

E 462  
.2  
.P393  
Copy 1

MILITARY ORDER  
OF THE  
LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

---

SONG BOOK

FOR THE USE OF THE

Commandery

OF THE

State of Pennsylvania.

---

1883.



MILITARY ORDER  
OF THE  
LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

---

# SONG BOOK

FOR THE USE OF THE

Commandery

OF THE

State of Pennsylvania.

---

1883.

E462  
2  
P393

Put



---

COLLINS, PRINTER.

# SONG BOOK.

---

## THERE IS A GLORIOUS BANNER.

By Companion Captain EDMOND BUTLER, U. S. Army.

There is a glorious banner—  
I've seen it float in pride  
Above the broad Missouri  
And o'er old Hudson's tide.  
I've seen it gayly waving  
In Venice by the sea ;  
In England's pleasant waters—  
On Clyde and on the Lee.  
In England's pleasant waters, etc.

Where'er that flag is floating—  
From Plata to the Nore—  
From Norway's frozen limits  
To Fuego's distant shore—  
The eye of Toil is lifted  
In Love and Hope, to see  
The banner of our Fathers—  
The Standard of the Free!  
The banner of, etc.

Oh! may that banner ever  
In growing glory wave!—  
A sign of Hope to Nations—  
Of Freedom to the Slave!  
And when our eyes are closing,  
May our last vision be  
That banner of our Fathers  
Still floating o'er the Free!  
That banner of, etc.

---

## THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

Though war has now with gory hand  
Spread gloom and terror round,  
Be not forgot the gallant band  
That all our eagles crown'd:  
And while the glass you gayly pass,  
Where mirth and music charm ye,

Oh, let the toast be Honor's boast—  
 "The Army and the Navy!  
 The Navy and the Army!"  
 Oh, let the toast, etc.

Our sailors on the mountain wave,  
 Our soldiers on the field,  
 With honor fight, humanely save,  
 But never basely yield.  
 Then while the glass you gayly pass,  
 This welcome tribute levy,  
 A bumper toast to Honor's boast,  
 "The Army and the Navy!  
 The Navy and the Army!"  
 Oh, let the toast, etc.

### THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,  
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;  
 We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,  
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.—The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!  
 Down with the traitor, up with the star,  
 While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,  
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call for three hundred thousand more,  
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.  
 And we'll fill the vacant ranks of our brothers gone before,  
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and brave,  
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.  
 And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,  
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,  
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.  
 And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,  
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

### TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

In the prison-cell I sit,  
 Thinking, mother dear, of you,  
 And our bright and happy home, so far away,  
 And the tears they fill my eyes,

Spite of all that I can do,  
 Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,  
 Cheer up, comrades, they will come,  
 And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the  
 air again  
 Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood  
 When the fiercest charge they made,  
 And they swept us off a hundred men or more;  
 But before we reached their lines  
 They were beaten back dismayed,  
 And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

So within the prison-cell  
 We are waiting for the day  
 That shall come to open wide the iron door.  
 And the hollow eye grows bright,  
 And the poor heart almost gay,  
 As we think of seeing friends and home once more.

---

### GLORY, HALLELUJAH.

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,  
 John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,  
 John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,  
 His soul is marching on!

CHORUS.—Glory! Glory Hallelujah!  
 Glory! Glory Hallelujah!  
 Glory! Glory Hallelujah!  
 His soul is marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!  
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!  
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!  
 His soul is marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!  
 His soul is marching on.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,  
 And they'll go marching on.

They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,  
 As they go marching on.

Now three rousing cheers for the Union,  
 As we go marching on.  
 Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!

## STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,  
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,  
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming;  
 And the rocket's red glare, the bomb's bursting in air,  
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there ;  
 O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?  
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream ;  
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O, long may it wave,  
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore,  
 That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,  
 A home and a country should leave us no more ?  
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,  
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,  
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,  
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,  
 Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land  
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"  
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,  
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

## WAKE, NICODEMUS.

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,  
 And was bought for a bag full of gold ;  
 He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth,  
 But he died, years ago, very old.  
 'Twas his last sad request—so we laid him away,  
 In the trunk of an old hollow tree ;  
 Wake me up! was his charge, at the first break of day ;  
 Wake me up for the Great Jubilee !

