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# THE RADICAL DRUM CALL.

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16971P



"ALL HONOR TO THE SOLDIER GIVE."

BOIELDIEU.

3

All hon - or to the sol - dier give, All hon - or to the sol - dier givo, Thro'

hard-ships he must oft - en live, Yet he fights for his fa - ther - land; To the  
All hon - or givo,

sons of cour - age and hon - or He ex - tends the friend - ly hand; All hon - or  
The sons of cour - age and hon - or

give, To the sons of cour - age and hon - or He ex - tends his friend - ly  
The sons of cour - age and hon - or

# "ALL HONOR TO THE SOLDIER GIVE." Continued.

Yes! *f* All hon - or give,.... *cres.* All hon - or give,.... *f* All hon - or

hand, All hon - or give, All hon - or give, All hon - or give

*f* to the sol - dier give..... All hon - or give,.... *f* All hon - or

to the sol - dier give; All hon - or give, All hon - or give,

give,.... All hon - or *ff* *Fine.*

All hon - or give, to the sol - dier give, Yes! hon - or to the sol - dier give.

sound,..... The foe he be - holds with - out a

He hears from a - far the trumpet sound, The trumpet sounding, The foe he

sound,..... The foe he be - holds with - out a

“ALL HONOR TO THE SOLDIER GIVE.” Concluded.

fear,

sees with-out a fear; And while ferth to the bat - tle he's rush - ing, His lond

fear,

hur - rah re - sounds thro' the air, Hur - rah! hur - rah!

Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! hur -

sounds thro' the air, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! sounds thro' the

rah! sounds thro' the air, Hur-rah! hur-rah!

air, Hur-rah! hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!

hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

*Da Capo  
al Fina.*

# "HAIL TO OUR BEAUTIFUL LAND."

*Written expressly for this work.*

1. Hark! hark! hark! o'er the swelling gale Glad sounds of triumph come: U - nion, U - nion and love pre -

*Allegro.*  
vail, And discord's race is run, And discord's race is run. Shout till the a - zure vault

ech - oes the sound, Shout till each val - ley and mountain re - plies: The U - nion for ev - er, the

States firm - ly bound, In con - cord and u - nion shall tower to the skies, In con - cord and

"HAIL TO OUR BEAUTIFUL LAND." Concluded.

Chorus.

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are as follows:

u - nion shall tower to the skies. Hail to our beau-ti - ful land, . . . . .  
 Hail to our beau-ti - ful land, Shall we prove false to thee? nev - er! We  
 land,  
 pledge thee our heart and our hand, Our glo - rious U - nion for ov - er.

2. Hark! hark! hark! o'er the rolling sea  
 Is heard the clash of steel;  
 The nation, the nation would be free  
 [; And 'scape the tyrant's heel; ;]  
 Towards us they look in the night of their  
 gloom,

As their flags, bathed in blood, they have  
 bravely unfurled,  
 To light on their pathway to liberty's home;  
 [; We stand as the beacon and hope of the  
 world. ;]

Cho.—Hail to our beautiful land, &c.

## RIP! SLAP! SET 'EM UP AGAIN.

*Arranged for this work.*

1. { These are the col - ors we march un - der, we march un - der, we march  
Bul - ly Grant will give 'em thun - der, give 'em thun - der, give 'em

un - der, These are the col - ors we march un - der, Long sum - mer day. }  
thun - der, Bul - ly Grant will give 'em thun - der, Long sum - mer day. }

*Refrain. Softly.*

Ah dee, ah di, with a bom ging ging, a bom ging ging, Ah

de, ah di, a long sum-mer day. Sol la la la, sol la

la la, sol la la la, sol la la la, sol la la la,

Chorus. *ff*

sol la la la, sol la la la la. Rip! slap! set 'em up a-gain,

## RIP! SLAP! SET 'EM UP AGA.N. Concluded.

set 'em up a - gain, set 'em up a - gain; Rip! slap! set 'em

up a - gain, Long sum-mer day.

3.

We're a band of union brothers,  
 Union brothers, union brothers,  
 We're a band of union brothers,  
 Marching through the rye;  
 We smoke our pipes, and we mind our eye,  
 We mind our eye, we mind our eye,  
 We smoke our pipes, and we mind our eye,  
 Give 'em fits or die.—Cho.

