DEDICATE

MRS GILBERT Mc CLURG, REC
OF
THE COLORADO CLIFF-DWELLINGS ASSOCIATION

DUX FEMINA FACTI

The Origin Of The Rainbow

— AN INDIAN LEGEND —

MUSIC BY

LAURA SEDGWICK COLLINS

prestige press?

SONG WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT..... PRICE 75 CENTS

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OF
THE COLORADO CLIFF DWELLINGS ASSOCIATION

The Origin Of The Rainbow.

An Indian Legend.

1.

The rain fell in torrents,
The thunder roll'd deep,
And silenced the Cataract's roar,
But neither the night
Nor the tempest could keep
This warrior Chieftain on shore.

2.

The war-whoop had sounded!
The stream must be cross'd,
Why lingers their leader afar!
'Twere better his life
Than his glory be lost;
He never came late to the war.

3.

He seized a canoe,
As he sprang from the rock:
But fast as the shore fled his reach,
The mountain wave seemed
All his efforts to mock
And dashed the canoe on the beach.

4.

"Great Spirit!" he cried,
"Shall the battle be given
And all but their leader be there!
May this effort land me
With them- or in Heaven!"
And he pushed with the strength of despair.

5.

He has quitted the shore,
He has gained the deep,
His guide is the lightning alone,
But he feels not,
With fast irresistible sweep
The rapids are bearing him down.

6.

But the Cataract's roar
With the thunders now vie;
"Oh, what is the meaning of this?"
He said, turning his eye
To the Cataract's side,
As the lightning glar'd down the abyss.

7.

All the might of his arm
To one effort was given,
At self-preservation's command,
But the treacherous oar
By the effort was riven,
And the fragment remained in his hand.

8.

"Be it so;" said the warrior,
Taking his seat,
And folding his bow to his breast,
"May the Cataract shroud
My pale corpse with its sheet,
And it's roar lull my spirit to rest."

9.

The storm had ceased,
The battle-field stained,
Where the sunset met the war-wearied eye,
But no trace of the boat
Or the Chieftain remained,
Though his Bow is still seen in the sky.

Anonymous.

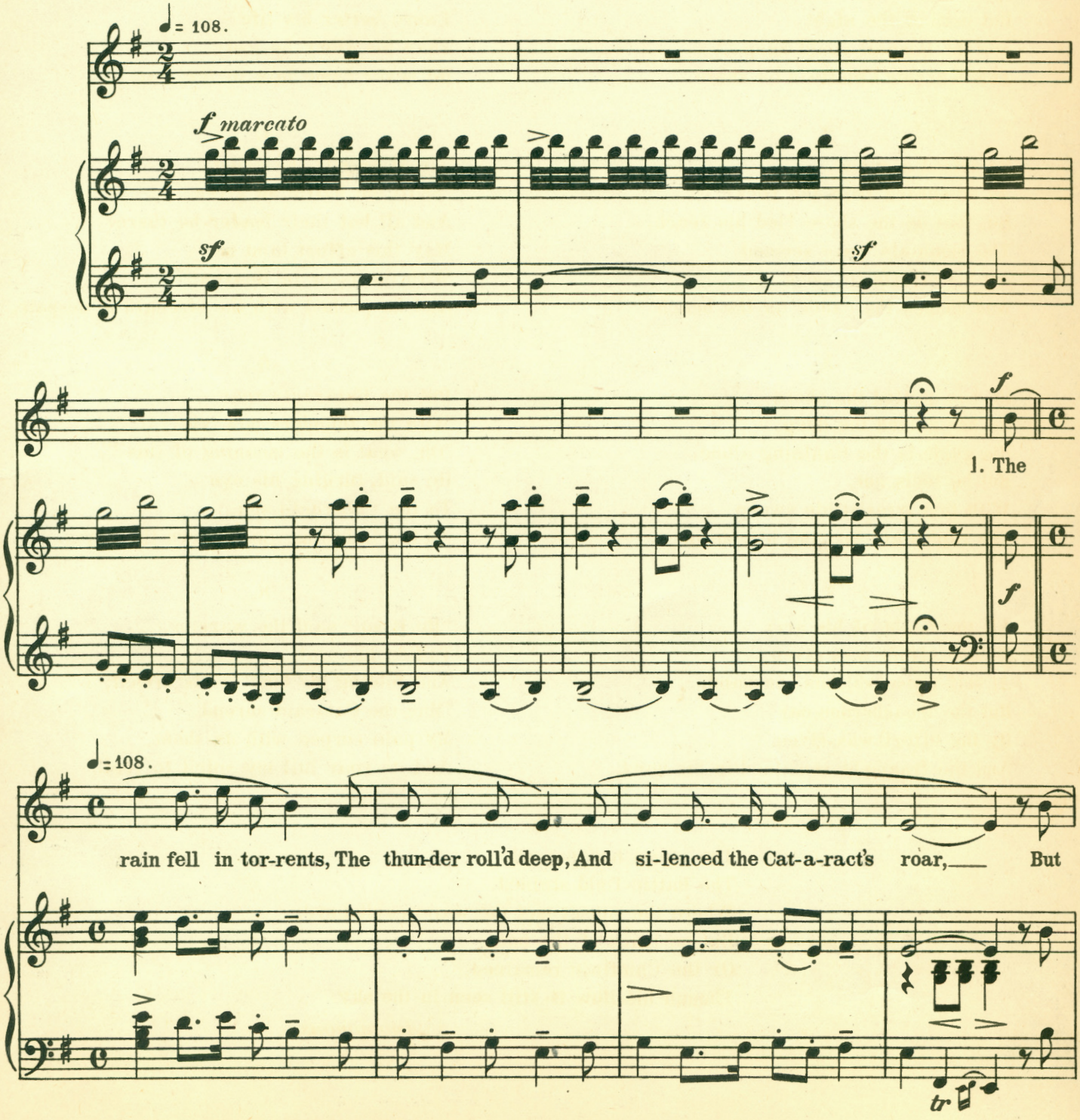
Dedicated To
MRS. GILBERT MC CLURG
Regent General of
The Colorado Cliff-Dwellings Association.

