

A Story of Two Loves, or the Song with a Sequel.

YOUILLIANNA

(MY INDIAN MAID)

SUCCESSFULLY SUNG
BY



PIERCE & ROSLYN



WORDS AND MUSIC

BY

RUSSELL WEBB

COMPOSER OF
THE GREAT SERENADE
"I LOVE YOU."
"THE NEW KILLARNEY."
"BABY'S LULLABY."
5. ETC.

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MUSIC
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RALPH DILLE
DES.

Youlianna.

(MY INDIAN MAID.)

Words & Music by
RUSSELL WEBB.

Composer of "I'm Longing For a Message From You,"
"When You Want Me, Write, and I Will Come to You," etc.

Moderato.

1. In a deep for - est nook, By a bab - bling brook, There
2. As the sun sinks to rest In the gold - en west, And
3. Then he tells of his love, While the stars a - bove Are

waits a lit - tle maid, Where the vi - o - lets are grow - ing, . .
shad - ows 'round her fall, In her heart there is a feel - ing, . .
light - ing up the sky, And she lis - tens so in - tent - ly, . .

. . . Where the gen - tle winds are blow - ing; . . . Ev-'ry eve - ning she comes Where the
 . . . That her lov - er near is steal - ing; . . . Ver - y still she will stand Till the
 . . . And he tells her ver - y gen - tly . . . That no shad - dows dim Could be

riv - er runs And tum - bles on its way; . . . For her lov - er she is
 white man's hand Up - on her arm is laid, . . . And he whis - pers, You - li-
 known to him While she is by his side, . . . And he asks the In - dian

wait - - ing, . . . To hear him say:
 an - - na, . . . My In - dian maid.
 maid - - en . . . To be his bride.

rit.

CHORUS.

O You - li - an - na, Sweet You - li - an - na, Your eyes' deep splen - dor Would cast in

p-f

shade The sparkling beau - ty Of the Sus-que - han - - na, O You-li-

an - na, My In - dian maid. . . . O You - li - maid. . . .

1 2

p *mf*

SEQUEL.

1. All a - round, in the for-est there are glid - - ing Dusk - y forms, . . .
 2. One there is who is watching You-li - an - - na, In whose heart . . .
 3. All is hushed, as the fi - nal word is spo - - ken, And a form . . .

. . . with watchful eyes a - gleam; Ev-'y - where, in the shadows they are
 . . . there is jeal-ous-y and fear; Well he knows that the tribe of Sus-que-
 . . . stealeth si-lent-ly a - way; No one knows that an Indian heart is

hid - ing, On the banks of the mer-ry lit - tle stream.
 han - na Guards the one to the Indian maiden dear.
 bro - ken,— He has gone with the breaking of the day.