

## 73 Young Indian Lass - Mr Anderson

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Young Indian Lass' by Mr. Anderson. It consists of four staves of music in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with 'Now - as I was walk - ing on a far - dis - tant shore I'. The second staff continues with 'called at an ale - house to spend half - an hour, and -'. The third staff continues with 'as I sat smok - ing, be - side me a glass, by'. The fourth staff concludes with 'chance there came by a fair - In - di - an lass.'

- 1  
Now as I was walking on a far distant shore  
I called at an alehouse to spend half an hour,  
and as I sat smoking, beside me a glass,  
by chance there came by a fair Indian lass.
- 2  
She sat down beside me and squeezèd my hand,  
She said, 'You're a stranger and not of this land.  
I have fine lodgings if with me you'll stay;  
my portion you shall have without more delay.'
- 3  
With a glass of good liquor she welcomed me in;  
kind sir you are welcome to have anything.  
But as I embracèd her this was her tune,  
'You are a poor sailor and far from your home.'
- 4  
We tossed and we tumbled in each others arms;  
and all that night long I embraced her sweet charms.  
With rare enjoyment the time passed away;  
I did not go to leave her till nine the next day.
- 5  
This lovely young Indian, on the place where she stood  
I viewed her sweet features and found they were good.  
She was neat, tall and handsome; her age was sixteen;  
she was born and brought up in a place near New Orleans.
- 6  
Now the day was appointed we were going away,  
all on the wide ocean, to leave her to stay.  
She said, 'When you're home in your own native land  
remember the Indian that squeezèd your hand'.
- 7  
Early next morning we were going to sail,  
this loving young Indian on the beach did bewail.  
I took off my handkerchief and wipèd her eyes,  
'Do not go and leave me, my sailor!' she cries.
- 8  
We weighed our anchor, away then we flew  
till a fair and a pleasant breeze parted me from her view.  
But now I am over and taking my glass,  
I will drink a health to this young Indian lass.