

Carrie R. Howard.

Dedicated to the

G. A. R.

WAR SONGS,

FOR

Anniversaries and Gatherings of Soldiers,

TO WHICH IS ADDED A SELECTION OF

SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR

MEMORIAL DAY.

THE CHORUSES OF ALL THE SONGS ARE ARRANGED FOR

MALE VOICES.

BOSTON:

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WAR SONGS.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE.

Arranged by M. F. H. SMITH.

Tempo di Marcia.

REVEILLE.



B_b

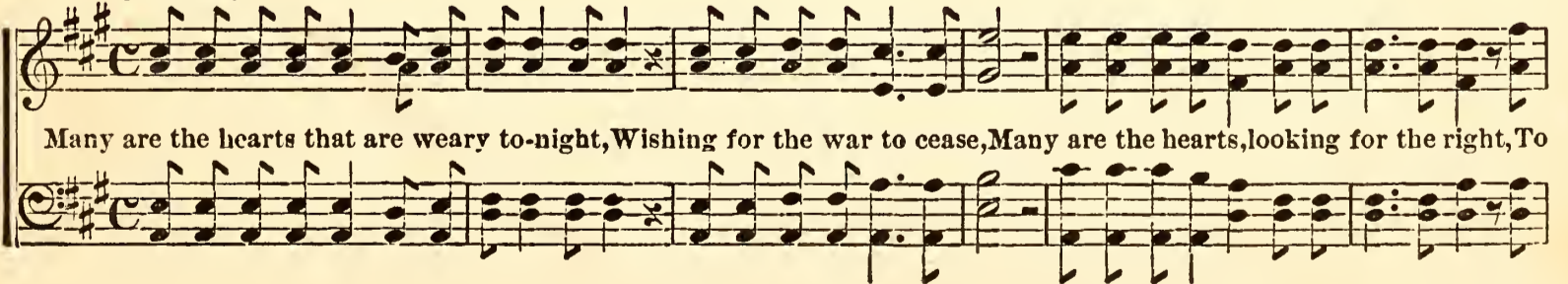
1. We're tent - ing to-night on the old Camp ground.
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old Camp ground.
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp ground.
4. We've been fighting to day on the old Camp ground.



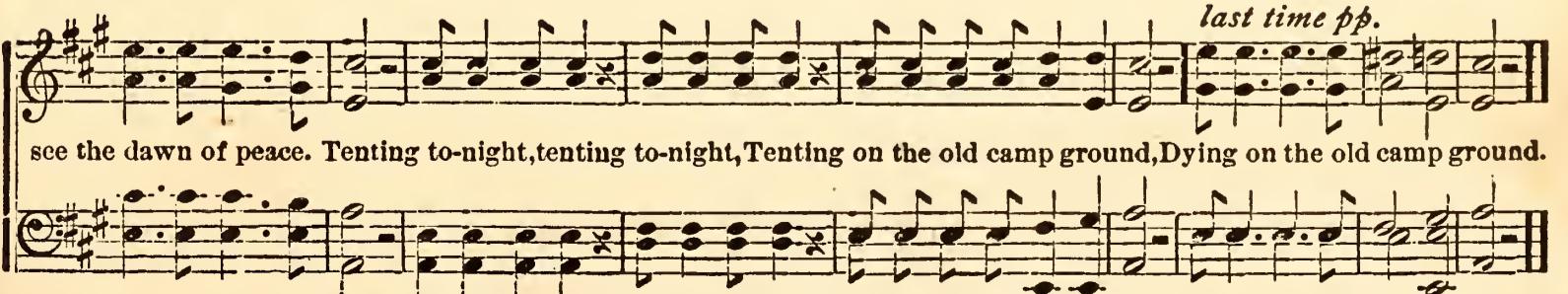
Give us a song to cheer Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear
Thinking of days gone by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
Ma-ny are dead and gone, Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wounded long.
Ma-ny are ly - ing 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



last time pp.

see the dawn of peace. Tenting to-night, tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp ground, Dying on the old camp ground.

last verse. Dying to-night. dying to-night,

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Music by S. M. GRANNIS.

Dolce Legato.

f *p* *Playfully.*

1. Do they miss me at home, do they
2. When twilight approaches, the

Sostenuto.

miss me? 'Twould be an assurance most dear, To know that this moment some
sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to song, Does some one re - peat my name

loved one, Were say - ing, I wish he were here; To feel that the group at the
o - ver, And sigh that I tar - ry so long? And is there a chord in the

fire - side, Were thinking of me as I roam, Oh yes, 'twould be joy beyond
mu - sic, That's miss'd when my voice is a - way, And a chord in each heart that a -

measure To know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at
waketh Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay, Re - gret at my wea - ri - some

ad lib.

home.
stay,

3 Do they set me a chair near the table
When ev'ning's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "good night" while they weep?

4 Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

KINGDOM COMING.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/4 time. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

1. Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa, Wid de muffstas on his face, Go
 2. He six foot one way, two foot tudder, An' he weigh tree hundred pound, His

The piano accompaniment for the first verse is in 2/4 time. The right hand plays a series of chords, primarily triads and dyads, while the left hand plays a simple eighth-note bass line.

long de road some time dis mornin', Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke, way
 coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor, An' it won't go half way round. He drill so much dey

The piano accompaniment for the second verse continues with the same chordal structure and bass line as the first verse, providing a consistent harmonic background for the vocal lines.

up de ribber, Whar de Limkum gumboats lay; He took his hat, an' lef berry sudden, An' I
 call him Cap'an, An' he get so drefful tann'd, I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees For to

The piano accompaniment for the third verse maintains the established musical pattern, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing eighth notes.

CHORUS.

spec he's run a - way! De mas - sa run, ha! ha! De dar - keys stay, ho!
tink he's con - tra - band.

ho! It mus' be now de kingdom coming, An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

3 De darkeys feel so lonesome, libing
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' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be confiscated,
When de Linkum sojers come.

4 De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in 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
Dan to went an' run away. [better,

BABYLON IS FALLEN!

SEQUEL TO "KINGDOM COMING."

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK. No. 21.

1. Don't you see de black clouds Ris-in' o - ber yonder, Whar de Massa's ole plantation am ?
2. Don't you see de lightnin' Flashin' in de canebrake, Like as if we're gwine to hab a storm ?
3. Way up in de cornfield, Whar you hear de tunder, Dat is our ole for-ty-pounder gun ;

Neb-ber you be frightened, Dem is on-ly dar - keys, Come to jine an' fight for Uncle Sam.
 No ! you is mis-tak - en, 'Tis de darkey's bay'nets, An' de buttons on dar u - ni-form.
 When de shells are miss-in', Den we load wid punkins, All de same to make de cowards run.

CHORUS.

1st. Tenor.

Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot, Look out dar, don't you understand?

2d. Tenor.

Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot, Look out dar, don't you understand?

1st. Bass.

Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot, Look out dar, don't you understand?

2d. Bass.

Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot, Look out dar, don't you understand?
O, don't you know dat

Repeat Chorus softly.

Bab - y - lon is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land.

Bab - y - lon is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land.

Bab - y - lon is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land.

Bab - y - lon is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land.

4 Massa was de Kernel
In de rebel army,
Egger sence he went an' run away;
But his lubly darkeys,
Dey has been a watchin',
An' dey take him pris'ner tudder day.
CHO.—Look out dar, &c.

5 We will be de massa,
He will be de sarvant—
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 she:l.
CHO.—Look out dar, &c

BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY!

DUET AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

Not too fast.
Give the quarter notes their full time, with strongly marked accent.

1. Heav - i - ly falls the rain,.....
 2. Un - der the home - stead roof,.....
 3. Think - ing no less of them,.....
 4. May the bright wings of love,.....

Wild are the breez - es to - night ;
 Nest - led so co - zy and warm,
 Lov - ing our coun - try the more,
 Guard them wher - ev - er they roam ;

But
 While
 We
 The

'neath the roof, the hours as they fly, Are happy, and calm, and bright.....
 sol - diers sleep, with lit - tle or naught, To shelter them from the storm.....
 sent them forth to fight for the flag, Their fa - thers be - fore them bore.....
 time has come when brothers must fight, And sis - ters must pray at home.....

ritard.
ritard.

Gath - er - ing round our fire - side,
 Rest - ing on gras - sy couch - es,
 Tho' the great tear - drops start - ed,
 Oh ! the dread field of bat - tle !

Tho' it be sum - mer time,
 Pil - low'd on hil - locks damp ;
 This was our part - ing trust ;
 Soon to be strewn with graves !

We
 Of
 'God
 If

sit and talk of brothers a-broad, For - getting the mid - night chime.....
 mar - tial fare, how lit - tle we know, Till brothers are in the camp.....
 bless you boys! we'll wel - come you home, When rebels are in the dust.....
 broth - ers fall, then bu - ry them where Our ban - ner in tri - umph waves.....

ritard.

CHORUS

Brave boys are they!.... Gone at their coun - try's call, And
 Brave boys are they!.... Gone at their coun - try's call, And

yet, and yet we can - not for - get, That many brave boys must fall.....
 yet, and yet we can - not for - get, That many brave boys must fall.....

ritard.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Written and Composed in Prison, at Columbia, South Carolina, and Dedicated to the Army of the Union.

Words by Lieut. S. H. M. BYERS.

Music by Lieut. J. O. ROCKWELL.

Arranged by A. E. WIMMERSTEDT.

The piano introduction consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in common time. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a steady accompaniment of chords in the bass.

1. Our camp-fire shone bright on the mountains That frown'd on the river be - low, While we

The first line of the song includes a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "1. Our camp-fire shone bright on the mountains That frown'd on the river be - low, While we".

stood by our guns in the morning and ea - ger-ly watch'd for the foe; When a

The second line of the song includes a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "stood by our guns in the morning and ea - ger-ly watch'd for the foe; When a".

rid - er came out from the darkness, That hur g o - ver mountain and tree,

The third line of the song includes a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "rid - er came out from the darkness, That hur g o - ver mountain and tree,".

And shouted, "boys, up and be ready, For Sherman will march to the sea,"

And shouted, "boys, up and be ready, For Sherman will march to the sea."

2 Then cheer upon cheer, for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

3 Then forward, boys, forward to battle
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resacca
God bless those who fell on that day:
Then Kennesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

4 Still onward we pressed, till our banner
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

5 Oh, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine proudly towers,
When Sherman said, "boys, you are weary;
This day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

GLORY! GLORY! HALLELUJAH!

1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a
2. The stars of Heaven are

mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave,
look - ing kind - ly down, The stars of Heaven are look - ing kind - ly down, The

John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, His soul is marching on.
stars of Heaven are look - ing kind - ly down, On the grave of old John Brown.

3 ||: He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord! :||

His soul is marching on.

4 ||: John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, :||

His soul is marching on.

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

6 ||: They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree ||
As they march along.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

The musical score consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are arranged in two pairs. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march - ing on.

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march - ing on.

This section continues the musical score with two more vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics conclude with 'His soul is marching on.' The piano part includes a final cadence.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"

Let the Hero, born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

WE OLD BOYS.

Words and Music by JOHN L. PARKER.

Marching time.

1. 'Twas side by side as comrades dear, In
2. And tho' thro' all these years of peace, We've
3. What if grim age creeps on a-pace, Our

dark days long a - go, We fought the fight with-out a fear, And rendered blow for
 somewhat old - er grown, The spir - it of those ear-ly days, We'll ev - er proud-ly
 souls shall not grow old, But we will stand as in the days When we were warriors

blow. In bat - tle, march, or pris - on pen, Each un - to each was
 own. Our grand old flag is just as fair, As in the try - ing
 bold. We stood for right—for our dear land, For home, and all that's

true, As beard-less boys became strong men, And brav'd the long war through.
 time, When trai-tors sought its folds to tear, And we suppressed the crime.
 true, So firm-ly clasp hand un-to hand, And com-radeship re-new.

CHORUS.

1st & 2d TENOR.

We are the boys, the gay old boys, Who marched in Six-ty-
 1st & 2d BASS.

- one; We'll ne'er for-get old times, my boys, When you and I were young.

YANKEE DOODLE.

ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.—In the summer of 1775, the British army, under command of Abercrombie, lay encamped on the east bank of the Hudson river, a little south of the city of Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militia from the Eastern States, previous to marching on Ticonderoga. During the month of June these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped and accoutred from his neighbor, and the whole presenting such a spectacle as was never equalled, unless by the celebrated regiment of merry Jack Falstaff. Their *outré* appearance furnished great amusement to the British officers. One Dr. Shamburg, an English surgeon, composed the tune of Yankee Doodle, and arranged it to words, which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and the tune has come down to this day. The original words, which we take from Farmer and Moore's "Historical Collections," published in 1820, we have not, however, met with before in many years.