2.

Ole Uncle Sammy had a boy,  
 Had a boy, had a boy,  
 Ole Uncle Sammy had a boy,  
 And Jeffy was his name;  
 Bully Grant he blacked his eye,  
 Blacked his eye, blacked his eye,  
 Bully Grant he blacked his eye,  
 For fighting he was gaue.—Cho.

4.

U. S. A. and U. S. G.,  
 U. S. A. and U. S. G.,  
 U. S. A. and U. S. G.,  
 Hip! hip! hurrah!  
 Three rousing cheers for U. S. G.,  
 U. S. G., U. S. G.,  
 Three times three for U. S. G.,  
 Hip! hip! hurrah!!!—Cho.

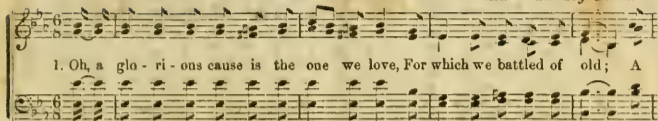


# "GRANT FOR THE UNION!"

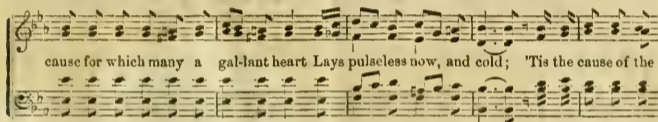
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THE SOLDIERS' SONG.

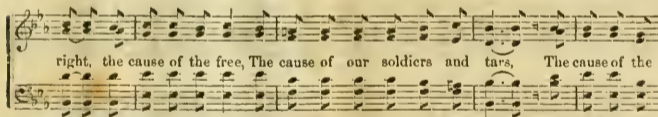
Aia—"The Ivy Green."



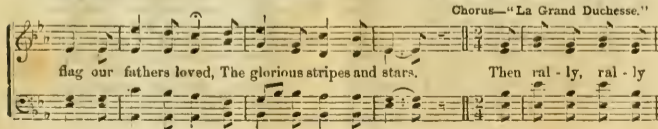
1. Oh, a glo - ri - ous cause is the one we love, For which we battled of old; A



cause for which many a gal-lant heart Lays pulseless now, and cold; 'Tis the cause of the



right, the cause of the free, The cause of our soldiers and tars, The cause of the



flag our fathers loved, The glorious stripes and stars, Then ral - ly, ral - ly

Chorus—"La Grand Duchesse."

## "GRANT FOR THE UNION!" Concluded.

round the flag, Then ral - ly, ral - ly round the flag ; Oh ! we're the boys that fear no noise, Yes,

we're the boys that fear no noise ; Then ral - ly, ral - ly round the flag ; Oh ! ral - ly, ral - ly

round the flag now, \*Slap! bang! ral - ly once a - gain, Hur - rah! hurrah! hur - rah

2.

With Grant for our leader, we rush to the fight,  
 For a staunch old leader is he ; [might  
 We've tried him before when he met in their  
 The hosts of Joe Johnson and Lee ;  
 We follow'd him then, and we'll follow him now,  
 When he leads against Seymour and Blair,  
 For victory's sure on our banners to perch,  
 And our foes shall be crush'd in despair.

Cho.—Then rally, &c.

3.

We fought for the Union, our country to save,  
 And we scatter'd the traitors afar,  
 Till none in defiance our power dare brave,  
 And restored to our flag ev'ry state ;  
 And shall we give up all we gallantly won  
 To those whom we humbled in fight !  
 No ! never ; with votes, as with bayonets then,  
 We'll rally once more for the right.

Cho.—Then rally, &c.

\* Clap the hands in time to "Slap! bang!" also last two bars.

# ALL THE STARS ARE FLOATING IN THE BLUE.\*

Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

Written and composed by J. G. HUNTING.

1. O'er this hap - py U - nion came the gloom - y night Shut - ting out the  
2. See the gold - en sun - light stream - ing on the plain, Light - ing up the

light of freedom's day; But the mill - ion free - men bat - tling for their right,  
a - zure dome on high; 'Tis the morn of free - dom dawn - ing once a - gain,

Full Chorus.

Swept the dark and gloom - y clouds a - way. O'er the land of free - dom  
See the glo - rious ban - ner in the sky. O'er the land, &c.