The Origin Of The Rainbow.

An Indian Legend.

Words
ANONYMOUS.

Music by
LAURA SEDGWICK COLLINS.



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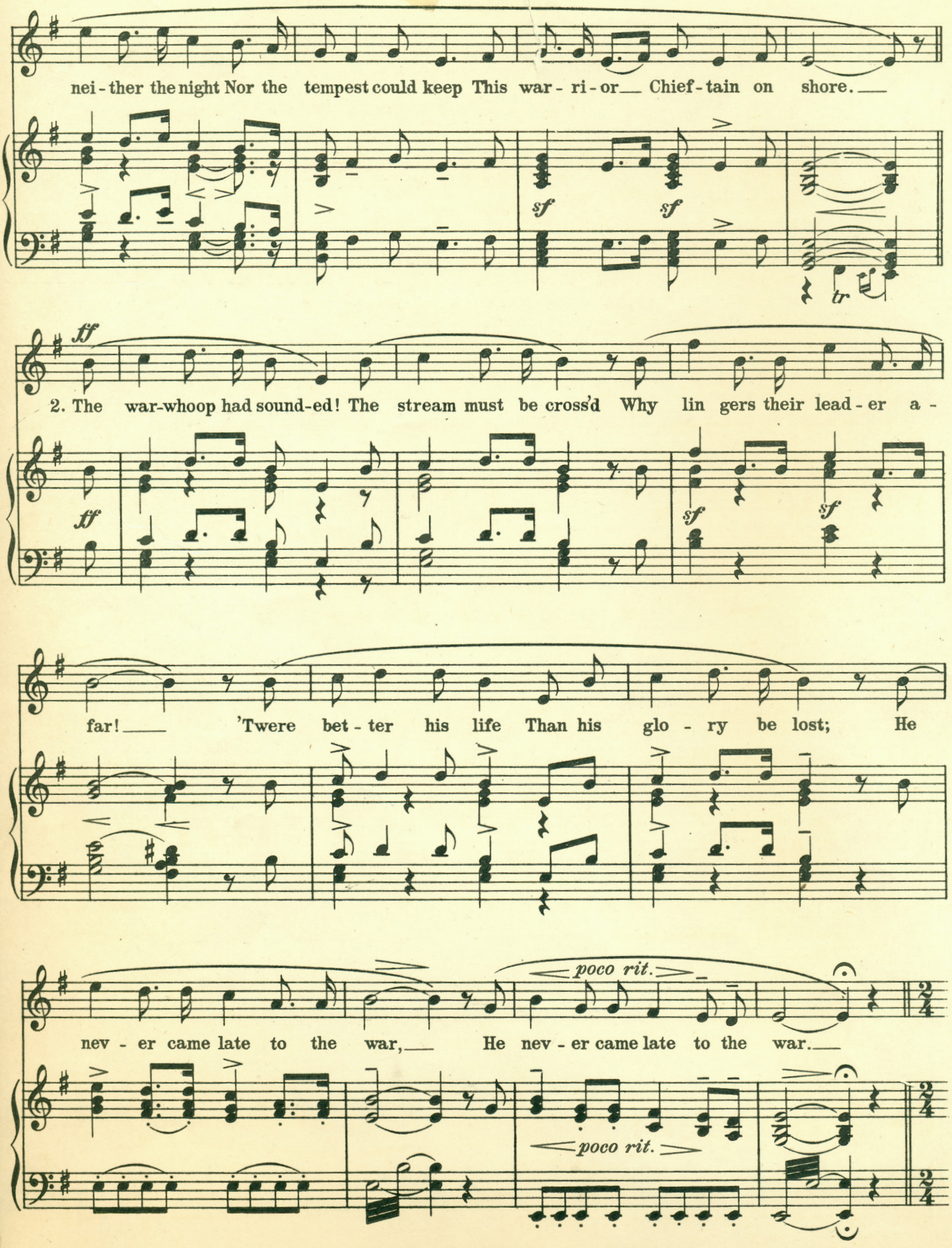
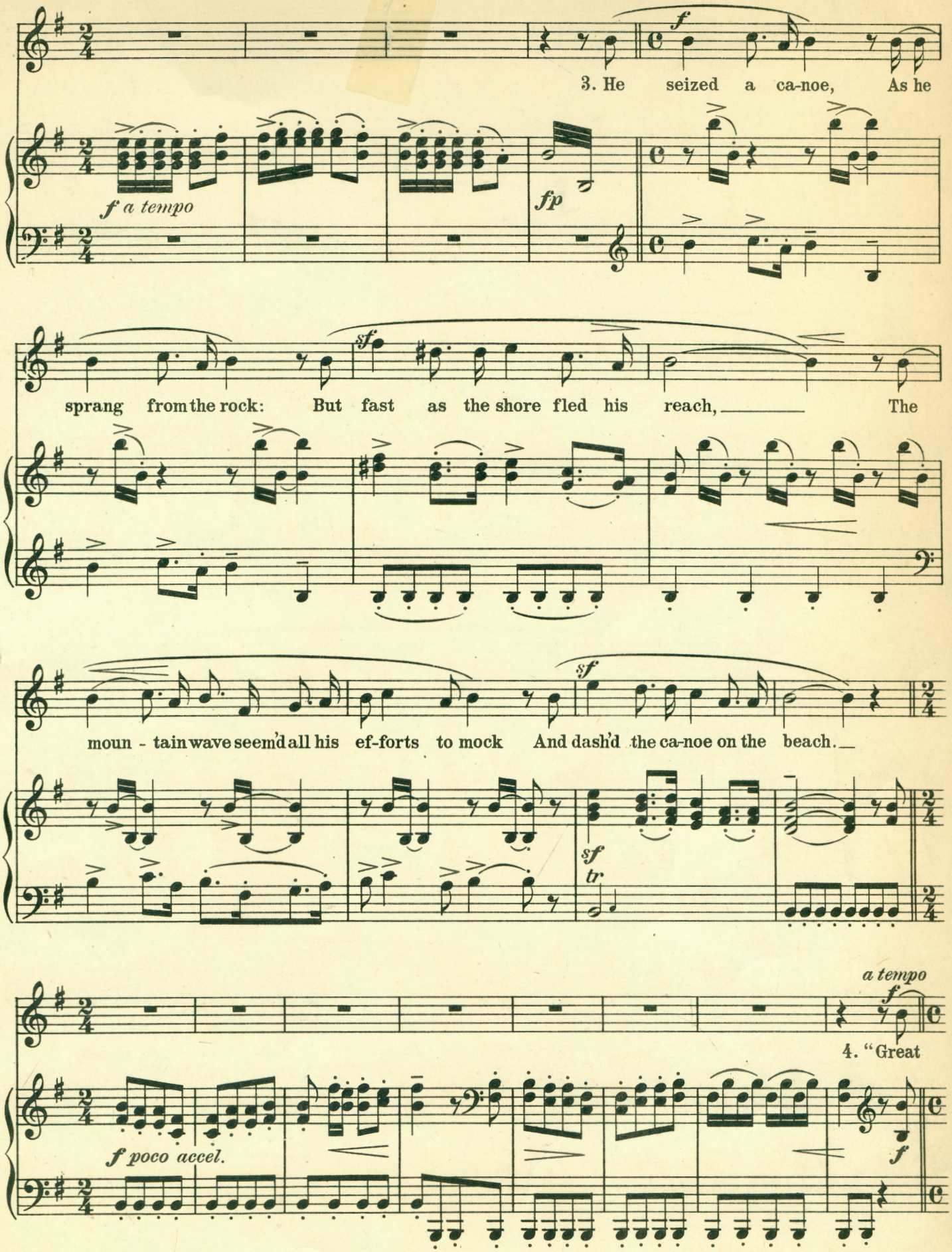