1. Fa-ther and I went down to camp, A-long with Captain Good-win, And there we saw the
2. And there was Captain Washington Up -on a slapping stal - lion, And giv - ing or-ders
3. And then the feathers on his hat, They looked so tarnal fine - y, I want-ed pes-ki-
4. And there they had a swamping gun, As big as a log of ma-ple, On a deu-ced

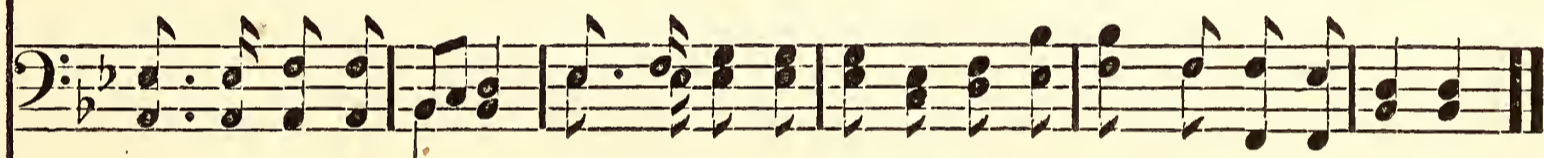




men and boys, As thick as has - ty pud - ding. Yan-kee Doo-dle Keep it up,
 to his men, I guess there was a mil - lion. Yan-kee Doo-dle Keep it up,
 - ly to get, To give to my Je - mi - ma. Yan-kee Doo dle Keep it up,
 lit - tle cart, A load for fa - ther's cat - tle. Yan-kee Doo-dle Keep it up,



Yan-kee Doodle dan-dy. Mind the Music and the step, And with the girls be handy.



5 And every time they fired it off
 It took a horn of powder;
 It made a noise like father's gun,
 Only a nation louder.

6 I went as near to it myself,
 As Jacob's underpinin',
 And father went as near again—
 I thought the deuce was in him.

7 (It scared me so I ran the streets,
 Nor stopped as I remember,
 Till I got home, and safely locked
 In granny's little chamber.)

8 And there I see a little keg,
 Its heads were made of leather,
 They knocked upon't with little sticks,
 To call the folks together.

9 And there they'd fife away like fun,
 And play on corn stalk fiddles,
 And some had ribbons red as blood,
 All bound around their middles.

10 The troopers too, would gallop up,
 And fire right in our faces;
 It scared me almost half to death
 To see them run such races.

11 Uncle Sam came there to change
 Some pancakes and some onions,
 For 'lasses cakes to carry home
 To give his wife and young ones.

12 But I can't tell you half I see,
 They kept up such a smother;
 So I took my hat off, made a bow,
 And scampered home to mother.

OLE SHADY.

THE SONG OF THE CONTRABAND.

Music by B. R. HANBY.

1. Oh!

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3.

yah! yah! darkies laugh wid me, For de white folks say Ole Sha - dy's free; So

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3. The piano accompaniment features a treble clef with a 7/8 time signature and a bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The right hand plays a series of chords: G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3.

don't you see dat de ju - bi - lee Is a - coming, coming, Hail! migh - ty day.

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line has a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3. The piano accompaniment features a treble clef with a 7/8 time signature and a bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The right hand plays a series of chords: G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4, G4-A4-B4. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3.

CHORUS.

1st & 2d TENOR.

Den a - way, away, for I can't wait a - ny longer, Hoo - ray, hooray, I'm going home.

1st & 2d BASS.

Den a - way, away, for I can't wait a - ny longer, Hoo - ray, hooray, I'm going home.

2 Oh, Mass' got scared and so did his lady,
 Dis chile breaks for Ole Uncle Aby,
 "Open de gates out, here's Ole Shady
 A coming, coming,"
 Hail! mighty day.

3 Good bye Mass' Jeff, good bye Mis'r Stephens, t
 'Scuse dis niggah for takin his leavins,
 'Spect pretty soo- you'll hear
 Uncle Abram's coming, coming,
 Hail! mighty day.

4 Good bye, hard work wid never any pay,
 Ise a gwine up North where the good folks say
 Dat white wheat bread and a dollara day,
 Are coming, coming,
 Hail! mighty day.

Oh, I've got a wife, and I've got a baby,
 Living up yonder in Lower *Canady*,
 Wont dey laugh when dey see Ole Shady
 A coming, coming,
 Hail! mighty day

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

As sung by E. P. CHRISTY.

Written and Composed by S. C. FOSTER.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, C major, and D major, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wander'd When I was
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I

The piano accompaniment for the first verse continues the harmonic support from the introduction, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand providing a steady bass line.

way, Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
 young, Den man-y hap-py days I squander'd, man - y de songs I sung.
 love, Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.

The piano accompaniment for the second verse continues the harmonic support, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand providing a steady bass line.

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I
 When will I see de bees a hum - ming, All round de comb?

The piano accompaniment for the third verse continues the harmonic support, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand providing a steady bass line.



Still longing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
 When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home.



CHORUS.

1st & 2d TENORS.



All de world am sad and drea-ry, Eb-ry-where I roam.
 1st & 2d BASSES.



Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.
Melody.



MASSA'S IN DE COLD COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C FOSTER.

poco lento.

1. Round de meadows am a ring - ing De Darkey's mournful song,
 2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
 3. Mas - sa make de dar-keys love him, Cayse he was so kind,

While de mocking bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long.
 hard to hear old mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.
 Now, dey sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I

Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de gras - sy mound,
 Now de orange tree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore,
 can - not work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow, I

Dare old mas-sa am a sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
 Now de summer days am com - ing, Mas - sa nebber calls no more.
 try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

CHORUS.

Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn-ful sound!

All de darkeys am a weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Words and Music by LOUIS LAMBERT.

With spirit.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 6/8 time. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first measure is a whole note chord in the bass clef. The second measure is marked *fp* and contains a series of chords in the bass clef. The melody in the treble clef consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 6/8 time. The key signature has two flats. The melody in the treble clef continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass clef contains chords and rhythmic patterns, including some triplets and accents.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the vocal line, consisting of a single staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats. It is divided into a 'SOLO' section and a 'CHORUS' section. The melody is simple and rhythmic.

1. When Johnny comes march-ing home a - gain, Hur - rah,.... .. hur-
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah,..... hur-
3. Get rea - dy for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah,..... ur-
4. Let love and friend - ship on that day, Hur - rah,..... .. ur-

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment during the vocal parts, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 6/8 time. The key signature has two flats. The bass clef provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The treble clef has chords and some melodic fragments.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.



- rah! We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The
 - rah! To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The
 - rah! We'll give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The
 - rah! Their choic - est treas - ures then dis - play, Hur - rah, hur - rah! And



men will cheer, the boys will shout, the la - dies, they will all turn out,
 vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ro - ses they will strew the way,
 lau - rel wreath is rea - dy now To place up - on his loy - al brow,
 let each one per - form some part, To fill with joy the war - rior's heart,



CHORUS



And we'll all feel gay when John - ny comes march - ing home.



COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN, OR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Words and Music by DAVID T SHAW.

Maestoso.

1. O Co - lum - bia ! the gem of the o - cean,	The home of the brave and the free,	The
2. When war winged it wide des - o - la - tion,	And threatened the land to de - form,	The
3. The wine - cup, the wine-cup bring hither,	And fill you it true to the brim,	May

shrine of each pa - triot's de votion,	A world of - fers homage to thee.	Thy
ark then of freedom's foundation,	Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm ;	With
the wreaths they have won never wither,	Nor the star of their glory grow dim !	May

man - dates make he - roes assemble,	When Lib er - ty's form stands in view,	Thy
her garlands of vict'ry around her,	When so proudly she bore her brave crew,	With
the ser - vice u - nited ne'er sever,	But they to their col - ors prove true !	The



banners make ty - ran - ny tremble,
her flag proud - ly float - ing before her,
Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er,

When borne by the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.



CHORUS.



When borne by the red, white and blue,

When borne by the red, white and blue,

Thy



banners make ty - ra - ny tremble,

When borne by the red, white and blue.



MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing an-oth - er song— Sing it with a spir-it that will
2. How the darkies shouted when they heard the joy-ful sound! How the turkeys gobbled which our
3. Yes, and there were Un-ion men who wept with joy-ful tears, When they saw the hon-or'd flag they
4. "Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will nev-er reach the coast!" So the sau-cy reb - els said, and
5. So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train, Six - ty miles in la - titude—three

start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it, fif - ty thous-and strong,
 com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven start-ed from the ground,
 had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
 'twas a hand - some boast, Had they not for-got a - las! to reck-on with the host,
 hun-dred to the main; Trea-son fled be-fore us, for re - sis-tance was in vain,

SOPRANO & ALTO.

While we were march-ing through Geor - gia. Hur - rah! hur - rah! We
TENOR & BASS.

bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!

So we sang the cho-rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

POOR OLD SLAVE.

Arranged by E. M. F.
Legato.

By E. W. FOSTER.

The piano introduction consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 6/8 time. The melody is a simple, flowing line in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

1. 'Tis just one year a - go to - day, That I re - mem - ber well, I
 2. She took my arm, we walk'd a - long In - to an o - pen field, And
 3. But since that time how things have chang'd! Poor Nelly that was my bride, Is

The first system of the song features a vocal line with three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment as the introduction.

sat down by poor Nel - ly's side And a sto - ry she did tell.
 there she paused to breathe a - while, Then to his grave did steal.
 laid be - neath the cold grave sod, With her fa - ther by her side.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part remains consistent with the previous system.

'Twas 'bout a poor un - hap - py slave, That lived for ma - ny a year; But
 She sat down by that lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whispered there, Come
 I plant - ed there up - on her grave, The weep - ing wil - low tree; I

The third system concludes the song. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a simple harmonic support.

now he's dead, and in his grave, No mas - ter does he fear.
 to me, fa - ther, 'tis thy child, Then gent - ly dropp'd a tear.
 bathed its roots with ma - ny a tear, That it might shel - ter me.

CHORUS.

Legato.

The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free;

Dis - turb him not but let him rest, Way down in Ten - ne - see.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

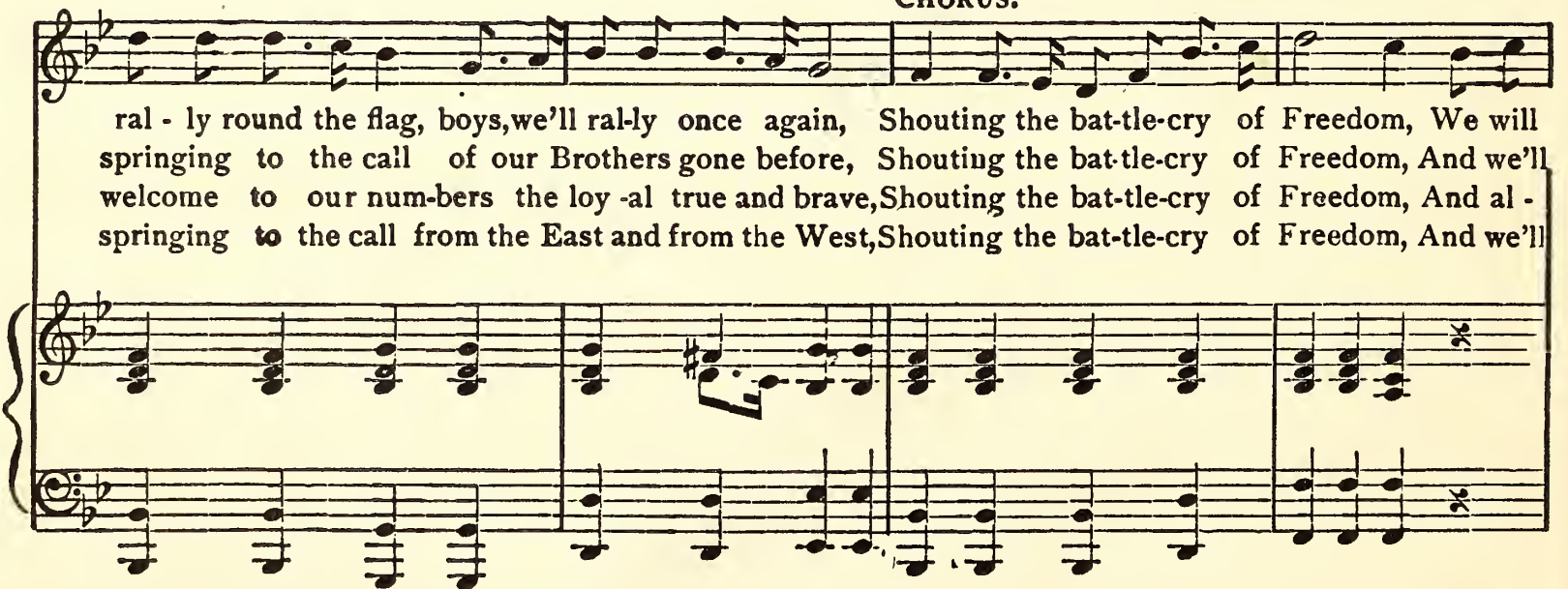
RALLYING SONG.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT



