

"The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," requested some time ago by Grace Webster, Garfield, Wash., is sent to us by Jane Allingham of Clarkston, Wash. Mrs. D. F. Van Pool, Lewiston, Idaho, sent the song, "Little Gray Home in the West."

Songs of Indian Maidens

The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.
They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;

And she's gone to the lake of the dismal swamp
Where all night long by a firefly lamp
She paddles her white canoe.

And her white canoe I soon shall see
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree
When the footsteps of death are near.

Away to the dismal swamp he speeds
Though his path was rugged and sore;
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds
And man never trod before.

And when at night he sank to sleep
As if slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with its blistering dew.

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear
Till he started and cried from his dream
"Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake as a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played.
"Welcome!" he said, "My dear one's light."
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of that death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far he followed that meteor spark,
The winds were high and the clouds were dark
And the boat returned no more.

But off from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp
And paddle their white canoe.

Songs of Long Ago

Fallen Leaf.

Far beyond the rolling river
Where the noble forests rise,
Dwelt the fairest Indian maiden
Ever seen by mortal eyes.
Fallen Leaf, the breezes whispered
Of her spirit's early flight
For within that Indian wigwam
There's a wail of woe tonight
(Repeat last two lines of each verse.)

Through the depths of tangled forest
All alone one summer day
Came a hunter, tired and hungry,
On his sad and lonely way.
Weeks passed by, but still he lingered,
Fallen Leaf was by his side,
And in love she smiled upon him,
Soon to be his woodland bride.

One bright day this hunter wandered
O'er the prairie wastes alone,
Fallen Leaf watched and waited,
But his fate was never known.
With the summer's bloom she faded,
With the autumn leaves she died
And in death they closed her eyelids
By the gleaming river's side.

Silver Bell.

Beneath the light of a bright starry night,
Sang a lonely little Indian maid,
No lover's sweet serenade has ever won me,
As in a dream, it would seem,
Gayly paddling his tiny canoe,
A chieftain longing to woo, sang her
this song.

Your voice is ringing,
My Silver Bell,
Under its spell,
I've come to tell you of a love I am
bringing
O'er hill and dell,
Happy we'll dwell, my Silver Bell.

For many moons, many spoons, many
Junes,
Broke the echoes of the still summer
night;
As down the sweet gleaming brine,
They floated dreaming, in his canoe
only two, sat to woo,
As they listened to the sigh of the breeze
That seemed to sing in the trees, this
sweet refrain.—Chorus.

Iola.

Many, many years ago
In the valley where the prairie roses grow
There lived an Indian queen
Of sweet sixteen
Who never knew a care.
To her lodge beneath the tree
Came a copper-colored aborigine
To this maiden he would nightly warble
there.

CHORUS.

My sweet Iola, Iola list to me,
My dream of bliss to be,
Come throw a kiss to me,
For I'm waiting
Here 'neath the stars that shine,
My love, please don't decline,
Iola mine.

To this ditty singing brave
Not a shadow of encouragement she gave:
He would sigh for hours,
And send her flowers,
The while his love he told,
But he persevered so well
That at last he won this copper-colored
beile

With a serenade he wooed
His lady as of old. —Chorus.

Snow Deer.

Sweet Snow Deer mine, moon's ashine
through the pine,
White Mohawks sleep, let us creep through
the vale.
Your cowboy lover your heart will cover.
Don't hesitate, it is late, ponies wait
For you and me by the tree in the vale.
Hear tom-toms beating, let's hit the trail.

CHORUS.

My pretty Snow Deer, say you will go,
dear,
From your side I'll never part.
Every trail leads to your heart.
It's time to marry, no time to tarry.
Let me carry you from here, my sweet
Snow Deer.

The red men come, bullets hum, There'll be
some
Left on the trail, I can't fail, Cling to me.
We'll crown the story with love and glory.
Now after all, must I fall? Hear my call
And fly away, while we may. Can't you
see
Those ranch lights gleaming? Safe there
we'll be.

The Pretty Mohea.

As I went out walking
For pleasure one day,
In sweet recreation
To while time away;
As I sat amusing
Myself on the grass,
Oh, who should I spy
But a fair Indian lass!

She sat down beside me,
And, taking my hand,
Said: "You are a stranger
And in a strange land;
But if you will follow,
You're welcome to come
And dwell in the cottage
That I call my home."

The sun was fast sinking
Far o'er the blue sea,
When I wandered alone
With my pretty Mohea,
Together we wandered,
Together did rove,
Till we came to the cot
In the coconut grove.

