

THE WILLIS COLLECTION

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THE BIRTHDAY OF LINCOLN

SPECIAL PROGRAM

For High and Intermediate Grades

Comprising MUSIC AND HISTORICAL EXERCISES

Designed For

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

LINCOLN.

CHAS. G. HALPINE.

mf

1. He filled the na - tion's eye and heart, An hon - ored, loved, fa -
 2. His chang - ing face what pen can draw, Pa - thet - ic, kind - ly,
 3. He was his coun - try's—not his own! He had no wish but

mf

mil - iar name; So much a broth - er, that his fame Seemed
 droll, or stern; And with a glance so quick to learn The
 for her weal; Nor for him - self could think or feel, But

cres.

of our lives a com - mon part. His tow'r - ing fig - ure,
 in - most truth of all he saw. Pride found no i - dle
 as a lab - 'ror for the throne. Her flag up - on the

f

sharp and spare, Was with such ner - vous
 space to spawn Her fan - cies in his
 heights of pow'r, Stain - less and un - as -

ten - sion strung, As if on each strained
 bu - sy mind; His worth - like health or
 sailed, to place— To this one end his

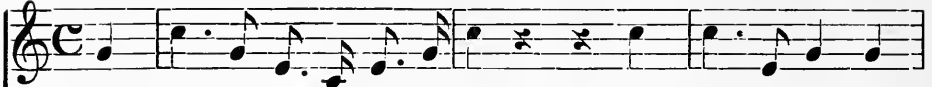
cres.

sin - ew swung The bur - den of a peo - ple's care.
 air— could find No just ap - prais - al till with - drawn.
 ear - nest face Was bent through ev' - y bur - dened hour.

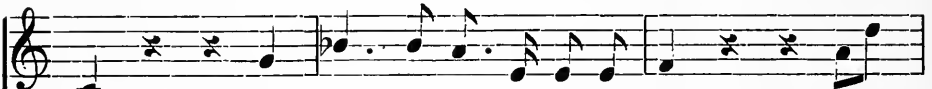
SAIL ON, O SHIP OF STATE!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
Maestoso.

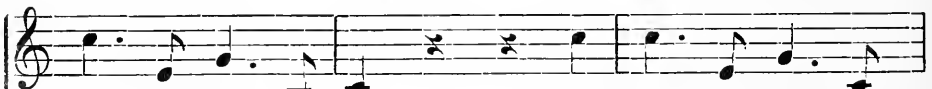
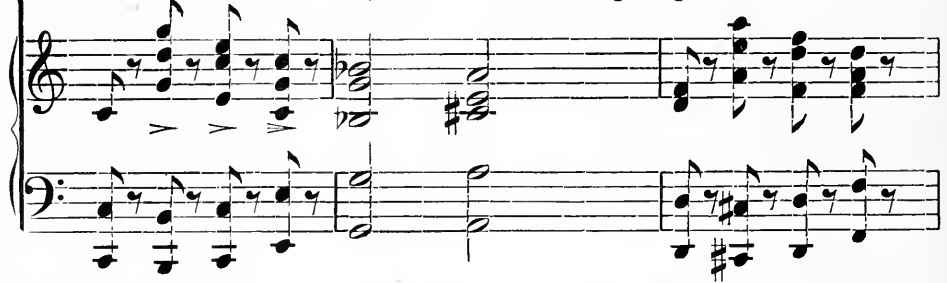
ROBERT SCHUMANN.



- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1. Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State! | Sail on, sail on, sail |
| 2. We know what Master laid thy keel, | Sail on, sail on, sail |
| 3. Fear not each sudden sound and shock, | Sail on, sail on, sail |
| 4. Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State! | Sail on, sail on, sail |



on!	Sail on, O U - nion strong and great!	Sail
on!	What Work - man wrought thy ribs of steel,	Sail
on!	'Tis of the wave and not the rock;	Sail
on!	Sail on, O U - nion strong and great,	Sail



on, sail on, sail on!	Hu - man - i - ty with
on, sail on, sail on!	Who made each mast, and
on, sail on, sail on!	'Tis but the flap - ping
on, sail on, sail on!	Sail on, nor fear to



all its fears, With all the hopes of fu-ture years, Is
 sail, and rope, What an - vils rang, what hammers beat, In
 of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! In
 breast the sea, Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee, Our

hang-ing breathless on thy fate! Sail on, O Union strong and great! Sail
 what a forge and what a heat Were shaped the anchors of thy hope! Sail
 spite of rock and tempest's roar, In spite of false lights on the shore, Sail
 hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith tri-umph-ant o'er our fears, Are

on, sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, sail on, sail on!
 on, sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, sail on, sail on!
 on, sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, sail on, sail on!
 all with thee— are all with thee, Sail on, sail on, sail on!

NOTE.—In this poem of Longfellow, the Constitution and Laws are here personified and addressed as "The Ship of State."

HE WHO IS NOBLE.

HORACE, ODE XXII.

(INTEGRO VITÆ.)

1. He who is no - ble, kind in thought and ac - tion,
 2. What though he wan - der o'er the burn - ing des - ert,

mf

Faith - ful to du - ty, pure and sin - gle - heart - ed,
 What though he jour - ney o'er un - friend - ly moun - tain,

Needs not a weap - on, needs not man to guard him,
 Sleep - ing or wak - ing, though by death sur - round - ed,

Vir - tue de - fends him, vir - tue de - fends him.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

Wm. CULLEN BRYANT.