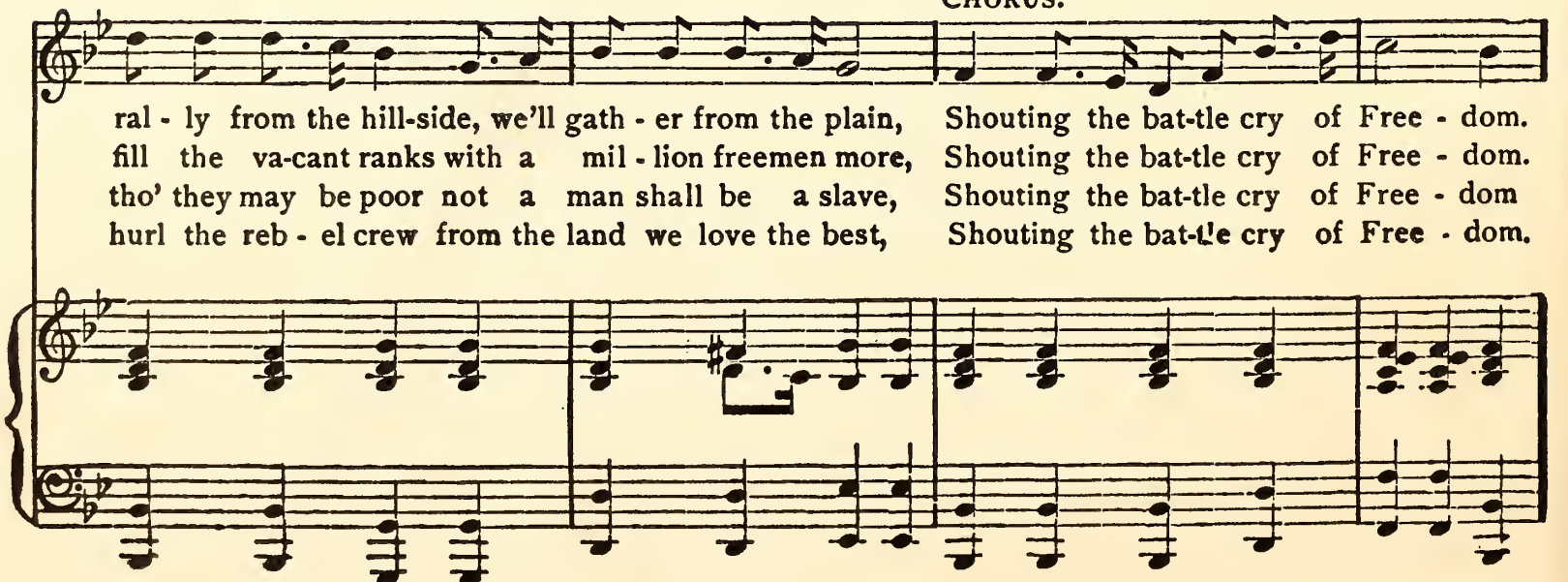
1. Yes, we'll
2. We are
3. We will
4. So we're

CHORUS.



ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once again, Shouting the bat - tle - cry of Freedom, We will springing to the call of our Brothers gone before, Shouting the bat - tle - cry of Freedom, And we'll welcome to our num - bers the loy - al true and brave, Shouting the bat - tle - cry of Freedom, And al - springing to the call from the East and from the West, Shouting the bat - tle - cry of Freedom, And we'll

CHORUS.



ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll gath - er from the plain, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
fill the va - cant ranks with a mil - lion freemen more, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
tho' they may be poor not a man shall be a slave, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom
hurl the reb - el crew from the land we love the best, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

CHORUS.

Fortissimo.

The Un - ion for-ev - er, Hur - rah boys, hurrah ! Down with the traitor, Up with the star, While we

The Un - ion for-ev - er, Hur - rah boys, hurrah ! Down with the traitor, Up with the star, While we

ral - ly round the flag, boys, ral - ly once again, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

ral - ly round the flag, boys, ral - ly once again, Shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

(BATTLE SONG.)

1 We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and the right,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

CHO.—The Union forever, hurrah ! boys, hurrah !
Down with the traitor, up the star,
For we're marching to the field boys, going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom !

2 We will meet the rebel host, boys, with fearless heart and true,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,

And we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men to do,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

3 If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the last,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And our comrades brave shall hear us, as they go rushing past,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

4 Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And the vict'ry shall be ours, for we're rising in our might,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

With an additional verse (5th), by DR. O. W. HOLMES.

Con spirito.

5. When our land is il - lum'd with lib - er - ty's smile, If a foe from with -

1. Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, 'Mid the hav - oc of
4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand, Be - tween their lov'd

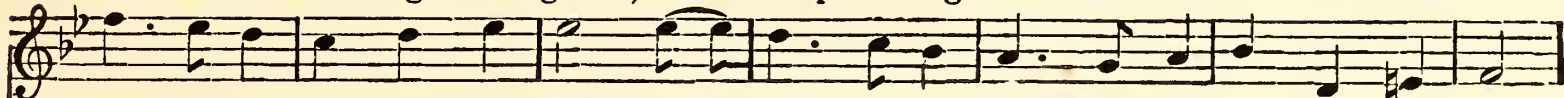
in strike a blow at her glo - ry, Down, down with the traitor, that dares to de -

hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing
war and the bat - tle's con - fusion, A home and a coun - try they'd leave us no
home and the war's des - o - lation, Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued

- file The flag of her stars and the page of her sto - ry! By the mil - lions un -

fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming; And the rock - et's red
steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the
more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's po - lu - tion; No re - fuge could
land, Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con - quer we

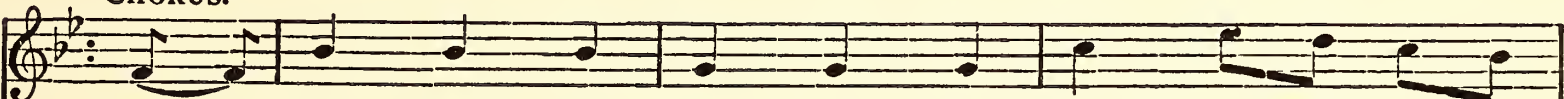
chain'd who our birth - right have gain'd, We will keep her bright bla - zon for - ev - er un - stain'd!



glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag waa still there!
 gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream:
 save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
 must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust,"



CHORUS.



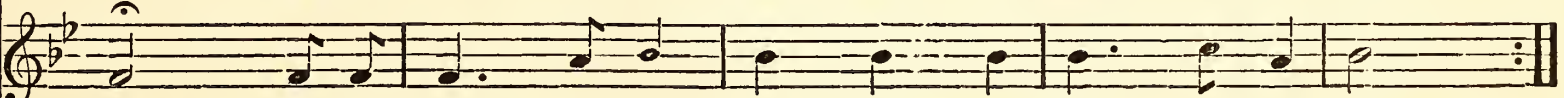
1. Oh! say, does that star span - gled ban - ner yet
 2. 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner, oh! long may it



3. And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
 4,5. And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall



1,2,3. wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



4,5. wave, While the land of the free, is the home of the brave!



TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

THE PRISONER'S HOPE.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. In the
2. In the
3. So with

prison cell I sit, Thinking mother, dear, of you, And our bright and happy home so far away, And the
battlefront we stood When their fiercest charge they made, And they swept us off a hundred men or more, But lie
- in the pris - on cell, We are waiting for the day That shall come to o - pen wide the iron door, And the

tears they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay,
- fore we reach'd their lines, They were beaten back dismay'd, And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.
hollow eye grows bright, And the poor heart almost gay, As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

When the Chorus is sung, this may be omitted after the first verse.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up comrades they will come, And be -

When the chorus is not sung, end here.

- neath the star-ry flag We will breathe the air a-gain Of the freeland in our own be-lov-ed home.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
 Cheer up, com - rades, they will come,
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching on, O, cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be -

- neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain Of the freeland in our own belov-ed home.

- neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain Of the freeland in our own belov-ed home.

THE ARTILLERIST'S OATH.

C. F. ADAMS.

Alla Marcia.

1. From out the wild flame of the fur-nace, Thou cam's't with la-bor fierce and earnest; As the
 2. Thou art my bride, my stern faith swearing, True love to thee my heart is bear-ing; As the

glo-ry of a queen, O can-non, is thy sheen; On thee in oath I
 song of night-in-gale, Borne on zeph-yrs o'er the vale, Thy voice can make my

lay my hand, True hold I out, true hold I out, With thee to fight, With thee to
 heart to bound, With thee my song, with thee my song, In ev-'ry hour, In ev-'ry
 True hold I out, With thee to
 With thee my song, In ev-'ry

True hold I out, With thee to
 With thee my song, In ev-'ry

fight, fight, For home, for freedom, Fa-ther-land, For
 fight, fight, In ech-o loud-ly shall resound, In

fight, fight, For home, for freedom, Fa-ther-land,
 fight, fight, In ech-o loud-ly shall resound,

home, for free-dom, Fa-ther-land, For Fa-ther-land.
 ech-o loud-ly shall re-sound, In ech-o sound.

For home, for free-dom, Fa-ther-land.
 In ech-o loud-ly shall resound,

3 Soon for the wedding feast adorning,
 A veil of silver grey, like morning,
 Shall, wreathed with laurels, shine
 Upon thy brow sublime.
 And thee, amid the echoing horn,
 The bullet song, the bullet song,
 The sabre clash, the sabre clash,
 I'll wed thee in the battle's storm.

4 And when is come the hour of dying,
 The fire of life's weak match is flying,
 I'd crawl to thy rent side
 And there, with heartfelt pride,
 Shout, while the breech supports my hand—
 True held I out, true held I out,
 With thee to fight, with thee to fight,
 For home, for freedom, Fatherland.

"THE PICKET GUARD."

SONG.

Music by H. COYLE.

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The music features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The first measure is marked *p* (piano) and the second measure is marked *f* (forte). The introduction consists of eight measures.

Vocal line in G major, 2/4 time. The melody begins with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes.

1. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac, they
2. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac to -
3. There's on - ly the sound of the lone sentry's

Piano accompaniment for the first part of the song. It features a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The first measure has a whole rest in the right hand.

Vocal line in G major, 2/4 time. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes.

say, Ex - cept now and then a stray Pick - et Is
- night, Where the sol - diers lie peace - ful - ly dreaming, Their
tread, As he tramps from the rock to the fountain, And

Piano accompaniment for the second part of the song. It continues with the same bass line and chordal accompaniment as the first part.

shot on his beat as he walks to and fro, By a ri - fle - man
tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon, Or the light of the
thinks of the two in the low trun-dle bed, Far a - way in the

*

hid in a thicket. watch-fires are gleaming. cot on the mountain. 'Tis nothing, a pri - vate or two now and
A trem - u - lous sigh, as the gen - tle night -
His musket falls slack, and his face dark and

then, Will not count in the news of the bat-tle: Not an
- wind, Through the for - est leaves soft - ly is creeping; While
grim, Grows gen - tle with mem - o - ries ten-der, As he

Of - fi - cer lost, on - ly one of the men Moaning out all a -
 - stars up a - bove, with their glit - ter - ing eyes, Keep guard, for the
 mut - ters a prayer for the chil - dren a - sleep, For their mother, may

- lone the death - rat - tle.
 ar - my is sleep - ing....
 heav - en de - fend her....

