

Mass Magazine  
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"Rear'd midst the war-empurpled Plain, &c."

# The DEATH SONG of an INDIAN CHIEF.

[Taken from OUÁBI, an INDIAN TALE, in Four Cantos, by PHILENIA, a Lady of Boston.]

Set to Musick by Mr. HANS GRAM, of Boston.

Maestros.

Viol. 1. *poco f.* *p.* *f.* *decr.* *pia.* *poco f.* *f.* *p.* *f.* *p.*

Viol. 2.

Clar. 1. *Con Violino 1mo.* *f.* *decr.* *pia.* *poco f.* *p.* *f.* *p.* *f.* *p.*

Clar. 2. *Con Violino 2do.*

Corn. *ex. E. b.* *f.* *decr.* *pia.*

Viola. *poco f.* *p.* *f.* *decr.* *pia.* *p.* *f.* *p.* *f.*

Vocce Ten.

Basso. *poco f.* *p.* *f.* *decr.* *p.* *poco f.*

Rear'd midst the war-empurpled plain, What Illinois sub - mits to pain ! Rear'd midst the

war-empurpled plain, What Illinois submits to pain ! How can the glory-darting fire, The coward chill of death inspire, The coward chill of death inspire, The coward chill of death inspire !

II.  
The sun a blazing heat bestows,  
The moon midst pensive ev'ning glows,  
The stars in sparkling beauty shine,  
And own their FLAMING SOURCE divine.

III.  
Then let me hail th' IMMORTAL FIRE,  
And in the sacred flames expire ;  
Nor yet those Huron hands refrain ;  
This bosom scorns the throbs of pain.

IV.  
No griefs this warrior-soul can bow,  
No pangs contract this even brow ;  
Not all your threats excite a fear,  
Not all your force can start a tear.

V.  
Think not with me my tribe decays,  
More glorious chiefs the hatchet raise ;  
Not unreveng'd their sachem dies,  
Not unattended greets the skies.