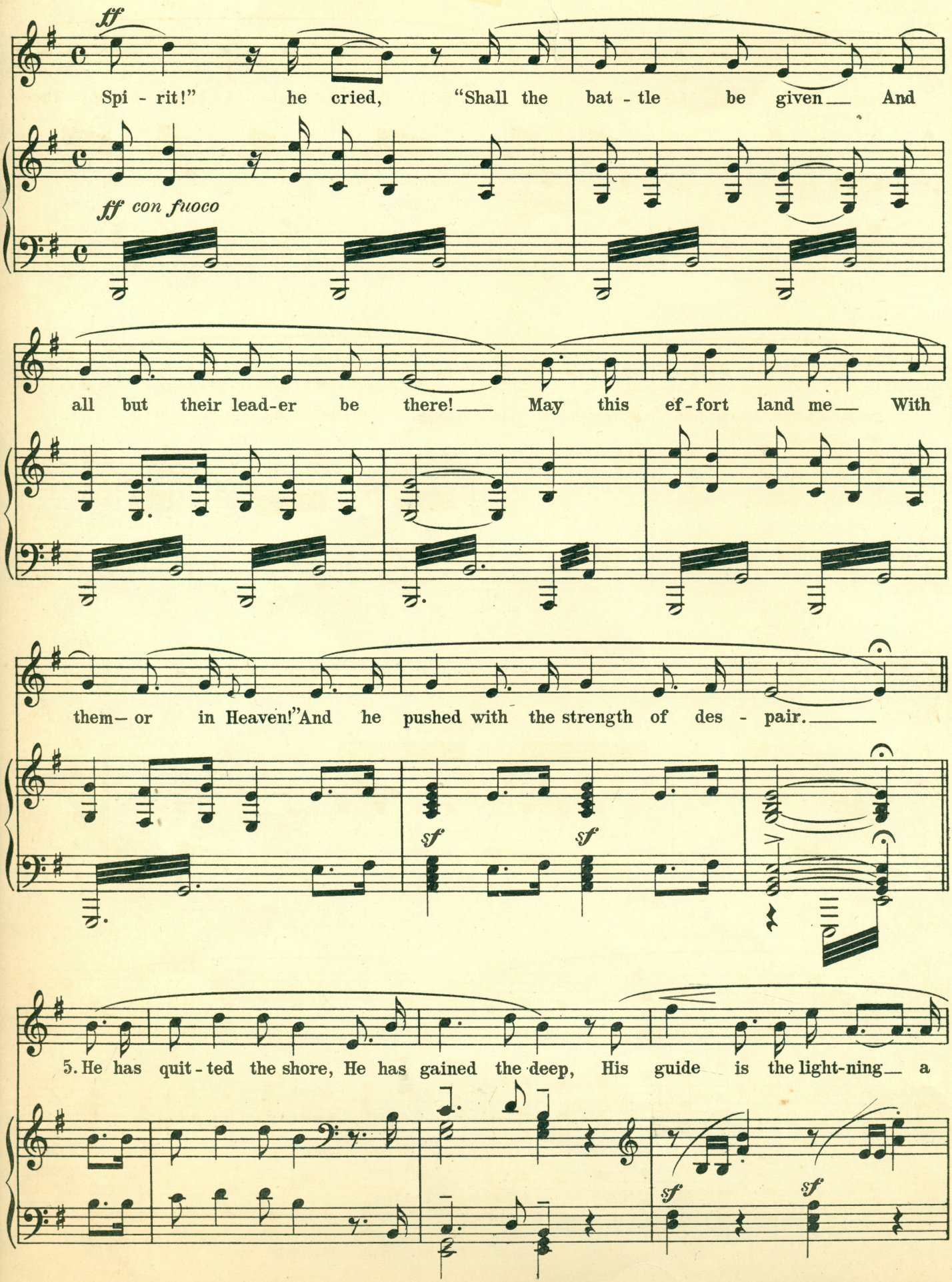
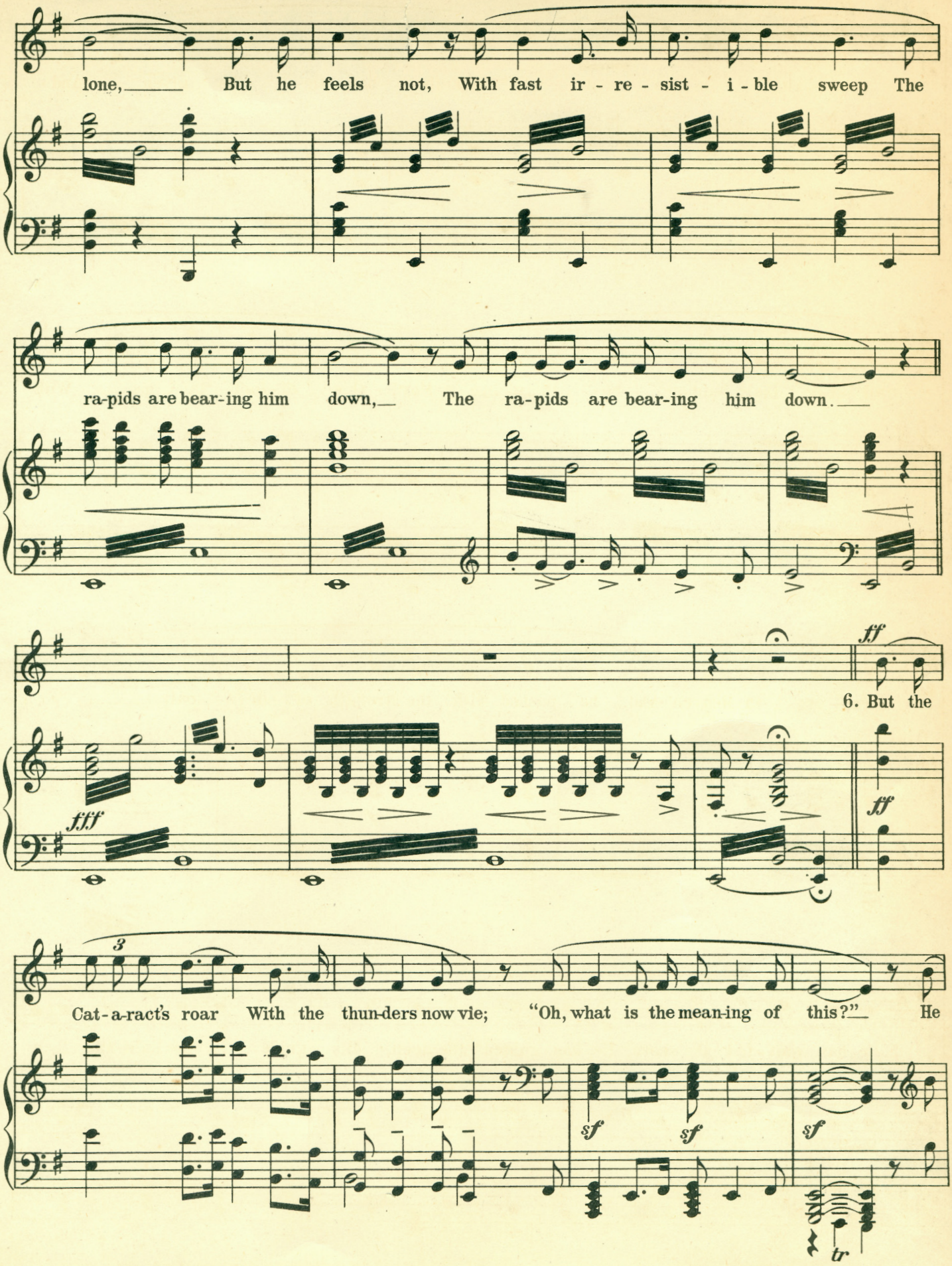