*For last four lines go to *.*

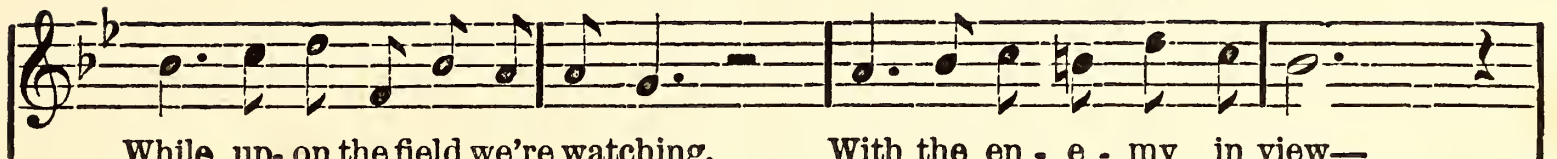
- 4 The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
 That night when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips—when low murmured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
 And gathers his gun closer to its place,
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.
- 5 He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
 The footstep is lagging and weary ;
 Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
 Hark ! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves ?
 Was it moon-light so wondrously flashing ?
 It looked like a rifle—HA ! MARY, good-bye !
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.
- 6 All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river ;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the deed,
 The picket's off duty forever !

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Tenderly.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Just be-fore the bat-tle, Moth-er, | I am thinking most of you, |
| 2. Oh, I long to see you, Moth-er, | And the lov-ing ones at home, |
| 3. Hark! I hear the bu-gles sounding, | 'Tis the sig-nal for the fight, |



While up-on the field we're watching,
But I'll never leave our ban-ner,
Now, may God protect us, Moth-er,

With the en - e - my in view—
Till in hon - or I can come,
As he ev - er does the right.



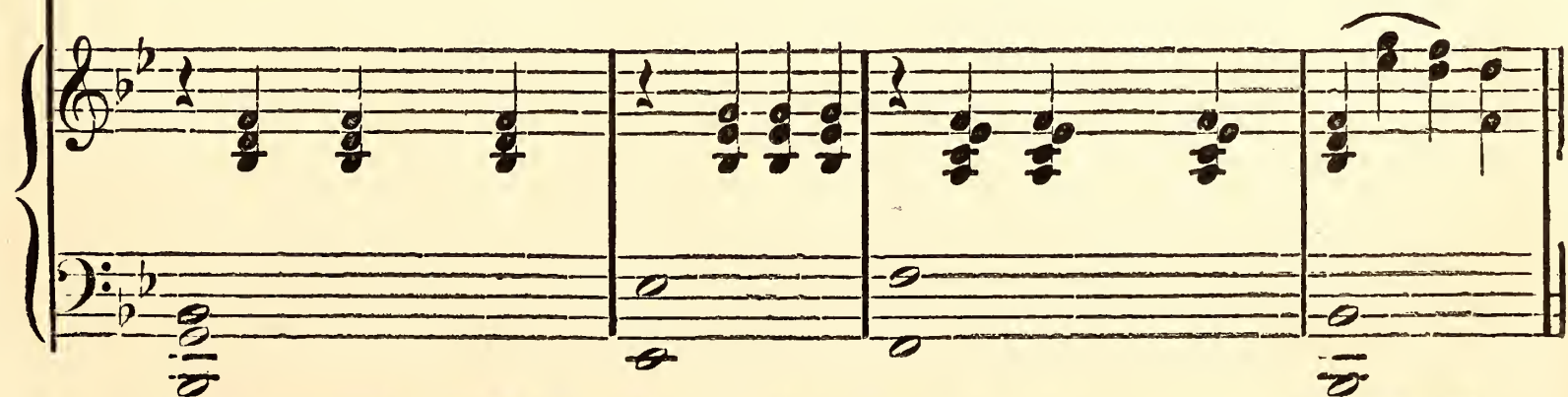
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Tell the traitors, all around you,
Hear the "Bat-tle-Cry of Freedom,"*

Fill'd with tho'ts of home and God; For
That their cru-el words we know, In
How it swells up-on the air, Oh,



well they know that on the mor-row,
ev' - ry bat - tle kill our sol-diers,
yes, we'll ral - ly round the standard,

Some will sleep be-neath the sod.
By the help they give the foe.
Or we'll per - ish no - bly there.



* In some of the divisions of our army the "Battle-Cry" is sung, when going into action, by order of commanding officers.

CHORUS.

Fare - well, Moth - er, you may nev - er,

TENORS.

Musical notation for Tenors part of the chorus, showing a melodic line with lyrics: Fare - well, Moth - er, you may nev - er,

Fare - well, Moth - er, you may nev - er, you may nev - er, Moth - er,

BASSES.

Musical notation for Basses part of the chorus, showing a melodic line with lyrics: Fare - well, Moth - er, you may nev - er, you may nev - er, Moth - er,

Piano accompaniment for the first system of the chorus, showing chords and bass line.

But Oh, you'll not for - get me,

Musical notation for Tenors part of the second system, showing a melodic line with lyrics: But Oh, you'll not for - get me,

press me to your heart a - gain,..... But, Oh, you'll not for - get me,

Musical notation for Basses part of the second system, showing a melodic line with lyrics: press me to your heart a - gain,..... But, Oh, you'll not for - get me,

Piano accompaniment for the second system, showing chords and bass line.

Moth - er,

Repeat, pp.

Musical notation for Tenors part of the third system, showing a melodic line with lyrics: Moth - er,

Moth - er, you will not for - get me, If I'm num - ber'd with the slain.

Musical notation for Basses part of the third system, showing a melodic line with lyrics: Moth - er, you will not for - get me, If I'm num - ber'd with the slain.

Piano accompaniment for the third system, showing chords and bass line.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

Allegro con spirito.

1. Rally round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the banner we love,
 2. Their flag is but a rag, Ours is the true one, Up with the stars and stripes,

On the land and seas; Brave hearts are under ours, Let the traitor brag,
 Down with the new one! Brave hearts are under ours, &c.

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Gallant lads, fire away! And fight for the flag! Gallant lads, fire away! And fight for the flag!

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line consists of four measures of music with lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking 'f' (forte) in the first and third measures.

Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the banner we love,

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has three measures of music with lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a prominent triplet pattern in the right hand across all three measures.

On the land and seas; Let our colors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For

The third system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has three measures of music with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythmic accompaniment.

Vic-to-ry is lib-er-ty, And God will bless the right! Then ral-ly round the flag, boys,

Ral-ly round, ral-ly round, Ral-ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly round the flag!

CHORUS. *Melody in 2d Tenor.*

1ST. & 2D. TENOR.

Repeat pp.

Ral-ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly round, ral-ly round, Ral-ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly round the flag.

1ST. & 2D. BASS.

Ral-ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly round, ral-ly round, Ral-ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly round the flag.

f *Repeat pp.*

ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER.

OR

RAW RECRUITS.

1. Oh! kind folks list - en to my song, It is no i - dle sto - - ry, It's
 2. Oh! should you ask me who she am, Co - lum - bia is her name, sir, She
 3. They say we have no of - fi - cers, But ah! they are mis - tak - en; And

all a - bout a vol - un - teer, Who's goin' to fight for glo - ry; Now
 is the child of A - bra - ham, Or Un - cle Sam, the same, sir. Now
 soon you'll see the reb - els run, With all the fuss they're mak - in'; For

CHORUS.

don't you think that I am right? For I am nothing short - er. And
 If I fight, why aint I right? And don't you think I ought - er. The
 there is one who just sprung up, He'll show the foe no quar - ter, (Me -

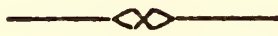
I be - long to the Fire Zou, Zous, And don't you think I ought - er, We're
 vol - un - teers are a pour - ing in From ev' - ry loy - al quar - ter, And
 - Clell - an is the man I mean,) You know he had - n't ought - er, For

go - in' down to Wash - ing - ton To fight for A - bra - ham's daugh - ter.
 I'm goin' long to Wash - ing - ton To fight for A - bra - ham's daugh - ter.
 he's gone down to Wash - ing - ton To fight for A - bra - ham's daugh - ter.

4 We'll have a spree with Johnny Bull,
 Perhaps, some day or other,
 And won't he have his fingers full,
 If not a deal of bother ;
 For Yankee boys are just the lads
 Upon the land or water ;
 And won't we have a "bully" fight,
 And don't you think we oughter,
 If he is caught at any time,
 Insulting Abraham's daughter.

5 But let us lay all jokes aside,
 It is a sorry question ;
 The man who would these States divide,
 Should hang for his suggestion.
 One Country and one Flag, I say,
 Whoe'er the war may slaughter ;
 So I'm goin' as a Fire Zou-a,
 And don't you think I oughter,
 I'm going down to Washington
 To fight for Abraham's daughter.

OUR FLAG IS THERE.



This song was written by an Officer of the American Navy during the war of 1812. It being very popular, although long out of print, has been republished in compliance with the request of many Officers in the U. S. Navy.

Maestoso.

Sva.

1. Our flag is there! Our flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud huzzas! Our
 2. That flag withstood the bat-tle's roar, With foemen stout, with foemen brave; Strong

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system is a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked *Maestoso*. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the piano introduction, marked *Sva.* (Sforzando), and includes a key signature change to G minor. The third system contains the vocal melody and lyrics, with a piano accompaniment below. The lyrics are: 1. Our flag is there! Our flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud huzzas! Our 2. That flag withstood the bat-tle's roar, With foemen stout, with foemen brave; Strong



flag is there! Our flag is there! Be - hold the glorious stripes and stars! Stout
hands have sought that flag to low'r, And found a speedy wat - 'ry grave! That



hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustained it mast head high, And
flag is known on ev' - ry shore, The stan - dard of a gal - lant band, A -



Oh! to see how proud it waves, Bring tears of joy in ev' - ry eye.
like unstain'd in peace or war, It floats o'er freedom's hap - py land.



CHORUS.

1st Tenor.

Our flag is there, Our flag is there, We'll hail it with three loud huzzas, Our

2d Tenor.
melody.

1st Bass.

Our flag is there, Our flag is there, We'll hail it with three loud huzzas, Our

2d Bass.

melody.

flag is there, our flag is there, Be - hold the glorious stripes and stars.

flag is there, our flag is there, Be - hold the glorious stripes and stars.

WE ARE COMING FATHER ABRA'AM.

Music by L. O. EMERSON.

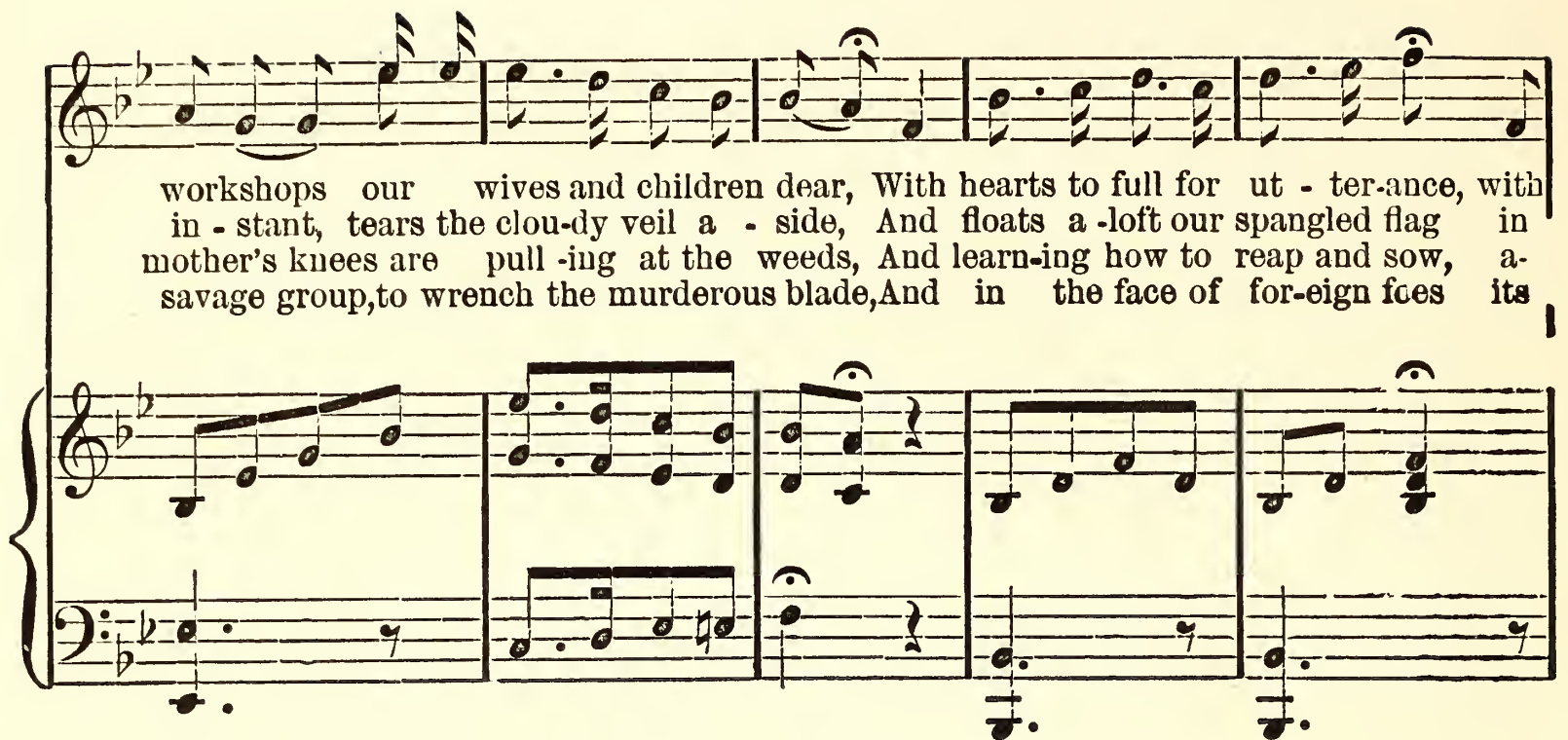


1. We are coming, Fa - ther Abra'am, three hun-dred thousand more, From
2. If you look a - cross the hill tops that meet the north-ern sky, Long
3. If you look all up our val-leys, Where the grow-ing harvests shine, You may
4. You have called us and we're coming, by Richmond's blood-y tide, To



