

118

con desiderio

Lio. *mf*

I go since you de - sire it; But our love is im - mor - tal. For -

molto affetuoso

L. *p* *pp*

give me some day when in lone - - li - ness Your heart grows

mp (Horns)

L. *pp* *molto deliberato, e* *con tenerezza* *rall.*

soft - - er, Long - ing, long - ing, long - -

119

L. *a tempo* *pp*

ing,

S. Long - ing,

L. Long - ing,

8. *rall.* *p*

S. longing, But never more to find you, Farewell, Fare-

L. longing, But never more to find me, Farewell, Fare-

8. *Red.*

[Lionel walks slowly back to Amy. He takes her hand.]

S. well! Fare - well! Fare - well!

L. well! My Rob-in Wom - an, Fare - well!

a tempo

[Philip Harjo, who has been watching the scene from behind a tree, rushes out and snatches up the bow and arrow which Shanewis has cast aside. As Lionel reaches Amy and turns to watch Shanewis Harjo aims straight at his heart and sends the arrow home.]

120
Allegro

Philip Harjo

Go, — Mes-sen-ger of Death! —

Seek thou his traitor — heart! — A-venge her and her

pp misterioso *ffz* *mf* *fz* *fz*

121
Molto mosso, *dramatico*

Shan. [Running back.] *f parlando*

The poisoned dart!

Philip race!

fff *ten.*

sub 8

[Striving to support him]

Amy *f* *>* Li - o - nel! Li - o - nel! What [looking upward] *f*

Shan. 'Tis

Lionel [Gasping and falling] *mf* The poisoned dart!

mf fz mp fz mp

[The Indians who have remained in the background, now rush forward in excitement.]

122

Amy woe _____ has come up - on you!

Shan. well, In death thou art mine! _____

Mrs. E. [In *3* horror, to Amy] *3* Come a - way! _____ Come a - way! _____

Indians (Baritones in falsetto, singing with tenors) *ff 3* *>* Ha ha tho! _____

8 3 3 8 3 3 3 3 3 3

ff

Ind *Ha ha tho! — Ha ha tho! — Ha ha tho! —*

Ind **123** *Ho — tho! —*