

straight 8's
legato feel

BY THE SHORES OF GITCHE GUMEE

Words by Longfellow
Music by Paul Busby

E F E^bΔ G[#]o_{add}G G^bΔ

F F F F

FΔ / B∅ E13(b9) Am9

By the shores of Git-che Gu-mee, By the shi-ning Big Sea Wa-ter, Stood the wig-wam of Na-
There the wrin-kled old Na-ko-mis Nursed the lit-tle Hi-a-wa-tha, Rocked him in his lin-den

G^b13 Am⁶ B7(b9) Em9 Cm9

B B

ko-mis, Daugh-ter of the Moon, Na-ko-mis. Dark be-hind it rose the for-est,
cra-dle, Bed-ded soft in moss and ru-shes, Safe-ly bound with rein-deer si-news;

Em9 B^bm7 Am7 C[#]m11 Am7

Rose the black and gloo-my pine-trees Rose the firs with cones u-pon them Bright be-fore it beat the
Stilled his fret-ful wail by say-ing, "Hush! the Na-ked Bear will get thee!" Lulled him in-to slum-ber,

E^b7(-5) 1 A^bm7 / D^b/_{A^b} A^bm7 D^bm9 / E^bm9 Fm11

wa-ter Beat the clear and sun-ny wa-ter Beat the shi-ning Big Sea Wa-ter.
sin-ging,

CΔ Dm7/C B/C Dm7/C 2 A^bm7 / D^b/_{A^b} A^bm9

"E-wa-yea! my lit-tle ow-let!

A^bm7 / D^b/_{A^b} G7alt Cm7 / Dm7/C Cm9 Cm7 / Dm7/C

Who is this that lights the wig-wam? With his great eyes lights the wig-wam? E-wa-yea! my lit-tle

B7alt Em7 Am7 B Am7 Em7 Bm7

ow-let!" Ma-ny things Na-ko-mis taught him Of the stars that shine in Hea-ven;

CΔ FΔ GΔ Am9 Bm7 E Fm7

Showed him Ish-koo-dah, the co-met, Ish-koo-dah, with fire-y tre-ses Showed the De-vil

B \flat m7 C^{B \flat m6} Fm Δ Cm7 D \flat Δ G \flat Δ A \flat Δ

Dance of the Spi-rits, War-riors with their plumes and war- clubs, Flar-ing far a-way to north-ward

B \flat m9 Cm7 F \sharp \emptyset B B13(+11) Em11 / C Δ

In the fros-ty nights of Win-ter; Showed the broad, white road in

Bm7 F9(-5) B \flat Δ (+5) / E7(#9) F \sharp 7+ G \sharp 7+ D \flat 7(#9+5) / B \flat 7(-5) G7+ A7(-5)

Hea-ven, Path-way of the ghosts, the sha-dows, Run-ning staight across the hea-vens,

Dm7 / Em7 F Δ (+5) F \sharp 7(-5) / E7 / F E \flat Δ / F

Crow-ded with the ghosts, the sha-dows.

G \sharp ^oaddG F G \flat Δ (-5) F F Δ /

At the door on sum-mer eve-nings

B \emptyset E13(b9) Am9 F \sharp 7 Am6 / B

Sat the lit-tle Hi-a-wa-tha Heard the whis-pering of the pine-trees, Heard the lap-ping of the

B7(b9) Em9 Cm9 Em9 B \flat m7

wa-ter, Saw the fire-fly, Wahwah-tay-see, Flit-ting through the dusk of eve-ning,

Am7 C \sharp m11 Am7 E \flat 7 A \flat m7 / D \flat / A \flat

With the twin-kle of its candle Light-ing up the brakes and bush-es, Saw the moon rise from the

A \flat m9 A \flat m7 / D \flat / A \flat G7alt Cm7 / Dm7 / C Cm9

wa-ter, Saw the flecks and sha-dows on it, Whispered,"What is that Na-ko-mis?"

