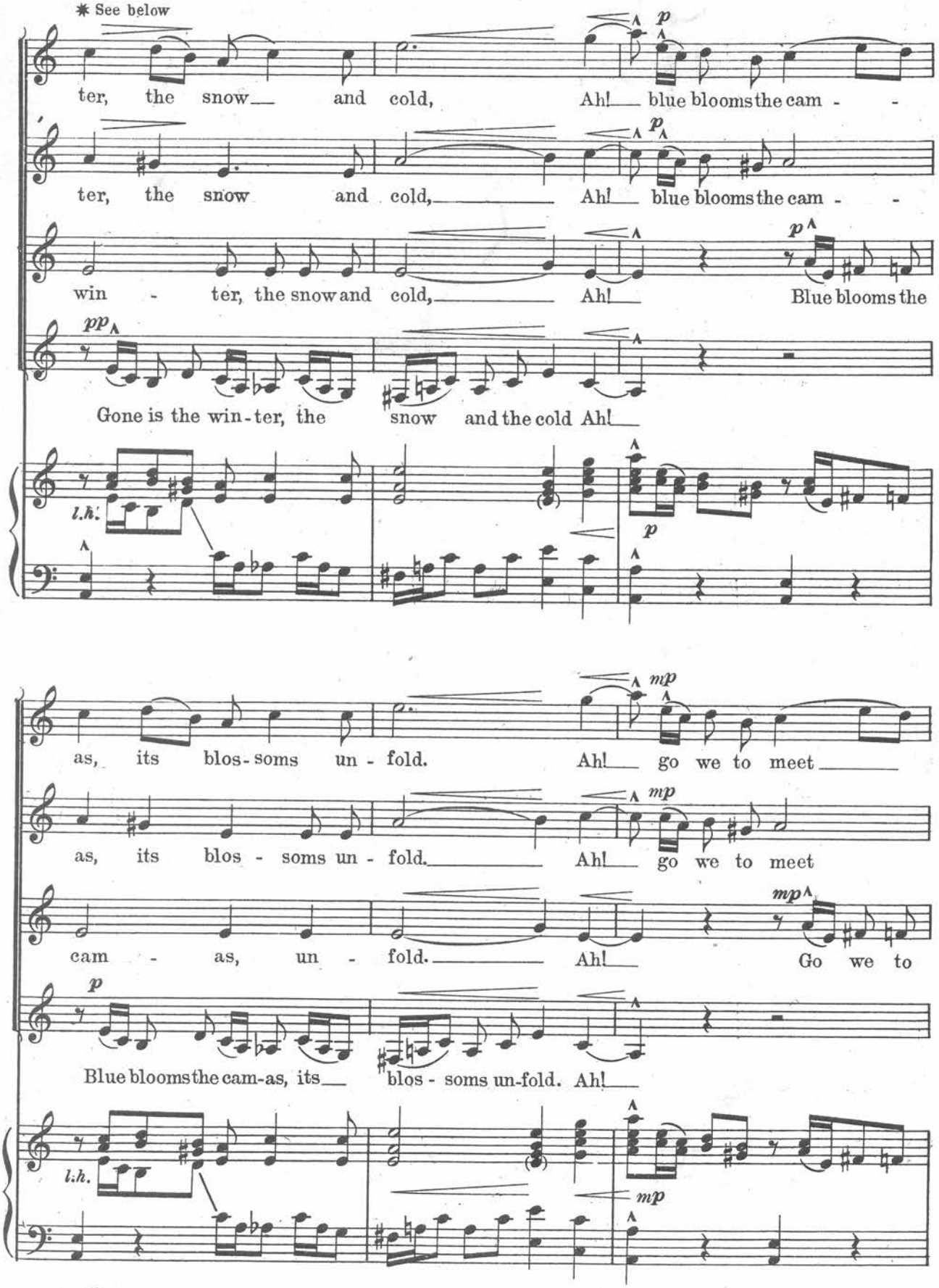


* Enter procession of Indian Maidens (L.U.E.) headed by SISKADEE in white deerskin robe, gorgeous, with beads and shells; all in gala attire.

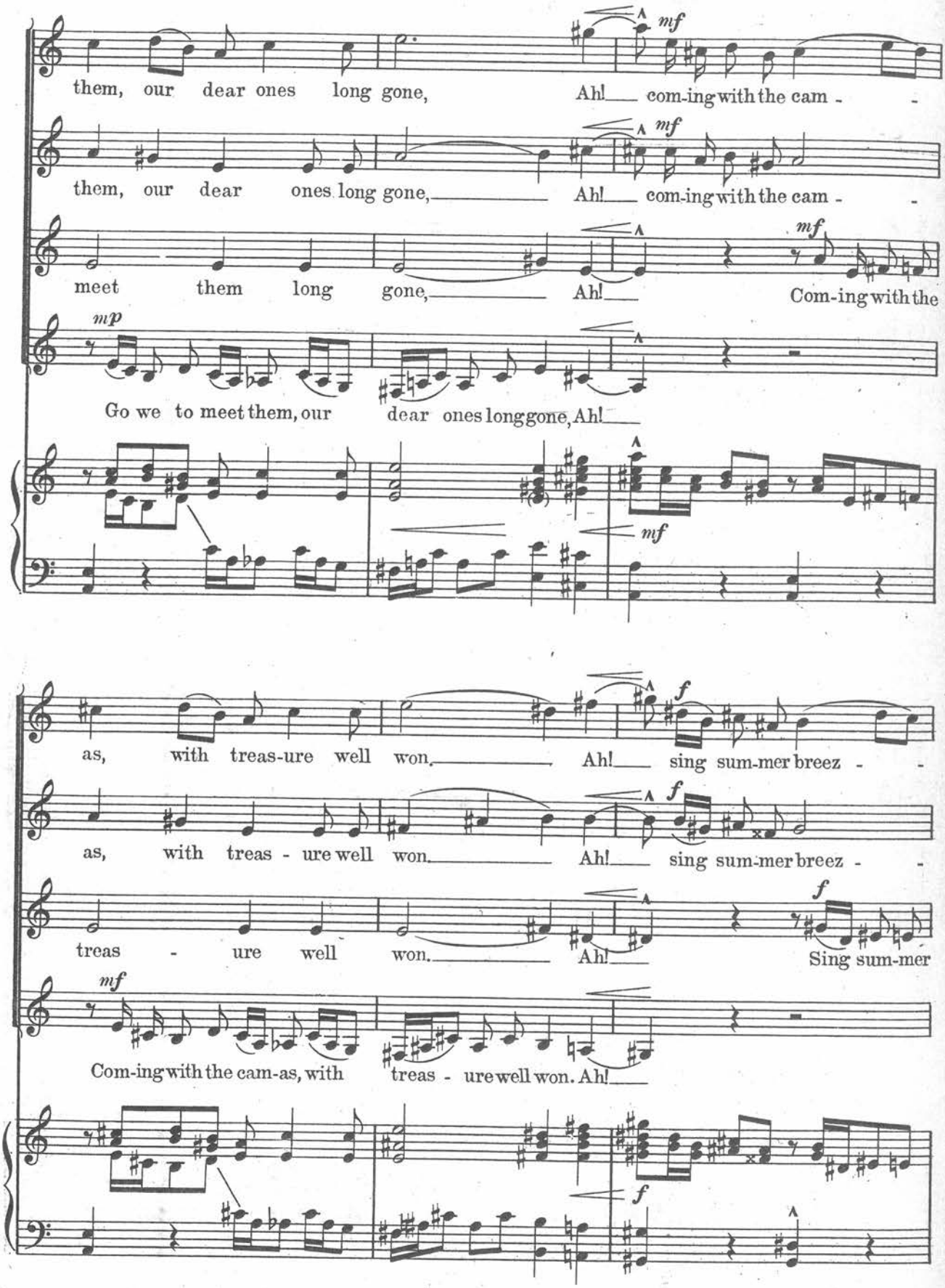

es, oh bird - lings sing. Ah! bloom blue, oh cam -
es, oh bird - lings sing. Ah! bloom blue, oh cam -
breez - es, oh sing. Ah! bloom blue, oh
Sing sum-mer breez-es, oh birds and brooks sing. Ah!
as, our chiefs wel - com - ing. Ah! Ah!
as, our chiefs wel-com - ing. Ah! our chiefs wel-coming. Ah!
cam - as wel-com - ing. Ah! our chiefs wel-coming. Ah!
bloom blue, oh cam - as, our chiefs wel-com-ing. Ah! our chiefs wel-coming. Ah!
riten
ff
f

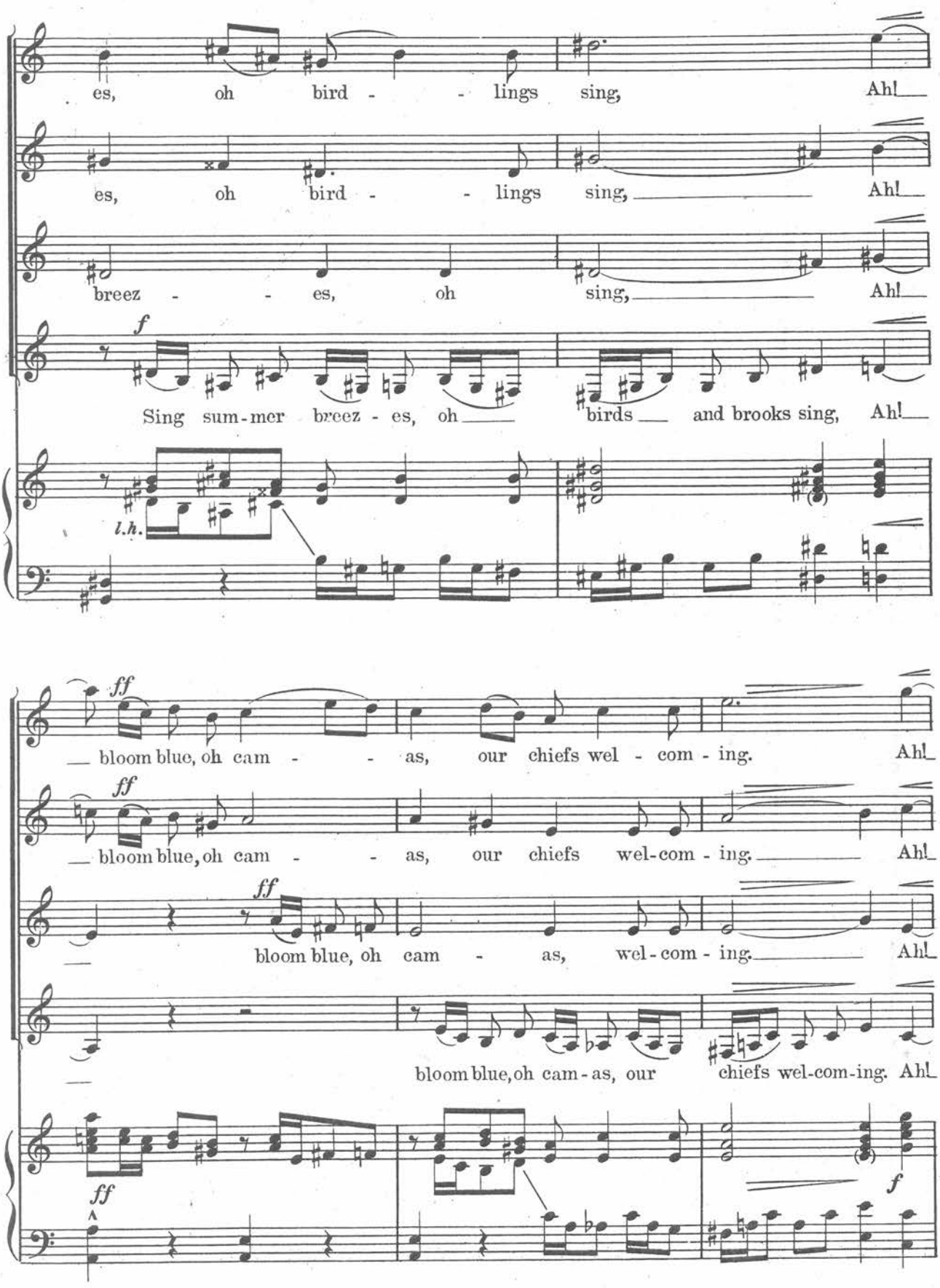


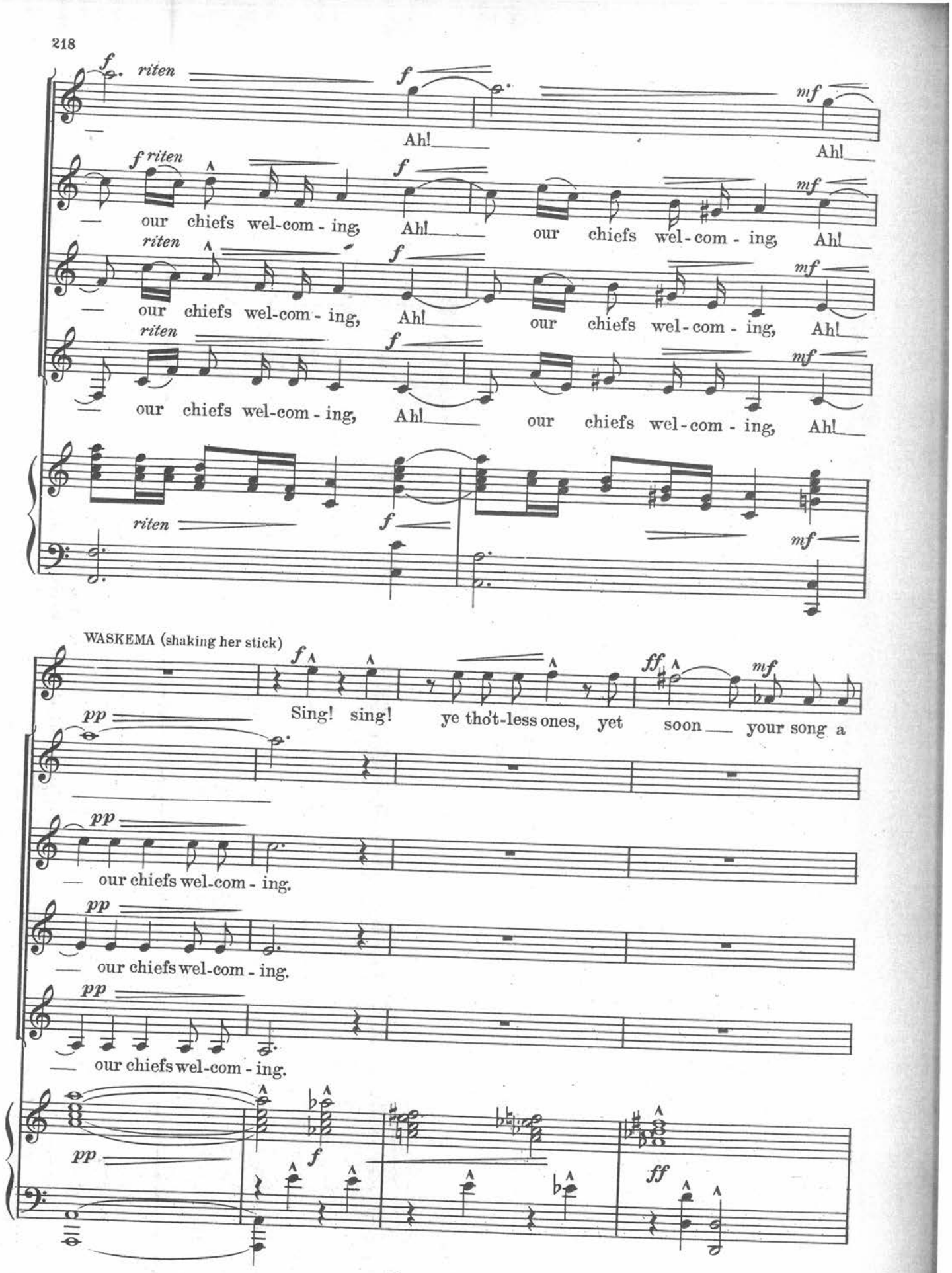
* NARCISSA remains during 1st ten measures of Chorus repetition, pulling bell rope at the 1st, 3rd, 6th and 9th measures. During 11th and 12 measures exit L.L.E. into house.) (Enter WASKEMA L.U.E. 5 measures before he sings.)

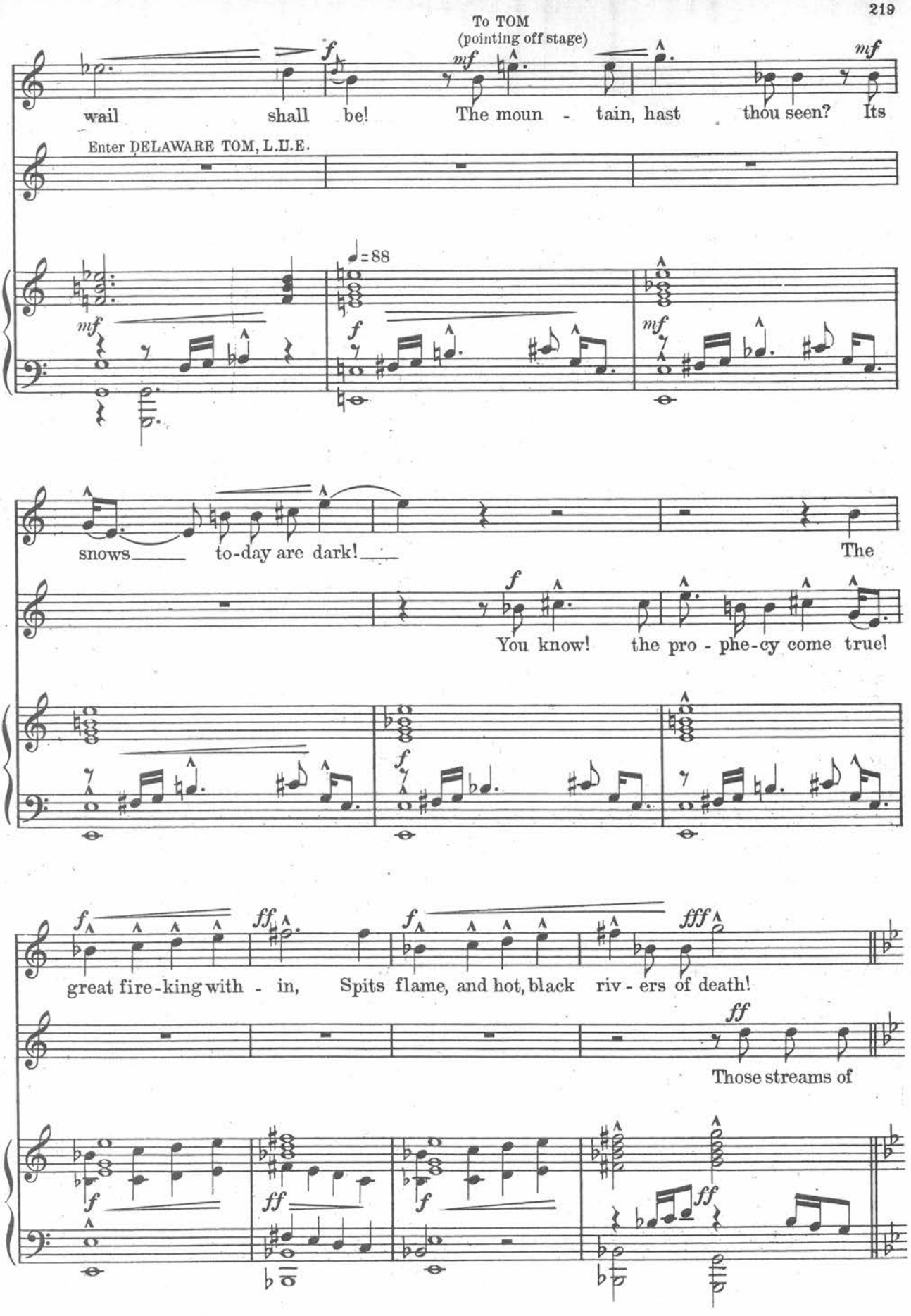


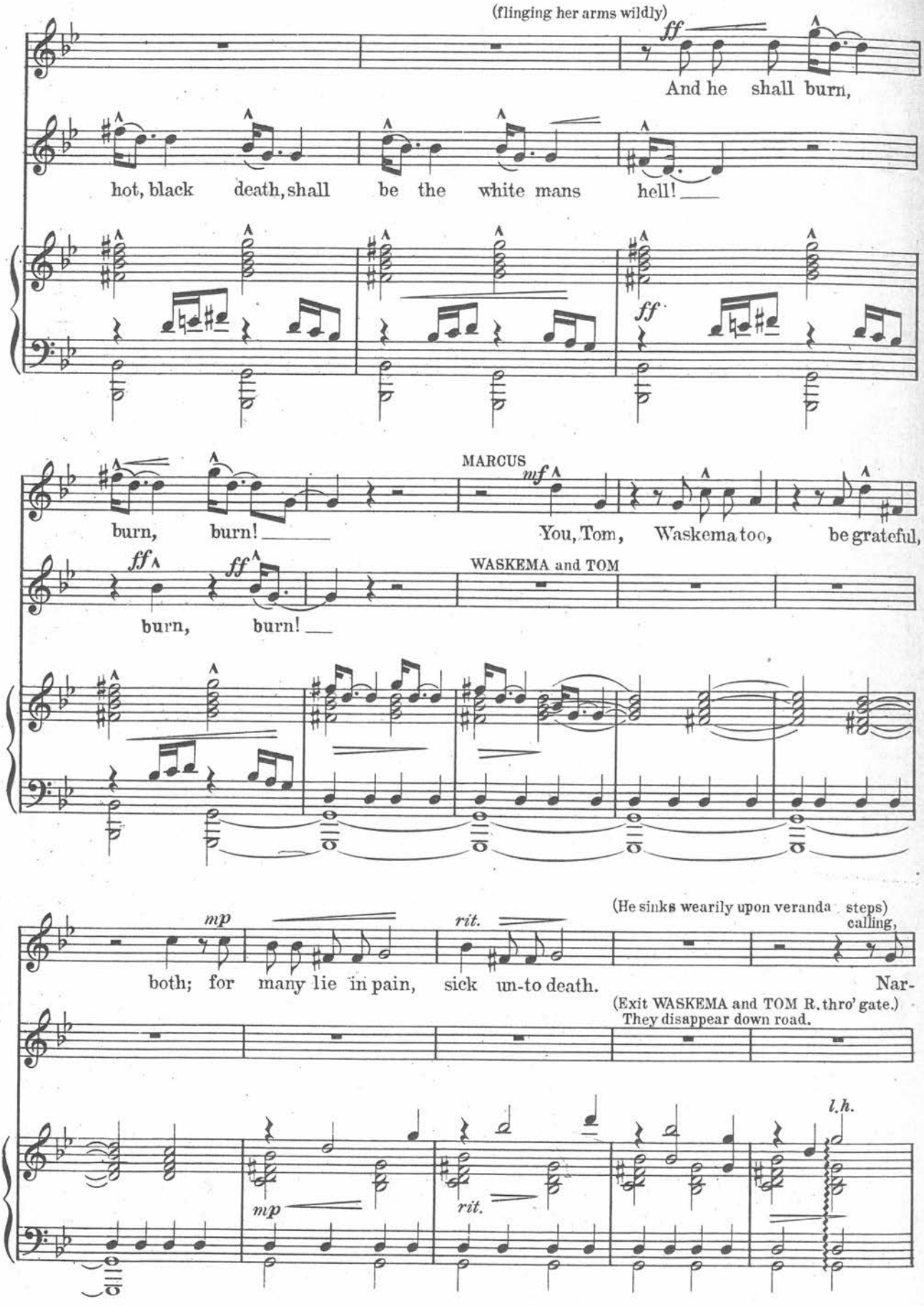
* Chorus grows gradually fainter, as maidens resume march, going out gate and walking down road.

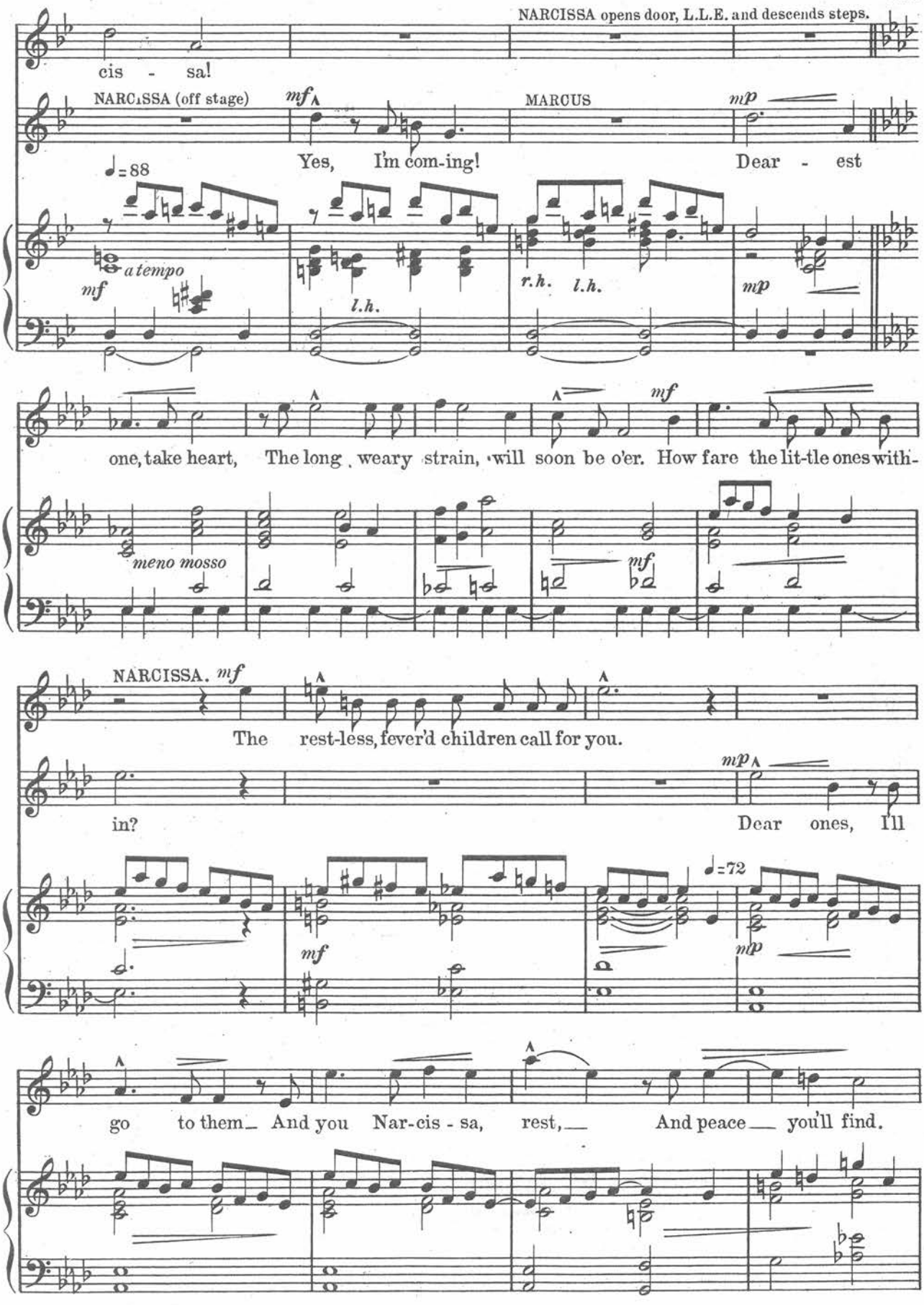

them, our dear ones long gone, Ah! com-ing with the cam -
them, our dear ones long gone, Ah! com-ing with the cam -
meet them long gone, Ah! Com-ing with the
Go we to meet them, our dear ones long gone, Ah!
as, with treas-ure well won. Ah! sing sum-mer breez -
as, with treas - ure well won. Ah! sing sum-mer breez -
treas - ure well won. Ah! Sing sum-mer
Com-ing with the cam-as, with treas - ure well won. Ah!