CHORUS.—The good time coming is almost here,  
 It was long, long, long on the way !



Now, run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,  
And meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp,  
To wake Nicodemus to-day.

He was known as a prophet: at least was as wise,  
For he told of the battles to come;  
And we trembled with dread when he roll'd up his eyes,  
And we heeded the shake of his thumb.  
Though he clothed us with fear, yet the garments he wore  
Were in patches at elbow and knee;  
And he still wears the suit that he used to, of yore,  
As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.

Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash,  
Though the bullet has oft crossed his path;  
There were none of his masters so brave or so rash  
As to face such a man in his wrath;  
Yet his great heart with kindness was filled to the brim,  
He obeyed, who was born to command;  
But he long'd for the morning which then was so dim,  
For the morning which now is at hand.

'Twas a long, weary night: we were almost in fear  
That the future was more than he knew;  
'Twas a long, weary night: but the morning is near,  
And the words of our prophet are true.  
There are signs in the sky, that the darkness is gone,  
There are tokens in endless array;  
While the storm which had seemingly banished the dawn,  
Ouly hastens the advent of day.

#### OUR FLAG IS THERE.

Our flag is there! our flag is there!  
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas!  
Our flag is there! our flag is there!  
Behold the glorious stripes and stars!  
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,  
Strong hands sustained it mast-head high,  
And oh! to see how proud it waves,  
Brings tears of joy in every eye.

CHORUS.—Our flag is there! our flag is there!  
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas!  
Our flag is there! our flag is there!  
Behold the glorious stripes and stars.

That flag has stood the battle's roar,  
With foemen stout, with foemen brave;  
Strong hands have sought that flag to lower,  
And found a speedy, watery grave!

That flag is known on ev'ry shore,  
 The standard of a gallant band;  
 Alike sustain'd in peace or war,  
 It floats o'er Freedom's happy land.

---

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing;  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
 Land of the noble, free—  
 Thy name I love;  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills;  
 My heart with rapture thrills  
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees,  
 Sweet freedom's song;  
 Let mortal tongues awake,  
 Let all that breathe partake,  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
 Author of liberty,  
 To thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light;  
 Protect us by Thy might,  
 Great God, our King.

---

OUR FLAG'S COME BACK TO TENNESSEE.

Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,  
 In the sunlight clear and strong;  
 For this world is fading, Pompey,  
 Massa won't be with you long;  
 And I fain would hear the south wind  
 Bring once more the sound to me,  
 Of the wavelets softly breaking  
 On the shores of Tennessee.

Mournful though the ripples murmur  
 As they still the story tell,  
 How no vessels float the banner  
 That I've loved so long and well.  
 I shall listen to their music,  
 Dreaming that again I see  
 Stars and stripes on sloop and shallop  
 Sailing up the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-bow shadows  
 Glide from tree to mountain crest,  
 Softly creeping, aye and ever,  
 To the river's yielding breast.  
 Ha! above the foliage yonder  
 Something flutters bold and free—  
 Massa, Massa, Hallelujah!  
 The flag's come back to Tennessee.

Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,  
 Help me stand on foot once more,  
 That I may salute the colors  
 As they pass my cabin door.  
 Never more shall treason trail thee,  
 Glorious emblem of the free!  
 GOD and UNION be our watchword  
 Evermore in Tennessee.

---

#### TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old Camp ground,  
 Give us a song to cheer  
 Our weary hearts, a song of home,  
 And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,  
 Wishing for the war to cease.  
 Many are the hearts looking for the right  
 To see the dawn of peace.  
 Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night,  
 Tenting on the old Camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old Camp ground,  
 Thinking of days gone by,  
 Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,  
 And the tear that said "Good-bye!"

We are tired of war on the old Camp ground,  
 Many are dead and gone;  
 Of the brave and true who've left their homes,  
 Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old Camp ground,  
 Many are lying near;  
 Some are dead, and some are dying,  
 Many are in tears.

CHORUS.—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,  
 Wishing for the war to cease;  
 Many are the hearts looking for the right,  
 To see the dawn of peace.  
 Dying to-night, Dying to-night,  
 Dying on the old Camp ground.

#### KINGDOM COMING.

Say, darkeys, hab you seen old massa,  
 Wid de muffstash on his face,  
 Go 'long de road some time dis mornin',  
 Like he gwine to leab de place?  
 He seen a smoke, way up de ribber,  
 Whar de Linkum gunboats lay;  
 He took his hat, an' lef berry sudden,  
 An' I 'spec he's run away!