\* From "Nine o'clock 'n the Morning," by permission of Wm. A. Pond &amp; Co.

## ALL THE STARS ARE FLOATING IN THE BLUE. Concluded.

float for ev - er on, Em - blem of the na - tion, gift of Wash - ing - ton!

Hail the glo - rious stand - ard of the brave and true, All the stars are

float - ing in the blue.

3. O'er the hilltops rising, in the sunny land,  
See the dear old flag is waving there;  
Banner, once dishonored by the traitor band,  
Proudly floating on the balmy air.—Cho.
4. Now the flag is waving glorious as the morn,  
From the western prairies to the sea;  
O'er the land united, float forever on,  
God preserve the banner of the free.—Cho.

# "ANDY, GOOD-BYE!"

AIR—"Dandy Pad."

1. { Oh! fling our loy - al ban - ner high, *Sym.* fling it high! To  
Our Grant will take the White-house chair, White-house chair, The

An - dy I we'll bid good-bye, The time is com - ing, O!... }  
land will flour - ish when he's there, With milk and hon - ey, O!... }

Chorus.

Good - bye to An - dy, O!.. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, We'll

## "ANDY, GOOD-BYE!" Concluded.

end this might-y fuss and rant, And give the land a loy - al Grant!

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Old Seymour takes the <math>\parallel</math>: backward track! <math>\parallel</math>:<br/>         "His friends," I think, he'd better sack,<br/>         His "rowdy friends," I O!<br/>         And as for "turncoat," <math>\parallel</math>: Mister Blair! <math>\parallel</math>:<br/>         His chances they are mighty spare,<br/>         For second fiddle, O!—Cho.</p> <p>3. Democracy is <math>\parallel</math>: on the wane, <math>\parallel</math>:<br/>         'Twill never rule the land again,<br/>         For loaves and fishes, O!</p> | <p>Our Grant will <i>smoke</i> our <math>\parallel</math>: troubles out! <math>\parallel</math>:<br/>         All "faction" he will put to rout,<br/>         And "reconstruct" us, O!—Cho.</p> <p>4. So "swinging" round the <math>\parallel</math>: circle home, <math>\parallel</math>:<br/>         Our "Ancient Veto" he will roam,<br/>         To our relief, I O!<br/>         He's wanted back in <math>\parallel</math>: Tennessee! <math>\parallel</math>:<br/>         But Grant's the lad for you and me,<br/>         He'll save the nation, O!—Cho.</p> |
|---|--|

## COME WITH US, "BOYS IN BLUE."

Aria—"Drink to me only."

1. { Come with us, no - ble "boys in blue!" We need your aid once more! }  
 { A - round our Grant, so brave and true, Come as in days of yore! }

COME WITH US, "BOYS IN BLUE." Continued.

Help "re - con-struct" this might-y land You no - bly helped to save! Work

with us now with heart and hand, Where'er our flag shall wave!

Chorus—"Soldiers Chorus,"

Oh! boys, we'll ral - ly for U. S. G., Oh! boys, we'll

## COME WITH US, "BOYS IN BLUE!" Concluded.

ral - ly for U. S. G., Oh! boys, we'll ral - ly for U. S. G.,

Fight - ing it out, fight - ing it out, On this the U - nion line!

2. Seymour shall have a grand defeat!  
Democracy shall die!  
Old Andy soon will leave his seat,  
Yet none of us will sigh!  
Help re-unite the states again,  
Bring specie payment back!  
Come with us, boys, all traitors then  
Will take the backward track!—**Cho.**
3. Work with us as you fought and won!  
Beware of party snares!  
Work till the noble work is done,  
Hushed all the nation's cares!

- Far up Salt River send our foes!  
Come with our Grant—so true;  
We're going to oust our ancient "Mose"—  
Yes, and he feels quite blue.—**Cho.**
4. Peace o'er our land shall spread her wings,  
The stars shall all come in!  
O'er all the land our watchword rings,  
Our cause will surely win!  
Our Colfax, statesman, tried and true,  
Our Grant the firm and brave,—  
These are our leaders, boys in blue,  
Help us the land to save!—**Cho.**



## SEYMOUR'S "LITTE GAME."

19

Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

AIR—"Rosin the Beau."