Mis-sis-sip-pi's winding stream and from New England's shore; We leave our plows and moving lines of ris - ing dust your vis-ion may des-cry; And now the wind, and see our sturd-y far - mer boys fast forming in - to line; And chil - dren from their lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers bones beside; Or from foul trea-son's

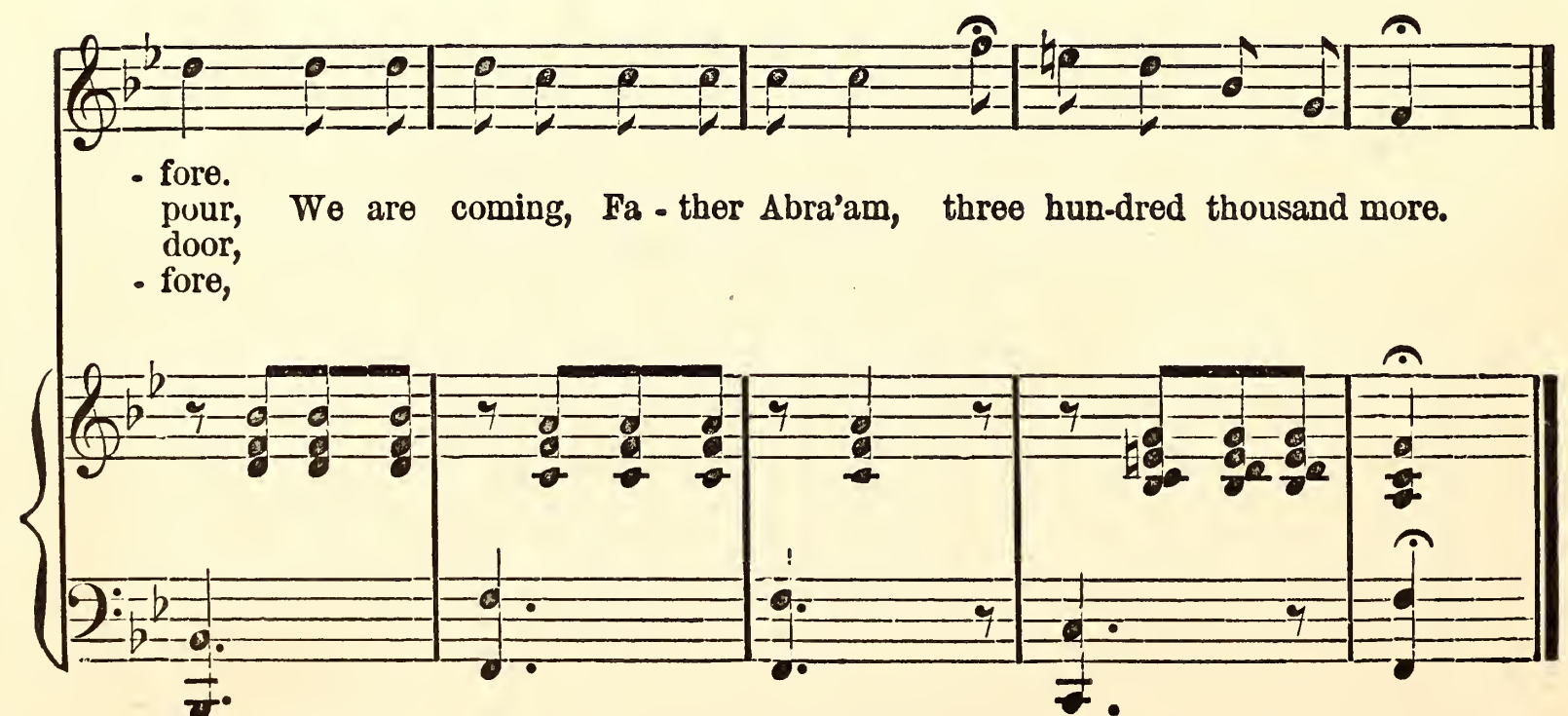




workshops our wives and children dear, With hearts to full for ut - ter-ance, with
in - stant, tears the clou-dy veil a - side, And floats a -loft our spangled flag in
mother's knees are pull - ing at the weeds, And learn - ing how to reap and sow, a -
savage group, to wrench the murderous blade, And in the face of for - eign foes its



but a si - lent tear; We dare not look be - hind us, but stead - fast - ly be -
glo - ry and in pride; And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music
gainst their country's needs; And a farewell group stands weep - ing at eve - ry cot - tage
fragments to pa - rade; Six hundred thousand loy - al men and true have gone be -



- fore.
pour, We are coming, Fa - ther Abra'am, three hun - dred thousand more.
door,
- fore,

CHORUS. TENORS.

We are com-ing, we are coming, Our Un-ion to re-store, We are

BASSES.

com-ing, Fa-ther Abra'am, with three hun-dred thous and more, We are

cres. com-ing, Fa-ther Abra'am, with three hun-dred thous-and more.

WEeping, SAD AND LONELY.

OR

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Words by CHAS. C. SAWYER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

Moderato e cantabile.

1. Dear-est love, do you re - mem - ber,	When we last did meet,	How you told me that you
2. When the summer breeze is sigh - ing	Mournful - ly a - long ;	Or when autumn leaves are
3. If a - mid the din of bat - tle,	No - bly you should fall,	Far away from those who
4. But our country called you, darl - ing,	Angels cheer your way ;	While our nation's sons are

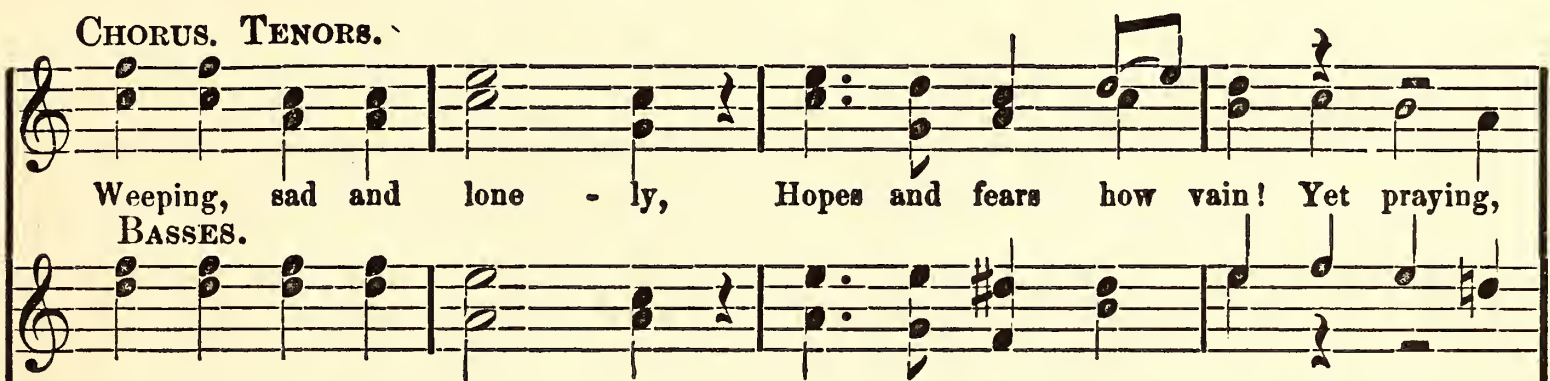
loved me, Kneeling at my feet ?	Oh ! how proud you stood be - fore me	In your suit of
fall - ing, Sadly breathes the song.	Oft in dreams I see thee ly - ing	On the battle
love you, None to hear you call,	Who would whisper words of comfort, Who would soothe your	
fight - ing, We can on - ly pray.	No - bly strike for God and lib - er - ty,	Let all nations



blue,.....	When you vow'd to me and	coun - try	Ev - er to be true.
plain,	Lone - ly, wounded, even	dy - ing,	Calling, but in vain.
pain?	Ah the many cruel	fan - cies	Ev - er in my brain.
see.....	How we love the starry	ban - ner,	Emblem of the free.



CHORUS. TENORS.



BASSES.



rall



WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

Arr. by C. F. THOMPSON.

Words and Music by CHAS. C. SAWYER.

During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him that he *could not live*, he placed his hand across his forehead, and with a trembling voice said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks, "*Who will care for mother now?*"

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/4 time, marked with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the right hand, starting on a dotted quarter note, followed by eighth notes and quarter notes. The accompaniment in the left hand features a steady eighth-note pattern.

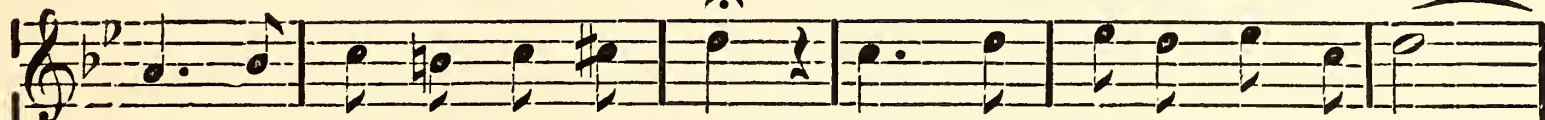
With expression.

The vocal melody is on a single staff in 2/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is on two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a simple bass line.

1. Why am I so weak and weary? See how faint my heated
 2. Who will comfort her in sorrow? Who will dry the falling
 3. Let this knapsack be my pillow, And my mantle be the

The vocal melody continues on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves.

breath,
 tear?
 sky;
 All a-round to me seems dark-ness,
 Gen-tly smooth her wrinkled fore-head?
 Has-ten, comrades, to the bat-tle,



Tell me, comrades, is this death? Ah! how well I know your an -
Who will whisper words of cheer? E - ven now I think I see
I will like a soldier die. Soon with angels I'll be march -



- swer; To my fate I meek-ly bow,.... If you'll
her Kneel - ing, pray - ing for me! how.... Can I
- ing, With bright lau - rels on my brow,.... I have



on - ly tell me tru - ly, Who will care for mother now?
leave her in her an - guish? Who will care for mother now?
for my country fall - en, Who will care for mother now?



CHORUS. *With spirit.*

1ST. & 2D. TENOR.

Soon with angels I'll be march - ing, With bright lau - rels on my

1ST. & 2D. BASS.

This system contains the first two lines of musical notation. The top line is for the 1st and 2nd Tenors, with lyrics 'Soon with angels I'll be march - ing, With bright lau - rels on my'. The second line is for the 1st and 2nd Basses, with lyrics 'brow,..... I have for my country fall -'. The piano accompaniment is shown in the bottom two staves, with a grand staff bracket on the left.

brow,..... I have for my country fall -

This system contains the second two lines of musical notation. The top line continues the Tenor part with lyrics 'brow,..... I have for my country fall -'. The second line continues the Bass part with lyrics 'en, Who will care for mother now?.....'. The piano accompaniment continues in the bottom two staves.