CHORUS.—De massa run? ha, ha!  
 De darkey stay? ho, ho!  
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin',  
 An' de year ob Jubilo!  
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin',  
 An' de year ob Jubilo!

He six foot one way, four foot tudder,  
 An' he weigh tree hundred pound,  
 His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,  
 An' it won't go half way round.  
 He drill so much dey call him Cap'n,  
 An' he get so drefful tann'd,  
 I 'spec he try an' fool dem Yankees  
 For to tink he's contraband.

De darkeys feel so lonesome libbing  
 In de log house on de lawn,  
 Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor  
 For to keep it while he's gone.  
 Dar's wine an' eider in de kitchen,  
 An' the darkeys dey'll hab some;  
 I 'spose they'll all be cornfiscated  
 When de Linkum sojers come.

De oberseer he make us trouble,  
 An he drike us round a spell;  
 We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,  
 Wid de key trown down de well.

De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,  
 But de massa 'll hab his pay,  
 He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better  
 Dan to went an' run away.

---

### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we will sing another song—  
 Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—  
 Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,  
 While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—“Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!”  
 So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,  
 While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!  
 How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!  
 How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,  
 While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,  
 When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years;  
 Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,  
 While we were marching through Georgia.

“Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!”  
 So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,  
 Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon on a host,  
 While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,  
 Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;  
 Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,  
 While we were marching through Georgia.

---

### OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Beneath the Stars and Stripes there stand  
 Our sons so nobly brave,  
 United by a holy haud,  
 Their courage fears no grave.

CHORUS.—Our country's flag let proudly wave,  
 For freedom is our shield;  
 The Union must and shall be saved,  
 We 'll never, never yield.

Let traitors boast but for a while,  
 We'll meet them on the field;  
 The Stars and Stripes know naught of guile,  
 For freedom is our shield.

We 'll fight to conquer or to die,  
 Our cause is just and right.  
 "E Pluribus Unum" is our cry,  
 The Lord with us is might.

Rally ye sons, ye noble men!  
 Buckle the armor on;  
 Follow your fathers' footsteps, then,  
 The battle will be won.

O glorious Union, happy land!  
 We'll shed our blood for thee,  
 Thou sacred gift of father's hand,  
 Thou land of liberty.

We 'll soon disperse our country's gloom,  
 We are and will be free;  
 The curse of God, the traitor's doom,  
 Awaits our enemy.

---

#### BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Don't you see de black clouds  
 Rising ober yonder,  
 Whar de massa's ole plantation am?  
 Neber you be frightened;  
 Dem is only darkies,  
 Come to jine and fight for Uncle Sam.

CHORUS.—Look out dar, now!  
 We's a gwine to shoot!  
 Look out dar—don't you understand?  
 Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!  
 An' we's a gwine to occupy de land.

Don't you see the lightnin'  
 Flashin' in the cane-brake,  
 Like as if we gwine to hab a storm?  
 No; you is mistaken, -  
 'Tis de darkies' bay'nets,  
 An' de buttons on dar uniform.

Way up in de cornfield,  
 Whar you hear de tunder,  
 Dat is our ole forty-pounder gun;  
 When de shells are missin',  
 Den we load with punkins,  
 All de same to make de rebels run.

Massa was de Kernel  
 In de rebel army,  
 Ebber since he went an' run away;

But his lubly darkies,  
 Dey has been a watchin',  
 An' dey take him pris'ner tudder day.

We will be de massa,  
 He will be de servant;  
 Try him how he like it for a spell;  
 So we crack de butt'nuts,  
 So we take de kernel,  
 So de cannon carry back de shell.