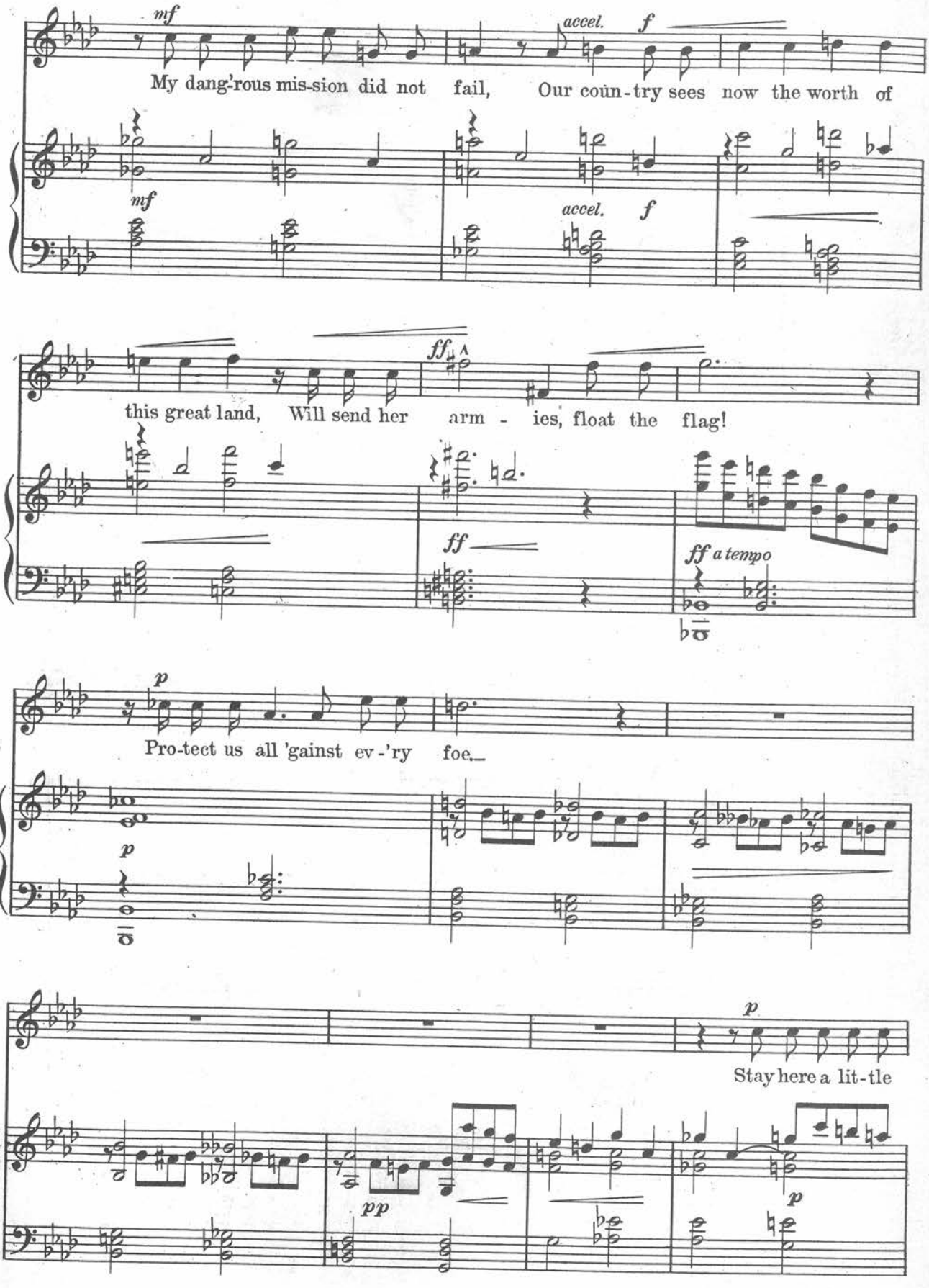

es, oh bird - - lings sing, Ah!
es, oh bird - - lings sing, Ah!
breez - - es, oh sing, Ah!
f
Sing sum-mer breez - es, oh birds and brooks sing, Ah!
l.h.
ff
bloom blue, oh cam - - as, our chiefs wel - com - ing. Ah!
ff
bloom blue, oh cam - - as, our chiefs wel-com - ing. Ah!
ff
bloom blue, oh cam - as, wel - com - ing. Ah!
bloom blue, oh cam - as, our chiefs wel-com-ing. Ah!
ff
f

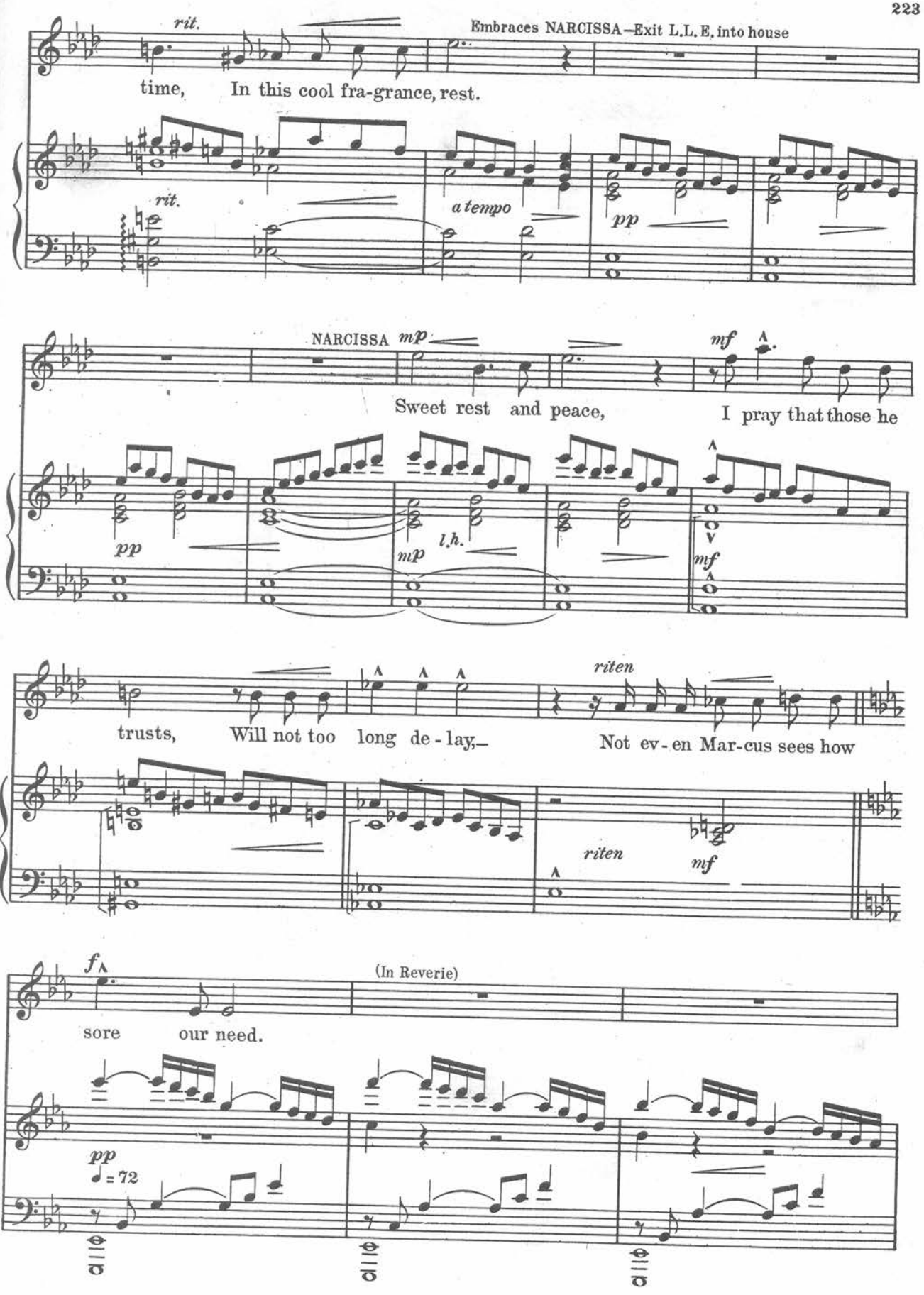

f riten
f
mf
Ah!
Ah!
f riten
f
mf
— our chiefs wel-com - ing, Ah! our chiefs wel-com - ing, Ah!
riten
f
mf
— our chiefs wel-com - ing, Ah! our chiefs wel-com - ing, Ah!
riten
f
mf
— our chiefs wel-com - ing, Ah! our chiefs wel-com - ing, Ah!
riten
f
mf
WASKEMA (shaking her stick)
f
ff
mf
Sing! sing! ye tho't-less ones, yet soon your song a
pp
— our chiefs wel-com - ing.
pp
— our chiefs wel-com - ing.
pp
— our chiefs wel-com - ing.
pp
f
ff

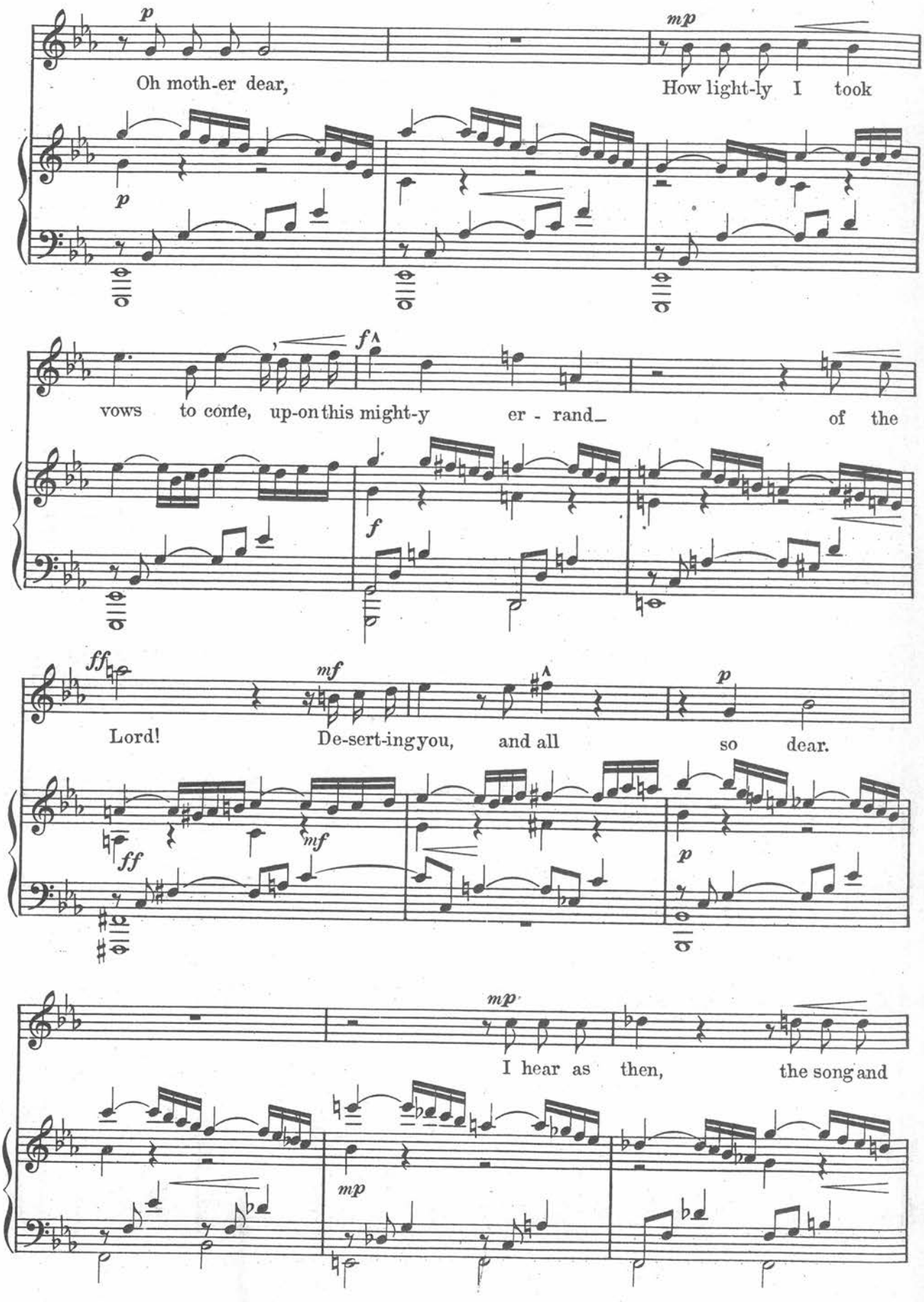

To TOM
(pointing off stage)
wail shall be! The moun - tain, hast thou seen? Its
Enter DELAWARE TOM, L.U.E.
♩=88
snows to-day are dark! The
You know! the pro - phe-cy come true!
great fire-king with - in, Spits flame, and hot, black riv - ers of death!
Those streams of

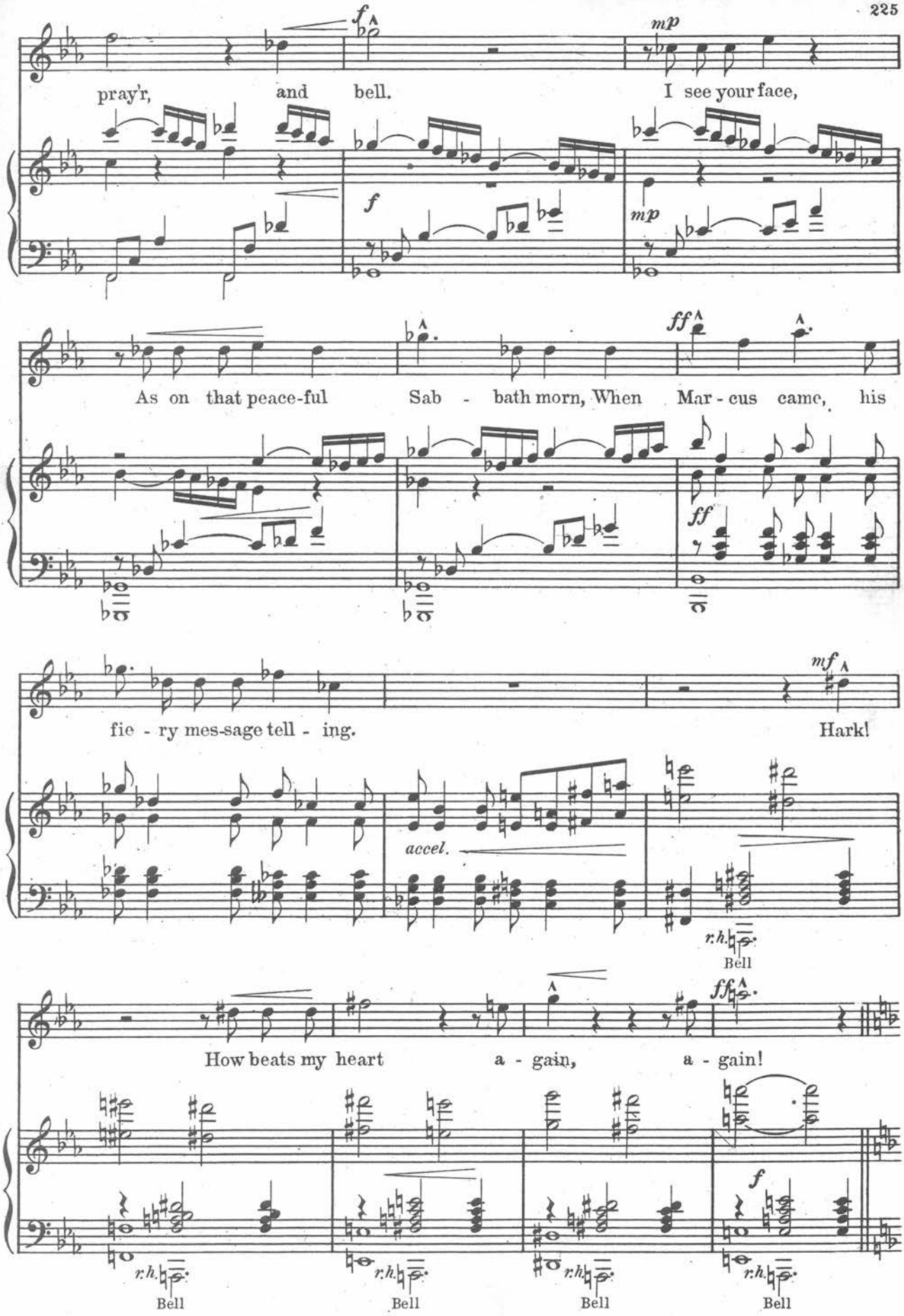

(flinging her arms wildly)
ff
And he shall burn,
hot, black death, shall be the white mans hell!
ff
MARCUS
mf
burn, burn!
You, Tom, Waskema too, be grateful,
ff
ff
WASKEMA and TOM
burn, burn!
mp
rit.
(He sinks wearily upon veranda steps)
calling,
both; for many lie in pain, sick un-to death.
Nar-
(Exit WASKEMA and TOM R. thro' gate.)
They disappear down road.
l.h.
mp
rit.

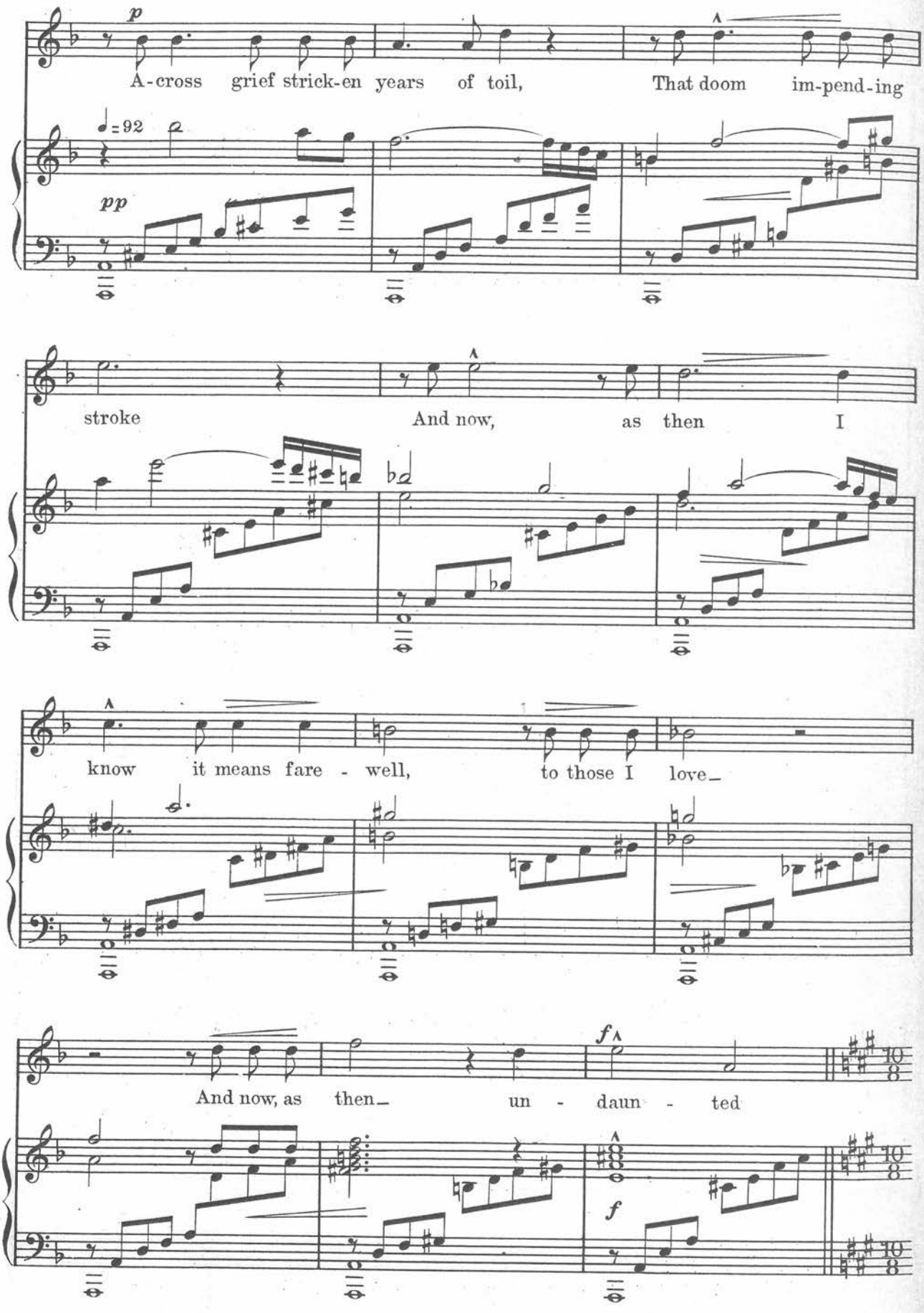

NARCISSA opens door, L.L.E. and descends steps.
cis - sa!
NARCISSA (off stage)
mf
Yes, I'm com-ing!
MARCUS
mp
Dear - est
♩=88
a tempo
mf
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
mp
one, take heart, The long weary strain, will soon be o'er. How fare the lit-tle ones with-
meno mosso
mf
NARCISSA.
mf
The rest-less, fever'd children call for you.
in?
mp
Dear ones, I'll
♩=72
mf
mp
go to them And you Nar-cis - sa, rest, And peace you'll find.

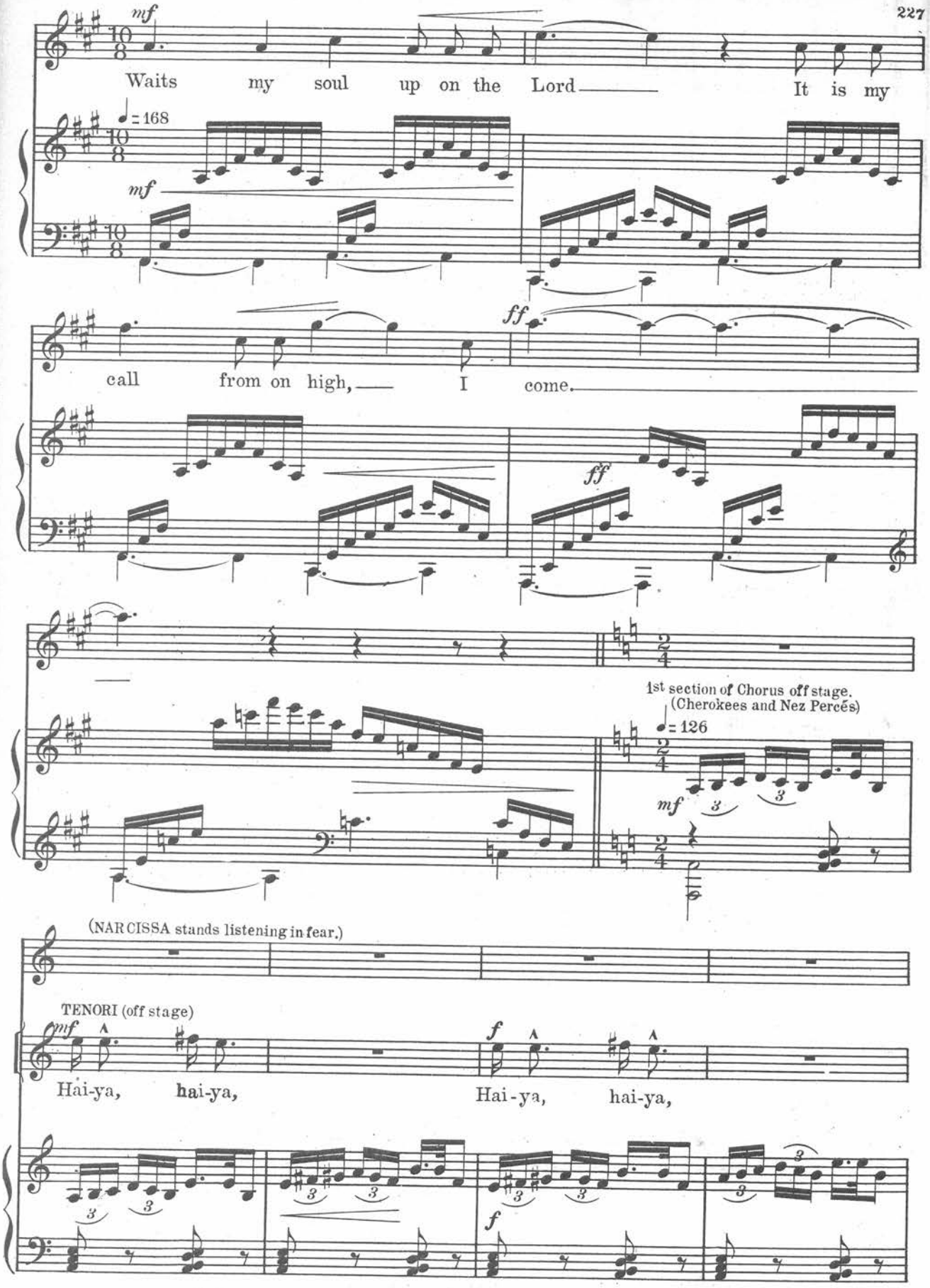

mf
My dang'-rous mis-sion did not fail,
accel.
f
Our coun-try sees now the worth of
mf
accel.
f
ff
this great land,
Will send her
arm -
ies, float the
flag!
ff
ff a tempo
p
Pro-tect us all 'gainst ev-'ry
foe.
p
p
Stay here a lit-tle
pp
p

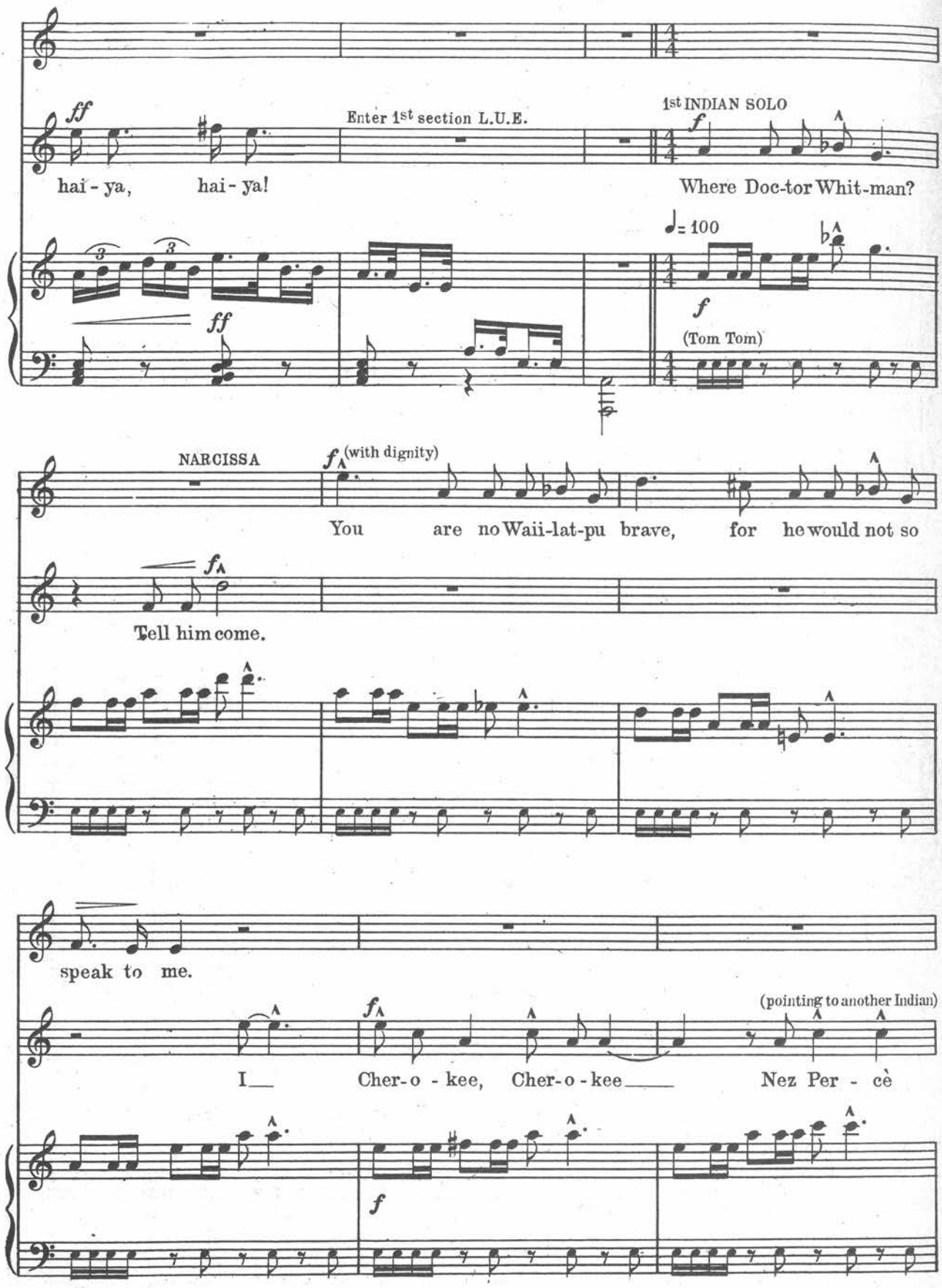

rit.
Embraces NARCISSA—Exit L.L.E. into house
time, In this cool fra-grance, rest.
rit.
a tempo
pp
NARCISSA
mp
mf
Sweet rest and peace, I pray that those he
pp
mp
l.h.
mf
trusts, Will not too long de-lay,—
riten
Not ev-en Mar-cus sees how
riten
mf
f
(In Reverie)
sore our need.
pp
♩= 72

