

# The Song of the Drum.

Oh, the drum it rattles so loud!  
When it calls me, with its rattle,  
To the battle—to the battle—  
Sounds that once so charmed my ear,  
I no longer now can hear:  
They are all an empty hum,  
For the drum—  
Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!—

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!  
At the door, with tearful eye,  
Father, mother, to me cry;  
Father! Mother! Shut the door!  
I can hear you now no more!  
Ye might as well be dumb—  
For the drum—  
Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!  
At the corner of the street,  
Where so oft we used to meet,  
Stands my bride, and cries: "Ah, woe!  
My darling, wilt thou go?"—  
"Dearest girl, the hour is come!  
For the drum—  
Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!"

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!  
My brother in the fight  
Bids a last, a long good night;  
And the guns, with knell on knell,  
Their tale of warning tell;—  
But my ear to that is numb,  
For the drum—  
Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!—

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!  
There no such stirring sound  
Is heard the wide world round,  
As the drum that, with its rattle,  
Echoes Freedom's call to battle!  
We fear no martyrdom  
While the drum—  
Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!—

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!  
To drive from the sacred soil  
Invaders, loaded with spoil,  
Beat the drum, with peals of thunder,  
We punish the murder and plunder,  
By killing the Northern scum!  
While the drum—  
Oh, the drum—is rattling so loud!—