

# Other Music

## Little Indian Maid

Old American Song



White man went to fish one sum- mer, Met an In- dian girl, a hum- mer,



Daugh- ter of the big chief, "Spare the Rod". White man threw some



lov- ing glan- ces, Took this maid- en to war dan- ces, Smoked the pipe of



peace-- took chan- ces, Liv- ing in a te- pee made of fur.



Rode with her on an In- dian po- ny, Gave her a dia- mond ring, a pho- ney,



Then he sang these lov- ing words to her: You are my



pret- ty lit- tle In- dian Nap- o- nee. Come take a chance; mar- ry me. Your



fa- ther is a chief. 'Tis my be- lief to a ver- y mer- ry wed- ding he'll a- gree. 'Tis

Written as sung by Mary's Grandmother Amy Haddock  
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true you're a dark lit-tle In- dian maid. I'll sun- burn to a dark- er shade.



I'll wear feath- ers on my head, paint my face an In- dian red.



If you'll on- ly be my Nap- o- nee.

**Fine**



Sor- ry to say his song talk caught her. Soon he married the big chief's daugh- ter.



Hap- piest cou- ple that you ev- er saw. Soon pa- poos- es



came in num- ber, Red skin yell dis- turbed his slum- ber. White man won- ders



at his blun- ders. Now the feath- ers droop up- on his head.



Too late now but still he's wish- ing That he'd nev- er gone a fish- ing



Or had met this In- dian maid and said: You are my

**D. S. al Fine**