- en, Who will care for mother now?.....

This system contains the final two lines of musical notation. The top line continues the Tenor part with lyrics '- en, Who will care for mother now?.....'. The second line continues the Bass part with lyrics 'en, Who will care for mother now?.....'. The piano accompaniment concludes in the bottom two staves.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by J. HENRY DWYER

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Jolly.

The vocal melody for the first line of the song, written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

1. Let us all be mer-ry boys, to-night, For we are here, you know, for fun;
2. Lis-ten to the speakers here to-night, Re-mem-ber, we are here for fun;
3. Cof-fee, cheese and hard-tack, that's the stuff! It gives a zest you know to fun;

The piano accompaniment for the first line, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

The vocal melody for the second line of the song, continuing the melodic line from the first line.

Keep the glowing camp-fire burn-ing bright, For we are here to-night for fun;
 Cut your speeches short, and make them light, And don't for-get we're here for fun;
 Af-ter all our guests have had e-nough, Then, boys, look out for num-ber one;

The piano accompaniment for the second line, maintaining the rhythmic accompaniment from the first line.

f UNISON.

Now fill up a pipe and smoke it, Spin a fun-ny yarn and joke it,
 Fill an - oth - er pipe and smoke it, Sing a mer-ry song and joke it,
 Fill a part-ing pipe and smoke it, Sing a part-ing song and joke it,

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is written in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The tempo and dynamics are marked with 'f' (forte) and 'UNISON'. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of 12 measures.

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

Let us have a jol - ly, mer-ry time to-night, For we are here, you know, for fun.
 We will have a jol - ly, mer-ry time to-night, For we are here, you know, for fun.
 Then we'll bank the fire up, boys, and say "good-night," When we have had our fill of fun.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is written in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The tempo and dynamics are marked with 'SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS'. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of 12 measures.

CHORUS.

1st & 3d Tenor.



Shout and sing, merry boys, Make a noise, jol-ly boys, We are hap-py, merry boys, And full of fun; So

1st and 2d Bass.



is & 2d. Keep the glow-ing camp-fire burn-ing bright, For we are here, to-night for fun.
Last time. Then we'll bank the fire and say "good-night," When we have had our fill of fun.



HAIL, COLUMBIA.

Written by Judge HOPKINSON, and adapted by him to the music of the "President's March."

Maestoso.



1. Hail, Co-lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail, ye heroes! heaven born band! Who
2. Im-mor - tal pa-triots! rise once more De-fend your rights; de-fend your shore: Let
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Washington's great name Ring
4. Be-hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his coun-try stands. The





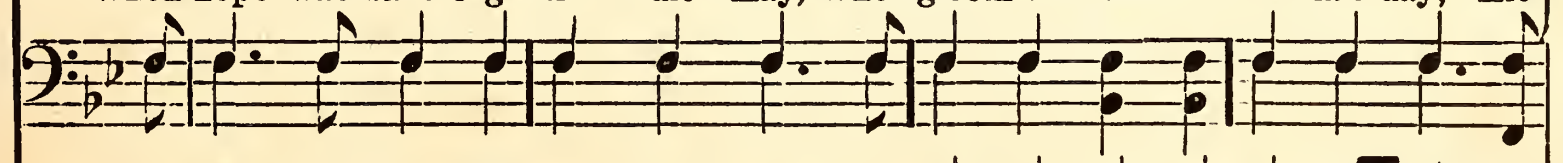
fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, And
 no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In -
 thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Let
 rock on which the storm will beat; The rock on which the storm will beat; But



when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won.
 - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well - earned prize.
 ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear.
 arm'd in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.



Let in - de - pendence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost;
 While offer - ing peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
 With e - qual skill, with god - like power, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
 When hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom obscured Co - lum - bia's day, His



Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
 truth and jus-tice will pre-vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond-age fail.
 hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon - est peace.
 stead - y mind from chan - ges free, Re-solved on death or Lib - er - ty.

Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally-ing round our lib - er - ty;

As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Words by HENRY S. WASHBURN.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Arr. by FRANK J. SMITH.

As especially arranged for, and sung by the Lotus Glee Club, with great success, at the Concert of War Songs, in Boston, in May, 1883.

With expression.

I. We shall meet but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca-

AIR 1st BASS.

- res him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r, When a year a - go we gathered, Joy was

AIR 2d TENOR.

in his mild blue eye, Bnt a gol - den chord is sev - ered, And our hopes in ru - in

ppp CHORUS.

lie..... We shall meet but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant

dim. AIR 1st BASS.

chair, We shall lin - ger to ca-ress him, When we breathe..... our eve-ning pray'r.

2 At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight,
And uphold our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might

3 True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Ever more will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
Sleep to day, O early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed,
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

AMERICA; or, MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH

Maestoso.

f *dim.*

1st & 2d TENOR.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name, I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Au - thor of Lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

1st & 2d BASS.

p *dim.* *p*

- fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry moun-tain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

f *Maestoso.*

1. Speed our Re-public, O Fa-ther on high! Lead us in pathways of jus-tice and right;
 2. Foremost in bat-tle for Freedom to stand, We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
 3. Faith-ful and hon-est to friend and to foe, Will-ing to die in hu-man-i-ty's cause,
 4. Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds! Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!

mf *cres.* *f*
 Ru-lers, as well as the ruled, 'one and all, Girt Thou with virtue the ar-mor of might!
 Still as of yore, when GEORGE WASHINGTON led, Thunders our war cry, we conquer or fall!
 Thus we de-fy all ty-ran-ni-cal pow'r, While we contend for our Union and laws!
 Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old— Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!

f *p* *cresc.* *f*
 Hail, three times hail to our country and flag! Ru-lers as well as the ruled, 'one and all,'
 Hail, three times hail to our country and flag! Still as of yore when GEORGE WASHINGTON led,
 Hail, three times hail to our country and flag! Thus we de-fy all ty-ran-ni-cal pow'r,
 Hail, three times hail to our country and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—

Girt Thou with vir-tue the ar-mor of might. Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!
 Thunders our war cry: We conquer or fall! Hail, etc.
 While we contend for our Un-ion and laws. Hail, etc.
 Show that it still is for Free-dom unfurled. Hail, etc.

OUR BRAVES.

Words by COL. CHAS. H. CLARKE.

M. KELLER.

1. Blest be the ground where our Braves are at rest, Honored each shrine where our martyrs repose,
 On through the ages to come shall be bless'd,
 Those who defended our land from its foes;
 Guarded our land in its war-stricken throes.
 Comrades, advance in the East and the West!
 Scatter fresh garlands where martyrs repose;
 Plant the old Flag where our braves are at rest!
2. Blest be this day, bringing mem'ries so bright,
 Throughout the length and the breadth of our land,
 Stout were these hearts who fought stern for the right:
 Brave were the deeds of this strong patriot band,
 Valiant the heroes of our army grand!
 Comrades, advance and make sacred this rite,
 Twine your fresh laurel wreaths over the land:
 Hallow this day charged with mem'ries so bright.
3. Blest thou our nation, thou God of the free,
 Vouchsafe that liberty our Fathers gave;
 Guard Thou our country from sea unto sea--
 Soil which our heroes long struggled to save,
 Land of our sires, and redeemed by the Brave.
 Comrades, this trust keep for millions to be,
 Ages to come will remember each grave;
 Cost of our nation so dear, yet so free!

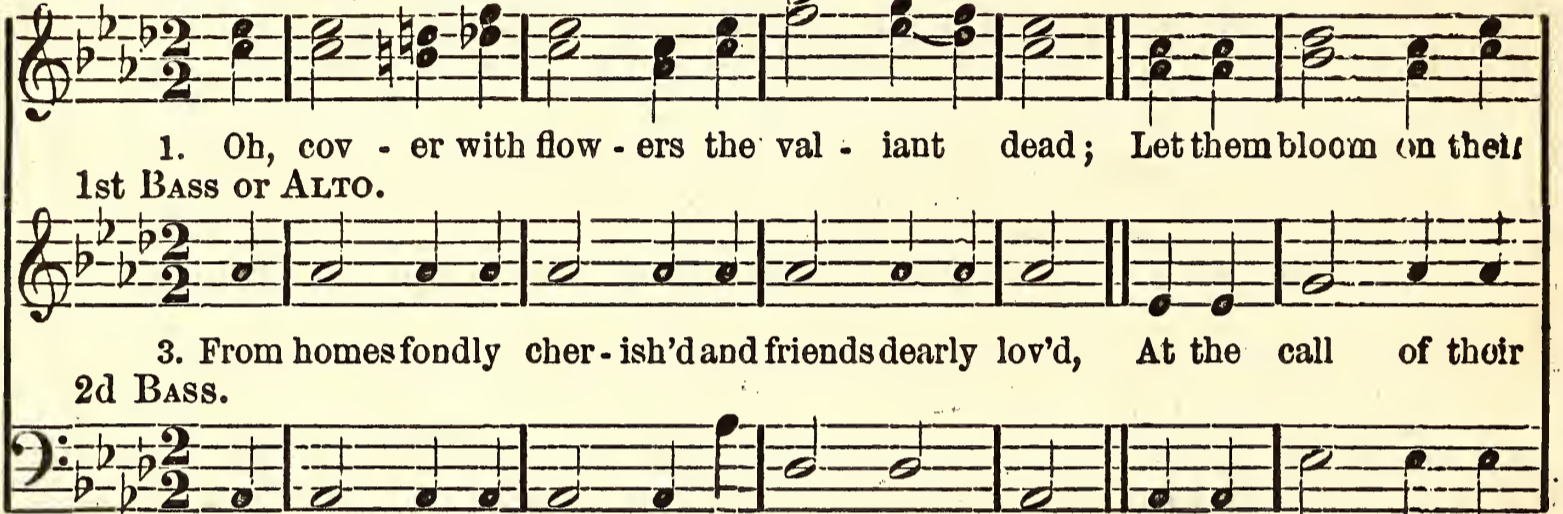
MEMORIAL HYMN.

FOR MALE OR MIXED VOICES.

Words by Rev. Dr. POLLARD.

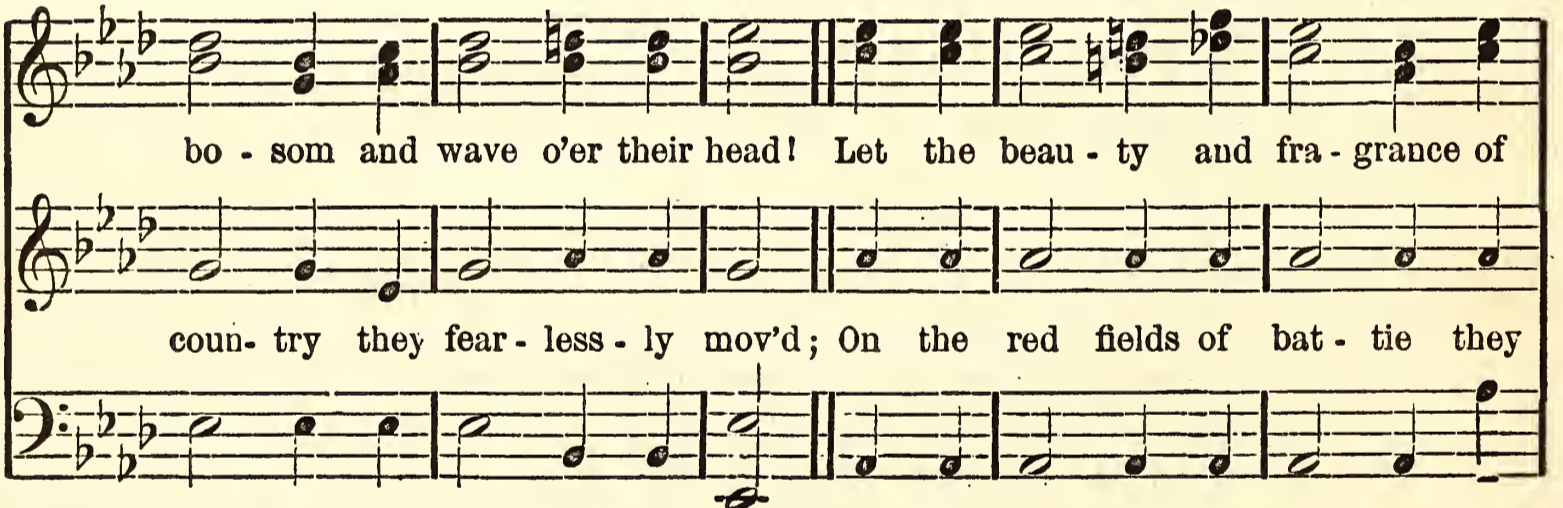
Music by A. B. WINCH.