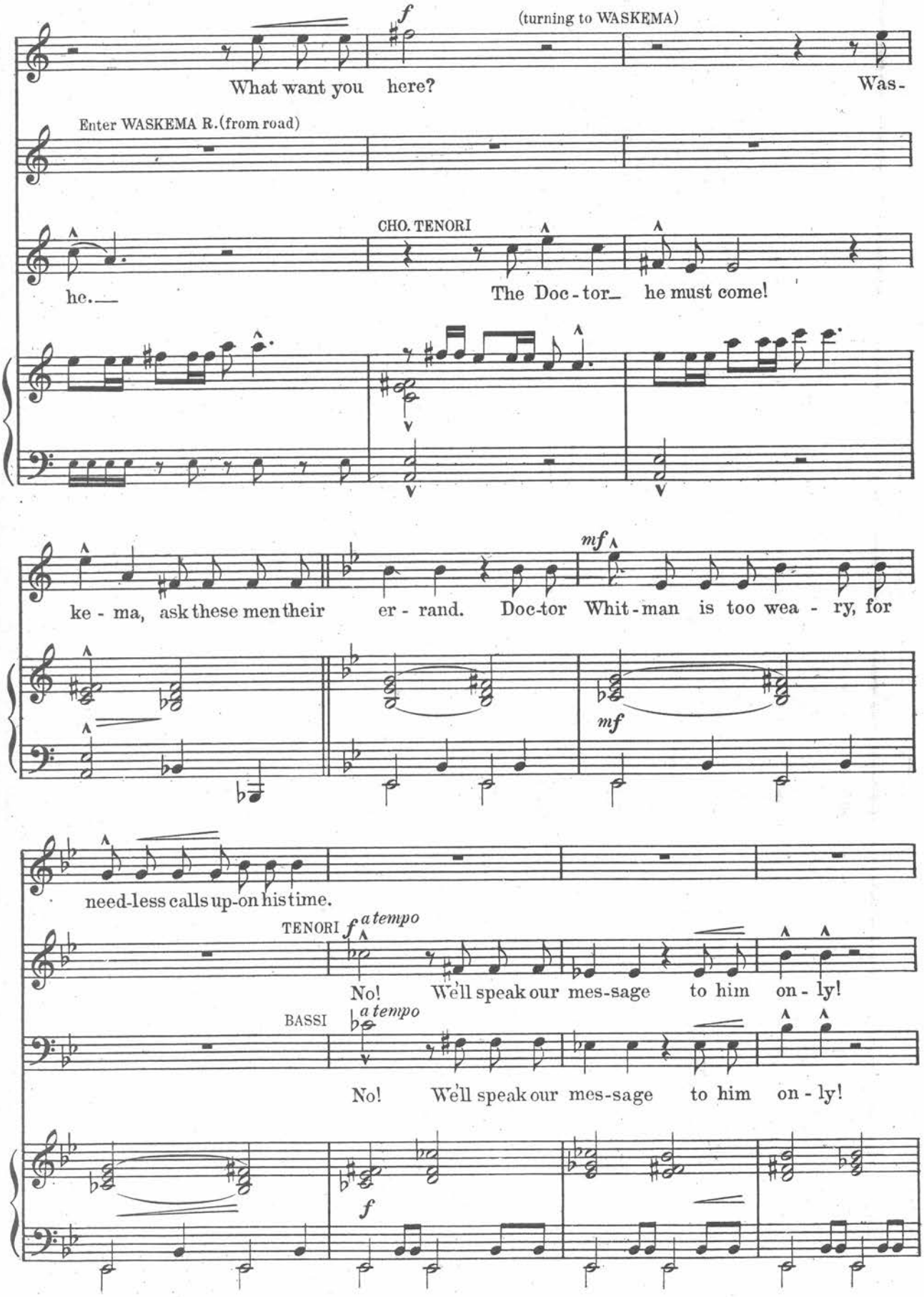

p
mp
Oh moth-er dear,
How light-ly I took
p
f
vows to come, up-on this might-y er - rand of the
f
ff
mf
p
Lord!
De-sert-ing you, and all so dear.
ff
mf
p
mp
I hear as then, the song and
mp

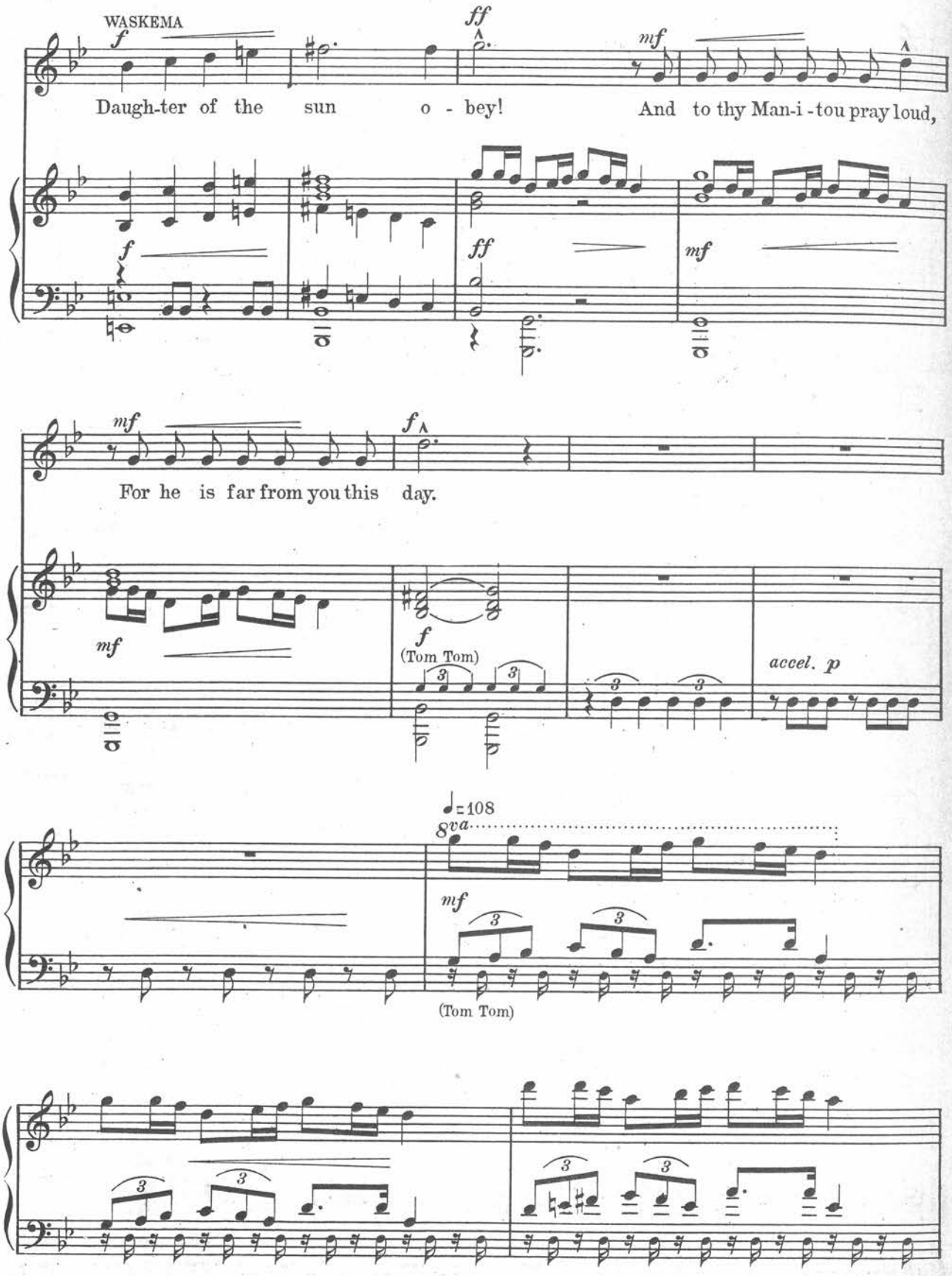

f
mp
pray'r, and bell. I see your face,
f
mp
As on that peace-ful Sab - bath morn, When Mar - cus came, his
ff
ff
fie - ry mes-sage tell - ing. Hark!
mf
accel.
r.h.
Bell
How beats my heart a - gain, a - gain!
ff
f
r.h.
Bell
r.h.
Bell
r.h.
Bell
r.h.
Bell


p
A-cross grief strick-en years of toil, That doom im-pend-ing
♩=92
pp
stroke And now, as then I
know it means fare - well, to those I love_
And now, as then_ un - daun - ted
f
f

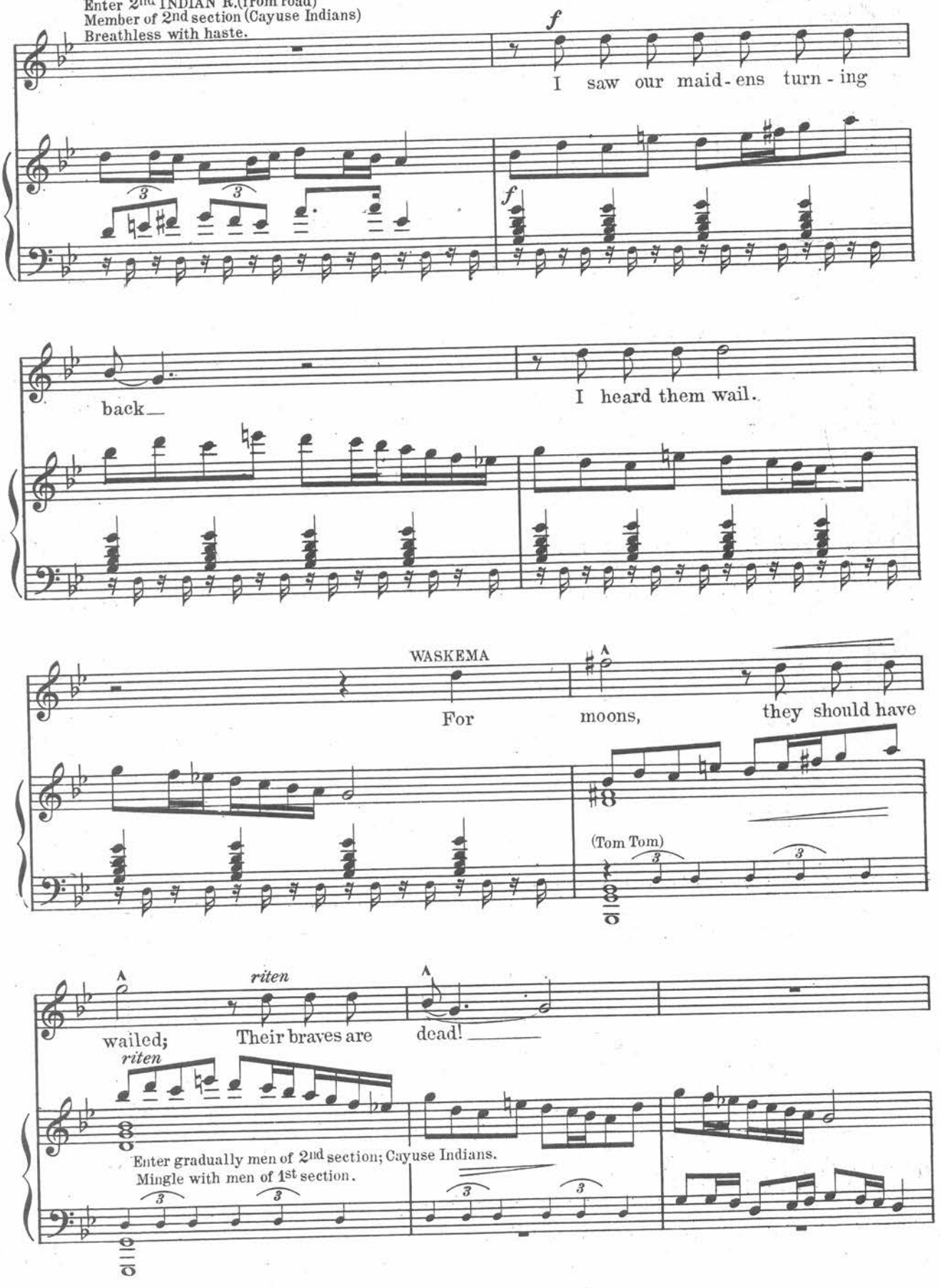

mf
Waits my soul up on the Lord It is my
♩= 168
mf
ff
call from on high, I come.
ff
1st section of Chorus off stage.
(Cherokees and Nez Percés)
♩= 126
mf
(NARCISSA stands listening in fear.)
TENORI (off stage)
mf
f
Hai-ya, hai-ya, Hai-ya, hai-ya,
f

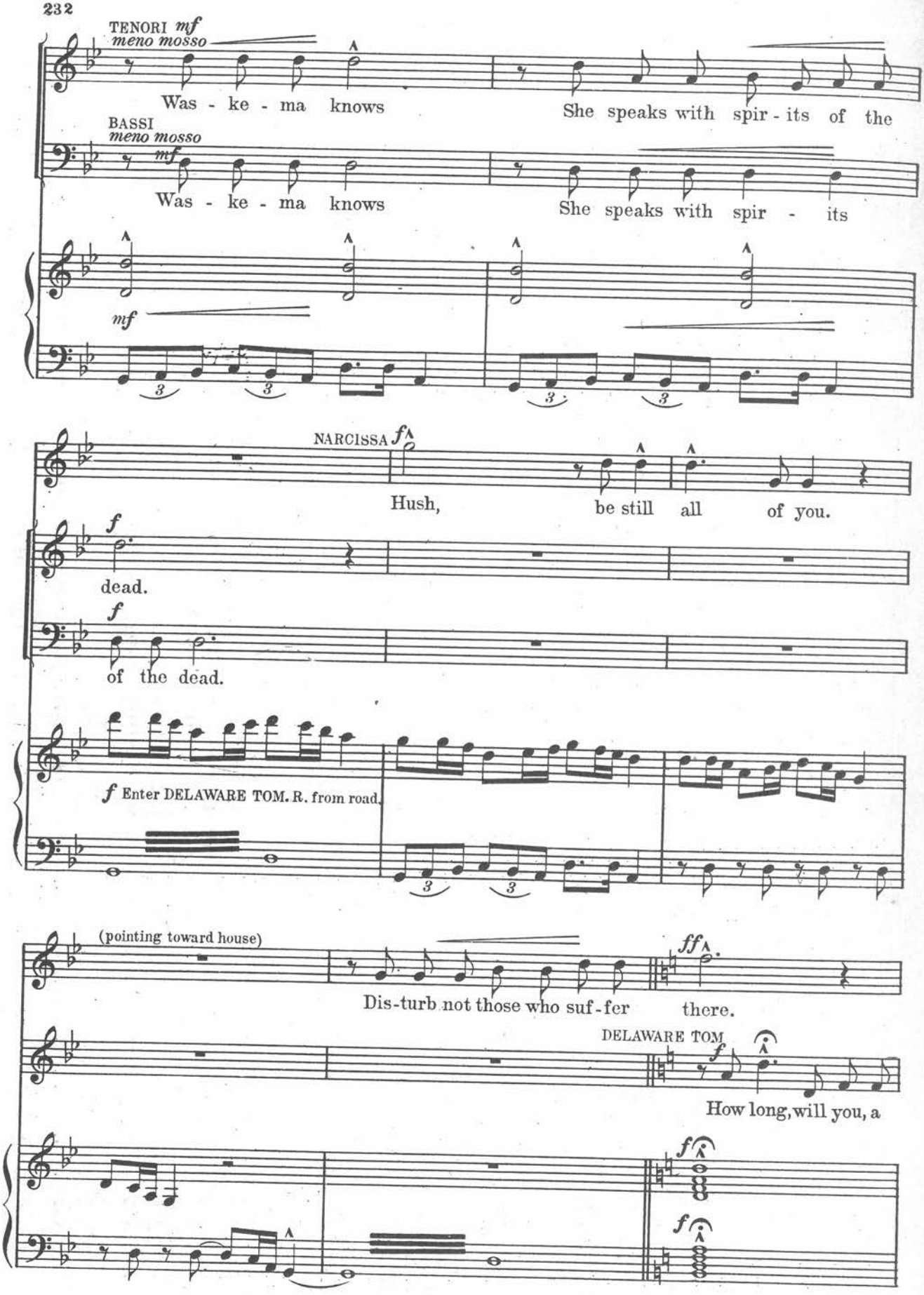

ff
Enter 1st section L.U.E.
1st INDIAN SOLO
f
hai - ya, hai - ya!
Where Doc-tor Whit-man?
♩= 100
ff
f
(Tom Tom)
NARCISSA
f (with dignity)
You are no Waii-lat-pu brave, for he would not so
f
Tell him come.
speak to me.
(pointing to another Indian)
f
I___ Cher-o - kee, Cher-o - kee___ Nez Per - cè
f

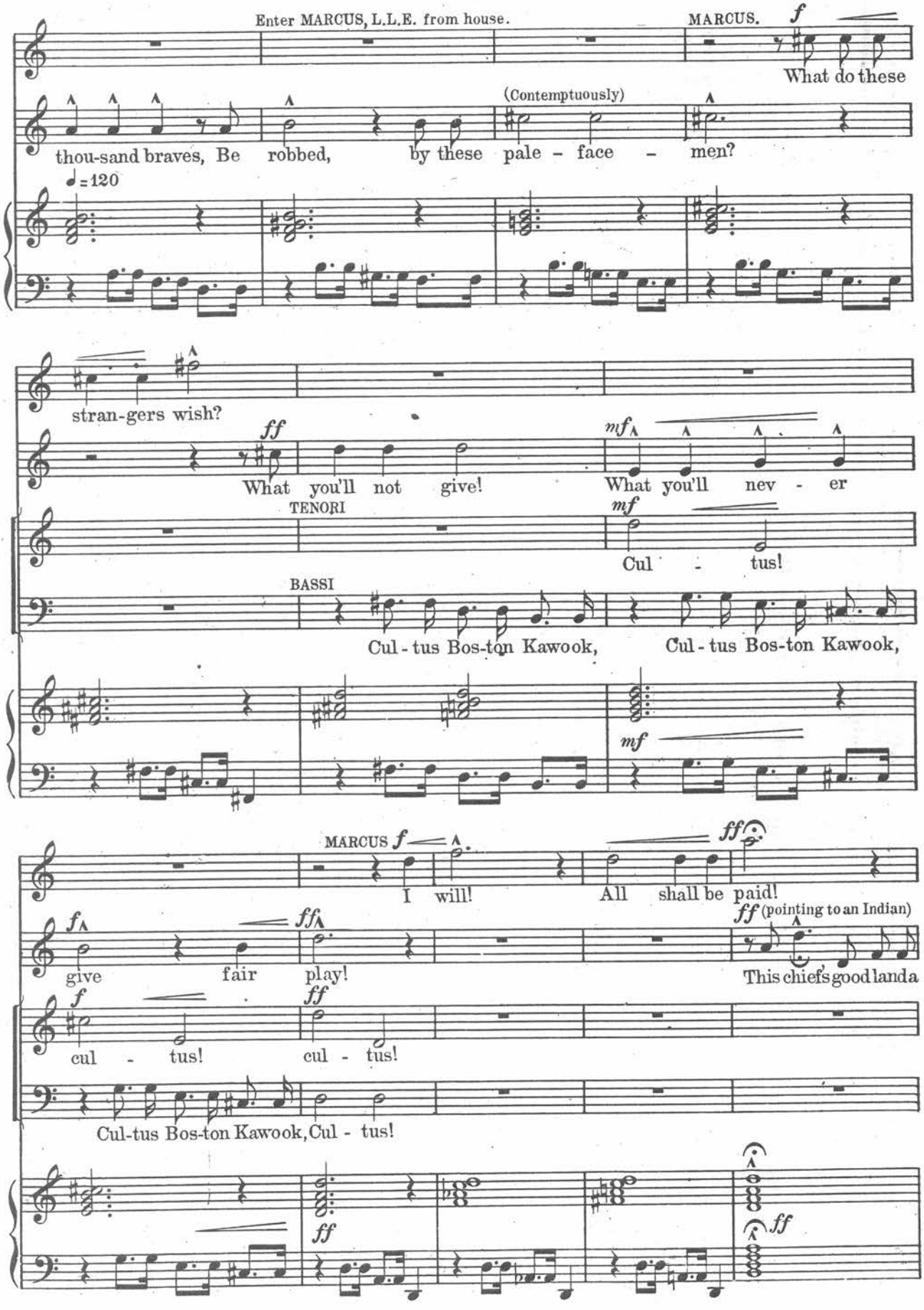

f
(turning to WASKEMA)
What want you here?
Was-
Enter WASKEMA R. (from road)
CHO. TENORI
he.—
The Doc-tor— he must come!
mf
ke-ma, ask these men their er-rand. Doc-tor Whit-man is too wea-ry, for
mf
need-less calls up-on his time.
TENORI f a tempo
No! We'll speak our mes-sage to him on-ly!
BASSI a tempo
No! We'll speak our mes-sage to him on-ly!
f

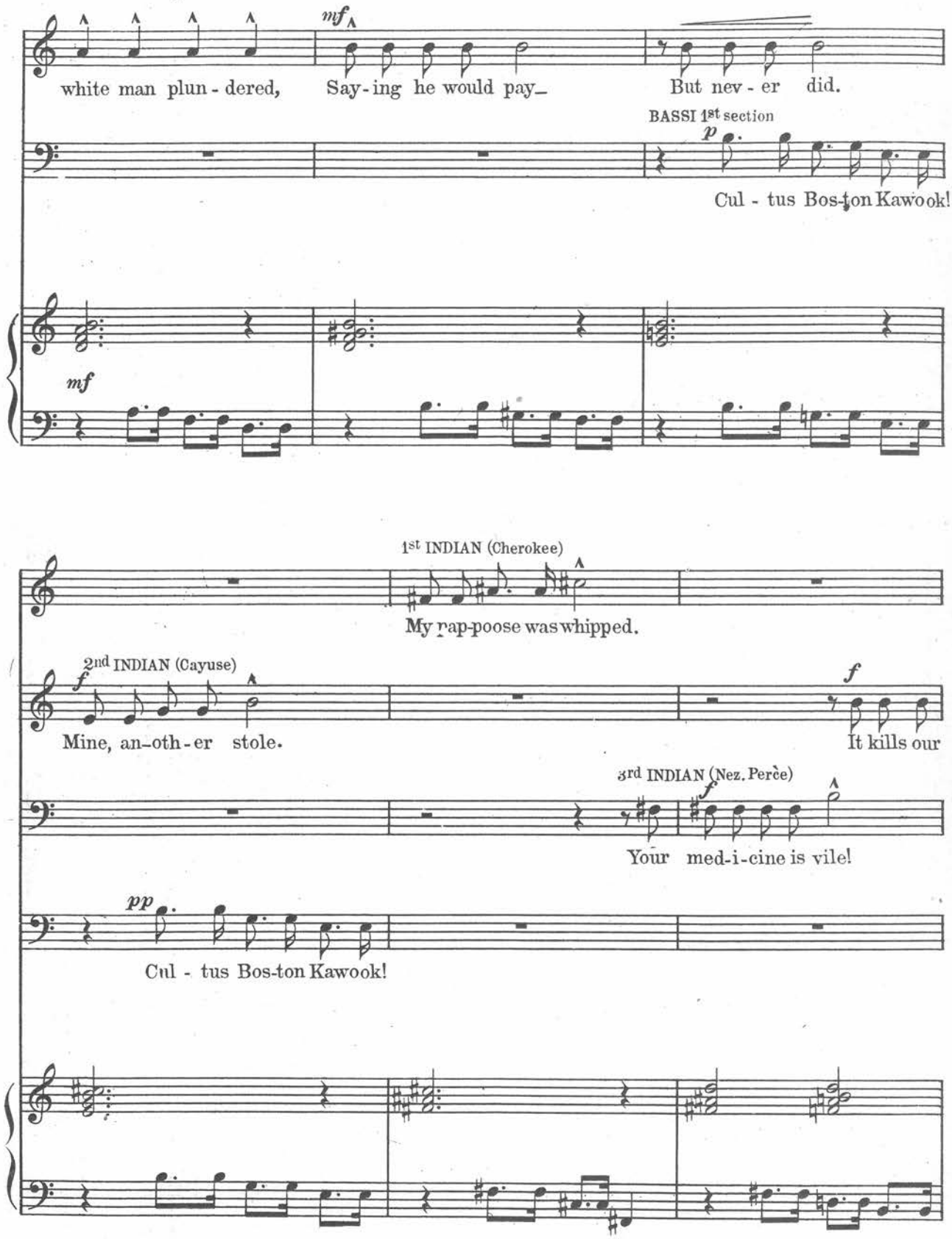

WASKEMA
f
ff
mf
Daugh-ter of the sun o - bey! And to thy Man-i - tou pray loud,
f
ff
mf
mf
f
For he is far from you this day.
mf
f
(Tom Tom)
accel. p
♩=108
8va
mf
(Tom Tom)

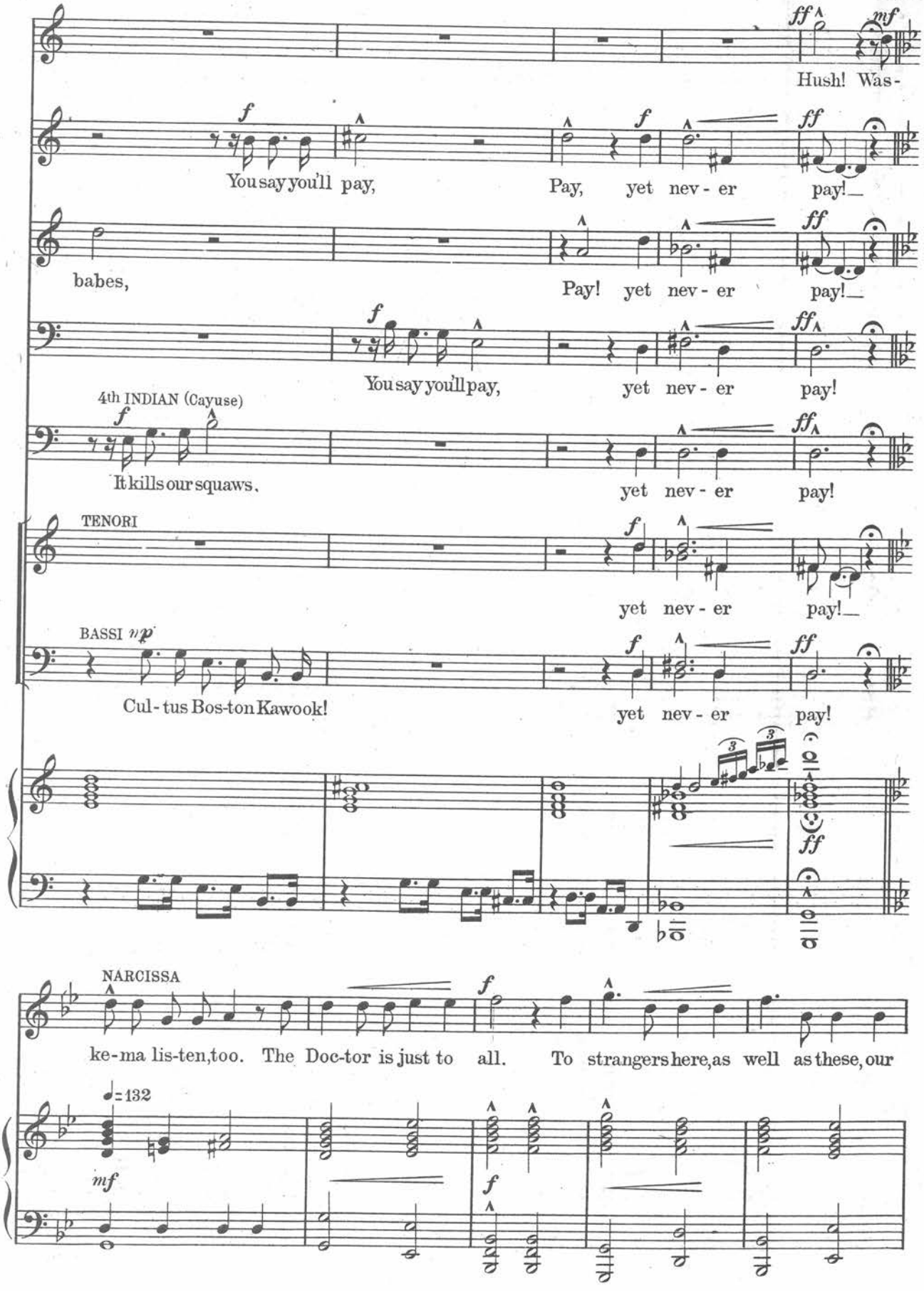
2nd INDIAN SOLO
Enter 2nd INDIAN R.(from road)
Member of 2nd section (Cayuse Indians)
Breathless with haste.