---

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
 The home of the brave and the free,  
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
 A world offers homage to thee;  
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
 When liberty's form stands in view,  
 Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,  
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue,  
 Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,  
 And threatened our land to deform,  
 The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
 Columbia rode safe through the storm.  
 With the garland of victory o'er her,  
 When so proudly she bore her bold crew,  
 With her flag floating proudly before her,  
 The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,  
 And fill your cup to the brim,  
 May the wreath they have worn never wither,  
 Nor the star of their glory grow dim.  
 May the services united ne'er sever,  
 And hold to their colors so true,  
 The army and navy forever—  
 Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

---

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnny comes marching home again,  
 Hurrah! hurrah!  
 We'll give him a hearty welcome then,  
 Hurrah! hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,  
 The ladies they will all turn out,  
 And we 'll all feel gay  
 When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,  
   Hurrah! hurrah!  
 To welcome home our darling boy,  
   Hurrah! hurrah!  
 The village lads and lassies say  
 With roses they will strew the way,  
 And we 'll all feel gay  
 When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,  
   Hurrah! hurrah!  
 We 'll give the hero three times three,  
   Hurrah! hurrah!  
 The laurel wreath is ready now  
 To place upon his loyal brow,  
 And we 'll all feel gay  
 When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,  
   Hurrah! hurrah!  
 Their choicest pleasures then display,  
   Hurrah! hurrah!  
 And let each one perform some part  
 To fill with joy the warrior's heart,  
 And we 'll all feel gay  
 When Johnny comes marching home.

---

#### VICTORY AT LAST.

For many years we've waited  
 To hail the day of peace,  
 When our land shall be united,  
     And war and strife shall cease;  
 And now that day approaches,  
     The drums are beating fast,  
 And all the boys are coming home,  
     There's victory at last.

CHORUS.—There's victory at last, boys,  
     Victory at last!  
 O'er land and sea our flag is free;  
     We'll nail it to the mast;  
 Yes, we'll nail it to the mast, boys,  
     Nail it to the mast,  
 For there's victory, victory, victory at last.



The heroes who have gained it,  
 And lived to see that day,  
 We will meet with flying banners,  
 And honors on the way ;  
 And all their sad privations  
 Shall to the wind be cast,  
 For all the boys are coming home,  
 There 's victory at last.

O, happy wives and children,  
 Light up your hearts and homes,  
 For see, with martial music,  
 "The conquering hero comes,"  
 With flags and streamers flying,  
 While drums are beating fast,  
 For all the boys are coming home,  
 Victory at last.

---

SONG OF THE LEGION.

By Companion Brevet Major GEN. JAMES McQUADE.

Brave Companions, tried and true,  
 Noble Loyal Legion,  
 Veterans who wore the blue,  
 Noble Loyal Legion ;  
 Men who drew the nation's sword,  
 Saved the flag from being lowered,  
 Rally round this jovial board,  
 Noble Loyal Legion.

Quick their country's call to heed,  
 Noble Loyal Legion,  
 Faithful in the hour of need,  
 Noble Loyal Legion,  
 Glorious deeds of patriot band,  
 Fighting for fair Freedom's land,  
 Bright on history's page shall stand,  
 Noble Loyal Legion.

Laurelled banners on the wall,  
 Noble Loyal Legion,  
 Tender memories recall,  
 Noble Loyal Legion,  
 Joys with sadness intertwine,  
 Hearts through humid eyes outshine,  
 Tears perfume the merry wine,  
 Noble Loyal Legion.

Year by year the ranks get thin,  
 Noble Loyal Legion,

Few recruits are taken in,  
                   Noble Loyal Legion,  
 There's no place for traitor knave,  
 Sordid churl or dastard slave;  
 Vainly such admission crave,  
                   Noble Loyal Legion.

While of this heroic host,  
                   Noble Loyal Legion,  
 One is left to drink a toast,  
                   Noble Loyal Legion,  
 He'll remember days of yore,  
 Loved companions gone before,  
 Mustered on the shiuing shore,  
                   Noble Loyal Legion.

Fill your goblets to the brim,  
                   Noble Loyal Legion,  
 Join in the Commandery hymn,  
                   Noble Loyal Legion,  
 May the last Companion here  
 When he sees grim death draw near,  
 Meet him with bold Legion cheer,  
                   Noble Loyal Legion.

---

#### AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to min' ?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.—For auld lang syne my dear,  
                   For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
                   For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu't the gowans fine ;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
 Frae mornin' sun till dine ;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;  
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,  
                   For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
 And surely I'll be mine;  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

---

#### IN THE MORNING BY THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

I'm gwine away by the light of the moon,  
 Want all the children for to follow me;  
 I hope I'll meet you darkies soon,  
 Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!  
 So tell the brothers that you meet,  
 Want all the children for to follow me;  
 That I will travel on my feet,  
 Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

CHORUS.—In the morning, morning by the bright light,  
 Hear Gabriel's trumpet in the morning.