April, 1865.

Moderato.

1. Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare, Gen - tle and
 2. In sor - row by thy bier we stand, A - mid the
 3. Thy task is done; the bond are free: We bear thee
 4. Pure was thy life; its blood - y close Hath placed thee

mer - ci - ful and just! Who, in the fear of
 awe that hush - es all, And speak the an - guish
 to an hon - ored grave, Whose proud - est mon - u -
 with the sons of light, A - mong the no - ble

God, didst bear The sword of pow'r, a na - tion's trust!
 of a land That shook with hor - ror at thy fall.
 ment shall be The brok - en fet - ters of the slave.
 host of those Who per - ished in the cause of Right.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN.

f

1. O Cap-tain! My Cap-tain! our fear-ful trip is done, The
 2. O Cap-tain! My Cap-tain! rise up and hear the bells; Rise

f

ship has weathered ev - 'ry rack, The prize we sought is won, The
 up, for you the flag is flung, For you the bu - gle trills; For

port is near, the bells I hear, the peo-ple all ex - ult-ing While
 you ' bo-quets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the shores a - crowding, For

fol - low eyes the stead - y keel, the ves - sel grim and daring; But
you they call, the sway - ing mass, their eag - er fac - es turning; Here,

O! heart! heart! heart! O the bleed - ing drops of red, Where
Cap - tain! dear fa - ther! This arm be - neath your head! It

on the deck my Cap - tain lies Fallen, cold and dead.
is some dream that on the deck You've [Omit.....]

2

fal - len cold and dead, My Cap - tain does not

dim.

an - swer, his lips are pale and still,..... My

fath - er does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor

mf

will, The ship is an- chored safe and sound, its voy- age closed and

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are "will, The ship is an- chored safe and sound, its voy- age closed and". The piano accompaniment is in the same key and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

done, From fear- ful trip the vic- tor ship comes in with ob- ject

The second system continues the musical score with three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "done, From fear- ful trip the vic- tor ship comes in with ob- ject". The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

won; Ex - ult, O shores, and ring, O bells! The ship is anchored

The third system concludes the musical score with three staves. The vocal line finishes with the lyrics "won; Ex - ult, O shores, and ring, O bells! The ship is anchored". The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

safe and sound, But I, with mourn - ful tread,..... Walk the

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are "safe and sound, But I, with mourn - ful tread,..... Walk the". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

deck my Cap - tain lies, Fal - len,

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with the lyrics "deck my Cap - tain lies, Fal - len,". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with chords and a bass line. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the right hand of the piano part.

fal - len, fal - len, cold and dead, My

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with the lyrics "fal - len, fal - len, cold and dead, My". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part features a bass line with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and chords in the right hand.

rit.

cap - tain, my cap - tain has fal - len cold and

dead.

pp

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, }
November 21, 1864. }

To Mrs. Birby, Boston, Mass.:

DEAR MADAM—I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OUR LINCOLN.

Words and music by W. C. WASHBURN.

Allegro Marziale.

1. All hon - or to our glo - rious dead, Whose matchless life rare
 2. Who else in squal - id cab - in born With youth of chance and
 3. And when in one fell, fate - ful hour, Re - bel - lion rose in
 4. Oh why, when vic - to - ry was won, When swords were sheathed and
 5. Now lov - ing - ly we speak his name, No more does foe de -

8 8 8 8

ra - diance shed Up - on his coun - try's fame, Up -
 com - fort shorn Could reach such no - ble height? Could
 hor - rid pow'r The Un - ion to as - sail, The
 war's fierce gun Was hushed throughout the land, — Was
 ride or blame, For him is love a - lone. For



on his country's fame; Sweet be the mem - o - ry that clings, And reach such no - ble height? Who else assailed by blighting scorn, When Un - ion to as - sail; Who led the Na - tion in its might To hushed throughout the land; His great heart full of well-earned joy, Should him is love a - lone; E - man - ci - pa - tor, patriot true, And



pure the trib - ute each heart brings To the ex - alt - ed name, To pa - tience oth - ers had forsworn, Could keep soul calm and bright, Could stay se - ces - sion's dead - ly blight, And o - ver it pre - vail, And rash and cru - el plot de - stroy With ha - tred - guid - ed hand, With statesman, ru - ler, mar - tyr, too—The world claims for its own, The



8



the ex - alt - ed name	Of Lin - coln,	our Lin - coln.
keep soul calm and bright	As Lin - coln,	our Lin - coln.
o - ver it pre - vail,	But Lin - coln,	our Lin - coln.
ha - tred - guid - ed hand,	Our Lin - coln,	our Lin - coln.
world claims for its own	Our Lin - coln,	our Lin - coln.



THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

The short speech known as the "Gettysburg Address" is the noblest of Lincoln's public utterances. It was delivered November 19, 1863, while the Civil War was yet in progress. Yet it is utterly free from any spirit of animosity to foes; it breathes only the devotion of a nation to those who had died in its behalf. There is in this brief speech a beauty and pathos which cause it to rival any of the more ornate orations delivered on similar occasions:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little know, nor long remember, what we say here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

EXCERPTS FROM LINCOLN'S SPEECHES.

"THE mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

"AND having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts."

"It is difficult to make a man miserable while he feels he is worthy of himself, and claims kindred to the great God who made him."

"I AM not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have."

"I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

"WITH malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."—*From Second Inaugural Address.*