Then this kind expression
She made unto me;
"If you will consent, sir,
To stay here with me
And go no more roving
Upon the salt sea,
I'll teach you the language
Of the lass of Mohea!"

"Oh, no my dear maiden,
That never could be;
For I have a true love
In my own country,
And I'll not forsake her;
For I know she loves me,
And her heart is as true
As the pretty Mohea."

'Twas early one morning,
A morning in May,
That to this fair maiden
These words I did say:
"I'm going to leave you,
So farewell, my dear;
My ship's sails are spreading,
And home I must steer."

The last time I saw her,
She stood on the strand;
And as my boat passed her
She waved me her hand,
Saying: "When you have landed
With the girl that you love,
Think of little Mohea,
In the coconut grove."

And then when I landed
On my own native shore,
With friends and relations
Around me once more,
I gazed all about me,
Not one could I see,
That was fit to compare
With the pretty Mohea.

And the girl that I trusted
Proved untrue to me;
So I'll turn my course backward,
Far o'er the deep sea,
I'll turn my course backward,
From this land I'll flee;
I'll so spend my days
With my pretty Mohea.

Golden Arrow.

Out in the shade of a glade
Sat a maid with burning cheeks all
aglow;
Eyes black as night, but as bright as the
light
Of any sunset in Idaho.
For, by her side, was the pride of the
tribe,
Son of Chief Arrowbow;
And, in the ear of his dear,
Sweet and clear, he whispered low:

CHORUS.

"My little Golden Arrow, I love you;
You've pierced my heart, 'tis true,
Pretty Sioux, through and through.
Take me to be your fallen sparrow, do,
For, Golden Arrow, by life belongs to you."

She then replied, "I'm your bride, by your
side.

We'll hunt the big buffalo;
I'll be your dear, never fear, ever near,
For I'm your arrow and you're by bow;
You lead the way, where you may, from
today,
For you must guide me, you know."
"Then I can see, we'll agree,
Come with me," said Arrowbow.—Chorus.

Songs of Long Ago

Daughter of Calamity Jane.

My mother's name was Calamity
And her other name was Jane,
She was a spittin' hell-cat
Upon the western plain.
Now ma she married a rustler
But she shot him dead one night,
For he loved Poker Alice,
And ma she loved to fight.
Now ma and I were friendly
Until I was almost ten,
But she was a jealous devil
And I was fond of men.
One night it came to the show-down,
And I beat her to the draw,
And I had done for her
Just what she did to pa.

CHORUS.

I'm a rip-roarin' snorter, the gun-totin'
daughter
Of old Calamity Jane;
I'm young and frisky, and I love my
whisky,
And he he-men of the plains.

I met a chap in Mexico,
He was a handsome brute,
Although a crooked gambler
He was too good to shoot.
So we trailed along together
And he was just the stuff,
Out of the minin' gold fields
And we took out lots of dust.
Now one night in the batter
He met a crooked dame,
She was a dance hall hussy
And Silvie was her name.
They paid a crooked sheriff
To lock me up in jail,
They stole my horse and saddle,
And hit the Utah trail.

CHORUS.

I'm a rip-roarin' snorter, the gun-totin'
daughter
Of old Calamity Jane;
I'm lookin' for bail to get out of jail
And I'll trust no man again.

And when the jailer freed me
I'd like to know what will
I'd got that crooked gambler
And that hussy Sill-vill,
So I bought myself a broncho
And day and night I rode,
And just outside of Denver
I met them by the road.
Sill-vill she drew on me
And in her gun hand roared.
I was a spit-eye quicker
And our account was square.
The gamblers all are yellow,
And I showed him who was boss,
I hung him alongside of the road,
Because he stole my hoss.

CHORUS.

I'm a rip-roarin' snorter, the gun-totin'
daughter
Of old Calamity Jane.
But now I know as they come and go
That I'm the queen of the plain.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah,
Idaho.

Songs of Long Ago

Two-Gun Bonnie.

You've heard 'em tell of Deadwood Dick
And about old Jesse James,
And you've heard of Missouri Joe
And other famous names.
I'm gonna tell you about a gal,
A wild sort o' devil,
She was tough as any hombre
But was always on the level.

She wore a gun and smoked cigars
And swore like a man.
And her Bible was a deck of cards.
Her church was Faro Dan's;
Each night you'd find her playing there
In a game of poker;
With death you sure were flirting
If your sleeve contained the joker.