Go get a match and light that lamp,  
 Want all the children for to follow me;  
 And show me the way to the soldiers' camp,  
 Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!  
 We'll have beefsteak and sparerib stew,  
 Want all the children for to follow me;  
 And nice boiled onions dipped in dew,  
 Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

I'll take my old banjo along,  
 Want all the children for to follow me,  
 In case the boys should sing a song,  
 Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!  
 For no one has to pay no fare,  
 Want all the children for to follow me;  
 So don't forget to curl your hair,  
 Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

---

#### A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave!  
 A home on the rolling deep!  
 Where the scattered waters rave,  
 And the winds their revels keep!  
 Like an eagle caged I pine,  
 On this dull, unchanging shore,  
 O, give me the flashing brine,  
 The spray and the tempest's roar!

CHORUS.—A life on the ocean wave!  
 A home on the rolling deep!  
 Where the scattered waters rave,  
 And the winds their revels keep!

Once more on the deck I stand  
 Of my own swift gliding craft;  
 Set sails! farewell to the land!  
 The gale follows fair abaft.  
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,  
 Like an ocean bird set free;  
 Like the ocean bird, our home  
 We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,  
 The clouds have begun to frown,  
 But with a stout vessel and crew,  
 We'll say let the storm come down!  
 And the song of our hearts shall be,  
 While the winds and the waters rave,  
 A life on the heaving sea!  
 A home on the bounding wave!

---

#### A YANKEE SHIP AND A YANKEE CREW.

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,  
 Tally hi ho! you know!  
 O'er the bright blue waves like a sea-bird flew,  
 Singing hey! aloft and alow!  
 Her sails are spread to the fairy breeze,  
 The spray sparkling as thrown from her prow,  
 Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas,  
 When homeward she's steering now.

CHORUS.—A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,  
 Tally hi ho! you know!  
 O'er the bright blue waves like a sea-bird flew,  
 Singing hey! aloft and alow!

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,  
 Tally hi ho! you know!  
 With hearts aboard both gallant and true,  
 The same aloft and alow.  
 The blackened sky and the whistling wind  
 Foretell the approach of a gale,  
 And home and its joys flit over each mind;  
 Husbands, lovers, on deck there! a sail!  
 Distress is the word, God speed them through,  
 Bear a hand aloft and alow!

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,  
 Tally hi ho! you know!  
 Freedom defends the land where it grew—  
 We're free aloft and alow!  
 Bearing down is a ship in regal pride,  
 Defiance at each mast-head;  
 She's wrecked, and the one bears that floats alongside  
 The stars and stripes, still to victory wed,  
 That ne'er strike to a foe while the sky is blue,  
 Or a tar's aloft and alow.

---

### THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

A song for our banner, the watchword recall  
 Which gave the Republic her station,  
 "United we stand—divided we fall!"  
 It made and preserves us a nation.  
 The union of lakes, the union of lands,  
 The Union of States none can sever;  
 The union of hearts, the union of hands,  
 And the Flag of our Union forever and ever—  
 The Flag of our Union forever!

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,  
 And armed with republican thunder,  
 Not all the earth's despots and factions combined  
 Have the power to conquer or sunder.  
 The union of lakes, the union of lands,  
 The Union of States none can sever;  
 The union of hearts, the union of hands,  
 And the Flag of our Union forever and ever—  
 The Flag of our Union forever!

---

### SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.

By Companion Brevet Brig.-Gen. CHARLES G. HALPINE.

Comrades known in marches many,  
 Comrades tried in dangers many,  
 Comrades bound by memories many,  
 Brothers ever let us be.  
 Wounds or sickness may divide us,  
 Marching orders may divide us;  
 But whatever fate betide us,  
 Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades know by faith the clearest,  
 Tried when death was near and nearest,

Bound we are by ties the dearest,  
 Brothers evermore to be:  
 And, if spared, and growing older,  
 Shoulder still in line with shoulder,  
 And with hearts no thrill the colder,  
 Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner—  
 Crimson, white and starry banner,  
 By the baptism of the banner  
 Childreu of one church are we.  
 Creed nor faction can divide us,  
 Race nor language can divide us,  
 Still, whatever fate beside us,  
 Children of the flag are we.