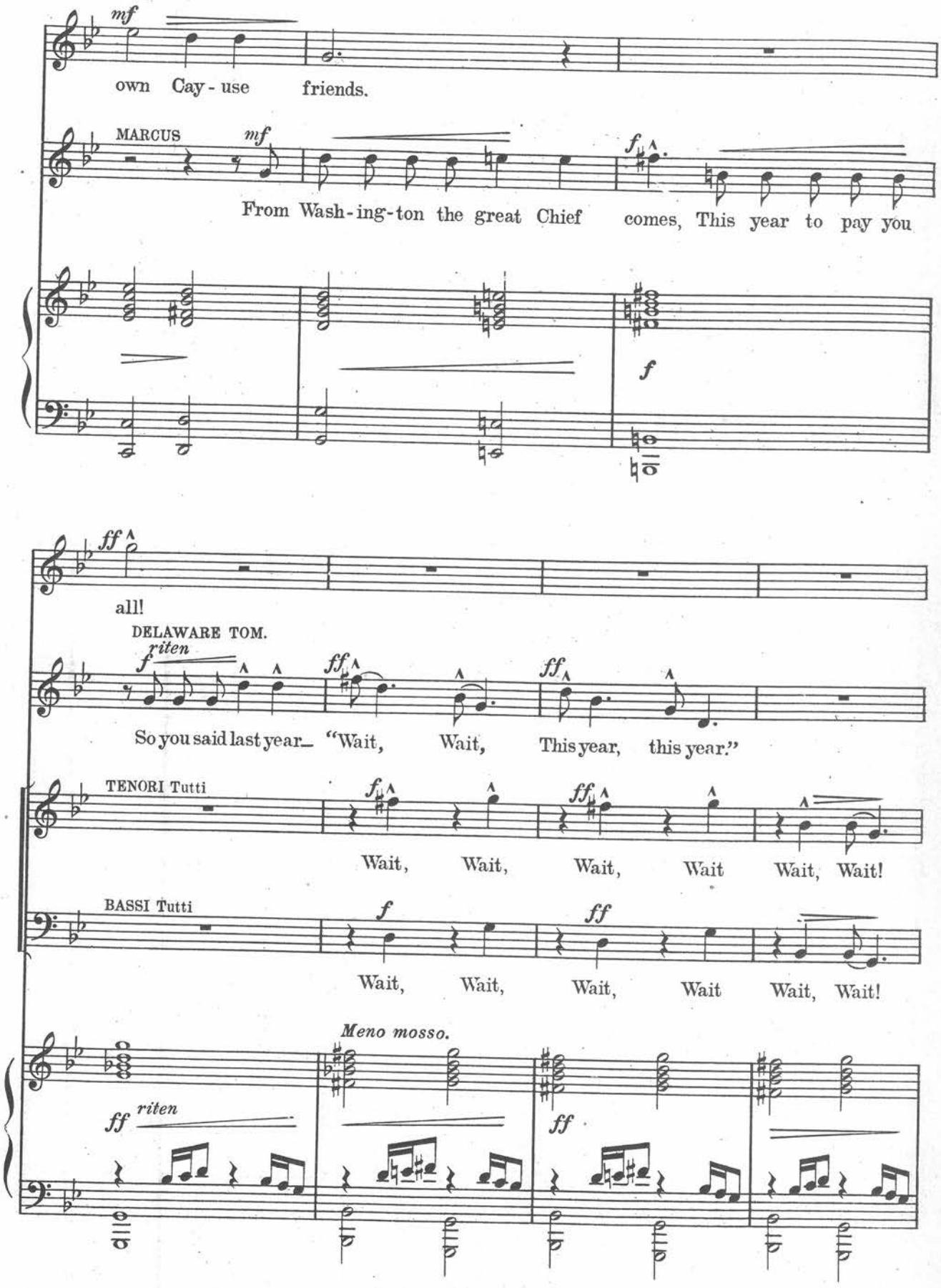


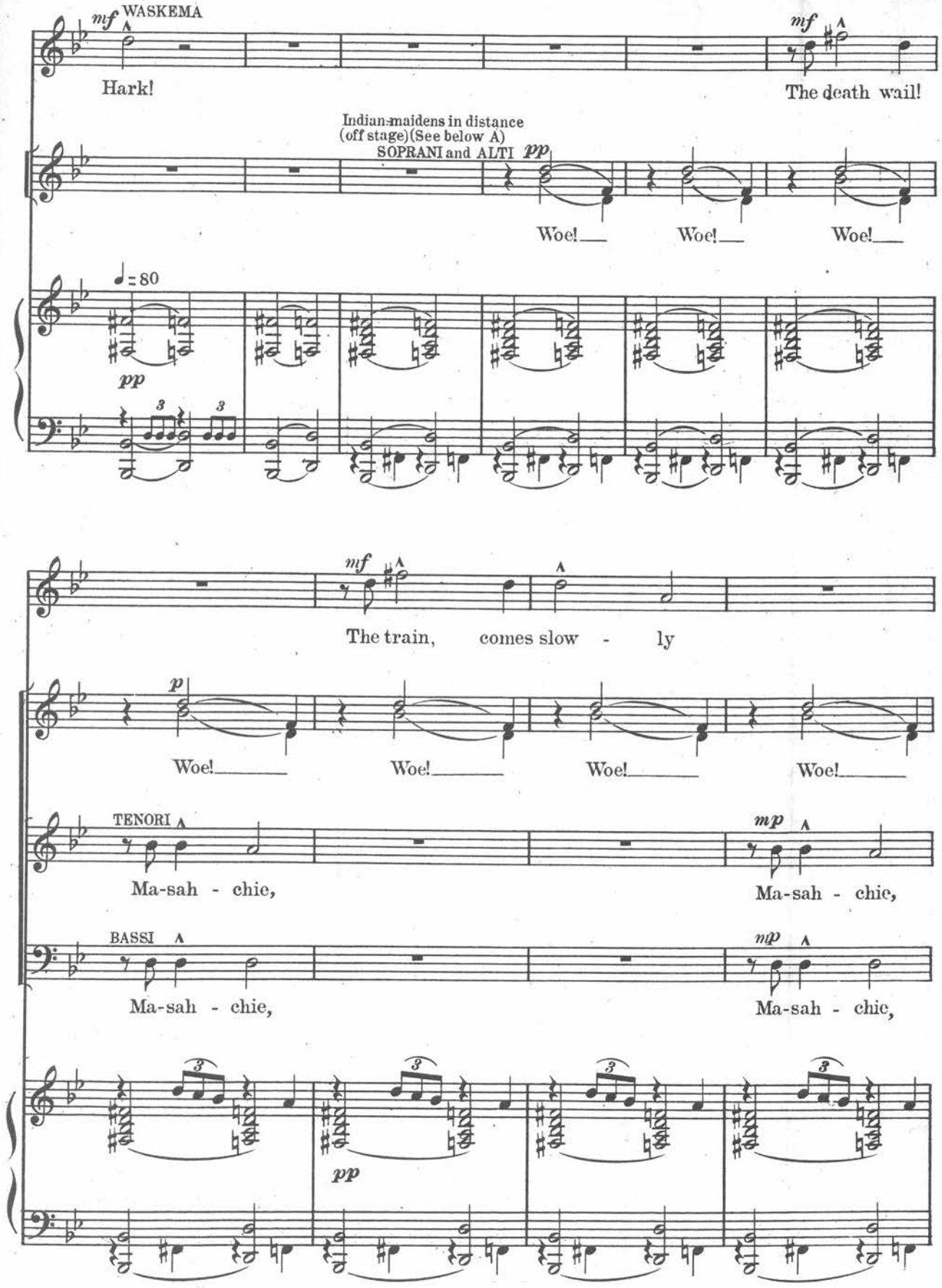

TENORI mf
meno mosso
Was - ke - ma knows
She speaks with spir - its of the
BASSI
meno mosso
mf
Was - ke - ma knows
She speaks with spir - its
mf
NARCISSA f
Hush, be still all of you.
f
dead.
f
of the dead.
f Enter DELAWARE TOM. R. from road.
(pointing toward house)
ff
Dis-turb not those who suf-fer there.
DELAWARE TOM
f
How long, will you, a
f
f


Enter MARCUS, L.L.E. from house.
MARCUS.
What do these
(Contemptuously)
thou-sand braves, Be robbed, by these pale - face - men?
♩=120
stran-gers wish?
What you'll not give!
What you'll nev - er
TENORI
Cul - tus!
BASSI
Cul - tus Bos-ton Kawook,
Cul - tus Bos-ton Kawook,
MARCUS
I will!
All shall be paid!
(pointing to an Indian)
give fair play!
This chief's good landa
cul - tus!
cul - tus!
Cul-tus Bos-ton Kawook, Cul - tus!

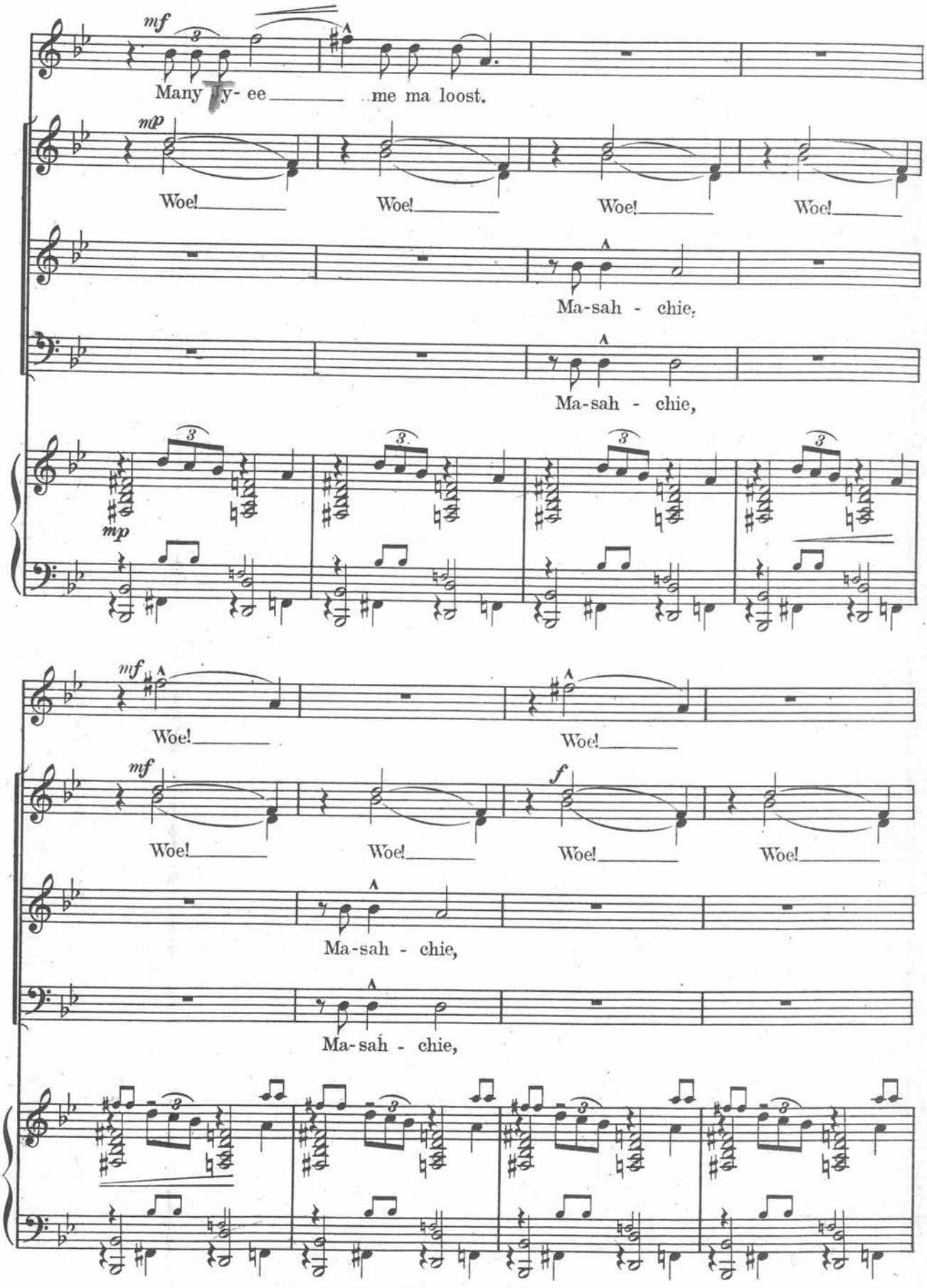

mf
white man plun - dered,
Say - ing he would pay_
But nev - er did.
BASSI 1st section
p
Cul - tus Bos-ton Kawook!
mf
1st INDIAN (Cherokee)
My rap-poose was whipped.
2nd INDIAN (Cayuse)
f
Mine, an-oth - er stole.
f
It kills our
3rd INDIAN (Nez. Perce)
f
Your med-i-cine is vile!
pp
Cul - tus Bos-ton Kawook!


Hush! Was-
You say you'll pay, Pay, yet nev - er pay!
babes, Pay! yet nev - er pay!
You say you'll pay, yet nev - er pay!
4th INDIAN (Cayuse)
It kills our squaws. yet nev - er pay!
TENORI
yet nev - er pay!
BASSI
Cul - tus Bos-ton Kawook! yet nev - er pay!
NARCISSA
ke-ma lis-ten, too. The Doc-tor is just to all. To strangers here, as well as these, our
♩=132

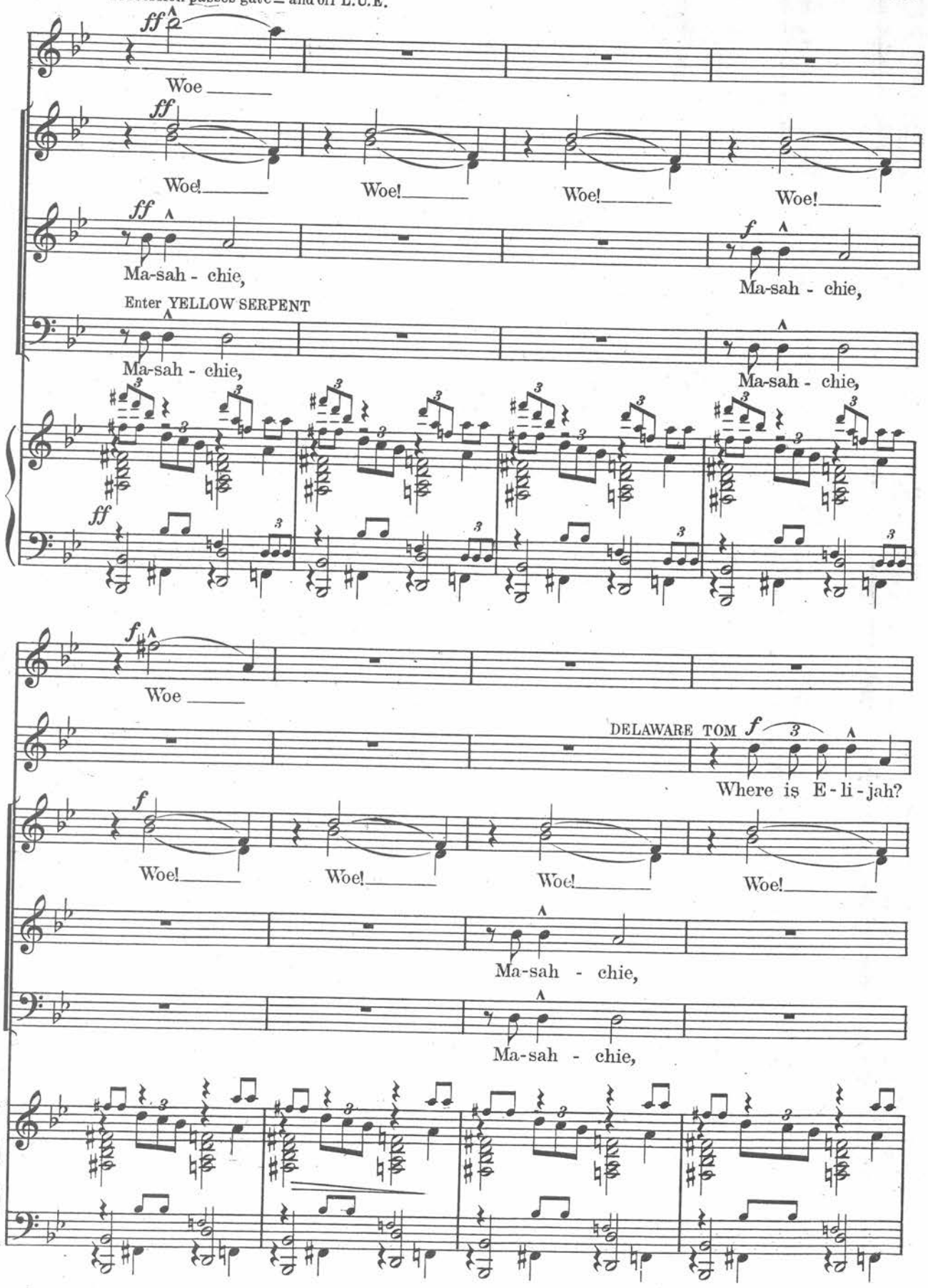

mf
own Cay - use friends.
MARCUS
mf
f
From Wash - ing - ton the great Chief comes, This year to pay you
f
ff
all!
DELAWARE TOM.
f riten
ff
ff
So you said last year_ "Wait, Wait, This year, this year."
TENORI Tutti
f
ff
Wait, Wait, Wait, Wait Wait, Wait!
BASSI Tutti
f
ff
Wait, Wait, Wait, Wait Wait, Wait!
Meno mosso.
ff riten
ff

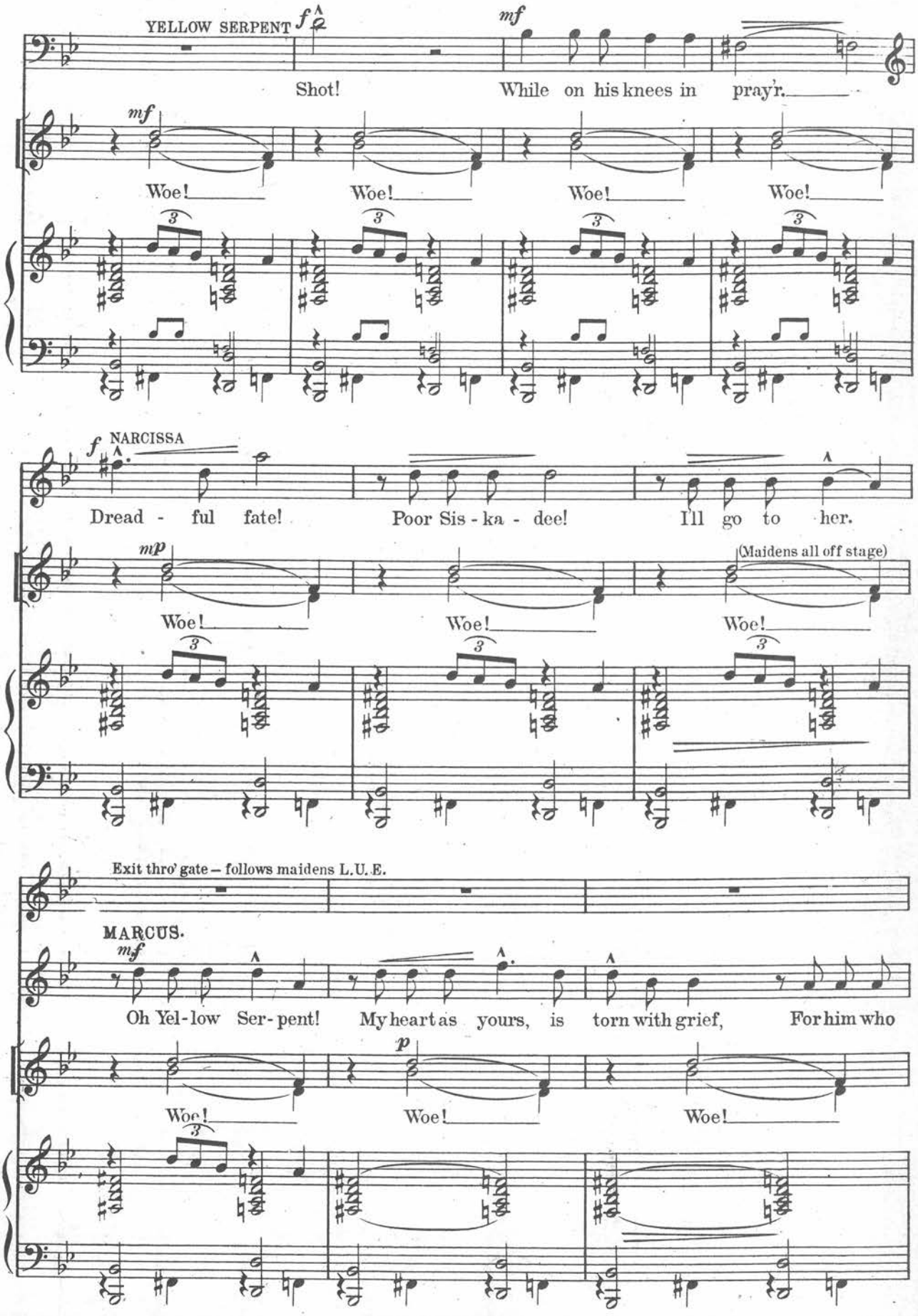


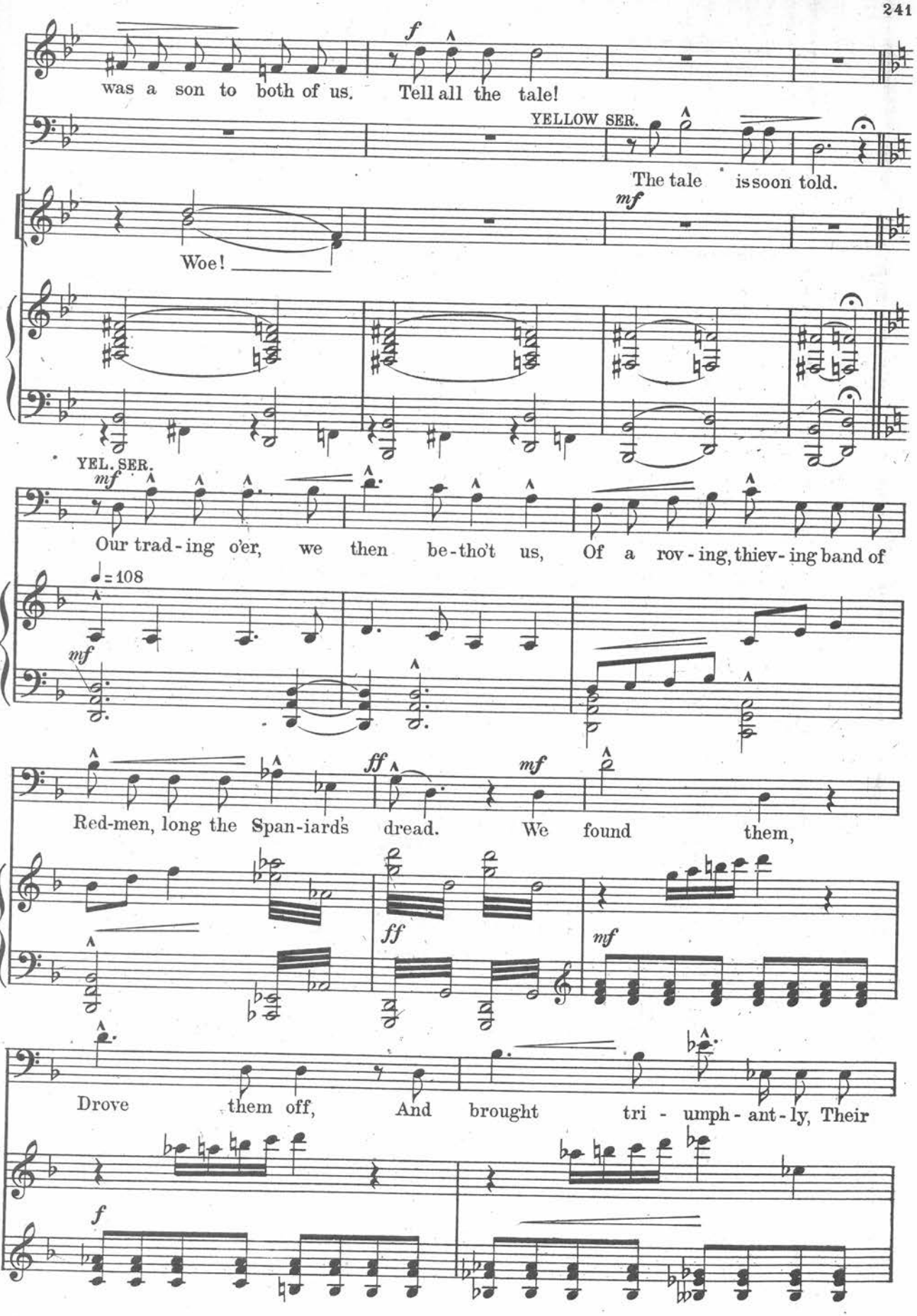
A) The death wail should be sung molto portamento, with pronounced tremolo.

