

ANONA

VOCAL

By VIVIAN GREY
(Miss Mabel McKinley)

*Sincerely
Mabel McKinley*

60

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ANONA.

(SONG.)

This Famous Composition is also published as an Intermezzo - Two Step - for Piano Price 60 cents, also for Band, Orchestra, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Zither etc.

Moderato.

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Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo to mezzo-forte (*mf*), then a *rall.* (rallentando) section, and finally returns to piano (*p*) at *a tempo*. The melody is played in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

VOICE.

First vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are as follows:

1. In the west-ern state of Ar-i-zo-na, Lived an Ind-ian maid;—
2. When her fa-ther heard that his A-no-na, Loved this youth-ful brave;—

Second vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are as follows:

She was called the beau-ti-ful A-no-na so 'tis said.—
Straight-a-way he said he would dis-own her, things looked grave.—

Third vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are as follows:

Grace-ful as a fawn was she, Just as sweet as she could be,
She must mar-ry "heap big chief," Sweet A-no-na hid her grief,

rall.

Eyes so bright, dark as night, Had this pret - ty lit - tle Ar - i - zo - na
 Ran a - way, so they say, And got mar - ried to the man she loved with -

mf

rall.

riten.

Ind - ian maid - en. All the chiefs who knew her, Came to woo her - For her pined —
 out de - lay - ing. Then her fa - ther sought her, Nev - er caught her, Till one day, —

rit.

p a tempo.

— To mar - ry she de - clined, — At last she changed her mind, — But 'twas
 — When two years passed a - way, — They both came back to stay, — Then the

not a chief so grand, who won her heart and hand, — But a
 chief de - clared a truce, when they named their young pa - poose, — Af - ter

war - rior bold, who wooed her with a song: *rit.*
 him and to his grand-child he would sing: My sweet A -

Refrain.

no - na, in Ar-i - zo - na, There is no oth - er maid I'd
p-f a tempo.

ser - e - nade; By camp-fires gleam-ing, of you I'm dream-ing, A - no - na,

1. my sweet Ind - ian maid. *rit.* 2. My sweet A - maid. *D.C.*