---

### WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

We are coming, Father Abraham,  
 Three hundred thousand more,  
 From Mississippi's winding stream,  
 And from New England's shore;  
 We leave our ploughs and workshops,  
 Our wives and childreu dear,  
 With hearts too full for utterance,  
 With but a silent tear:  
 We dare not look behind us,  
 But steadfastly before—  
 We are coming, Father Abraham,  
 Three hundred thousand more!

CHORUS.—We are coming, we are coming,  
 Our Union to restore;  
 We are coming, Father Abraham,  
 With three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hill-tops  
 That meet the Northern sky.  
 Long moving lines of rising dust  
 Your vision may descry;  
 And now the wind, an instant,  
 Tears the cloudy veil aside,  
 And floats aloft our spangled flag,  
 In glory and in pride;  
 And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,  
 And bands brave music pour—  
 We are coming, Father Abraham,  
 Three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys,  
 Where the growing harvests shine,  
 You may see our sturdy farmer boys,  
 Fast forming into line ;  
 And children from their mothers' knees,  
 Are pulling at the weeds,  
 And learning how to reap and sow,  
 Against their country's needs :  
 And a farewell group stands weeping  
 At every cottage door—  
 We are coming, Father Abraham,  
 Three hundred thousand more !

You have called us, and we 're coming,  
 By Richmond's bloody tide,  
 To lay us down for freedom's sake,  
 Our brothers' bones beside ;  
 Or from foul treason's savage group  
 To wrench the murderous blade,  
 And in the face of foreign foes  
 Its fragments to parade :  
 Six hundred thousand loyal men,  
 And true, have gone before—  
 We are coming, Father Abraham,  
 Three hundred thousand more !

---

#### THEY ARE COMING FROM THE WARS.

They are coming from the wars,  
 They are bringing home their scars,  
**They are** bringing back the old flag too, in glory ;  
 They have battled long and well,  
 And let after ages tell,  
**How they** won the proudest name in song or story !  
 They have broken up their camps :  
 They are laughing o'er their tramps ;  
**They are** joking with the girls who flock around them ;  
 They have left the scanty fare,  
 They have left the fetid air,  
**They have** dash'd to earth the prison walls that bound them.

**CHORUS.**—They are coming from the wars,  
 They are bringing back the old flag too, in glory ;  
 They are bringing home their scars,  
 They have won the proudest name in song or story.

We are eager with our thanks,  
 We are pressing on their ranks,  
**We are** grasping hands that held the stars unbroken ;

Yet we sadly think of those  
 Who are sleeping with their foes,  
 And our trembling tongues give welcome sadly spoken,  
 But the long delay is past,  
 They have brought us peace at last,  
 And how proudly through our veins the blood is bounding,  
 As we bless our honored dead,  
 While the steady martial tread  
 Of returning Vet'rans in our ears is sounding.

---

FREEDOM'S FLAG.

Our country's flag! O, emblem dear  
 Of all the soul loves best,  
 What glories in thy folds appear,  
 Let noble deeds attest:  
 Thy presence on the field of strife  
 Enkindled valor's flame;  
 Around thee, in the hour of peace,  
 We twine our nation's fame.

CHORUS.—Then hurrah, hurrah, for Freedom's Flag!  
 We hail, with ringing cheers,  
 Its glowing bars and clust'ring stars,  
 That have braved a hundred years.

Beneath thy rays our fathers bled  
 In Freedom's holy cause;  
 Where'er to heav'n thy folds outspread,  
 Prevail sweet Freedom's laws.  
 Prosperity has marked thy course  
 O'er all the land and sea;  
 Thy favor'd sons in distant climes,  
 Still fondly look to thee.

Proud banner of the noble free!  
 Emblazon'd from on high!  
 Long may thy folds unsoil'd reflect  
 The glories of the sky!  
 Long may thy laud be Freedom's land,  
 Thy homes with virtue bright,  
 Thy sons a brave united hand,  
 For God, for Truth and Right.

DIXIE'S LAND.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,  
 Old times dar am not forgotten,  
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.