Cm⁷ Dm⁷ B^{7alt} Em⁷ Am⁷ Am⁶ Em⁷
 C B

And the good Na-ko- mis an- swered: "Once a war-rior, ve-ry an- gry, Seized his grand-mother, and

Bm⁷ C^Δ F^Δ G^Δ Am⁹ Bm⁷ E

threw her Up in- to the sky at mid- night; 'Tis her bo- dy that you see there."

Fm^Δ B^bm⁷ B^bm⁶ Fm^Δ Cm⁷ D^bΔ

Saw the rain- bow in the hea- ven, In the Eas- tern sky, the rain- bow, Whis- pered, "What is that, Na-

G^bΔ A^bΔ B^bm⁹ Cm⁷ F[#]∅ B B¹³⁽⁺¹¹⁾

ko- mis?" And the good Na- ko- mis an- swered:

Em¹¹ Bm⁷ F⁹⁽⁻⁵⁾ B^bΔ(+5) / E⁷⁽⁻⁵⁾ F^{#7+} G^{#7(-5)} D^{b7(#9+5)} / B^{b7}

"All the wild flowers of the fo- rest, All the li- lies of the prair- ie, When on earth they fade and

G⁷ A⁷⁽⁺⁵⁾ Dm⁷ / Em⁷ F^{Δ(+5)} F^{#7(-5)} /

per- ish, Blos- som in that Hea- ven a- bove us."

F^Δ B[∅] E⁷⁽⁻⁵⁾ Am⁷ G^{b7(-5)}

Am⁷ B⁷ Em⁷ Cm⁷ Em⁷ B^bm⁷

Am⁷ C^{#m}11 Am⁷ E^{b7(-5)} A^bm¹¹

A^bm⁷ G⁷alt Cm⁷ Cm⁷ B⁷alt

Em⁷ Am⁷ B^{Am⁶} Em⁷ Bm⁷ C^Δ

Then the lit-tle Hi- a- wa- tha Learned of ev'ry bird its lan- guage, How they build their nests in

F^Δ G^Δ Am⁹ Bm⁷ E Fm^Δ B^bm⁷ C^{B^bm⁶}

Sum- mer, Where they hid them-selves in Win- ter, Of all beasts he learned the lan- guage,

Fm^Δ Cm⁷ D^bΔ G^bΔ A^bΔ B^bm⁹

Learned their names and all their se- crets, How the bea- vers built their lod- ges, Where the squir- rels hid their

Cm⁷ F[#]∅ B B¹³⁽⁺¹¹⁾ Em¹¹ / C^Δ Bm⁷ F⁹⁽⁻⁵⁾

a- corns, How the rein- deer run so swift- ly,

B^bΔ(+5) F^{#7+} G^{#7(-5)} D^{b7(#9+5)} / B^b7 A⁷⁺ Dm¹¹

Why the rab- bit was so ti- mid, Talked with them when- e'er he met them,

Gm⁹ / Am¹¹ B^bΔ(+11) E^bΔ(+11) D⁷⁽⁻⁵⁾ Gm⁷ A^{Em⁷} D⁶

Called them "Hi- a- wa- tha's Bro- thers." Hi- a- wa- tha's Bro- thers."

rit.

D⁶ / / /

BY THE SHORES OF GITCHE GUMEE
from the song of Hiawatha by Longfellow

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big Sea Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nakomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nakomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water
Beat the clear and sunny water
Beat the shining Big Sea Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nakomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nakomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in Heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with firey tresses;
Showed the Devil-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter,
Showed the broad, white road in Heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
Saw the moon rise from the water,

Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nakomis?"
And the good Nakomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight:
"Tis her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is the, Nakomis?"
And the good Nakomis answered:
"All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

- INSTRUMENTAL SOLO

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of ev'ry bird its language,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."
"Hiawatha's Brothers."