



The  
LAST  
of the  
MOHICANS

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THE LAST  
OF  
THE MOHICANS.

This is about an Indian Brave  
Oh bonny and brave was he, oh!  
He lived in the West, where  
the sun goes to rest,  
Far over the broad blue sea, oh!

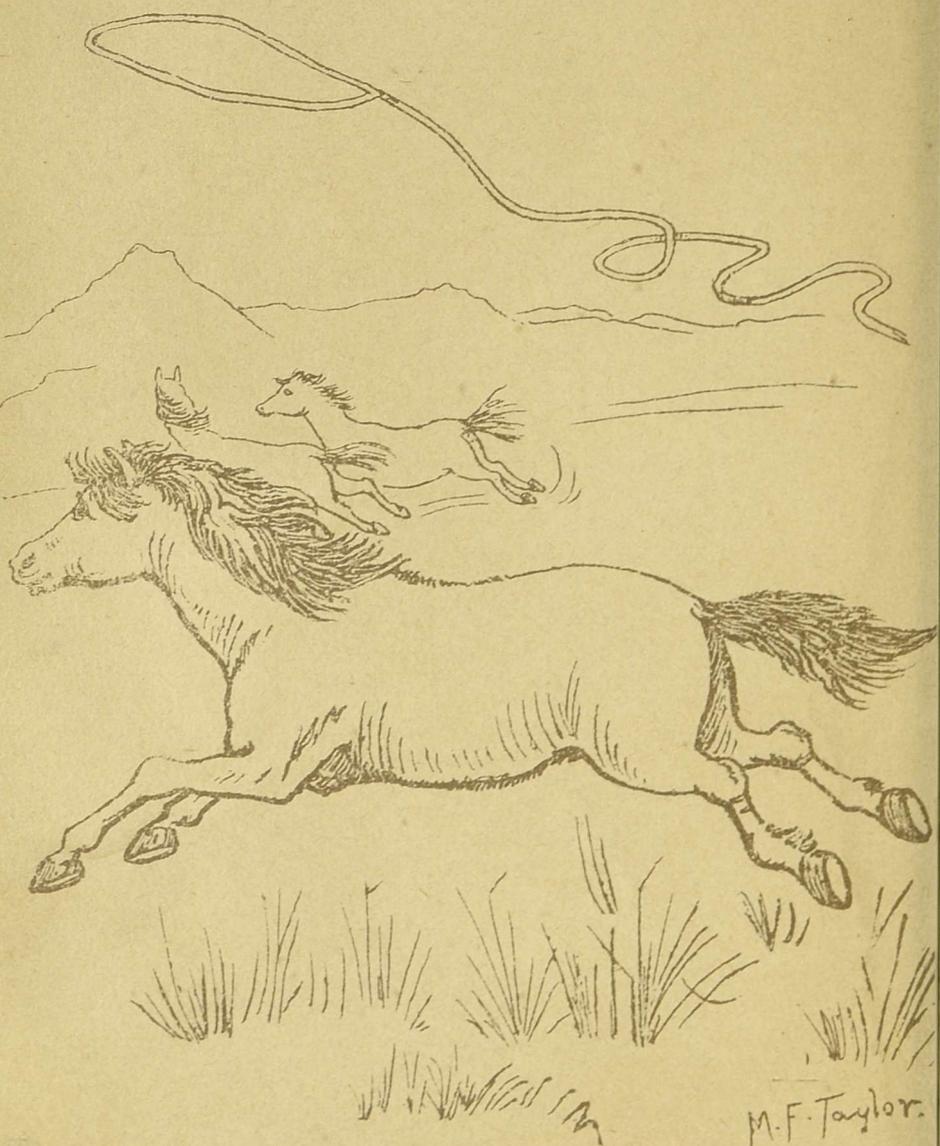






Bold Bruin and Baby Braves Bathing.

He grew apace  
with a bonny face  
And legs as fleet as a deer, oh!  
He made the heart glad of his  
red skinned dad —  
His little soul  
knew no fear, oh!



M.F. Taylor.

Time went along,  
so runs my song,  
And new things  
came to pass, oh!  
He was always in front in the  
Redskins' hunt  
A cute little lad  
with a lasso!

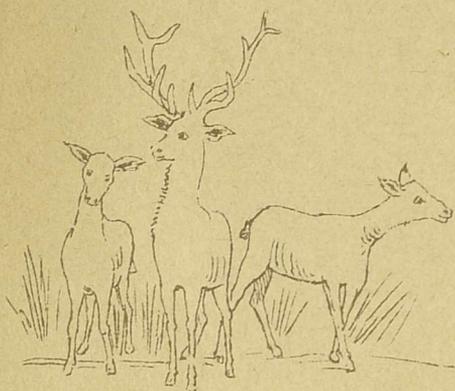


Mabel F. Taylor



"He was always in front in the Redskins' hunt".

He'd perfect skill,  
was sure to kill  
With his long bow,  
and his arrow,  
He treated all game in a  
manner the same  
From Buffaloes to a sparrow.



Mabel F. Taylor

From morn till late  
he'd gladly wait  
Beside a rock  
or stream, oh!  
To fill his huntsman's bag  
with a lordly stag -  
For this was his  
day-long dream, oh!





He took the prize for Braves his size.

He took the prize,  
for Braves his size  
In fact he beat  
boys bigger, oh!  
None other was braver, than this  
Indian shaver  
This little Indian nigger, oh!

He grew to a man — all boys can  
Who try their hardest to do so —  
He'd a wife and a cow, and a  
big bow-wow,  
And bold baby Braves a few, oh!



Mabel F. Taylor



M.F. Taylor

He lived in a tent, paid no rent!  
Never a bill did he owe, oh!  
The only Bill he'd got, was Buff'lo  
Bill — the Shot —  
A very good Bill to know, oh!

This is about an Indian Brave,  
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Far over the broad blue sea, oh!

Edna Venturing

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