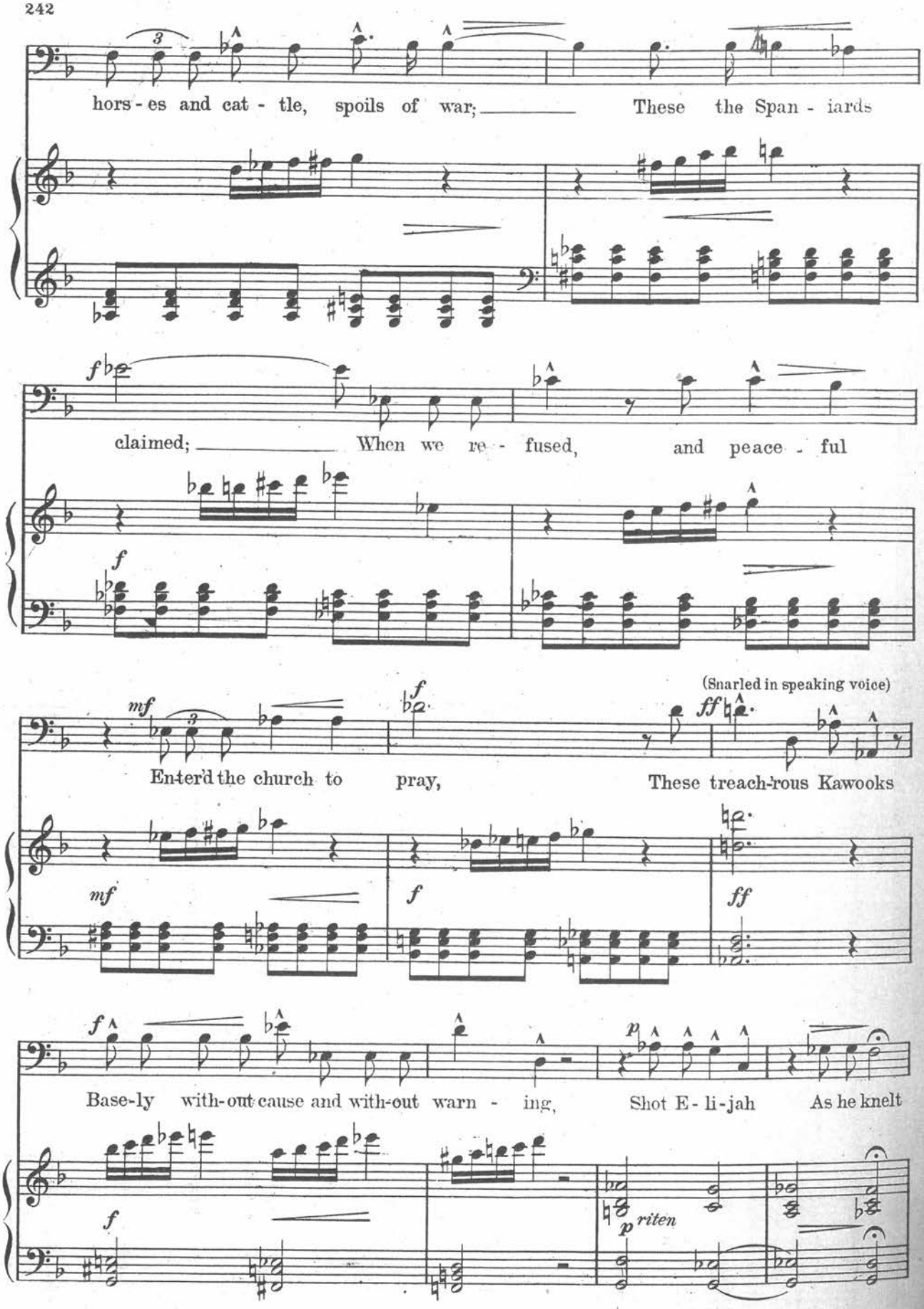

mf
Many ty- ee me ma loost.
mp
Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe!
Ma-sah - chie,
Ma-sah - chie,
mp
mf
Woe! Woe!
mf
f
Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe!
Ma-sah - chie,
Ma-sah - chie,

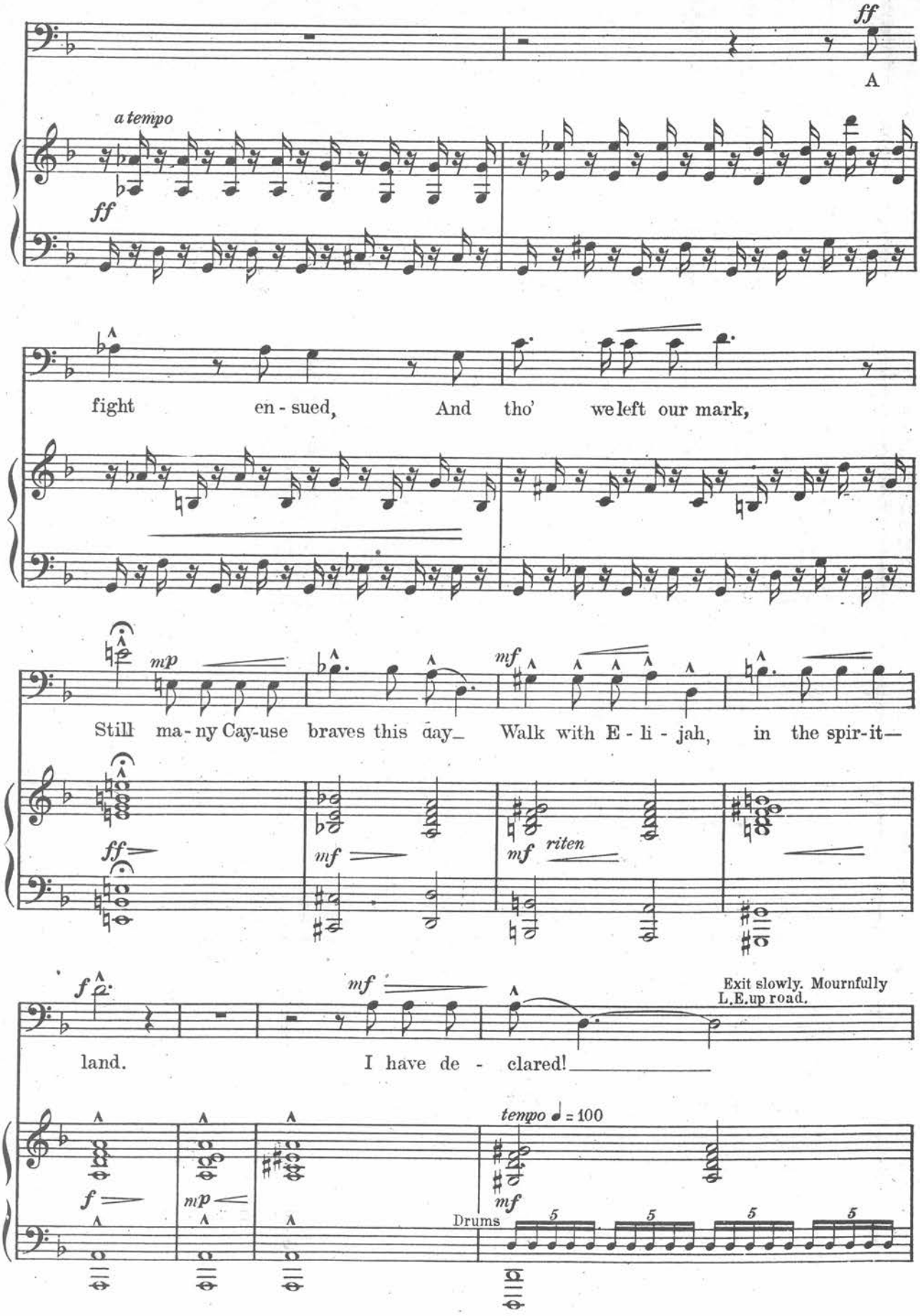
Procession passes gate — and off L.U.E.

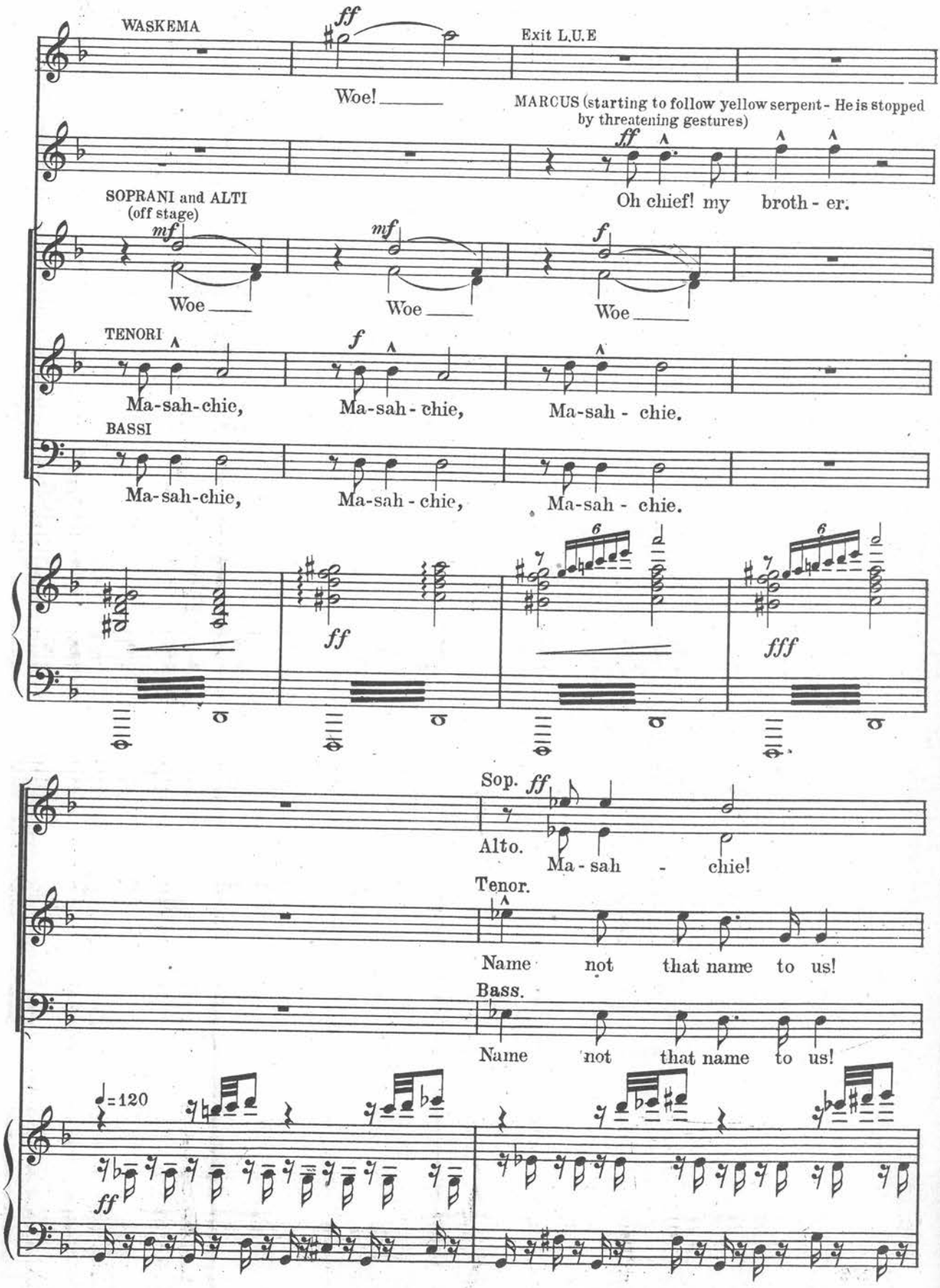


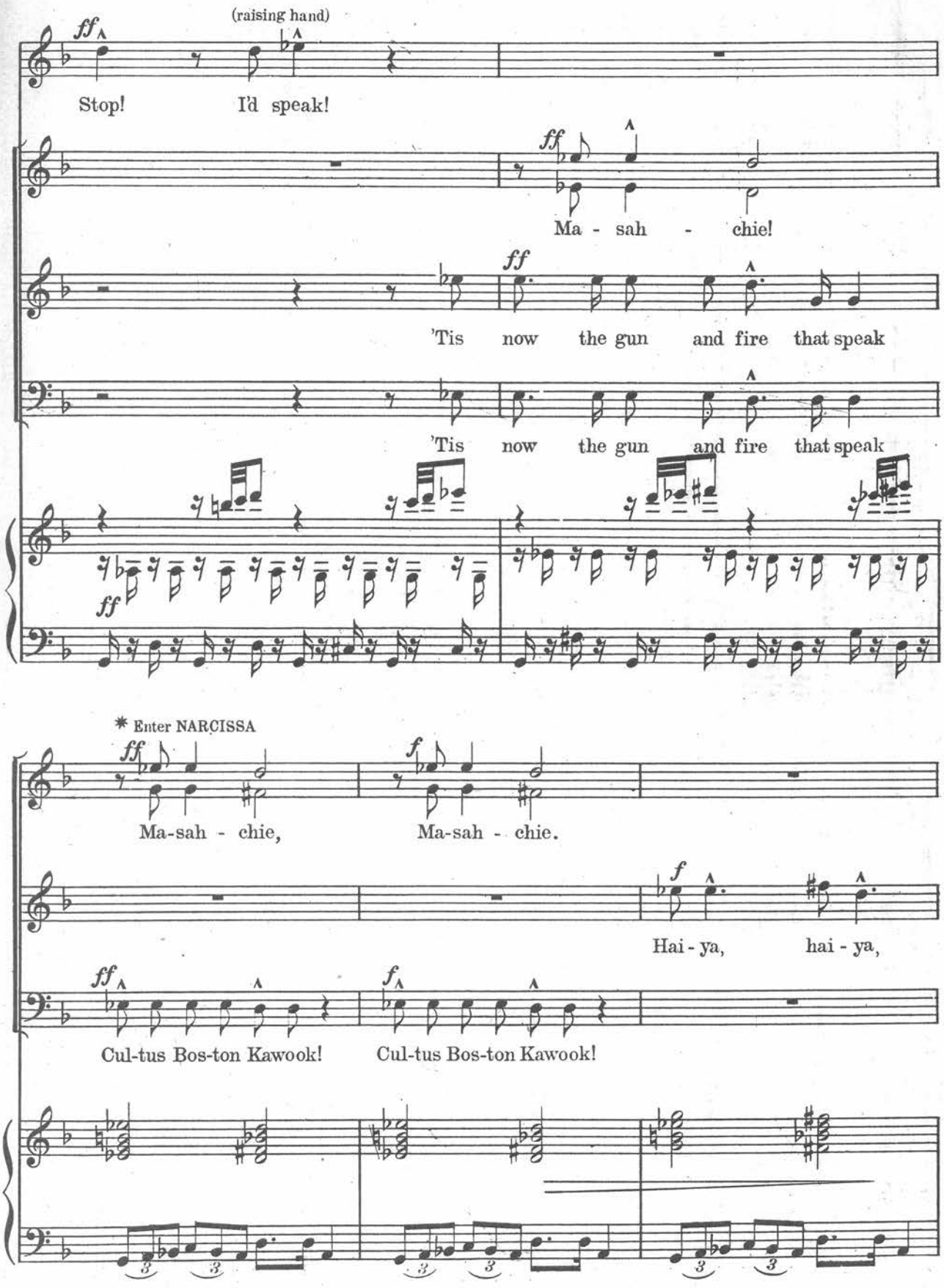

YELLOW SERPENT
Shot!
While on his knees in pray'r.
Woe!
Woe!
Woe!
Woe!
NARCISSA
Dread - ful fate!
Poor Sis - ka - dee!
I'll go to her.
(Maidens all off stage)
Woe!
Woe!
Woe!
Exit thro' gate – follows maidens L.U.E.
MARCUS.
Oh Yel - low Ser - pent!
My heart as yours, is torn with grief,
For him who
Woe!
Woe!
Woe!


was a son to both of us. Tell all the tale!
YELLOW SER.
The tale is soon told.
Woe!
YEL. SER.
Our trad-ing o'er, we then be-tho't us, Of a rov-ing, thiev-ing band of
♩=108
Red-men, long the Span-iards dread. We found them,
Drove them off, And brought tri-umph-ant-ly, Their

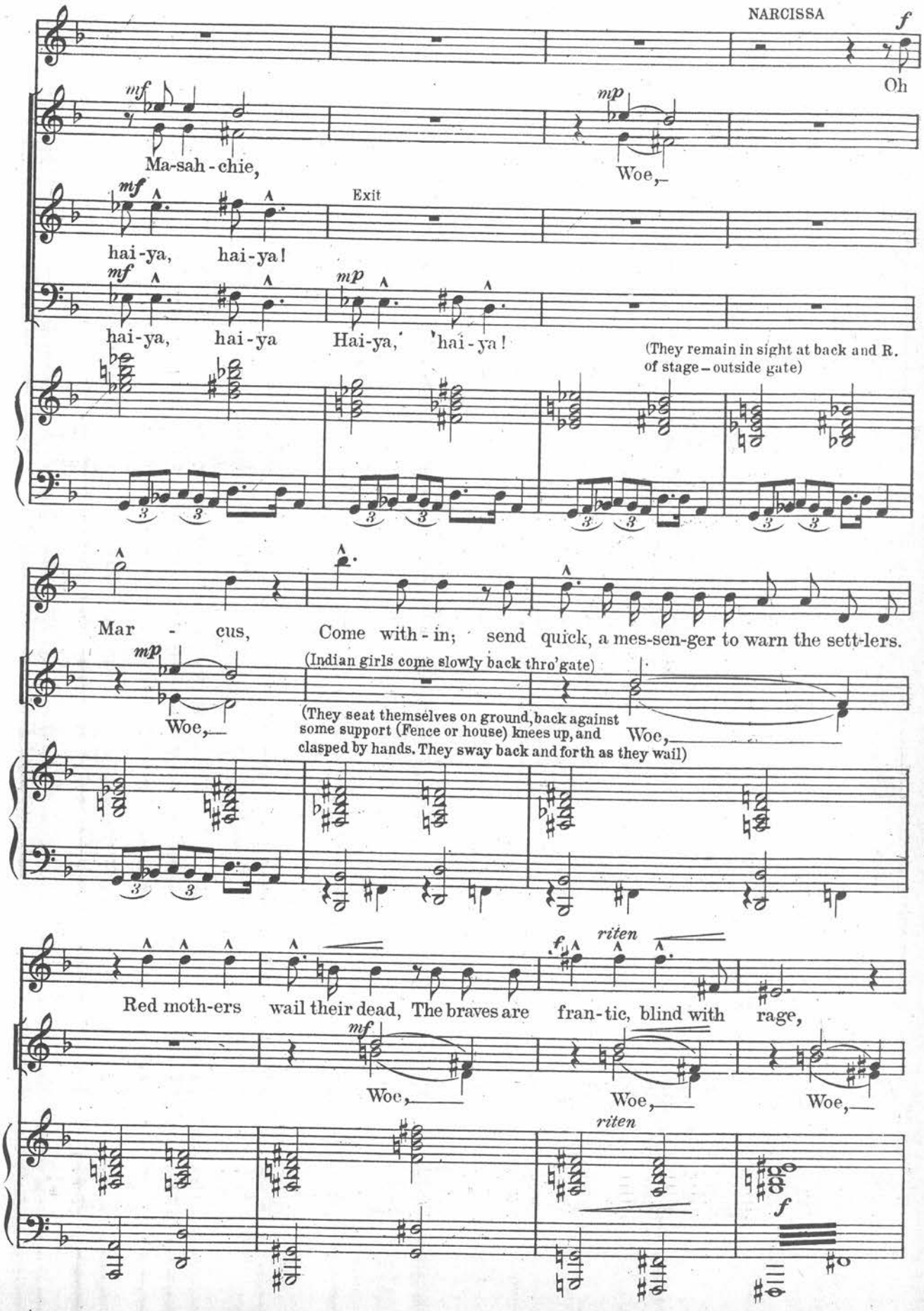

hors - es and cat - tle, spoils of war; These the Span - iards
claimed; When we re - fused, and peace - ful
(Snarled in speaking voice)
En-ter'd the church to pray, These treach-rous Kawooks
Base-ly with-out cause and with-out warn - ing, Shot E - li-jah As he knelt
riten

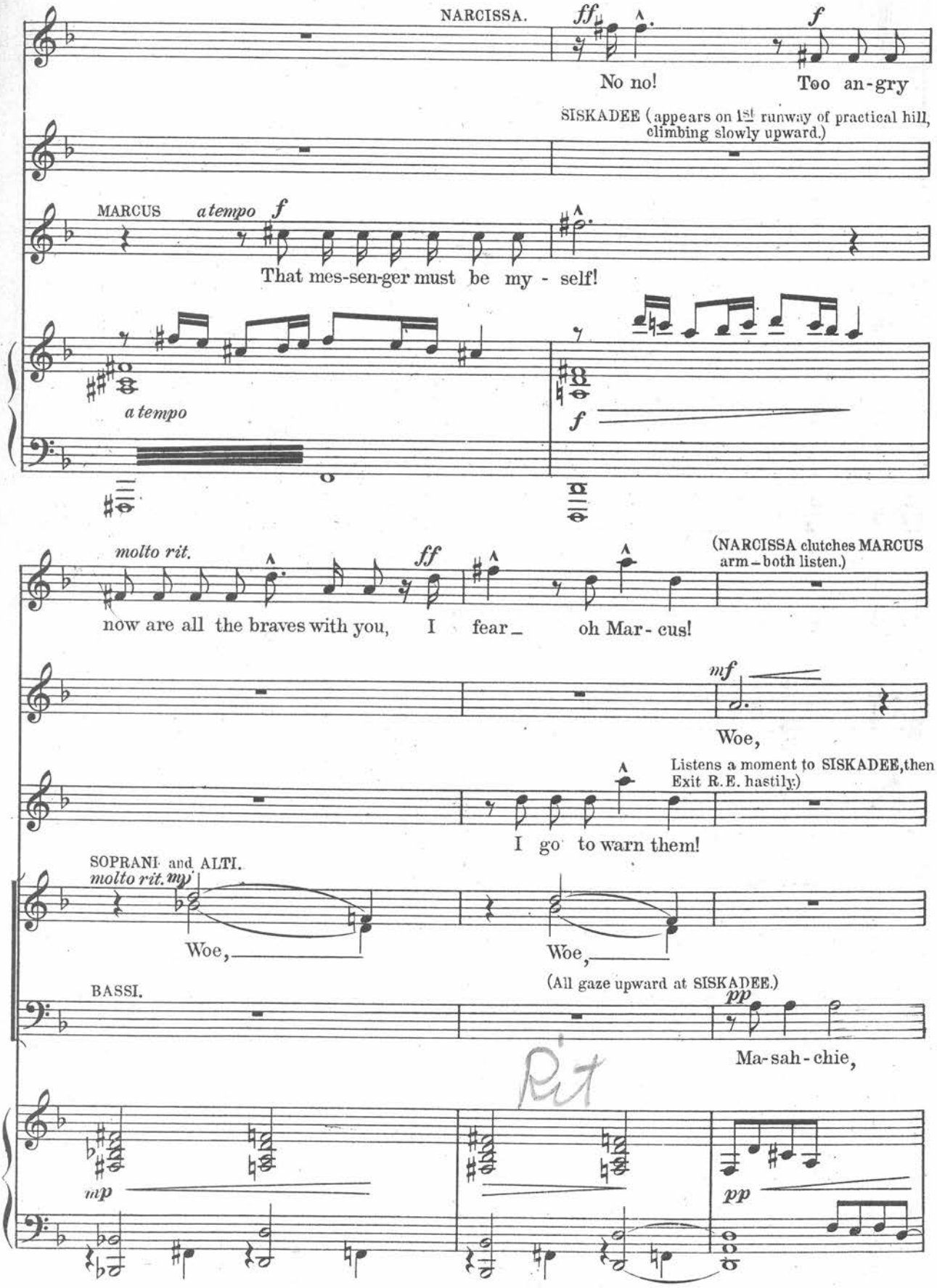

ff
A
a tempo
ff
fight en - sued, And tho' we left our mark,
mp
mf
Still ma - ny Cay-use braves this day— Walk with E - li - jah, in the spir-it—
ff
mf
mf
riten
f
mf
Exit slowly. Mournfully
L.E.up road.
land. I have de - clared!
tempo ♩ = 100
f
mp
mf
Drums
5
5
5
5

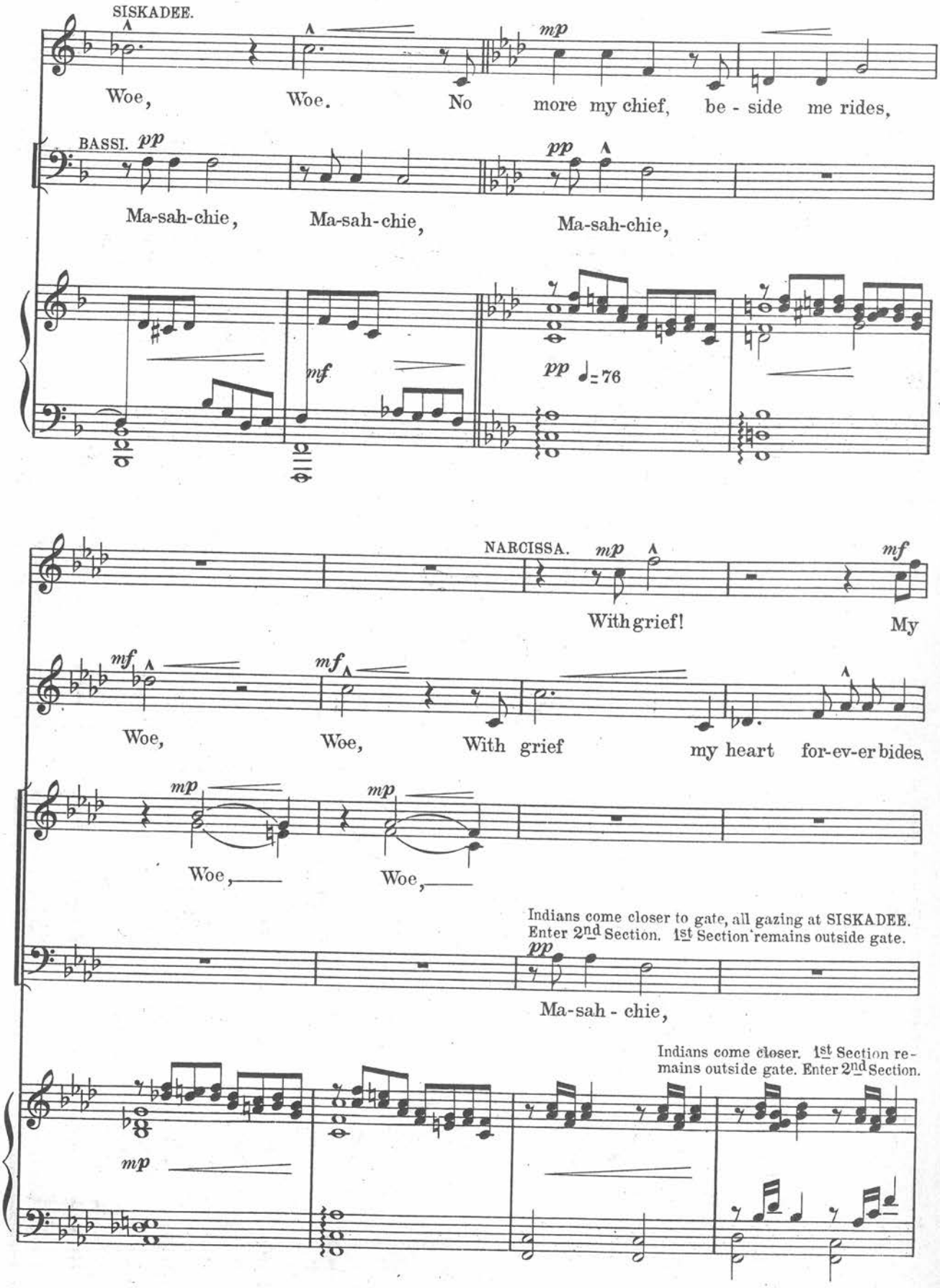

WASKEMA
ff
Exit L.U.E
Woe!
MARCUS (starting to follow yellow serpent - He is stopped by threatening gestures)
ff
Oh chief! my broth - er.
SOPRANI and ALTI (off stage)
mf
Woe
mf
Woe
f
Woe
TENORI
f
Ma-sah-chie,
Ma-sah - chie,
Ma-sah - chie.
BASSI
Ma-sah-chie,
Ma-sah - chie,
Ma-sah - chie.
ff
fff
Sop. ff
Alto.
Ma - sah - chie!
Tenor.
Name not that name to us!
Bass.
Name not that name to us!
♩=120
ff

