

The American Indian in Poetry and Music

Alas! for them their day is o'er, their fires are out
on hill and shore.

No more for them the wild deer bounds, the plain
is on their hunting grounds;

The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
the pale man's sail spins o'er their floods;

Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children — look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west
Their children go to die!

Charles Spurgeon

Pocahontas

Wearied arm and broken sword wage in vain
the desperate fight;

Round him press a countless horde, he is but
a single knight;

Hark! a cry of triumph shrill through the wil-
derness resounds, ~~and~~

As with twenty bleeding wounds, sinks the warrior,
fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre, and the Torch
of death they light;

Ah, 'tis hard to die by fire! who will shield the
captive knight?

Round the stake with fiendish cry wheel and dance
the savage crowd.

Norman Loubat Choir

What Can I Say, I Love, after I Say I'm Sorry
Walter Donaldson

I Surrender, Dear . . . Lena Horne

Song of Songs . . . Harold Vickers

Look for the Silver Lining . . . Marilyn Miller

Near You . . . Larry Green

{ C'est Magnifique . . . Heldegard Neff

{ From Cole Porter's "Silk Stockings"

It All Depends on You . . . Connie Francis

Night and Day . . . Cole Porter

You - You're Driving Me Crazy . . . Ames Brothers

School Days . . . Gene Edwards

In the Little Red Schoolhouse { Al Wilson

{ John Brunner

An Apple for the Teacher . . . Bing Crosby

Teach Me Tonight . . . Jo Stafford

You've Got Me Cryin' Again - Four Freshmen

The Serenade of the Bells - Vic Damone