1st & 2d TENOR, or SOPRANO & TENOR.

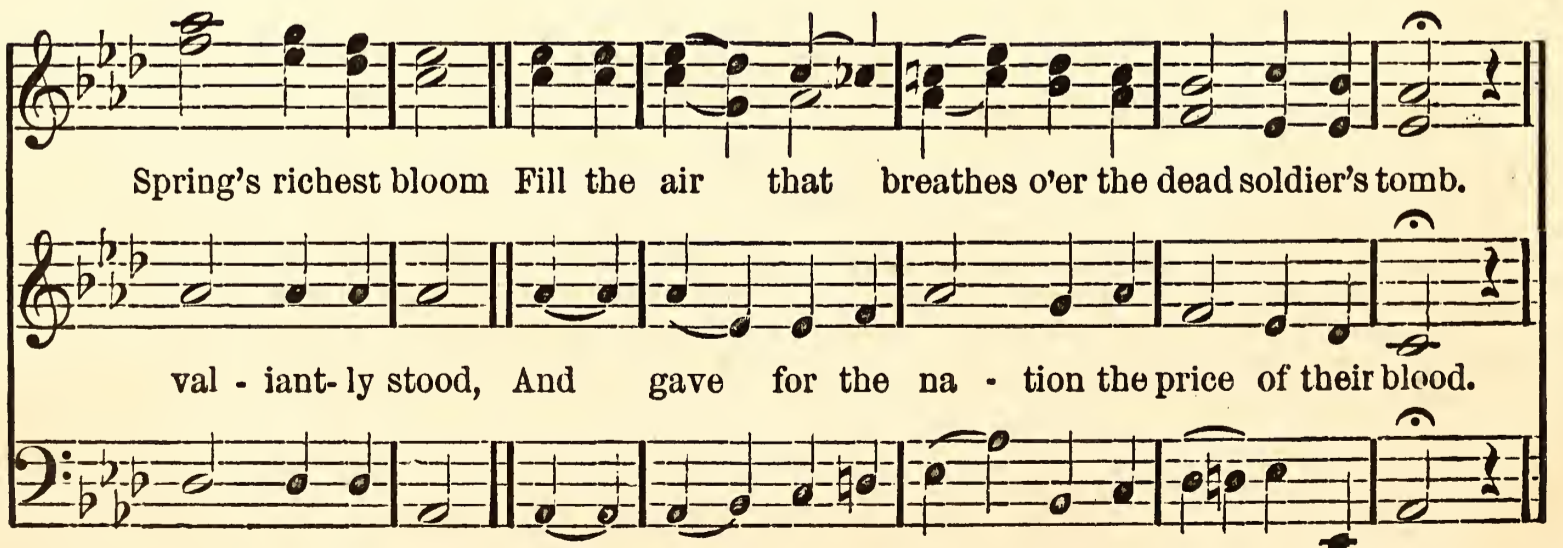


1. Oh, cov - er with flow - ers the val - iant dead; Let them bloom on their
1st BASS OR ALTO.

3. From homes fondly cher - ish'd and friends dearly lov'd, At the call of their
2d BASS.



bo - som and wave o'er their head! Let the beau - ty and fra - grance of
coun - try they fear - less - ly mov'd; On the red fields of bat - tie they



Spring's richest bloom Fill the air that breathes o'er the dead soldier's tomb.
val - iant - ly stood, And gave for the na - tion the price of their blood.

2. In the day when re - bel - lion and trea - son were rife, And the land was con-

4. Oh, fierce was the con - flict, and cru - el the foe, And ma - ny brave

-vulsed and mad - den'd with strife, They brave - ly put on the stern

free - men his fu - ry laid low; Freedom tri - umph'd at last, and

har - ness of war, To fight for our Un - ion, for free - dom and law.

broke his fell pow'r, And rang the glad peals of sweet vic - to - ry's hour.

5.

Then cover with garlands the patriot's grave,
 And perfume the rest of the faithful and brave;
 Bring the beauty and fragrance of Spring's sweetest bloom,
 To honor and hallow the dead hero's tomb!

6.

But no floral wreaths loving hands can entwine,
 Can rival the memories, our fond hearts enshrine,
 Of the noble and brave, the faithful and blest;
 Honored martyrs of freedom, serene be your rest!

7.

Then glory to God who our victories gave,
 And praise to the men who our nation did save;
 All honor to heroes departed or given,
 Their dust rests in peace, may their souls rest in heaven!

74 SLEEP, COMRADES, SLEEP.

THE SOLDIERS' REQUIEM.

Words and Music by J. HENRY DWYER

TENDERLY.
SOPRANO & ALTO.

1. Sleep, com - rades, sleep in calm re - pose Up -
 2. To - day a grate - ful peo - ple stand A

TENOR & BASS.

- on Co - lum - bia's breast;.... For thee with
 - round thy hal - lowed graves,.... With loy - al

love, her bos - om glows— Rest, ye brave he - roes,
 hearts and lov - ing hand, To crown "Our fal - len

rest!.....
Braves".....

We'll deck thy bed with ro - ses
Thy deeds up - on their souls are

ad lib.

rare—
'graved

Em - blems of love and peace—.....
In lines of liv - ing light,.....

.....
.....

Shrined in our hearts thy mem - 'ries
The pa - - triots of the land ye

fair Shall reign till life doth cease.
saved Will see that they glow bright.....

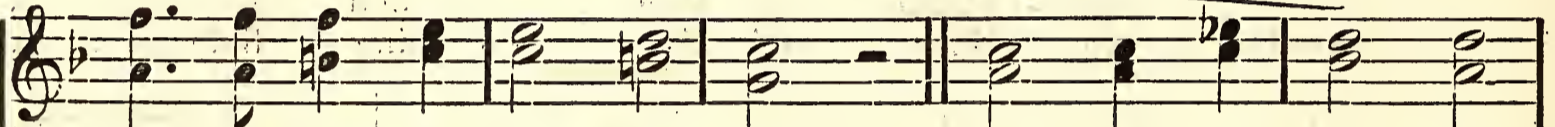
1st & 2d TENOR.

CONSOLATION.

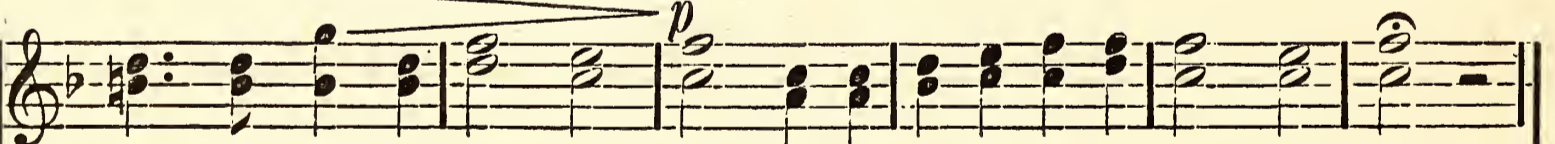
HOWARD M. DOW.

p Andante.

1. Come un - to me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
 2. Large are the man - sions in thy Fa - ther's dwell - ing, Glad are the
 1st & 2d BASS.

*Andante.*

heart is wea - ry and dis - trest; Seek - ing for com - fort
 homes that sor - rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in



from your heavenly Fa - ther: Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
 ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn



mf

3. There, like an E - den blos - som - ing in glad - ness, Bloom the fair

mf

mf

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and features a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The dynamic marking *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present at the beginning and in the middle of the system.

flow'rs the earth too rude - ly pressed. Come un - to me, all

p

p

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is used for the second half of the system. A fermata is placed over the vocal line for the word 'pressed'.

ye who droop in sad - ness,—Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

pp

pp

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. Dynamic markings of *pp* (pianissimo) are used throughout this system.

WE DECK THEIR GRAVES ALIKE TO-DAY.

MEMORIAL.

Words by SAM'L. N. MITCHELL.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Moderato.

Musical score for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piece begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

mp 1st & 2d TENOR.

cres.

1. We deck their graves a - like to - day, With blossoms fresh and fair, ... And
2. We deck their graves a - like to - day, With spring-time's fair - est flow'rs,.. And
3. We deck their graves a - like to - day, And raise our an - thems high,.... For

mp 1st & 2d BASS.

cres.

Vocal staves for the 1st and 2nd Tenors and the 1st and 2nd Basses. The tenors' part is on a higher staff and the basses' part is on a lower staff. Both parts feature a melody with lyrics underneath. The dynamics are mezzo-piano (*mp*) and the piece concludes with a crescendo (*cres.*).

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry, consisting of two staves. It begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic and features a melody in the treble clef and harmonic support in the bass clef. The piece ends with a crescendo (*cres.*).

dim.

on the gras - sy mounds of clay, We lay the flow'rs with care; As
 now and then the song - ster's lay, Makes bright the sol - emn hours; The
 those who fell when far a - way, Be - neath a dis - tant sky; Our

dim.

Vocal staves for the 1st and 2nd Tenors and the 1st and 2nd Basses, continuing the melody from the previous section. The dynamics are *dim.* (diminuendo).

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal entry, consisting of two staves. It continues the harmonic support for the vocalists, ending with a *dim.* (diminuendo) dynamic.

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NOTE. (This Quartet is preferable without accompaniment.)

cres.

o'er each sleep - ing he - ro's head, Our of - fer - ings are placed, The
 vi - o - let and li - lac, sweet, Or wreath of ev - er - green, At
 Coun - try call'd her gal - lant sons For ser - vice in the fray, And

cres.

Cres.

dim.

brav' - ry of our hon - or'd dead, Shall nev - er be e - - rased.
 eve - ry sol - dier's head and feet, Me - mo - rial Day is seen.
 on the graves of fall - en ones, We strew sweet flow'rs to - - day.

dim.

dim.

COVER THEM OVER WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

DECORATION HYMN.

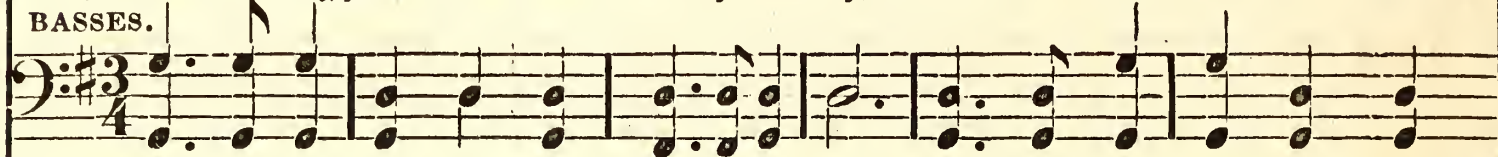
E. F. STEWART.

TENORS.

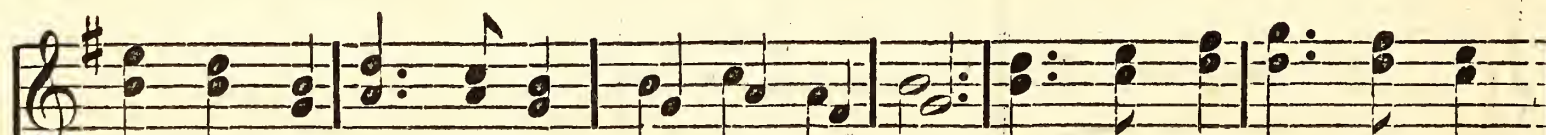


1. Cov - er them o - ver with beautiful flow'rs, Deck them with garlands, those
 2. Cov - er the hearts that have beaten so high, Beat - en with hopes that were
 3. Cov - er the thousands who sleep far a - way, Sleep where their friends can - not
 4. When the long years have rolled slowly a - way, E'en to the dawn of earth's

BASSES.



broth - ers of ours, Ly - ing so si - lent by night and by day,
 doomed but to die; Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray;
 find them to - day; They, who in moun - tain and hill - side and dell,
 fu - ne - ral day; When, at the an - gel's loud trum - pet and tread,



Sleeping the years of their manhood a - way. Give them the meed they have
 Hearts that have yearned for the home far a - way. Once they were glow - ing with
 Rest where they wea - ried, and lie where they fell. Soft - ly the grass-blades creep
 Rise up the fa - ces and forms of the dead, When the great world its last



won in the past; Give them the hon - ors their fu - ture fore -
 friend - ship and love, Now their great souls have gone soar - ing a -
 round their re - pose; Sweet - ly a - bove them the wild flow - ret
 judg - ment a - waits; When the blue sky shall fling o - pen its

- cast; Give them the chap - lets they won in the strife;
 - bove; Brave - ly their blood to the na - tion they gave,
 blows; Zeph - yrs of free - dom fly gen - tly o'er - head,
 gates, And our long col - umns march si - lent - ly through,

Give them the lau - rels they lost with their life.
 Then in her bo - som they found them a grave,
 Whis - per - ing prayers for the pa - tri - ot dead
 Past the Great Cap - tain for fi - nal re - view

CHORUS.