Though she appeared as cold as steel
And rough as she could be,
Beneath her skin her heart was
Like a woman's, yes, sir-ee!
It makes no difference where you live,
In wealth or misery;
But love will find you anywhere,
And love, it came to Bonnie.

When prohibition struck the west
It struck Faro Dan's,
And Bonnie turned to moonshine.
For she had lost her man;
The revenuers found her still
And pinched her, as you know;
But she didn't serve a sentence,
With all thanks to Governor Burlew.

Though Two-Gun Bonnie beat that charge
Like she always done,
She could beat most any game at all,
Could beat most any one;
Then came the day she fought and fought,
When death tried to take her;
'Twas the first time she was beaten,
She was beaten by her Maker.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah,
Idaho.

Songs of Long Ago

She Buckaroo.

Some gals, they like houses and babies
and things,
But give me the feel of a horse that has
wings;
I'll ride him straight up like all cowboys
do—
I'm a straight-riding lassie, a she buckaroo.
There's a secret in life for which I still
long,
I'm pining to ride that old strawberry
roan;
I'll make him hop out like an old
kangaroo.
I'm a tough-riding lassie, a she buckaroo.
If you make the rodeo you'll find me right
there,
Riding and roping and winning my share
Of the prizes they give. Makes a he-man
feel blue.
I'm a prize-winning lassie, a she buckaroo.
I'm sure stuck on myself, but I don't give
a care.
There's no one around me to give me the
air;
But I never walk home from a trip to
the zoo.
I'm a man-hating lassie, a she buckaroo.

Some day when I'm ready I'll ride down
the road
And I'll rope me a cow poke that's never
been thrown;
I'll hog-tie him tight 'til he swears he'll
be true.
I'm a man-roping lassie, I'm a she buckaroo.
I'll throw away my chaps and get dresses
instead,
I'll learn to make biscuits and maybe
corn bread;
We'll live in town, I think that will do.
And goodby to Texie, the she buckaroo.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah,
Idaho; Miss Anna Belle Schilling, Nes-
pelem, Wash.

Cowgirl
Songs

SEPTEMBER 11, 1940.

Songs of Long Ago

"Queen of the Desperadoes."

She was a two-gun woman,
Miss Belle Shirley was her name;
The Lone Star state of Texas
Was where she won her fame.

Oh, I was a puncher in an old slouch hat,
But I couldn't make any money at that,
So I said to Belle, "Let me join your show,
If it gets too hot I'll ride to old Mexico."

Jim Reed was her first lover,
And she eloped with him one night,
While her dad chased them across Texas
Trying to stage a fight.

When Jim Reed was drilled by Morris
Belle she took to the trail,
And started a life of wanderin'
That every one knew would fail.

When Belle she married Mr. Starr
She moved to Younger's Bend
And lived on Canadian river
Until the very end.

Belle fell from under her steed one day,
Traitor Watson was the cause;
But both of them were guilty—like the
rest of us—
Of breaking the territory's laws.

Oh, come, cowhands and herders,
Every gambler, prospector and bum;
Don't tinker with gun-totin' ladies
Or drink too much nigger-head rum.

For Belle was a beautiful tough one,
And she led all her gang to the grave;
But while they were up and kickin'
Each one of them was her slave.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah,
Idaho.

Songs of Long Ago

I Want to Be a Real Cowboy Girl.
I love all the roar and the rattle.
The lure and the bellow of the cattle,
And I love to see the cowboys,
At the rodeo.
The bird, I can hear it singing,
And I can see Larry a-swinging,
And my heart is always happy,
At the rodeo.

FIRST CHORUS.

I want to be a real cowboy girl.
And wear all the buckles and straps,
And know how it feels to wear spurs on
my heels.
Then strut about in my chaps,
I want to tote a six-shooter, too.
Wear a belt that is four inches wide,
Then ride like the deuce on a buckskin
cayuse.
With the cowboy I love by my side.

I dream of a song and it lingers,
In my heart I can hear all the singers,
As they sing of love and friendship
At the rodeo.
How I'd love to ride in the open,
On a great big cayuse, just a-lopin'.
I'd be happy with my cowboy
From the rodeo.

SECOND CHORUS.

I want to be a real cowboy girl,
And wear all the buckles and straps,
And know how it feels to wear spurs on
my heels.
Then strut about in my chaps,
I want to wear a ten-gallon hat.
Wear a belt that is four inches wide,
Then I'd bulldoze a steer, at the fair every
year.
And jump on my pony and ride.