

# GEORGE EVANS IN THE RUNAWAYS

Direction of F. RAY COMSTOCK

Lyrics by  
**REN SHIELDS**

Music by  
**GEORGE EVANS**



GEO. EVANS

Mr Tomahawk, - - -	60
Down In The Old Town Hall, -	60
<small>(Words and Music by George Evans.)</small>	
My Blue Bell From Baltimore, -	60
Dreamy Eyes, - - -	60
Ting-a-Ling, - - -	60

SM 633

# Mr. Tomahawk.

Words by  
REN SHIELDS.

Music by  
GEORGE EVANS.

*Allegro moderato.*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

The vocal line consists of two verses of lyrics. The melody is simple and follows the rhythm of the piano accompaniment. The first verse ends with a quarter rest, and the second verse ends with a quarter note.

1. Mis-ter Tom - a - hawk was an In - dian chief, and he loved an In - dian maid,  
 2. Mis-ter Tom - a - hawk took her to his tribe, and they held a big Pow-wow,

The piano accompaniment continues under the vocal line, maintaining the same rhythmic and harmonic structure as the introduction.

The vocal line continues with the next two verses of lyrics. The melody remains consistent with the previous verses.

He met her one eve at an In-dian club, and ad-mired her cop-per col-ored shade;  
 There he met his friend old friend Sit-ting Bull, al-so met his broth-er Stand-ing Cow,

The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with the final two verses of lyrics.

Copyright, MCMV, by JEROME H. REMICK & CO.  
 Proprietors of The Whitney Warner Pub. Co., Detroit - New York.  
 Entered according to act of the Parliament of Canada in the year MCMV,  
 by Jerome H Remick & Co in the Department of Agriculture.

He said, be my ar-row, I will be your beau, I love your wav-en hair and ten-der form,  
 They were ver-y bus-y eat-ing In-dian Meal, In-dian corn form In-dian-apo-lis was-n't ripe,

I can shoot the deer, dear, and can get the doe, While you can cook and keep my wig - warm; For  
 All the chiefs had gathered to smoke the pipe of peace, And Tommy tried to smoke a piece of pipe;

I'm a great big chief you know, I once scalpd tickets on the  
 He askd them if they would buy, A cop - y of his

B. and O.  
 last war cry.

*Tutti.* *Tom Tom.*

Chorus.

Me love, heap love, Pret - ty lit - tle In - jun gir - lie,

*mf 2<sup>d</sup> time. ff*  
*Tom Tom.*

Big chief's heart is ver - y lone - ly now,

Me love, heap love, Pret - ty lit - tle Pra - rie pear - lie,

Big chief wants her for his In - dian frau. frau.

1. 2.

Mr. Tomahawk. = 3.