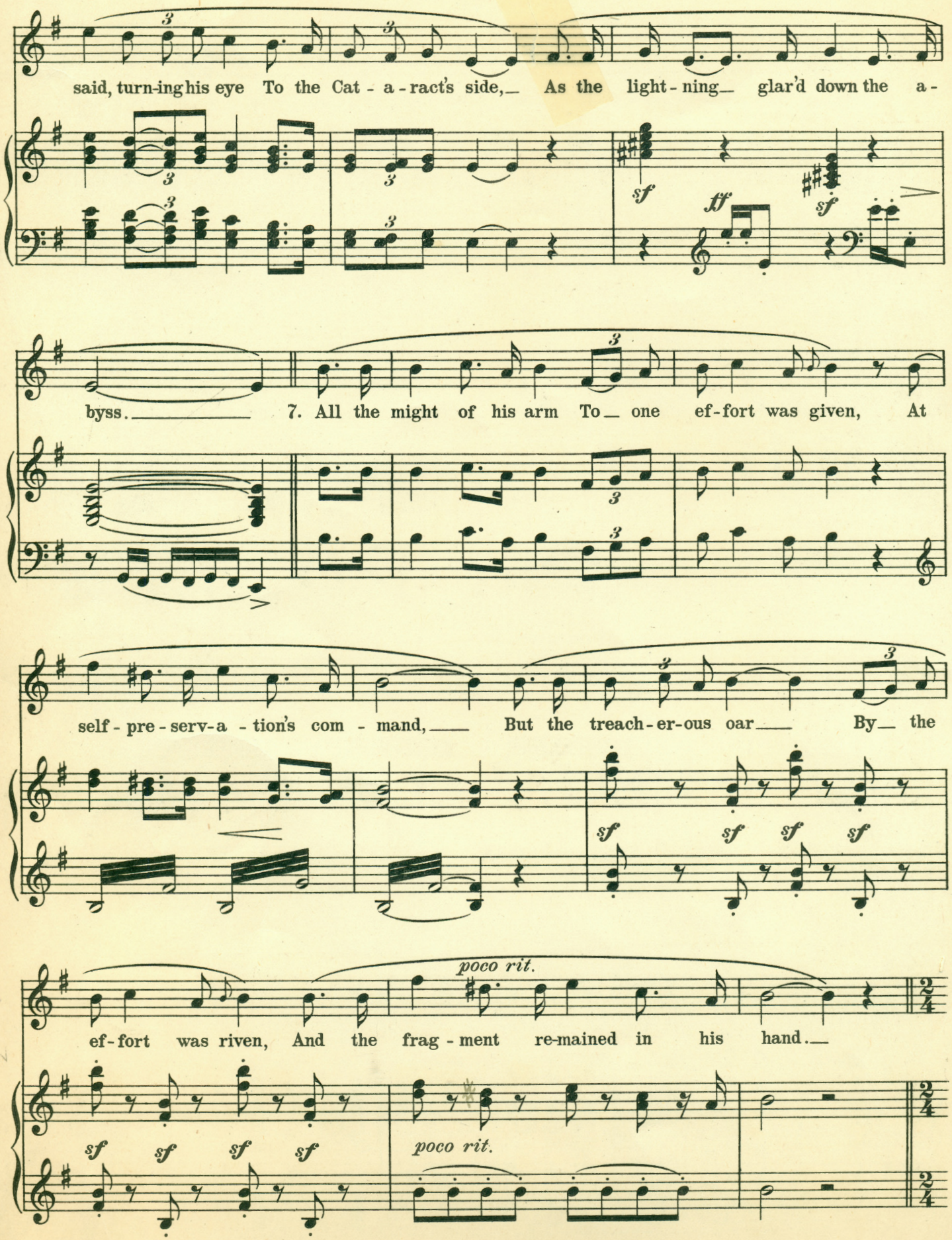
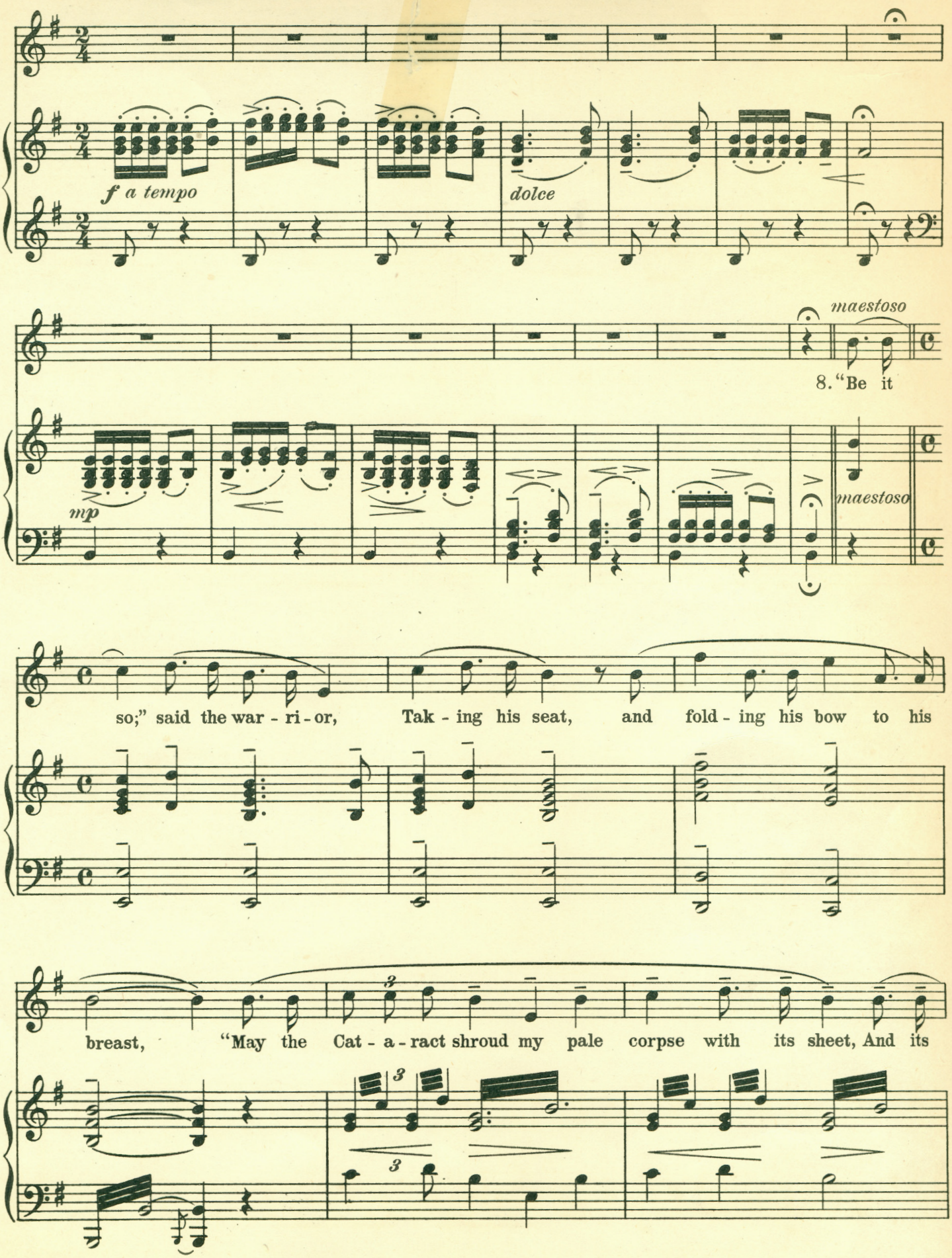