1. Come, all you good dem-o-erat voters, And 'round me stand up in a row;  
2. I came down to the great big oon-ventioo, Which met in new Tamman-y Hall;

*Fine.*

A sto-ry I'm go-ing to tell you, If you list-en to me, while I blow,  
Without the most dis-tant in-teo-tion Of a can-di-date be-ing at all,

*Chorus.* *D. C. F.*

If you'll listen to me, while I blow, If you'll list-en to me, while I blow.  
Of a can-di-date be-ing at all, Of a can-di-date be-ing at all.

## SEYMOUR'S "LITTLE GAME." Concluded.

3. Well—that is, I play'd smart and said so,  
And the western men thought it was so;  
But that was all gammon and humbug,  
As the sequel will certainly show,  
As the sequel, &c.
4. I knew well, that I wasn't wanted,  
That Chase was the man whom they did,  
But that wouldn't have suited my purpose,  
And of Chase I was bound to get rid,  
And of Chase, &c.
5. I'd have swallow'd down Pendleton easy,  
A copperhead pure without sham,  
And my throat was sufficiently greasy,  
Not to gag e'en at Vallandigham,  
Not to gag, &c.
6. But Chase was a friend to the "nigger,"  
And my "dear friends," who kick'd up a row,  
Would have thought that I cut a queer figure,  
If I could go in for him now,  
If I could go in, &c.
7. For perhaps you remember the riots,  
Which they got up in New York one July?  
When "my dear friends" the infernal "nigger"  
Did hang, stab, and stew, roast and fry,  
Did hang, stab, &c.
8. So I fought against Chase like a hero,  
And behind Church the wires I pulled,  
Till my stock as they thought, was at zero,  
Then I show'd 'em how bad they'd been  
Then I show'd 'em, &c. [fool'd,
9. For without the least hesitation,  
The states all fell into the trap,  
And gave to me the nomination,  
Intended for some other chap,  
Intended for some other, &c.
10. So now go to work and elect me,  
My principles all of you know,  
I'm a friend of the south, hate the "nigger,"  
And for repudiation I go,  
And for repudiation, &c.
11. If I am elected I promise  
To heal up the wounds of the war,  
The Rebs shall have all that they fought for,  
And balm for their grief and each scar,  
And balm for their grief, &c.
12. The nigger I'll crush till he's lower  
In humanity's scale than before;  
His chains shall be riveted tighter  
Than on him they fester'd of yore,  
Than on him they fester'd, &c.
13. Re-united and thus re-con-structed,  
The Glorious old De-moc-ra-cie—  
We go in for the loaves and the fishes,  
And the gold fish shall all be for me,  
And the gold fish, &c.
14. Now go in, "my dear friends," and don't fal-  
Go in as you did that July, [ter,  
And in fear of the musket and halter,  
You know you must conquer or die,  
You know you must, &c.

# A CAMPAIGN RATTLER.

1. Come, join in the song for "the man in the gap," Fal de ral lal, de lal de laddy; Who's

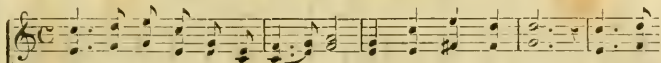
giv-en the reb-els ma-ny a rap! Fal de ral lal, de lal de laddy; He'll be up and

at 'em a - gain in November, And give 'em a drubbing they're bound to remember, With a

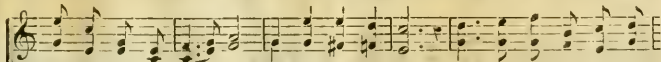
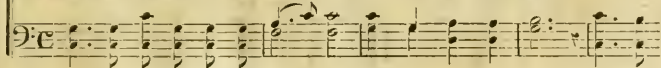
Yip fal lal, de lal de lad-dy, With a fal de ral lal, de lal de lad-dy.