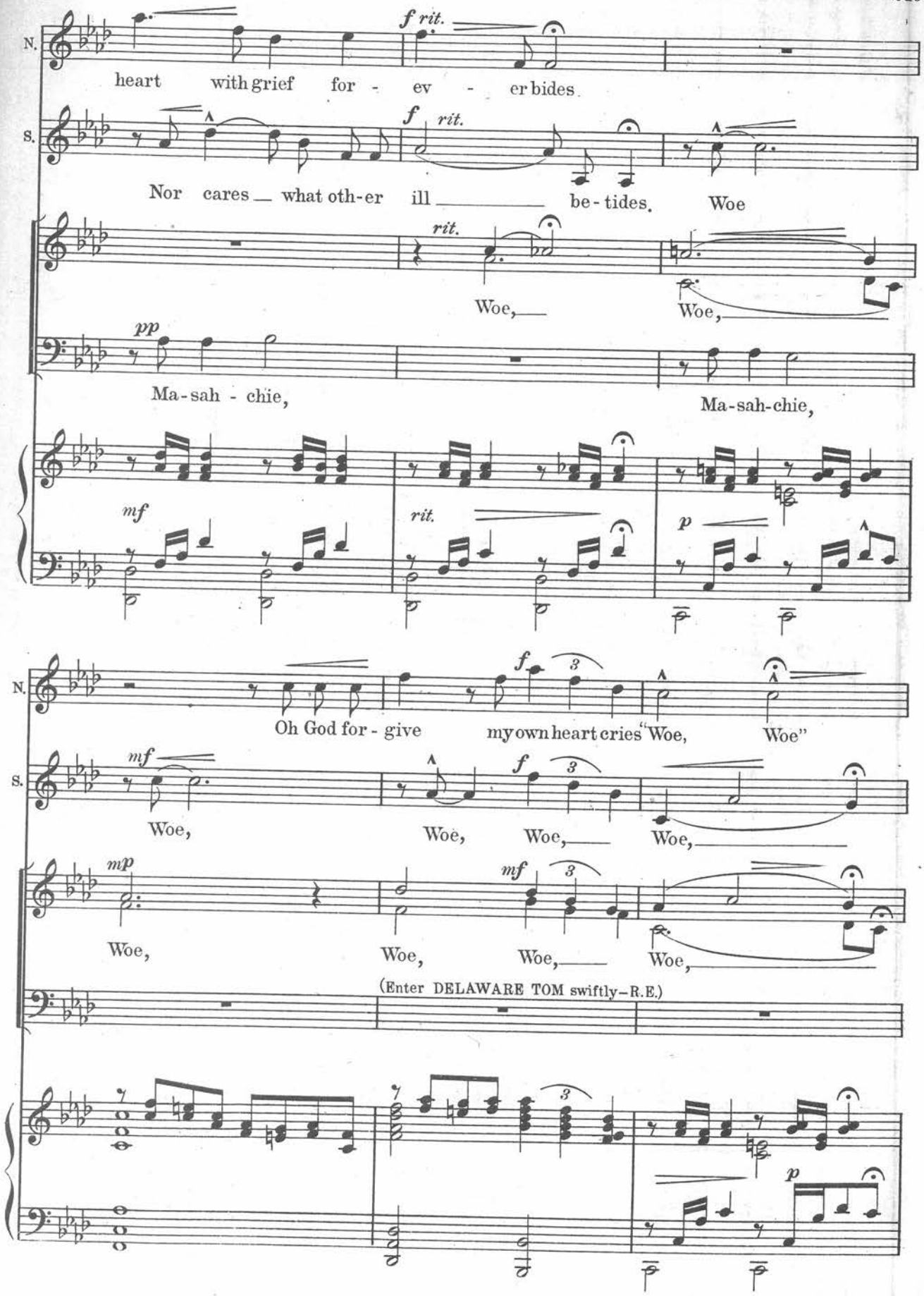


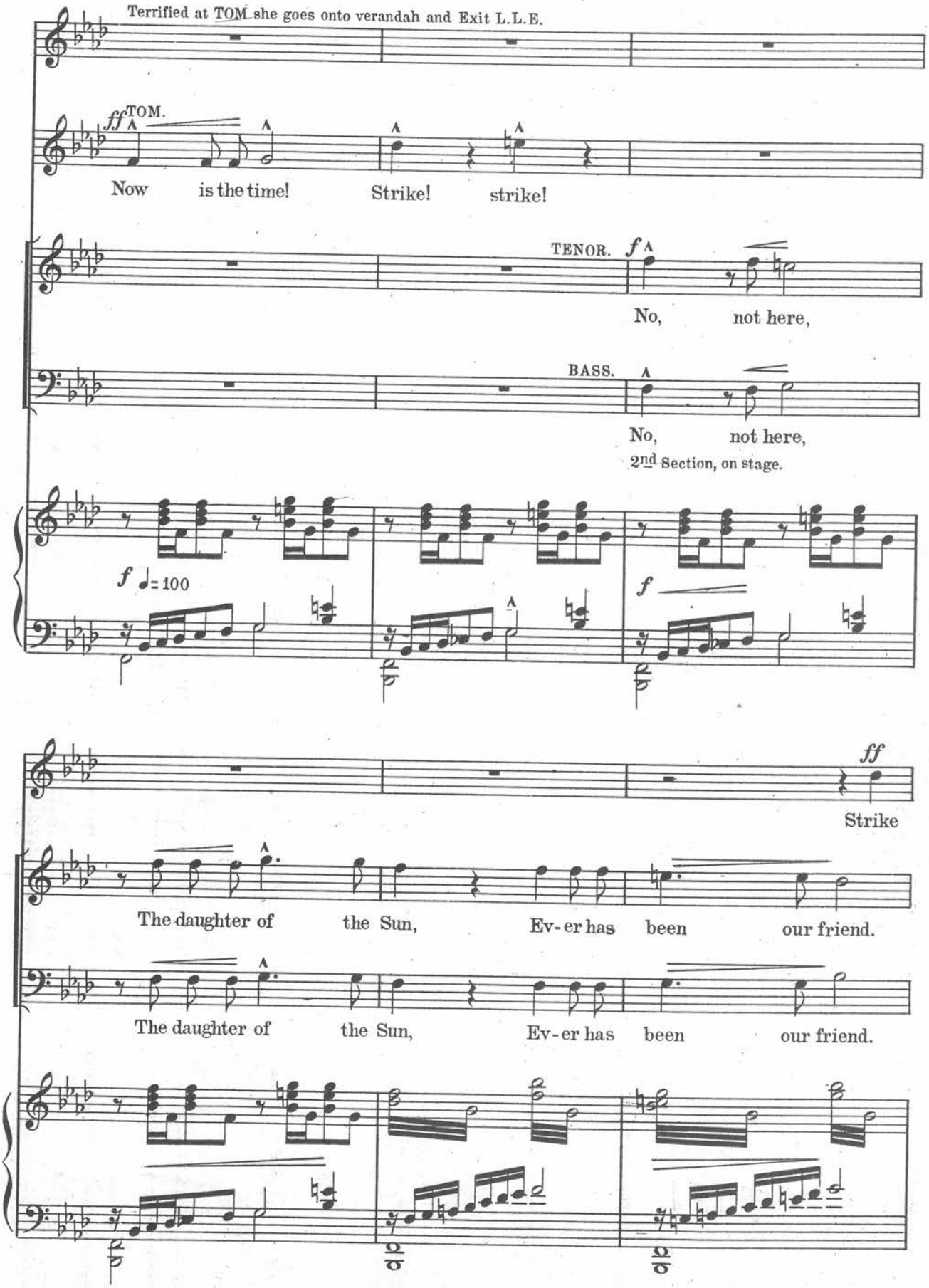
* Indians, seeing NARCISSA, sullenly retire thro' gate and up road, but not out of sight.

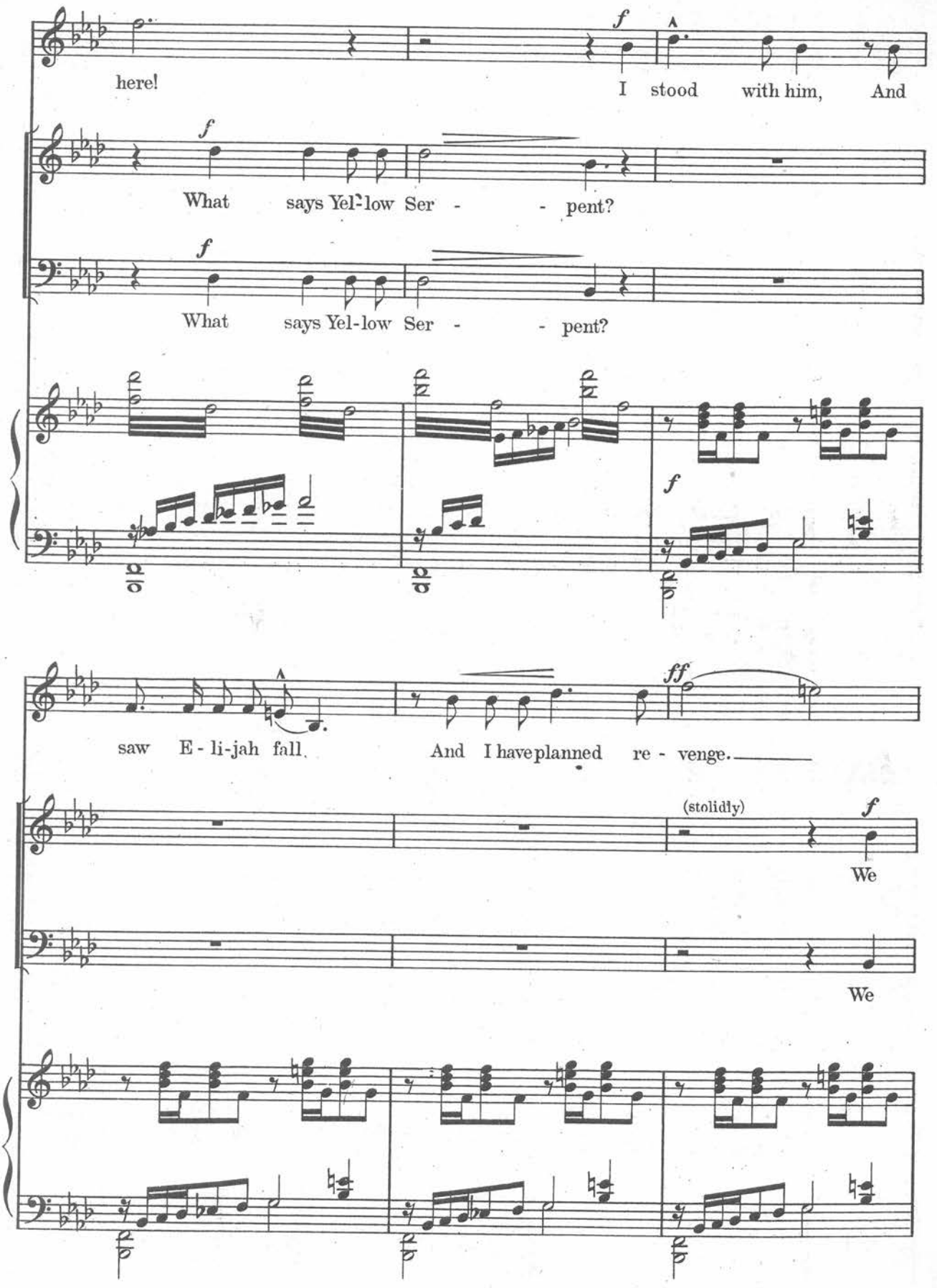

NARCISSA
f
Oh
mf
Ma-sah-chie,
mp
Woe,
mf
Exit
hai-ya, hai-ya!
mf
hai-ya, hai-ya
mp
Hai-ya, hai-ya!
(They remain in sight at back and R. of stage – outside gate)
Mar - cus, Come with-in; send quick, a mes-sen-ger to warn the sett-lers.
mp
Woe,
(Indian girls come slowly back thro'gate)
(They seat themselves on ground, back against some support (Fence or house) knees up, and clasped by hands. They sway back and forth as they wail)
Woe,
Red moth-ers wail their dead, The braves are fran-tic, blind with rage,
f
riten
mf
Woe,
Woe,
Woe,
riten
f

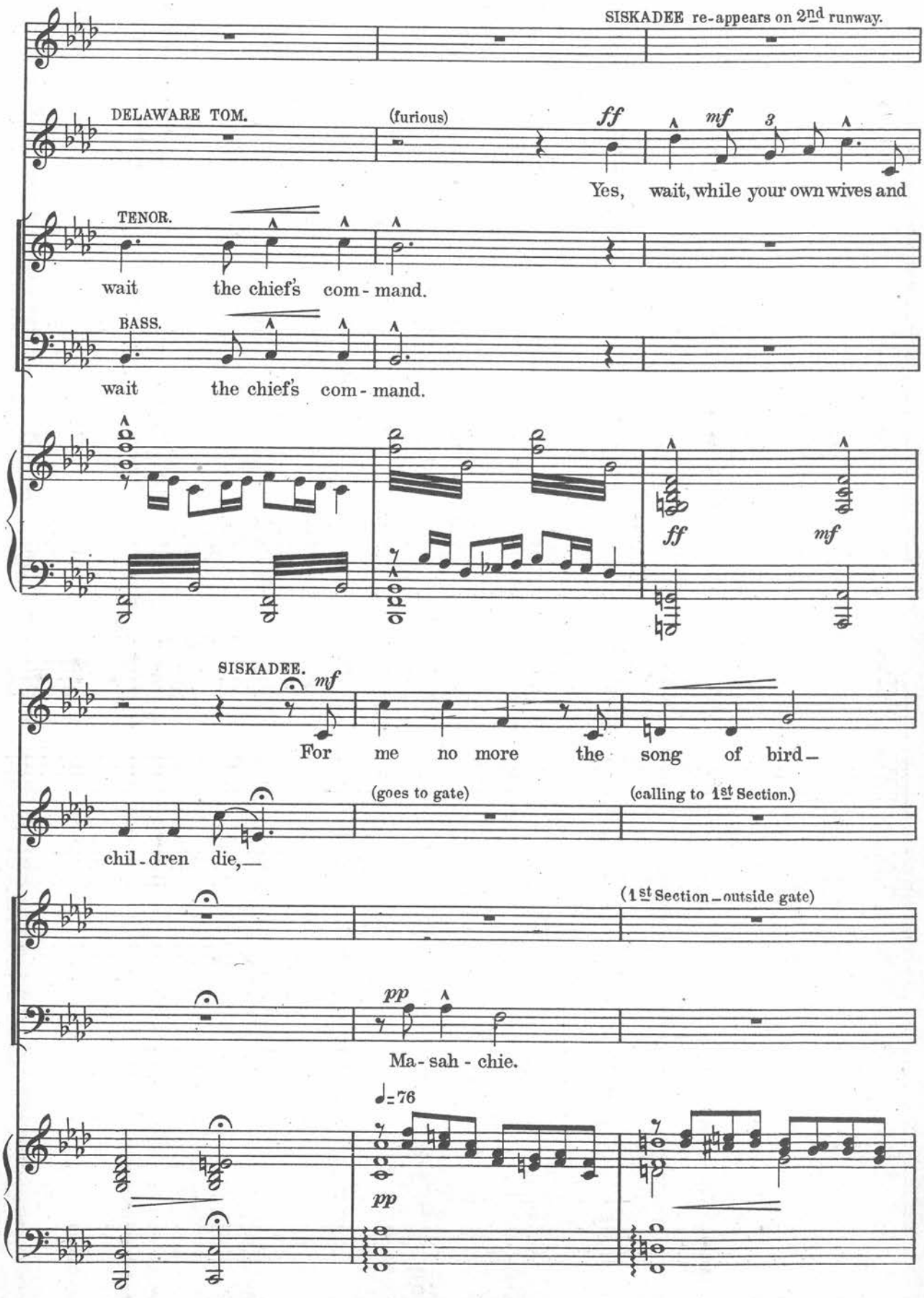

NARCISSA.
ff
f
No no!
Too an-gry
SISKADEE (appears on 1st runway of practical hill, climbing slowly upward.)
MARCUS
a tempo
f
That mes-sen-ger must be my - self!
a tempo
f
molto rit.
ff
(NARCISSA clutches MARCUS arm – both listen.)
now are all the braves with you, I fear – oh Mar - cus!
mf
Woe,
Listens a moment to SISKADEE, then Exit R.E. hastily.)
I go to warn them!
SOPRANI and ALTI.
molto rit.
Woe, Woe,
BASSI.
(All gaze upward at SISKADEE.)
pp
Ma-sah-chie,
Rit
mp
pp

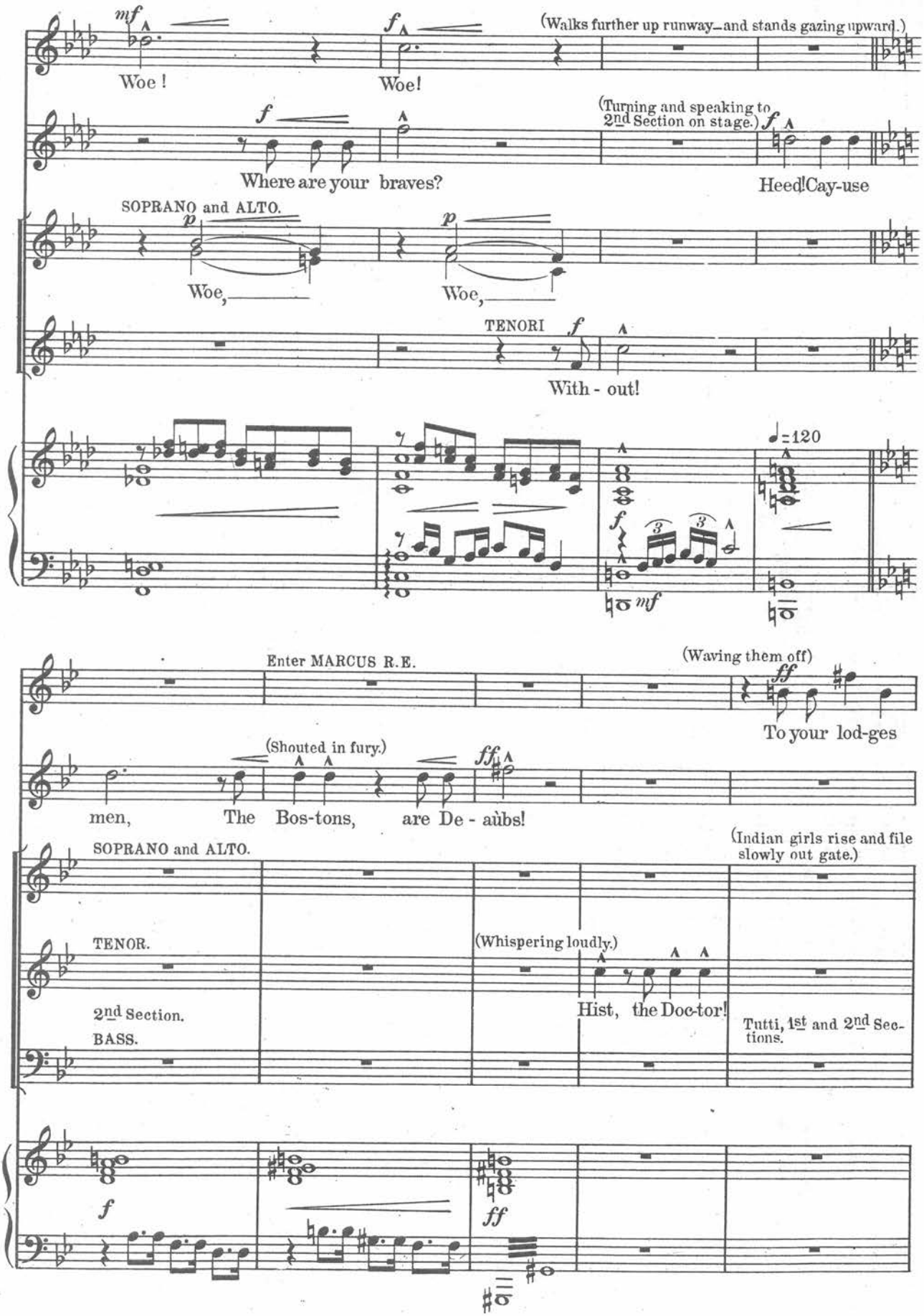

SISKADEE.
Woe, Woe. No more my chief, be - side me rides,
BASSI. pp
Ma-sah-chie, Ma-sah-chie, Ma-sah-chie,
mf
pp ♩= 76
NARCISSA. mp
mf
With grief! My
mf
mf
Woe, Woe, With grief my heart for-ev-er bides.
mp
mp
Woe, Woe,
Indians come closer to gate, all gazing at SISKADEE.
Enter 2nd Section. 1st Section remains outside gate.
pp
Ma-sah - chie,
Indians come closer. 1st Section re-
mains outside gate. Enter 2nd Section.
mp

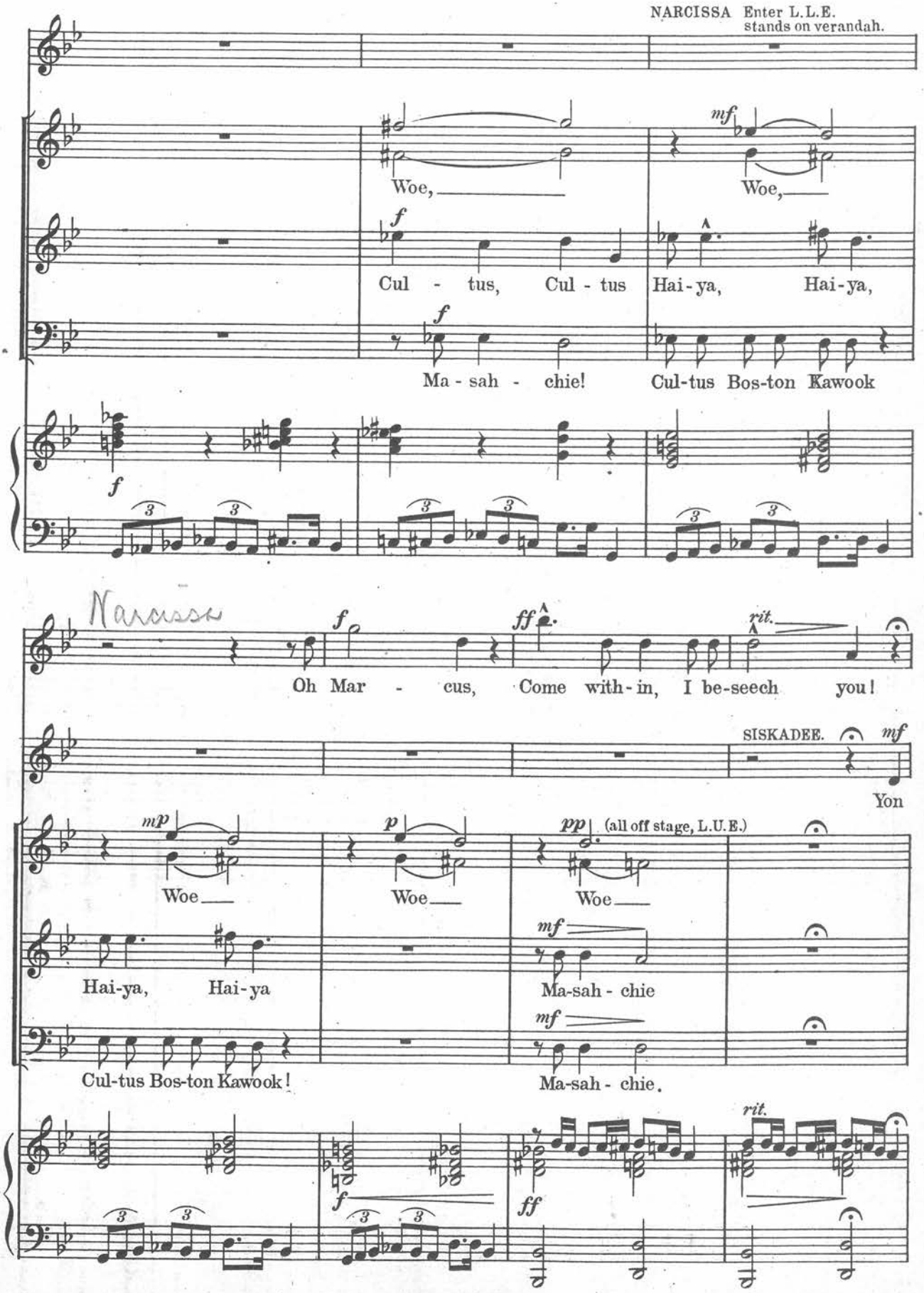

N.
heart with grief for - ev - er bides
f rit.
S.
Nor cares what oth-er ill be-tides. Woe
f rit.
rit.
Woe, Woe,
pp
Ma-sah - chie, Ma-sah-chie,
mf
rit.
p
N.
Oh God for - give my own heart cries "Woe, Woe"
f
S.
mf
Woe, Woe, Woe, Woe,
f
mp
Woe, Woe, Woe, Woe,
mf
(Enter DELAWARE TOM swiftly—R.E.)
p