nei - ther the night Nor the tempest could keep This war - ri - or Chief - tain on shore.
sf sf
tr
ff
2. The war-whoop had sound-ed! The stream must be cross'd Why lin gers their lead - er a -
ff
sf sf
far! 'Twere bet - ter his life Than his glo - ry be lost; He
poco rit.
nev - er came late to the war, He nev - er came late to the war.
poco rit.

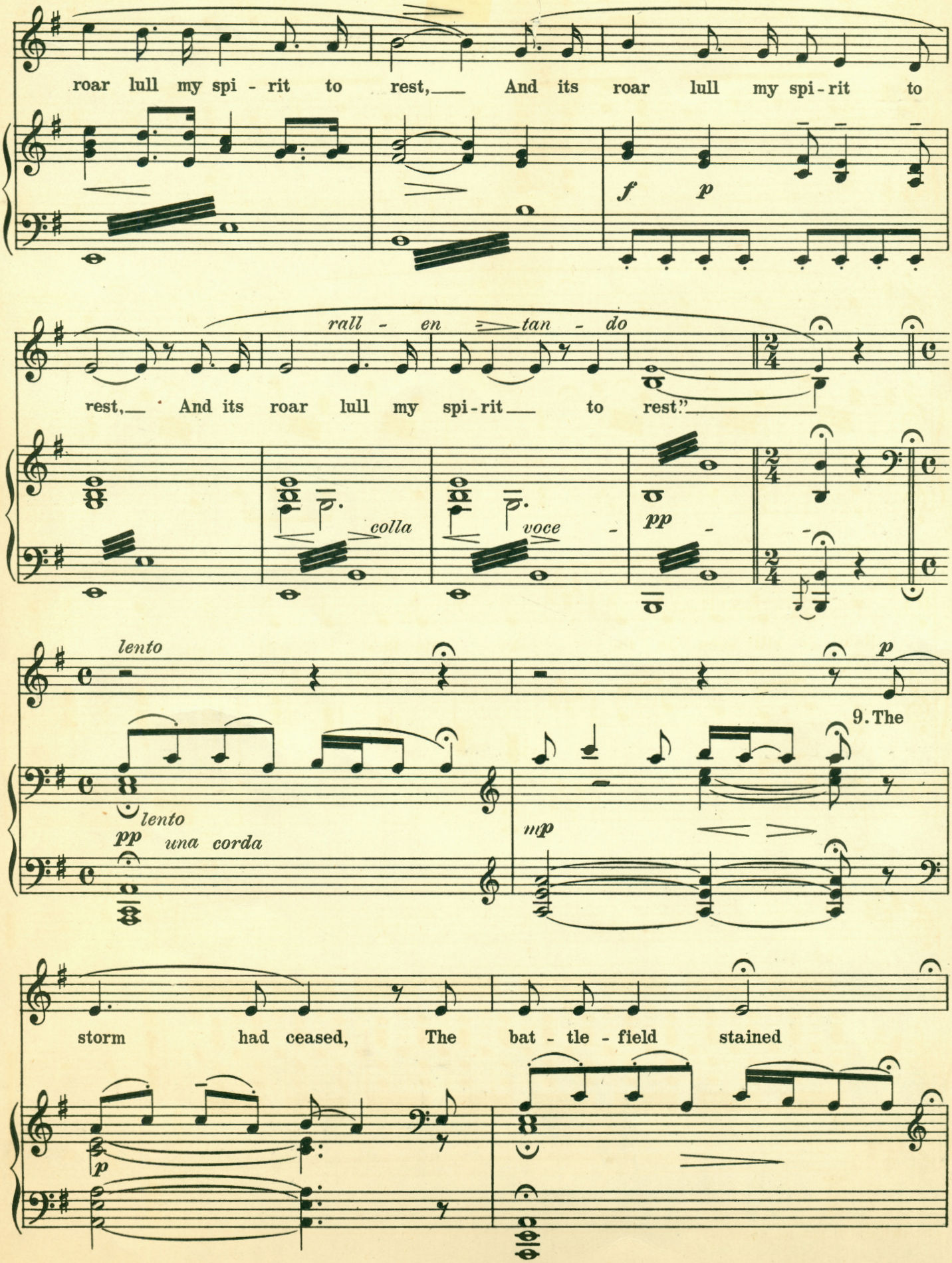

3. He seized a ca-noe, As he
f a tempo
fp
sprang from the rock: But fast as the shore fled his reach, The
sf
moun - tain wave seem'd all his ef-forts to mock And dash'd the ca-noe on the beach.
sf
tr
a tempo
f
4. "Great
f poco accel.
f

