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THE YOUNG INDIAN GIRL

Words by

Miss M. E. Tenny

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE

REV. A. BARNARD.



BY

C. N. ALLEN.

Suggested by the recent death of a young Ojibwa girl who by her tearful and earnest persuasions had induced her Missionary teachers (the Rev. Mr. B. and wife) to take her with them on a visit to their friends in the States. Her father had threatened revenge in case of her failure to return.

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MODERATO.



She



came among us with the light free step Of the young wild fawn upon her

na - - tive hills, Yet in her heart a ho - ly pur - - pose deep, Un -

- chilled by fear - undreaming of life's ills; Her soul from child - - - hood's

Ritard:

su - - per - sti - tion ri - ven, Looked child - - - like to the white man's God, in

Lento:

Heaven.

2

She came among us from that stricken band.
That wither where the white man's foot hath trod;
Destined to fade from their own father-land,
Beneath the scourging of the white man's rod.
She shrunk not from the terror of her nation—
Pale lips had breathed of Jesus and salvation!

3

3.

She listened—and the bitter hatred, nursed
Within her nation's pulse, was melted there;
All tremblingly that Indian maiden first
Knelt down, to offer up the white man's prayer;
And from that hour, her spirit's trust was given,
Unchangingly, to love, and hope, and heaven.

4th Verse.

She came among us with her shadowy smile, That sweet young wild-flower from the
lonely west, To breathe our sunshine for a little while, Then gently droop upon the
earth's cold breast. Far from her father's graves, o'er hill and
wa-ter, Sleeps the cold clay of the O-jib-wa's daughter.

5

Her dying eye was faintly lifted up
To catch the glories of the opening heaven—
In her cold lips there lingered words of hope,
To cheer the hearts with bitterest anguish riven;
“He will not let you for my sake be stricken:
“Look up to Him, when doubts and darkness thicken.”

6

Hushed were those lips forever—still a smile,
Beautiful as the sunshine of the blest,
Lingered on cheek and lip and forehead—while
We softly laid her to her dreamless rest;
And for the living, not the lost one weeping,
We left her to the guardian angels' keeping.