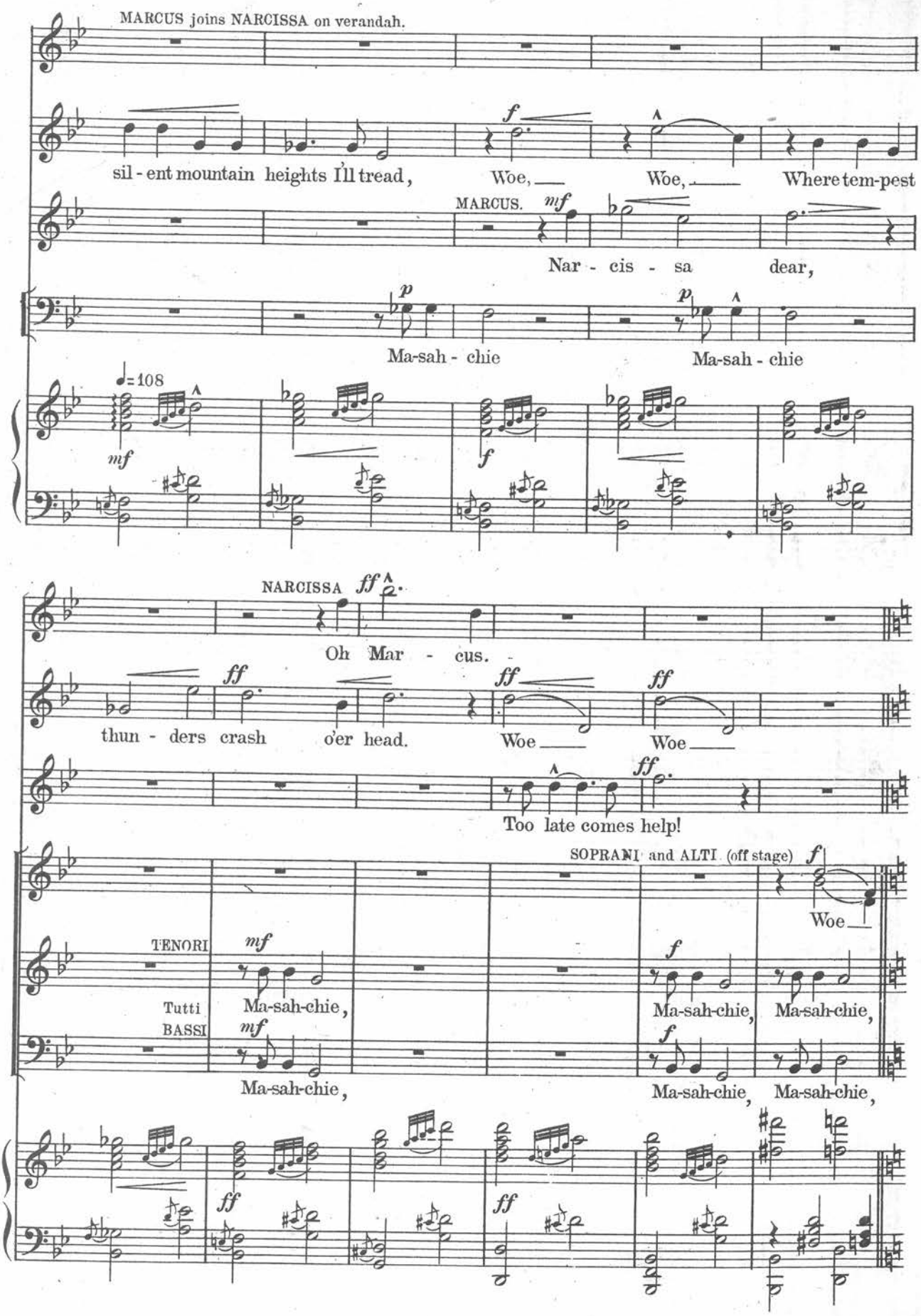

Terrified at TOM she goes onto verandah and Exit L.L.E.
ff TOM.
Now is the time! Strike! strike!
TENOR. f
No, not here,
BASS.
No, not here,
2nd Section, on stage.
f ♩= 100
f
ff
Strike
The daughter of the Sun, Ev-er has been our friend.
The daughter of the Sun, Ev-er has been our friend.


here!
I stood with him, And
What says Yel-low Ser - - pent?
What says Yel-low Ser - - pent?
saw E - li-jah fall.
And I have planned re - venge.
(stolidly)
We
We

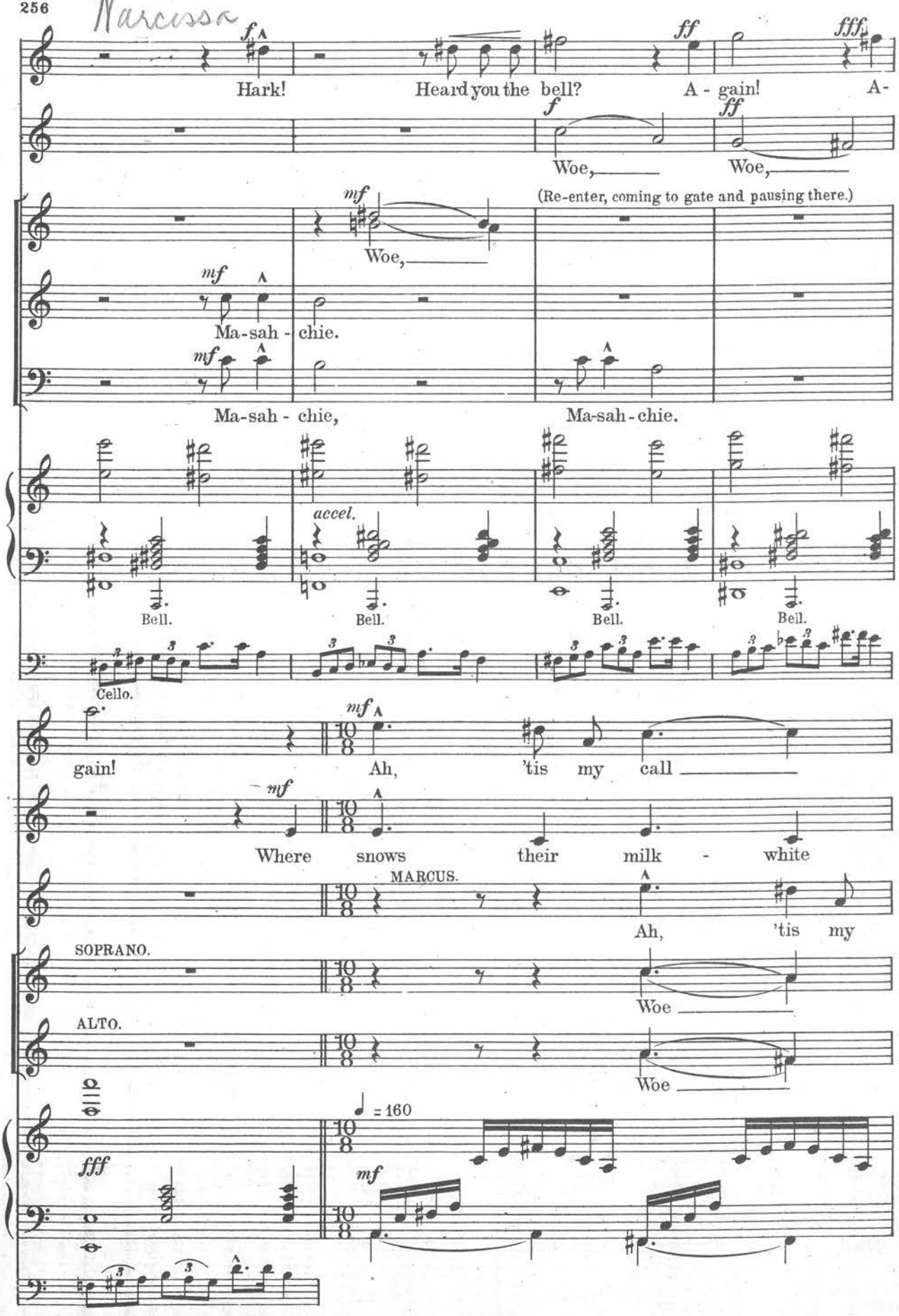

SISKADEE re-appears on 2nd runway.
DELAWARE TOM.
(furious)
ff
mf
3
Yes, wait, while your own wives and
TENOR.
wait the chief's com - mand.
BASS.
wait the chief's com - mand.
ff
mf
SISKADEE.
mf
For me no more the song of bird –
(goes to gate)
(calling to 1st Section.)
chil - dren die, –
(1st Section – outside gate)
pp
Ma - sah - chie.
♩=76
pp

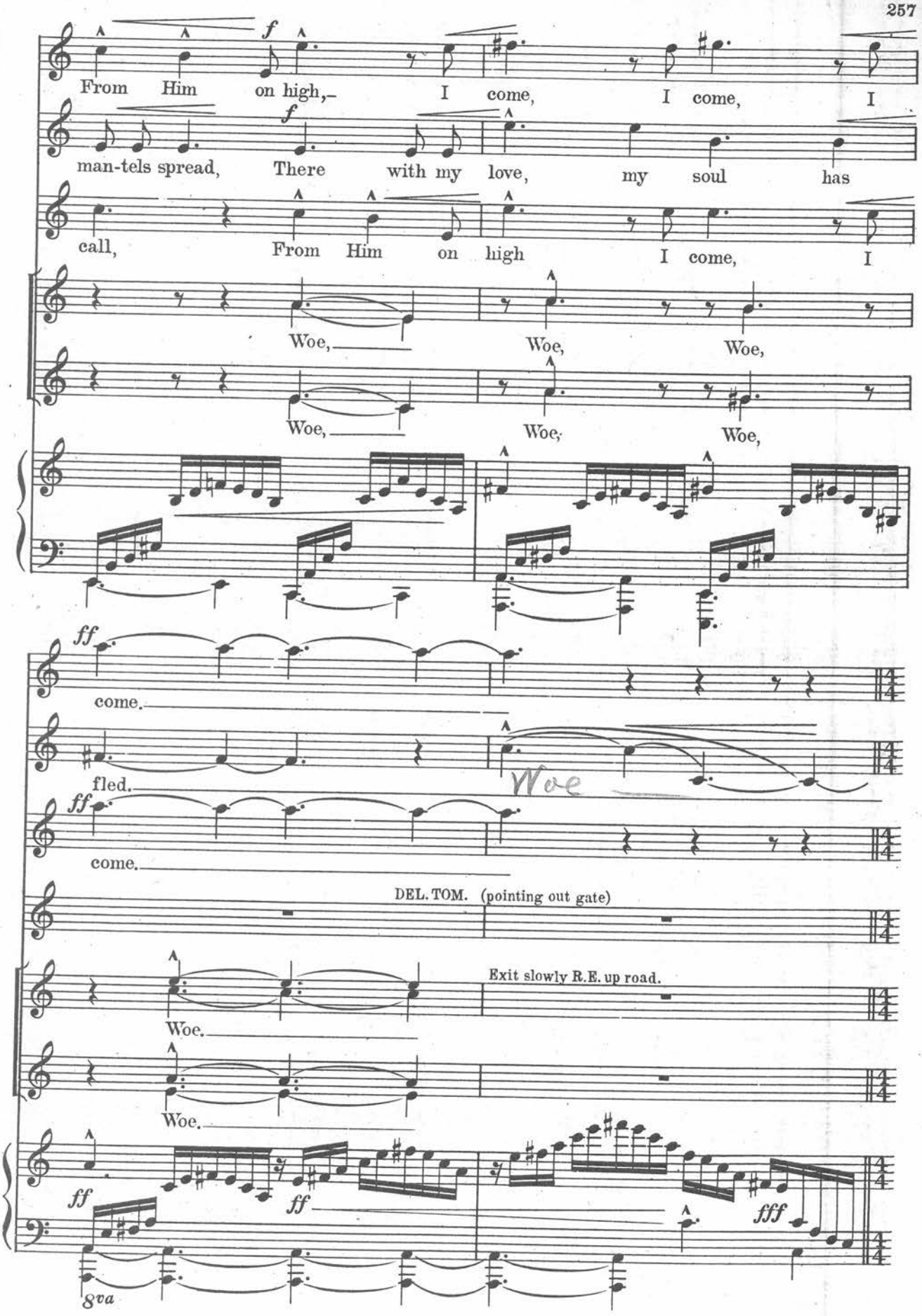

mf
Woe !
f
Woe!
(Walks further up runway—and stands gazing upward.)
f
Where are your braves?
(Turning and speaking to 2nd Section on stage.)
f
Heed!Cay-use
SOPRANO and ALTO.
p
Woe,
p
Woe,
TENORI
f
With - out!
♩=120
f
mf
Enter MARCUS R.E.
(Waving them off)
ff
To your lod-ges
men,
(Shouted in fury.)
The Bos-tons,
ff
are De - aubs!
SOPRANO and ALTO.
(Indian girls rise and file slowly out gate.)
TENOR.
(Whispering loudly.)
Hist, the Doc-tor!
2nd Section.
BASS.
Tutti, 1st and 2nd Sections.
f
ff

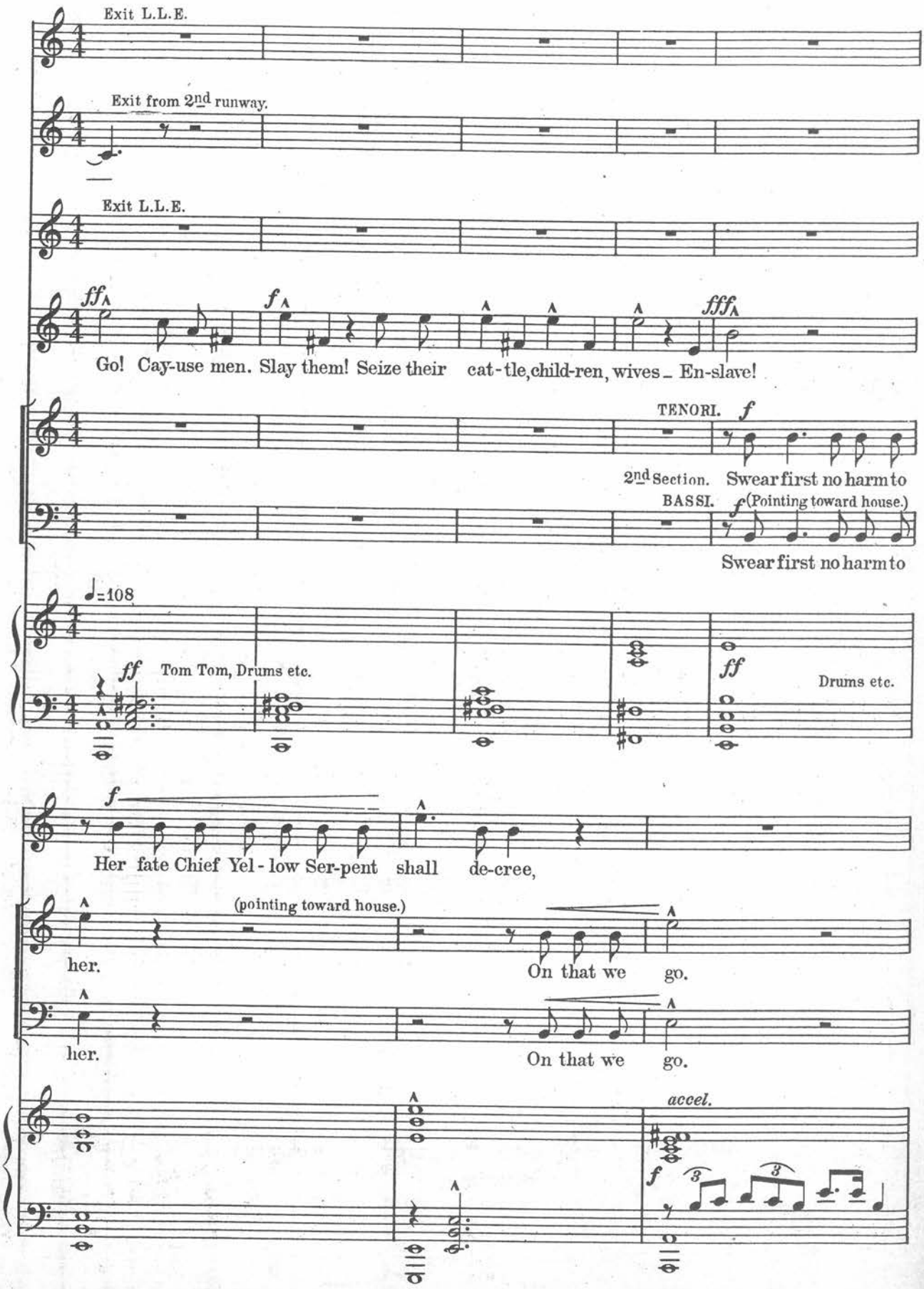

NARCISSA Enter L.L.E.
stands on verandah.
Woe,
Woe,
Cul - tus, Cul - tus
Hai-ya, Hai-ya,
Ma - sah - chie!
Cul-tus Bos-ton Kawook
Narcissa
Oh Mar - cus, Come with-in, I be-seech you!
SISKADEE.
Yon
(all off stage, L.U.E.)
Woe
Woe
Woe
Hai-ya, Hai-ya
Ma-sah - chie
Cul-tus Bos-ton Kawook!
Ma-sah - chie.

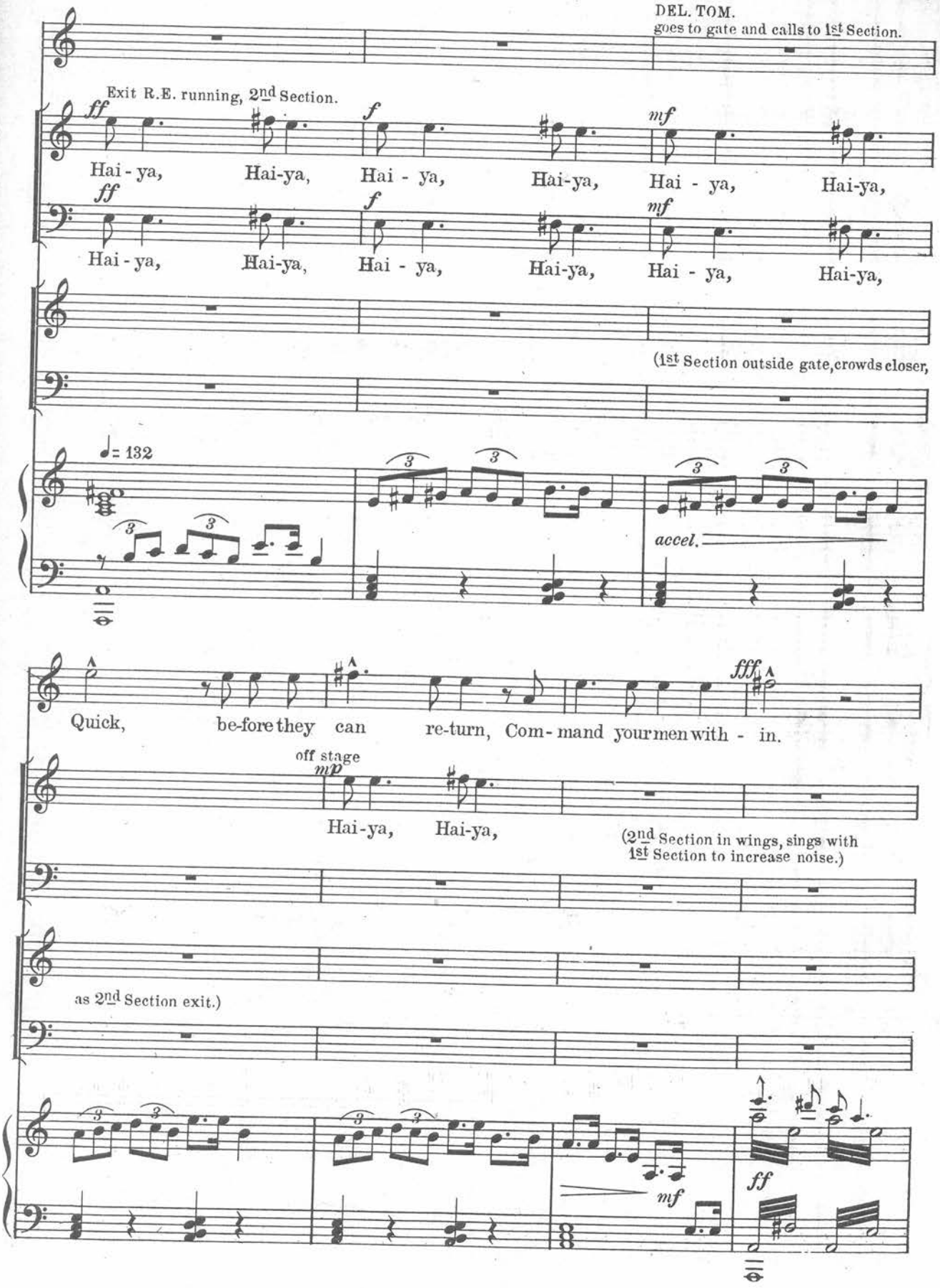

MARCUS joins NARCISSA on verandah.
sil - ent mountain heights I'll tread,
Woe, Woe, Where tem-pest
MARCUS.
Nar - cis - sa dear,
Ma-sah - chie
Ma-sah - chie
♩=108
NARCISSA
Oh Mar - cus.
thun - ders crash o'er head.
Woe Woe
Too late comes help!
SOPRANI and ALTI (off stage)
Woe
TENORI
Tutti
BASSI
Ma-sah-chie,
Ma-sah-chie,
Ma-sah-chie,
Ma-sah-chie,
Ma-sah-chie,
Ma-sah-chie,

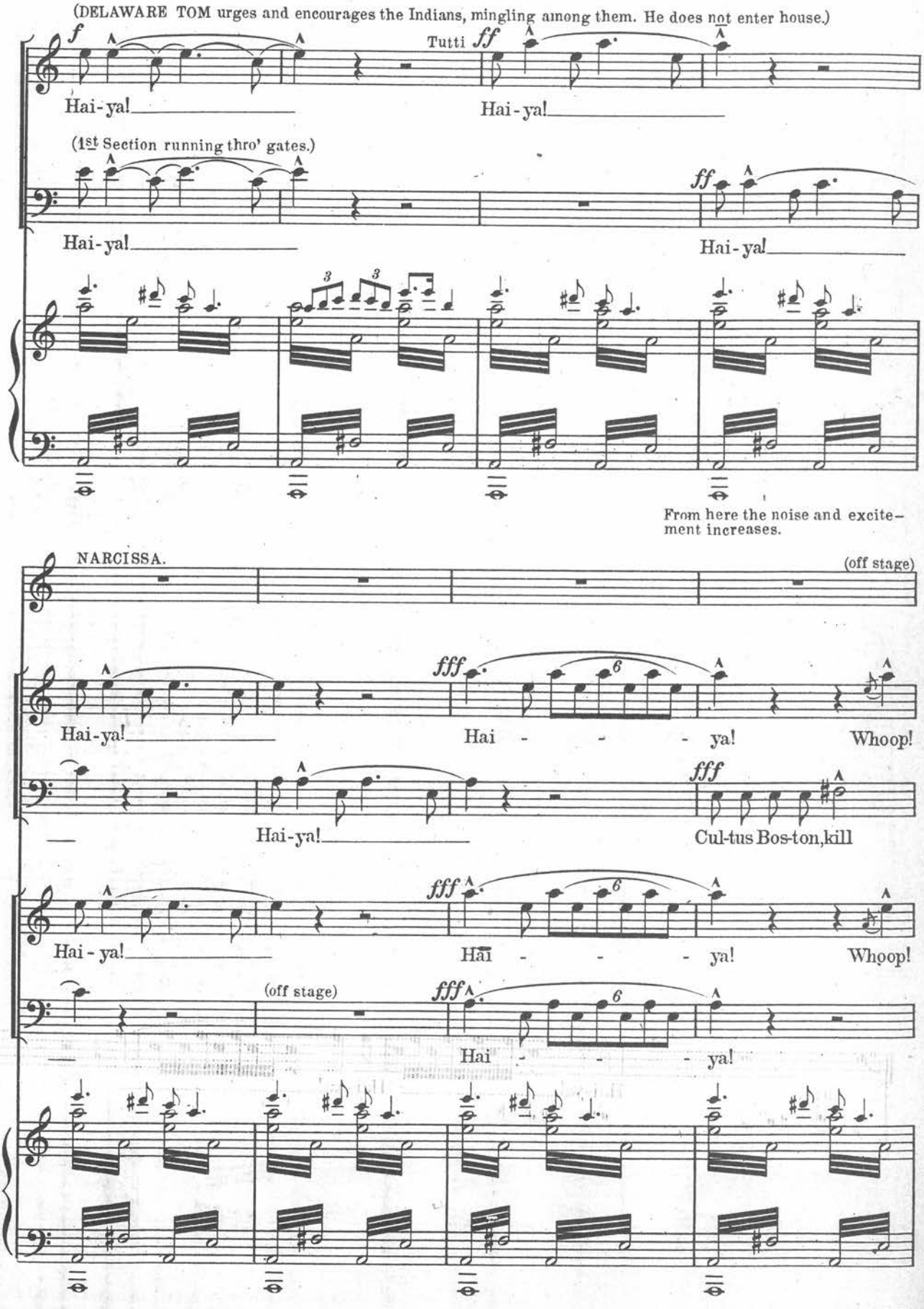
Narcissa

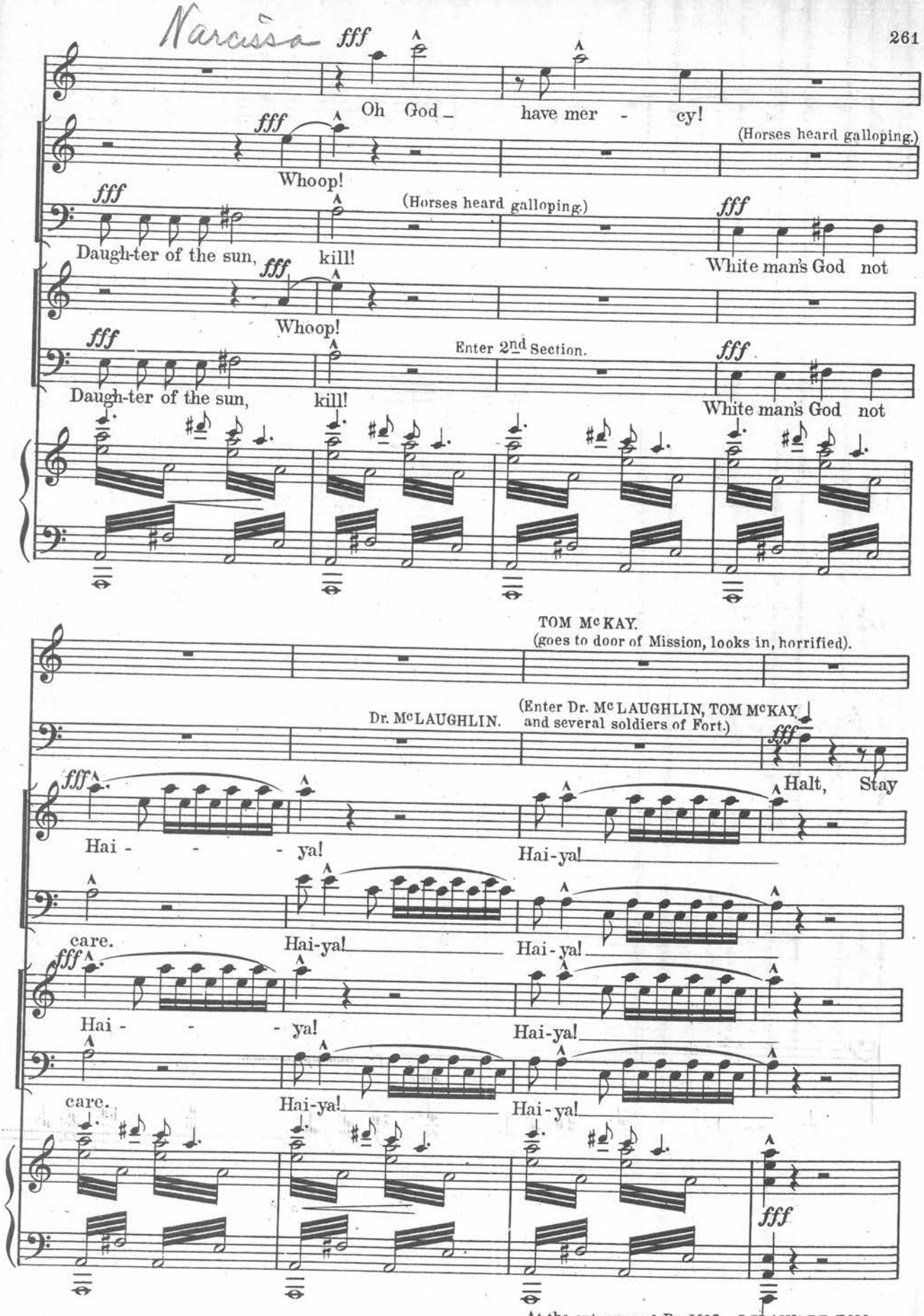

Hark!
Heard you the bell?
A - gain!
A-
Woe,
Woe,
(Re-enter, coming to gate and pausing there.)
Woe,
Ma-sah - chie.
Ma-sah - chie,
Ma-sah - chie.
accel.
Bell.
Bell.
Bell.
Bell.
Cello.
gain!
Ah,
'tis my call
Where snows
their milk - white
MARCUS.
Ah,
'tis my
SOPRANO.
Woe
ALTO.
Woe
= 160


f
From Him on high,– I come, I come, I
f
man-tels spread, There with my love, my soul has
call, From Him on high I come, I
Woe, Woe, Woe,
Woe, Woe, Woe,
ff
come.
fled.
Woe
ff
come.
DEL. TOM. (pointing out gate)
Exit slowly R.E. up road.
Woe.
Woe.
ff
ff
fff
8va