Cov - er them o - ver, yes, cov - er them over, Pa - rent and
 Chorus for fourth verse.
 Bless - ings for garlands shall cov - er them over, Pa - rent and

husband, broth - er and lover, Crown in your hearts those dead
 husband, broth - er and lover, God will re - ward those dead

he - roes of ours, Cov - er them o - ver with beau - ti - ful flow'rs.
 he - roes of ours, Cov - er them o - ver with beau - ti - ful flow'rs.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Translated from the German, by
L. C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL

poco riten.

Andante.

1st & 2d Tenor.

1st & 2d Bass.

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One parting kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I behold thee, Or to this heart enfold thee; With
3. I think of thee with longing, Think thou, when tears are thronging, That

Crescendo e poco accel. al - f *Tempo 1.*

then whate'er befalls me, I go where honor calls me. Fare - -
spear and pennon glancing, I see the foe ad - vancing, Fare - -
with my last faint sighing, I'll whisper soft, while dy - ing, Fare -

cres.

tranquillo e molto espress.

well, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
well, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
well, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

I CANNOT ALWAYS TRACE THE WAY.

1st & 2d TENOR.

HOWARD M. DOW.

Religioso.

1. I can - not al - ways trace the way Where Thou Al - might - y One dost,
 2. When mys - t'ry clouds my dark - ened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts re-

1st Bass.

3. Yes! God is love; a word like this Can ev - 'ry gloom - y thought re-

2d Bass.

move, But I can al - ways, al - ways say, But I can al - ways, always
 - prove; In this my soul sweet com - fort hath, In this my soul sweet comfort

- move, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, And turn all tears, all woes, to

1. move, But I can al - ways, al - ways say,
 2. prove; In this my soul sweet com - fort hath,
 3. move, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,

Can al-ways
In this my

say.... That God ... is love. 1. But I can al - ways, al - ways
hath,... That God.... is love. 2. In this my soul, In this my
bliss,... For God.... is love. 3. And turn all tears, And turn all

bliss,... For God is love. And turn all

say,
soul

can al - ways say That God is love.
sweet com-fort hath, That God is love.

pp rit.

But I can al - ways, al - ways say that God is love.
sweet com-fort hath, sweet com-fort hath, That God is love.
All woes, to bliss, All woes, to bliss, For God is love.

tears, All woes, to bliss, For God is love.

pp rit.

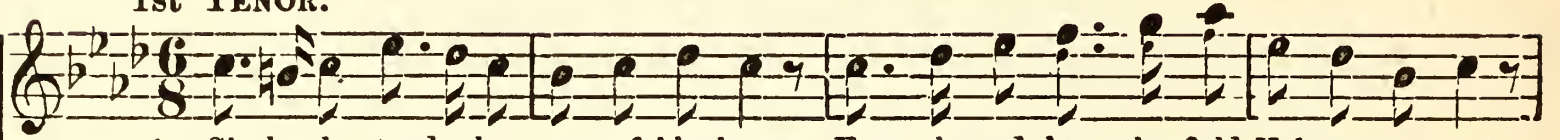
SILENTLY, TENDERLY, MOURNFULLY HOME.

QUARTETTE.

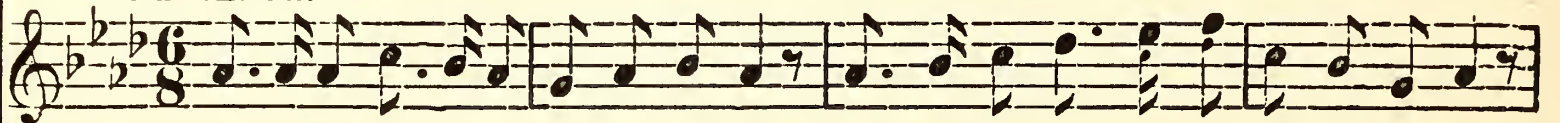
Words by J. W. BARKER.

Music by N. BARKER.

1st TENOR.



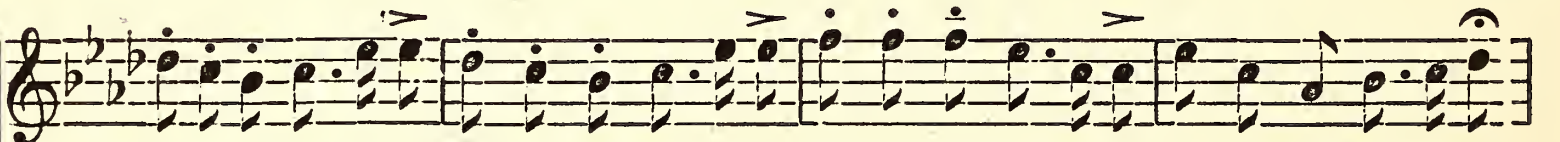
1. Si - lently, tender-ly, mournful-ly home, From the red bat - tle field Volunteers come,
2d TENOR.*



1st BASS.



2. Si - lently, tender-ly, mournful-ly home, Where should the fallen brave Volunteers come,
2d BASS.



Not with a loud hurrah, Nor with a wild eclat, Not with the tramp of war, Come our brave sons from far.



But to his native hills, Where the bright, gushing rills Freedom's sweet music fills, And her soft dew distils?



Gently and noise-less-ly bear them a-long, Hush'd be the bat-tle hymn, music and song.



Peacefully, prayerful-ly, lay our brave friend, Close by the home that he fought to defend.



* May be sung as Alto, 8va lower.

2. Si - lently, tender-ly, mournful-ly home, Not as they marched away, Volunteers come,

4. Si - lently, tear-fully, welcome the brave, Glo - ry en - circles the patriot's grave ;

Not with the sword and gun, Not with the stirring drum Come our dead heroes home, Now all his work is done.

Here let affection swell, Here let the marble tell, How the brave he - ro fell, Loving his country well.

Thoughtfully, prayerfully, bear ye the dead Pil - low it soft-ly, the Volunteer's head.

Si - lently, ten - der - ly, mournful - ly home, Welcome the Volunteers, one by one.

"OUR NATIVE LAND."

A. BILLETER. Op. 39. No. 1.

English Adaptation by M. H. CROSS.

Con spirito.

ff 1st TENOR.

1. With hearts now touched by tend' - rest

2d TENOR.

ff 1st BASS.

2. Let ev' - - ry bless - ing now shed its

2d BASS.

mf

feel - ings, Oh, let us praise our na - tive land; For her we'll

fragrance, And peace and plen - ty o'er us shower; Let health and

leicht.

mf

cres. ***f***

sing our no-blest songs, And lav-ish gifts with o-pen

cres. ***f***

hap-pi-ness at-tend us, Till all have felt their mag-ic

cres. *leicht.* *rit*

mf *cres*

hand, Oh, land with all thy no-ble
power, Oh, may the bond of faith and

mf *cres*

hand, Oh land with all thy
power, Oh may the bond of

mf *cres*

mf a tempo. *mf* *cres.*

cen - - - - - do.

for - ests, Thy plains where rug - ged, moun - tains
kind - ness, For - ev - er hold us in its

no - ble for - ests, Thy plains where rug - ged moun - tains
faith and kind - - ness, For ev - er hold us in its

cresc. *rit.*

ff stand. With God's pure sky blue mantling o'er us, Heaven bless

ff hand. While all thy sons shall sing re - joic - ing, Heav'n bless

a tempo. breit und ruhig.

thee, Our na - - tive land! With God's pure sky blue mantling

thee, Our na - - tive land! While all thy sons shall sing re -

mf *piu f*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble and bass clefs, with lyrics underneath. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. Dynamics include *ff* and *mf*. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

o'er us. Heav'n bless thee, Our na - - tive land!

joic - ing. Heav'n bless thee, Our na - - tive land!

f *rit.*

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of the musical score. The vocal staves continue with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with dynamics *f* and *rit.*. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

"BLEST BE THE GROUND."

W. J. D. LEAVITT.

Words by COL. CHARLES H. CLARKE. Dedicated to the G. A. R.

ANDANTE CON ESP. E LEGATO.

1. Blest be the ground where our braves are at rest, Honored each shrine, Honored each
 2. Blest be this day bring - ing mem' - ries so bright, Thro' out the length, Thro' out the length
 3. Bless thou our na - tion, thou God of the free, Vouchsafe that lib - er - ty, that

shrine where our Mar - tyrs re - pose, On through the a - ges to
 and the breadth of our land, Stout were these hearts who fought
 lib - er - ty our Fa - thers gave; Guard thou our coun - try from

RIT. TEMPO. ACCEL - ER - AN -

DO. DIM - IN - U - EN -

come shall be blest Those who de - fend - ed our land from its
 stern for the right, Brave were the deeds of this strong pat - riot
 sea un - to sea— Soil which our he - roes long strug - gled to

DO. CRES - CEN - DO.

foes; Guard - ed our land from its trai - tor - ous foes.
 band, Val - iant the he - roes of our ar - my grand.
 save, Land of our sires and re - deemed by the brave.

f Com-rades, advance in the East and the West! *ff* Com-rades, ad-
 Comrades, advance and make sa - cred this rite, Com-rades, ad-
 Comrades, this trust keep for mil - lions to be, Com-rades, this

vance from the East to the West! *ACCL. SEMPER. p* Scat - ter fresh gar - lands where
 vance and make sa - cred this rite, Twine your fresh lau - rel wreaths
 trust keep for mil - lions to be, A - ges to come will re -
SOLO.

pp p Mar - tyrs re-*pp* pose, re-*p* pose, Plant the old flag where our Braves are at
 o - ver the land, the land, Hallowed this day charged with mem' - ries so
 mem - ber each grave, each grave, Cost of our na - tion so dear, yet so

pp rest, at rest, *mf* Scat - ter fresh gar - lands where Mar - tyrs re - pose.....
 bright, so bright, Twine your fresh lau - rel wreaths o - ver the land,.....
 free! so free! A - ges to come will re - mem - ber each grave,.....
DIM. RIT.

f Plant the old flag where our Braves are at rest!
 Hal - low this day charged with mem' - ries so bright.
 Cost of our na - tion so dear, yet so free!
p pp

FIRMLY STAND, MY NATIVE LAND.

NAGELLI.

With energy.

1. Firmly stand, firmly stand, my na - tive land, Firmly stand, firmly
 2. Safely dwell, safely dwell, my na - tive land, Safely dwell, safely
 3. Sing for joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, Sing for joy, Sing for

stand, my na - tive land, Free in heart, and true in hand, All that's love - ly
 dwell, my na - tive land, May thy sons u - ni - ted stand, Firm and true for -
 joy, my na - tive land, In thee dwells a no - ble band, All thy weal to

cherish; Thus shall God remain thy friend, Then shall heav'n thy walls defend, Freedom!
 ev - er; God for - bid the day should rise, When 'tis said our freedom dies! Freedom!
 cherish; God with might will guard thee round, While thy steps in truth are found, Freedom!

Freedom! Freedom shall not per - ish! Firmly stand, firmly stand, Firmly
 Freedom! Freedom die! Oh, nev - er! Safely dwell, safely dwell, Safely
 Freedom! Freedom shall not per - ish! Sing for joy, sing for joy, Sing for

stand, firm - ly stand, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.
 dwell, safe - ly dwell, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.
 joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.

From NAGELLI.

Cantabile.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
 2. His boun - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?

Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
 That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.
 Oh, seek your heaven - ly Fa - ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

By L. O. EMERSON.

p
 Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, and he will sus - tain thee,

He will comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

Religioso.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be

3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that thou
 4. Then with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with thy praise, Out of my

5. Or if on joy - ful wings, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and

be a cross that rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,

send - est me In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck on me
 ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be

stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, — Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

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