In Dixie Land whar I was born in,  
 Early on one frosty mornin',  
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS.—Den I wish I was in Dixie,  
 Hooray! Hooray!  
 In Dixie Land, I'll took my stand,  
 To lib and die in Dixie,  
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie,  
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaver,"  
 Willium was a gay deceaber;  
 Look away! etc.  
 But when he pnt his arm around 'er,  
 He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder.  
 Look away! etc.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,  
 But dat did not seem to greab 'er;  
 Look away! etc.  
 Old Missus acted de foolish part,  
 And died for a man dat broke her heart,  
 Look away! etc.

Now here 's a health to the next old Missus,  
 An' all de gals dat want to kiss us;  
 Look away! etc.  
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,  
 Look away! etc.

Dar 's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,  
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
 Look away! etc.  
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,  
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,  
 Look away! etc.

---

#### RING MERRY BELLS.

Ring merry bells! a joyous peal,  
 Wave ensign of the free!  
 In glad salute to glorious news  
 Of Union victory,  
 Let heart to heart its joy impart,  
 Let flags and banners gay  
 Proclaim the gladness of the hour,  
 The triumphs of the day.

Wave, flag of freedom! proudly wave!  
 Upon the land and sea  
 New beauty gilds thy stars and stripes,  
 Bright ensign of the free!  
 Let heart to heart its joy impart,  
 Let shouts of gladness rise,  
 The morn of triumph brightly dawns  
 With glory in the skies.

Ring merry bells! a joyous peal!  
 Wave ensign of the free!  
 Our arms victorious ev'rywhere,  
 Our foes before us flee!  
 Let heart to heart its joy impart,  
 The cause of truth and right,  
 With freedom's flag and freedom's sons  
 Must triumph in the fight.

---

#### FLAG OF THE FREE.

Nobly our flag flutters o'er us to-day,  
 Emblem of peace, pledge of Liberty's sway,  
 Its foes shall tremble and shrink in dismay,  
 If e'er insulted it be,  
 Our stripes and stars lov'd and honor'd by all,  
 Shall float forever where freedom may call,  
 It still shall be the Flag of the free,  
 Emblem of sweet liberty.

CHORUS.—Here we will gather its cause to defend,  
 Let patriots rally and wise counsels lend,  
 It still shall be the Flag of the free,  
 Emblem of sweet liberty.

With it in beauty no Flag can compare,  
 All nations honor our banner so fair,  
 If to insult it a traitor should dare,  
 Crush'd to the earth let him be.  
 Freedom and Progress our watchword to-day,  
 When duty calls us, who dares disobey?  
 Honor to thee, thou Flag of the free,  
 Emblem of sweet liberty.

Ever united this fair land shall be,  
 Our Flag shall conquer on land or on sea,  
 Ev'ry opposer shall soon bend the knee,  
 God speed the darling old Flag,  
 No North, no South, no New England, no West,  
 One Country always the greatest, the best,  
 Long may it wave, the poor and opprest  
 Bless thee, thou Flag of the free.

## INDEX.

---

	PAGE
1. A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew . . . . .	18
2. A Life on the Ocean Wave . . . . .	17
3. America . . . . .	8
4. Auld Lang Syne . . . . .	16
5. Babylon is Fallen . . . . .	12
6. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean . . . . .	13
7. Dixie's Land . . . . .	22
8. Flag of the Free . . . . .	24
9. Freedom's Flag . . . . .	22
10. Glory, Hallelujah . . . . .	5
11. In the Morning by the Bright Light . . . . .	17
12. Kingdom Coming . . . . .	10
13. Marching through Georgia . . . . .	11
14. Our Country's Flag . . . . .	11
15. Our Flag is there . . . . .	7
16. Our Flag's come back to Tennessee . . . . .	8
17. Ring Merry Bells . . . . .	23
18. Song of the Legion . . . . .	15
19. Song of the Soldiers . . . . .	19
20. Star Spangled Banner . . . . .	6
21. Tenting on the Old Camp Ground . . . . .	9
22. The Army and Navy . . . . .	3
23. The Battle Cry of Freedom . . . . .	4
24. The Flag of our Union . . . . .	19
25. There is a Glorious Banner . . . . .	3
26. They are Coming from the Wars . . . . .	21
27. Tramp, Tramp, Tramp . . . . .	4
28. Victory at Last . . . . .	14
29. Wake, Nicodemus . . . . .	6
30. We are Coming, Father Abraham . . . . .	20
31. When Johnny comes Marching Home . . . . .	13

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 190 437 8