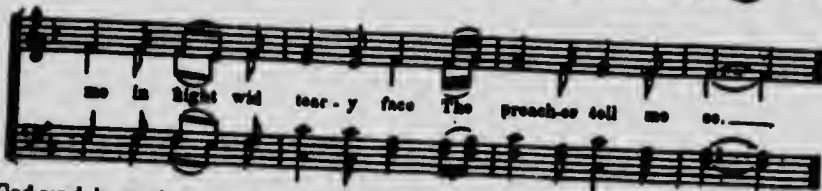
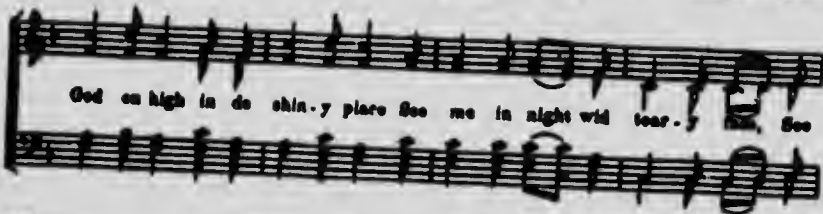
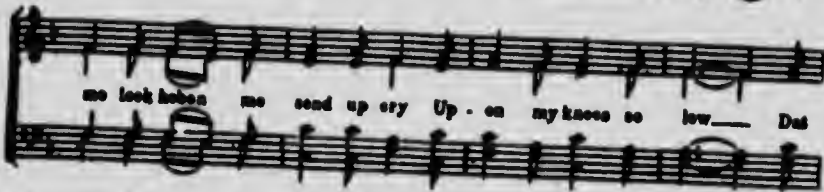
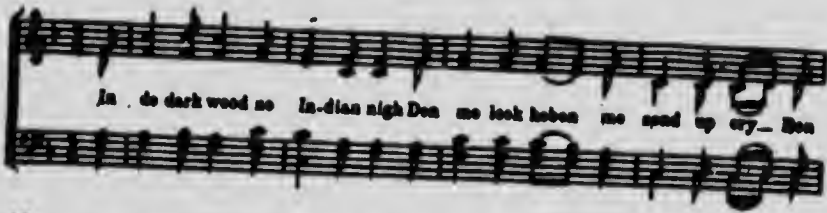


THE INDIAN HYMN



God send de angels take me care,
He come Himself and He hear my prayer
He come Himself and He hear my prayer
If inside heart do pray.
God see me now, He know me here,
He say poor Indian nebbber fear,
He say poor Indian nebbber fear,
Me wid you till you die.

So me lub God wid me inside heart,
He fight for me and He take me part,
He fight for me and He take me part,
He saved my life before;
God lub poor Indian in de wood,
And me lub God and dat be good,
And me lub God and dat be good,
Me'll praise Him two times more.

Me want me Christ to heben go,
Ner hunt de deer as here below,
Ner hunt de deer as here below,
Me arrow shooting dere.
Me want to walk dat hebenly plain,
And swim dat ribber again and again,
And swim dat ribber again and again,
Where de Glory flows so fair.

Some day den God He will come for me,
He'll knock off me chains and He'll set me free,
He'll knock off me chains and He'll set me free,
And He'll take me up on high;
Den Indian sing His praises best,
Me'll lub and praise Him wid de rest,
Me'll lub and praise Him wid de rest,
And me'll nebbber, nebbber die.

When me get old and me head get gray,
Den will He lebe me, no He say,
Den will He lebe me, no He say,
Me wid you till you die;
Den take you up to de shiny place,
See white man, red man, and black man's face,
See white man, red man, and black man's face,
All shiny alike on high.

So when time comes poor Indian dies,
Me'll go, Great Spirit, above de skies,
Me'll go, Great Spirit, above de skies,
And me blankets me'll lebe behind;
Me'll hab no need of me wigwam dere,
Me better habitations share,
Me better habitations share,
Wid Jesus good and kind.