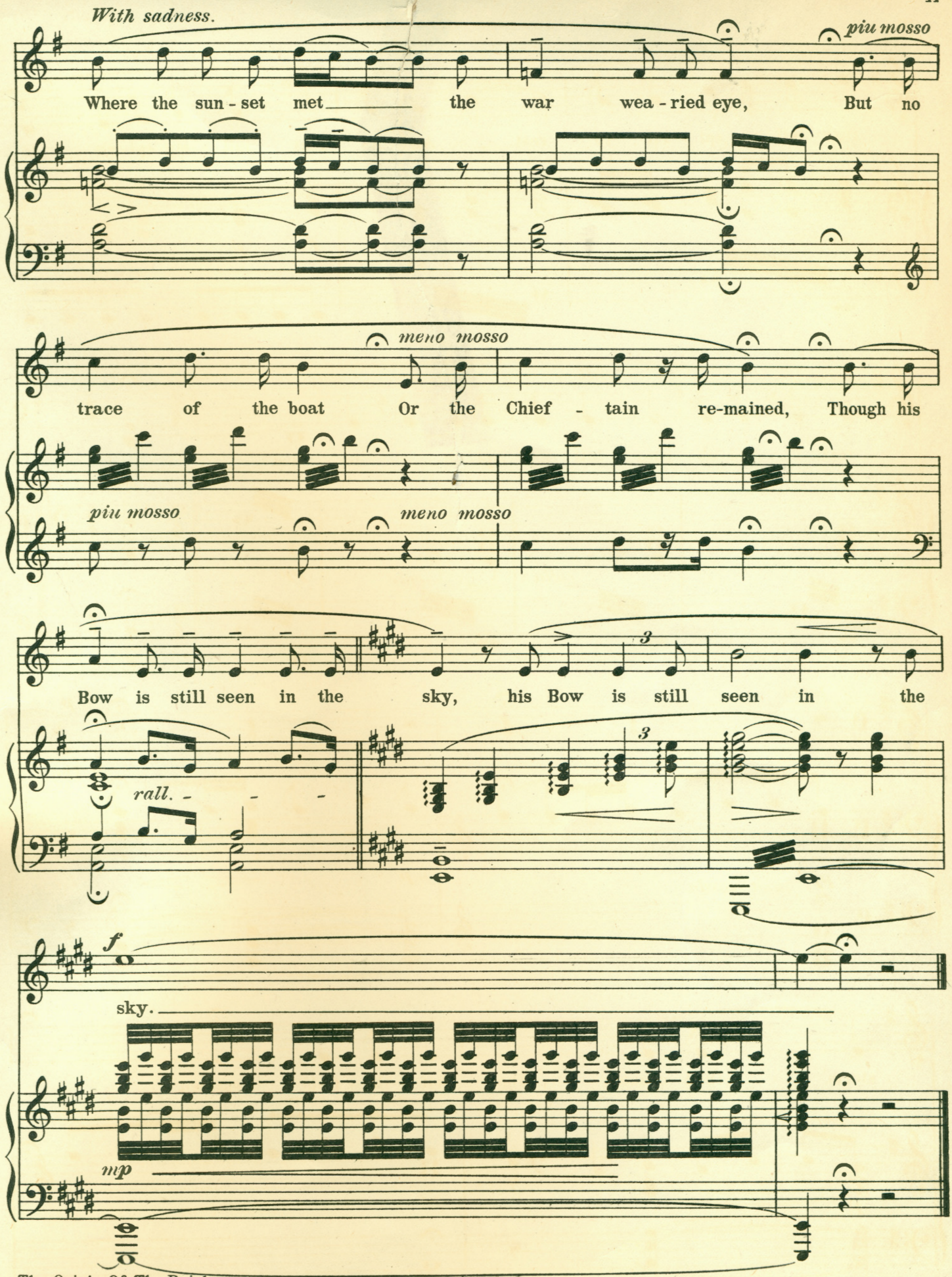

ff
Spi - rit!" he cried, "Shall the bat - tle be given__ And
ff con fuoco
all but their lead-er be there!__ May this ef-fort land me__ With
them— or in Heaven!"And he pushed with the strength of des - pair.__
sf
sf
5. He has quit - ted the shore, He has gained the deep, His guide is the light-ning__ a
sf
sf


lone, But he feels not, With fast ir - re - sist - i - ble sweep The
ra-pids are bear-ing him down, The ra-pids are bear-ing him down.
6. But the
Cat-a-ract's roar With the thun-ders now vie; "Oh, what is the mean-ing of this?" He
fff
ff
sf
tr


said, turn-ing his eye To the Cat - a - ract's side, As the light - ning glar'd down the a -
byss. 7. All the might of his arm To one ef-fort was given, At
self - pre - serv-a - tion's com - mand, But the treach - er-ous oar By the
ef-fort was riven, And the frag - ment re-mained in his hand.
poco rit.
poco rit.


f a tempo
dolce
maestoso
8. "Be it
mp
maestoso
so;" said the war - ri - or, Tak - ing his seat, and fold - ing his bow to his
breast, "May the Cat - a - ract shroud my pale corpse with its sheet, And its


roar lull my spi - rit to rest, And its roar lull my spi-rit to
f p
rall - en tan - do
rest, And its roar lull my spi-rit to rest."
colla
voce
pp
lento
p
9. The
lento
pp una corda
mp
storm had ceased, The bat - tle - field stained
p


With sadness.
piu mosso
Where the sun - set met the war wea - ried eye, But no
meno mosso
trace of the boat Or the Chief - tain re-mained, Though his
piu mosso
meno mosso
Bow is still seen in the sky, his Bow is still seen in the
rall.
f
sky.
mp