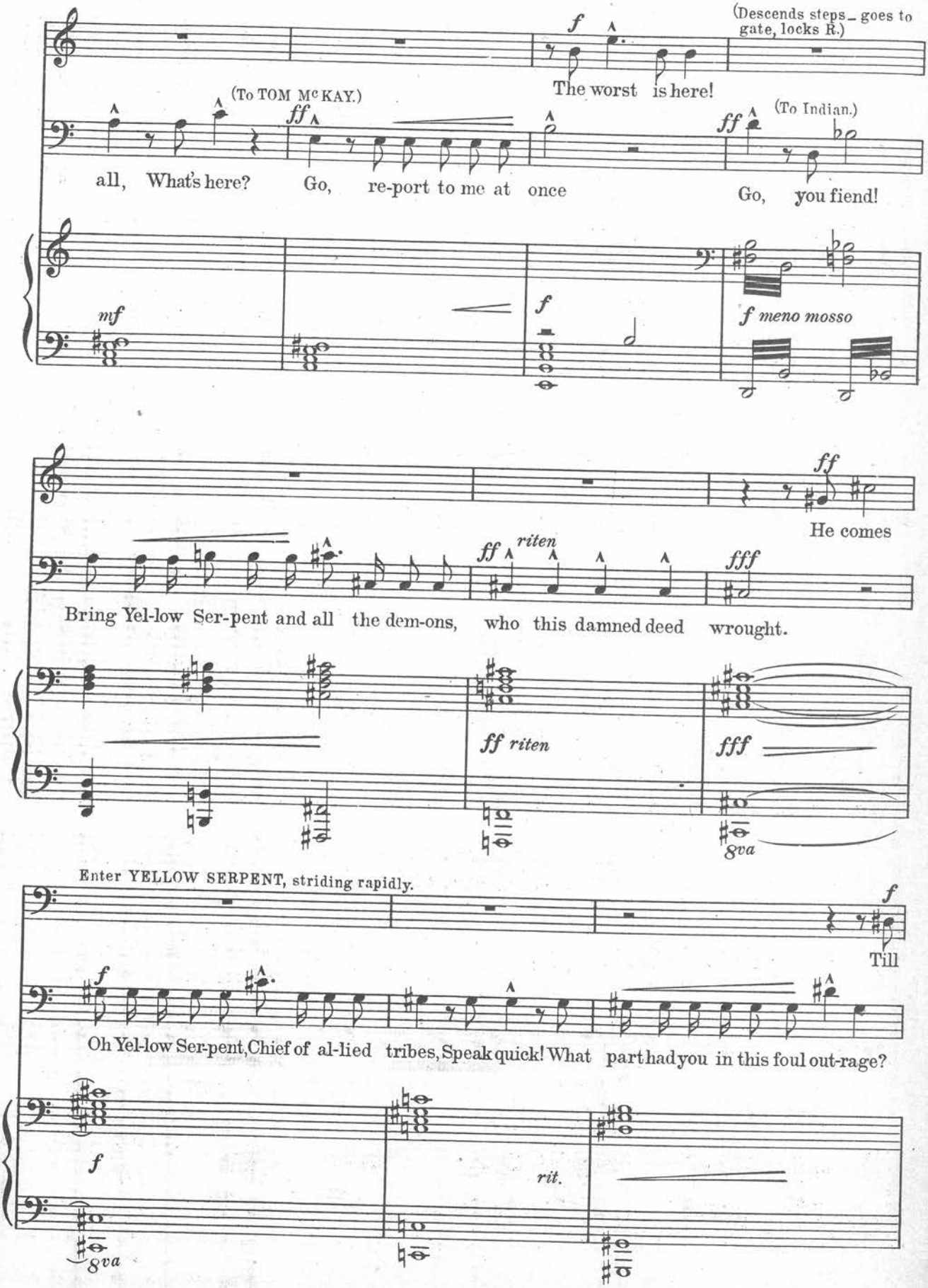

Exit L.L.E.
Exit from 2nd runway.
Exit L.L.E.
ff
f
fff
Go! Cay-use men. Slay them! Seize their cat-tle, child-ren, wives _ En-slave!
TENORI. f
2nd Section. Swear first no harm to
BASSI. f (Pointing toward house.)
Swear first no harm to
♩=108
ff Tom Tom, Drums etc.
ff
Drums etc.
f
Her fate Chief Yel-low Ser-pent shall de-cree,
(pointing toward house.)
her.
On that we go.
her.
On that we go.
accel.
f

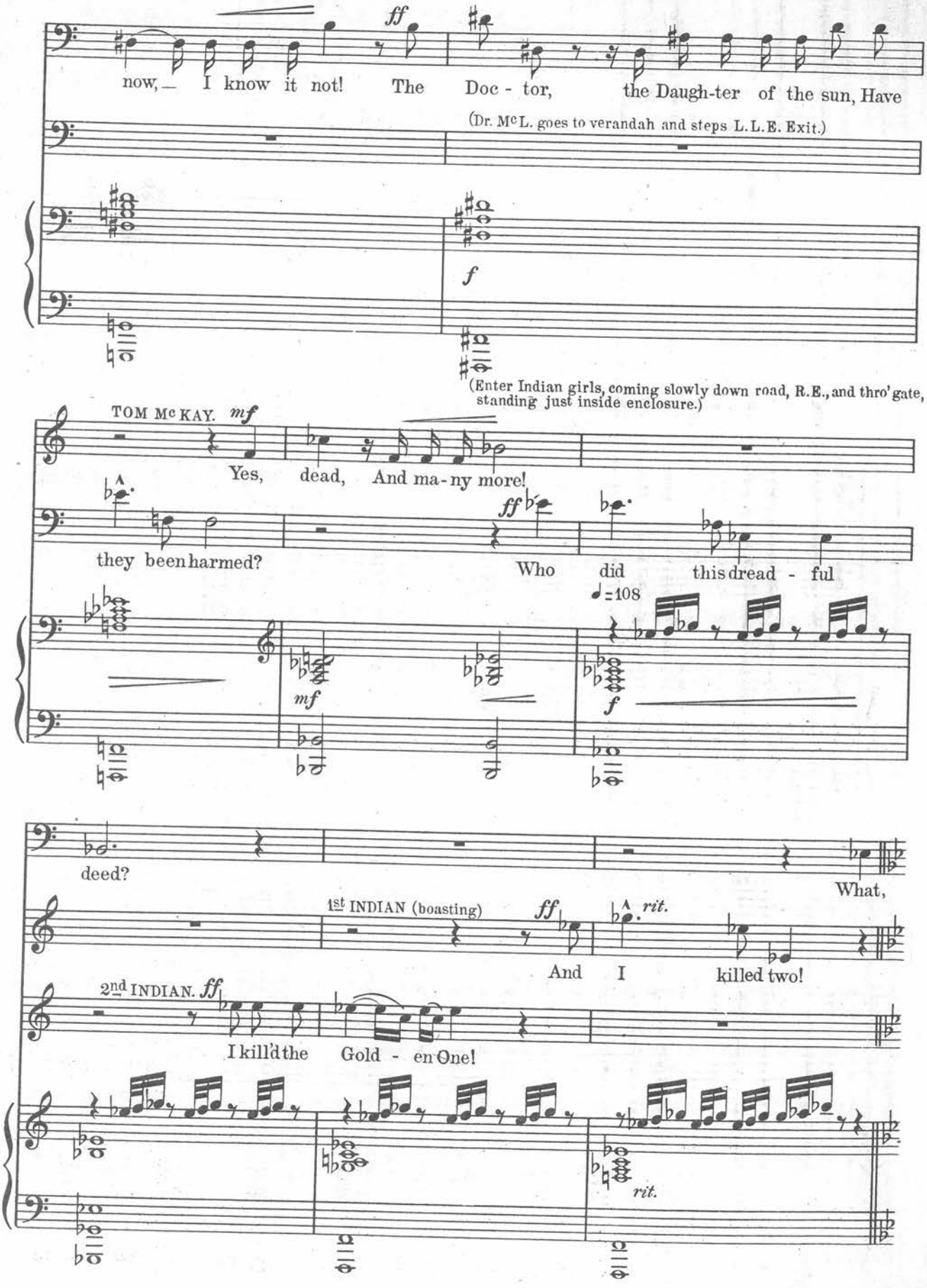

DEL. TOM.
goes to gate and calls to 1st Section.
Exit R.E. running, 2nd Section.
ff
Hai - ya, Hai-ya, Hai - ya, Hai-ya, Hai - ya, Hai-ya,
f
mf
(1st Section outside gate, crowds closer,
♩= 132
accel.
fff
Quick, be-fore they can re-turn, Com - mand your men with - in.
off stage
mp
Hai-ya, Hai-ya,
(2nd Section in wings, sings with 1st Section to increase noise.)
as 2nd Section exit.)
mf
ff

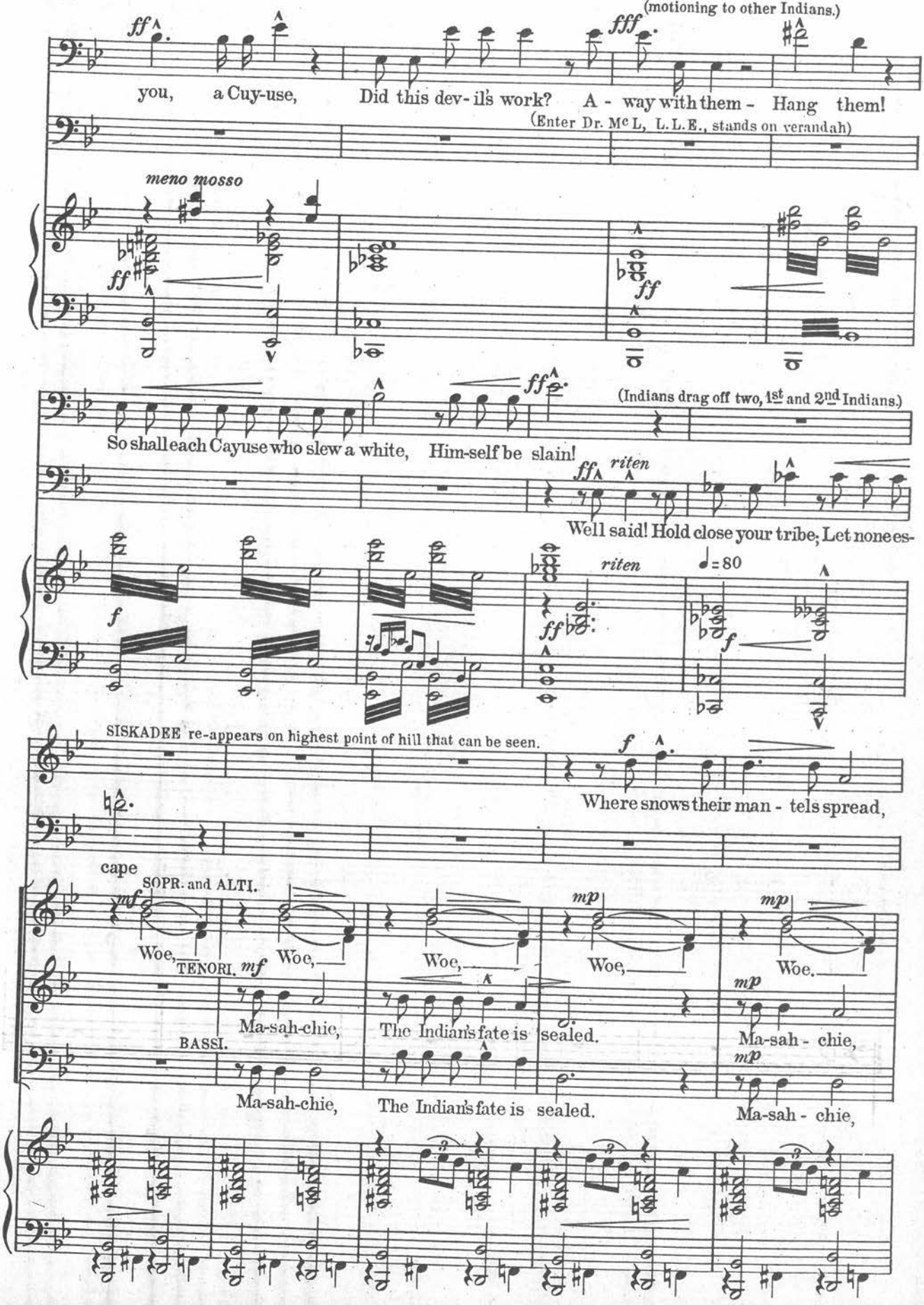

(DELAWARE TOM urges and encourages the Indians, mingling among them. He does not enter house.)
f
Tutti ff
Hai-ya!
Hai-ya!
(1st Section running thro' gates.)
ff
Hai-ya!
Hai-ya!
From here the noise and excitement increases.
NARCISSA.
(off stage)
fff
Hai-ya!
Hai - - - ya!
Whoop!
fff
Hai-ya!
Cul-tus Bos-ton, kill
fff
Hai-ya!
Hai - - - ya!
Whoop!
(off stage)
fff
Hai - - - ya!

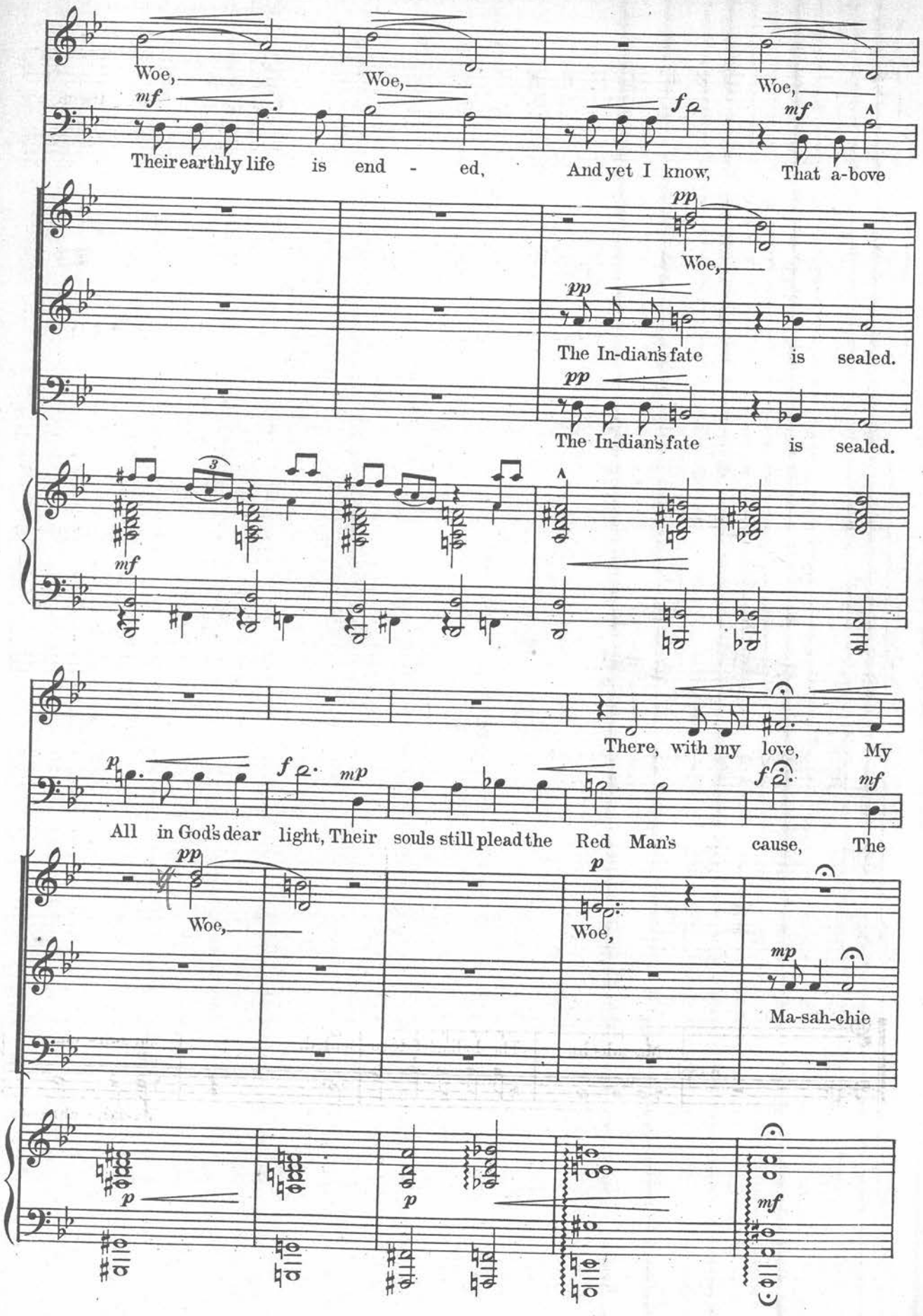


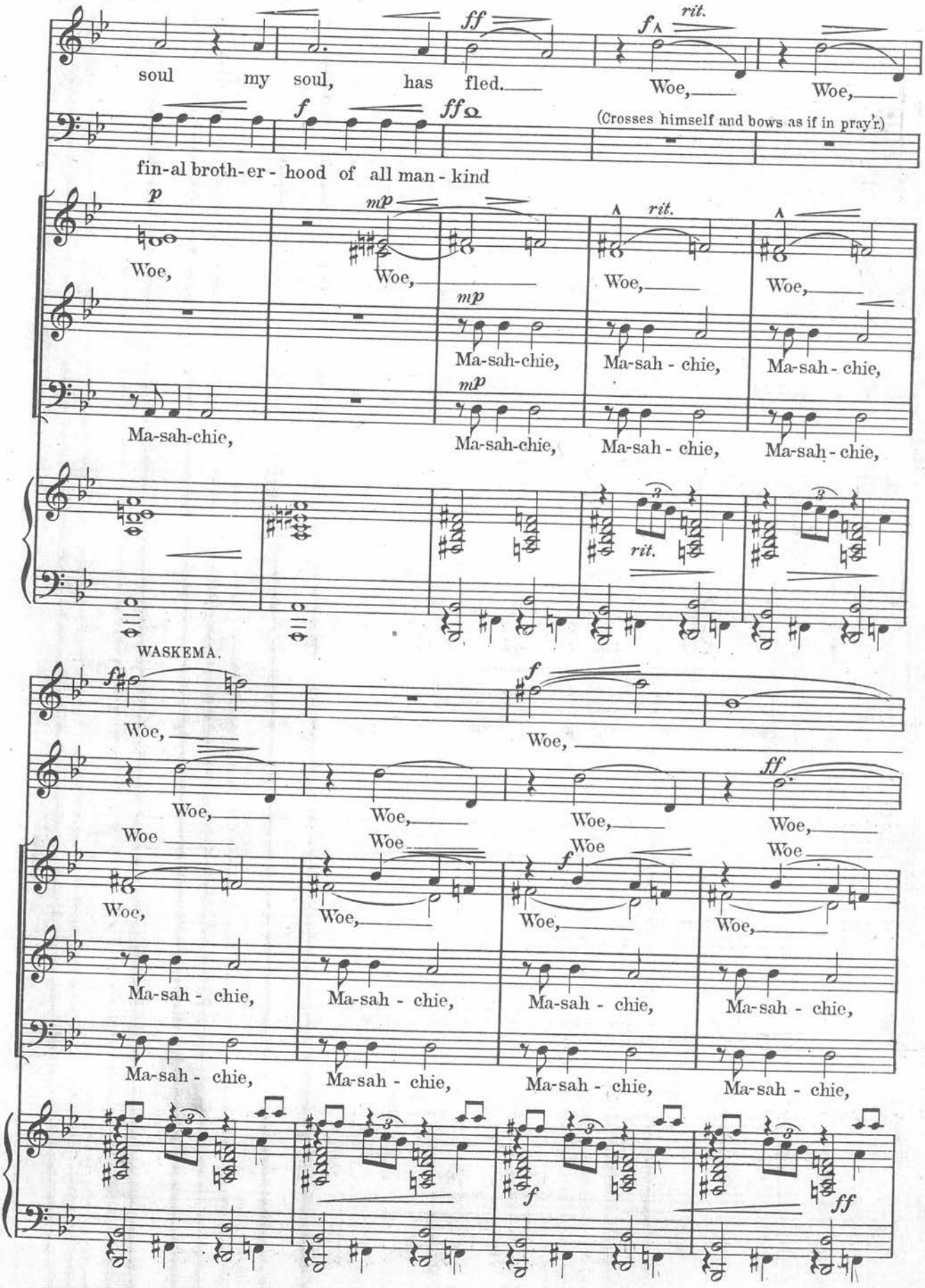
At the entrance of Dr. McL., LELAWARE TOM loses himself amongst Indians, and soon, unseen by white men, escapes.

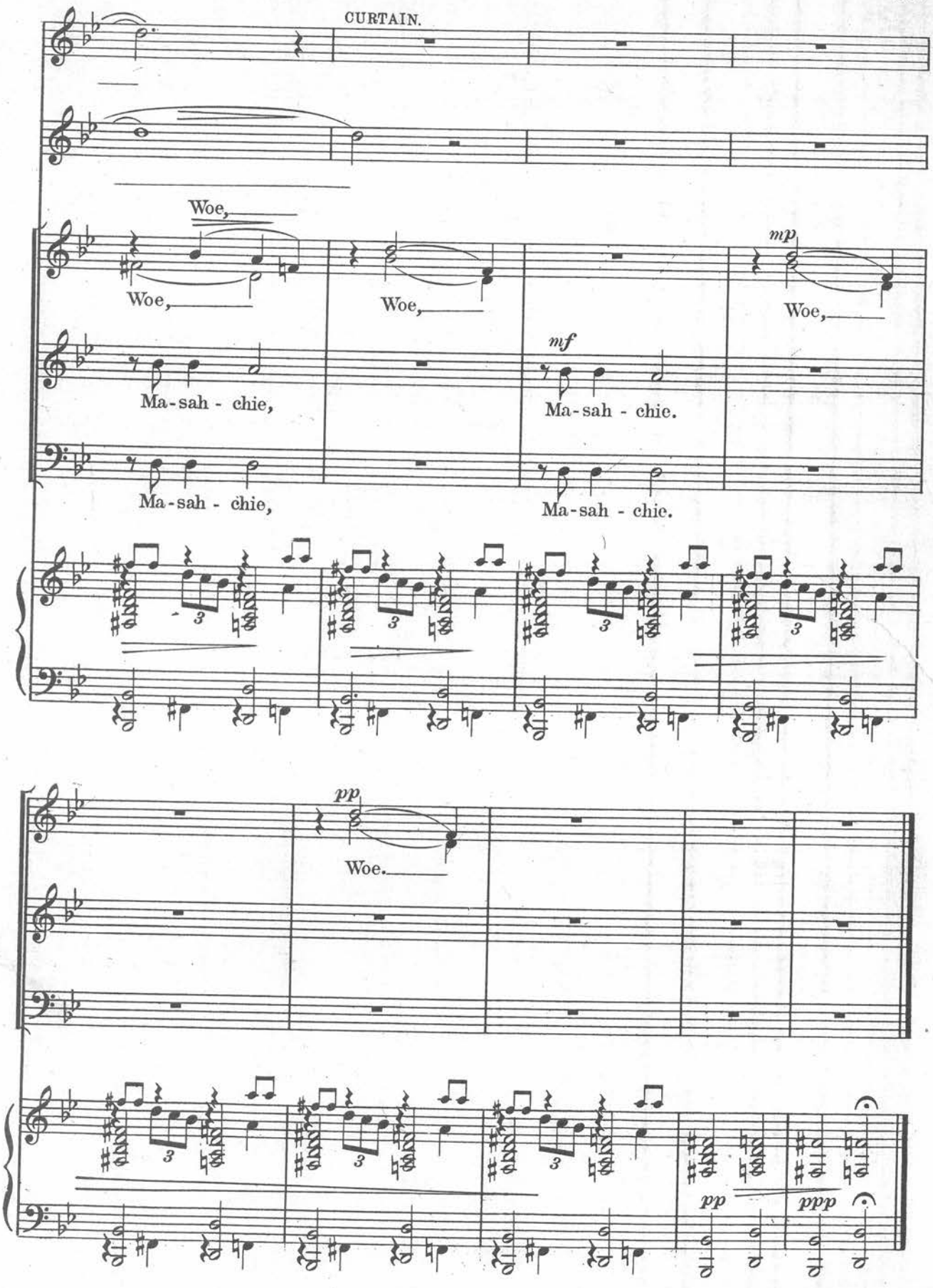

(Descends steps – goes to gate, locks R.)
f
The worst is here!
(To TOM McKAY.)
ff
all, What's here? Go, re-port to me at once
ff
(To Indian.)
Go, you fiend!
mf
f
f meno mosso
ff
He comes
ff riten
fff
Bring Yel-low Ser-pent and all the dem-ons, who this damned deed wrought.
ff riten
fff
8va
Enter YELLOW SERPENT, striding rapidly.
f
Till
f
Oh Yel-low Ser-pent, Chief of al-lied tribes, Speak quick! What part had you in this foul out-rage?
f
rit.
8va


now, — I know it not! The Doc - tor, the Daugh-ter of the sun, Have
(Dr. McL. goes to verandah and steps L.L.E. Exit.)
(Enter Indian girls, coming slowly down road, R.E., and thro' gate, standing just inside enclosure.)
TOM McKAY.
Yes, dead, And ma-ny more!
they been harmed?
Who did this dread - ful
deed?
What,
1st INDIAN (boasting)
And I killed two!
2nd INDIAN.
I kill'd the Gold - en One!


(motioning to other Indians.)
you, a Cuy-use, Did this dev-il's work? A - way with them - Hang them!
(Enter Dr. Mc L, L.L.E., stands on verandah)
meno mosso
(Indians drag off two, 1st and 2nd Indians.)
So shall each Cayuse who slew a white, Him-self be slain!
riten
Well said! Hold close your tribe; Let none es-
riten
SISKADEE re-appears on highest point of hill that can be seen.
Where snows their man - tels spread,
cape
SOPR. and ALTI.
Woe, Woe, Woe, Woe, Woe.
TENORI.
Ma-sah-chie, The Indian's fate is sealed. Ma-sah - chie,
BASSI.
Ma-sah-chie, The Indian's fate is sealed. Ma-sah - chie,


Woe,
Woe,
Woe,
mf
f
mf
Their earthly life is end - ed, And yet I know, That a-bove
pp
Woe,
pp
The In-dian's fate is sealed.
pp
The In-dian's fate is sealed.
mf
There, with my love, My
p
f
mp
f
mf
All in God's dear light, Their souls still plead the Red Man's cause, The
pp
Woe,
p
Woe,
mp
Ma-sah-chie
p
p
mf


soul my soul, has fled.
Woe,
Woe,
fin-al broth-er- hood of all man- kind
(Crosses himself and bows as if in pray'r.)
Woe,
Ma-sah-chie,
Ma-sah - chie,
WASKEMA.
Woe,
Ma-sah - chie,


CURTAIN.
Woe,
Woe,
Woe,
Woe,
mp
mf
Ma-sah - chie,
Ma-sah - chie,
Ma-sah - chie.
Ma-sah - chie.
pp
Woe.
pp
ppp

END OF OPERA.