## A CAMPAIGN RATTLER. Concluded.

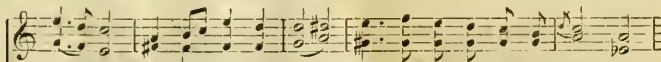
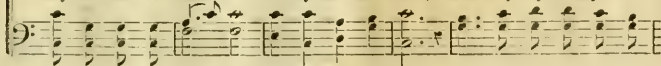
2. Grant leads the way with his banner unfurl'd,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 And under it we can larrup the world,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 We mean to give the rebels fits,  
 Hurrah for Grant, and and let 'em rip,  
 With a YIP, etc.
3. Seymour wrung himself in by a political trick,  
 Fa de lal, etc.  
 So small it made his own party sick,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 And so to make sure the trickster should fail,  
 They tied, like a tin kettle, Blair to his tail,  
 With a YIP, etc.
4. Poor Seymour was scared as well he might,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 When he found himself in such a plight,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 His cheek turned pale and his eyes did glare,  
 For "Old Nick" himself would have been  
 better than Blair, With a YIP, etc.
5. Blair fought for the Union 'gainst Price and  
 Lee, Fal de lal, etc.  
 But after he fought quite sorry was he,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 He cries out now, "Let the Union slide,"  
 I've got a bigger thing on the other side,  
 With a YIP, etc.
6. The Boys in Blue are out to a man,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 To beat Seymour and Blair and all their elaw,  
 Fal de lal, etc. [boots,  
 They're bound to make them shake in their  
 Oh, root hog or die with a ring in their snoots,  
 With a YIP, etc.
7. The Union nags will win the race,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 Grant's got the bottom to go the pace,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 He can't be beat by a jockey's trick  
 For he stretches long and he gathers quick,  
 With a YIP, etc.
8. Seymour is spavin'd, Blair's weak in the back,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 They never can run on a heavy track,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 They're both so poor you can count esch rib,  
 But they'll never get fat at the Public Crib,  
 With a YIP, etc.
9. Hurrah for the ticket, hurrah, burrah!  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 Grant takes it easy and puffs his segar,  
 Fal de lal, etc.  
 He knows he'll win, the people have spoke it,  
 Seymour put *that* in your pipe and smoke it,  
 With a YIP, etc.



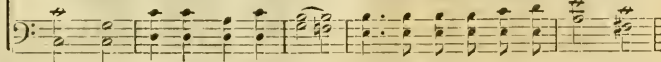
1. Shall we cast our lot with Sey - mour, Pride of all the land? Shall we  
 2. Grant they say will be de - feat - ed In this lit - tle game; For they



join "his friends" in vot - ing,—Working heart and hand? Oh! they tell us all our  
 say he heads a tick - et Ve - ry slow and tame; Then they say "re - pu - di -



troub - les Will be seen no more, If we'll on - ly help their lead - er  
 a - tion" Soon will come a - bout; Should we swal - low all they tell us,



## HOW DO YOU VOTE? Concluded.

Chorus\*—"Not for Joe."

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The first system begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole note chord (F4, A4, C5) and a quarter rest, followed by a 2/4 time signature change. The lyrics are: "To the White-house door! Not for Joe, not for Joe, If he knows it, Join - ing in their shout! Not for Joe, &c." The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "not for Jo - seph! Not for Joe, oh, dear, no! If he knows it, not for Joe!"

To the White-house door! Not for Joe, not for Joe, If he knows it,  
Join - ing in their shout! Not for Joe, &c.

not for Jo - seph! Not for Joe, oh, dear, no! If he knows it, not for Joe!

3. See, the "taxes" of the nation  
Will go down, they say,  
If we'll only let them rule us  
In their pleasant way;  
Grant and Colfax, they inform us,  
Will our hopes deceive;  
Every little tale they utter,  
We, of course, believe.—CHO.

4. Oh! their platform is delightful,  
Everything serene!  
Candidates of truth and virtue,  
Anything but green!  
If they ask you, in November,  
How your vote will go—  
Should they kindly mention Seymour,  
Tell them "not for Joe!"—CHO.

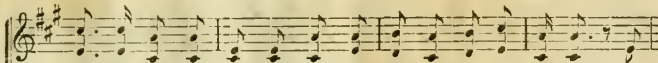
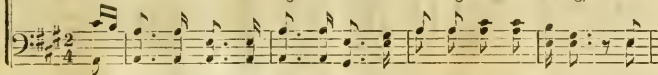
\* SPOKEN—"Vote for Seymour? I guess not."

# TAKE DOWN THE OLD CANTEEN AGAIN.

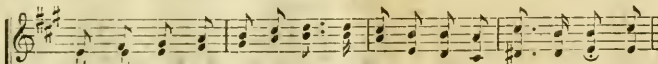
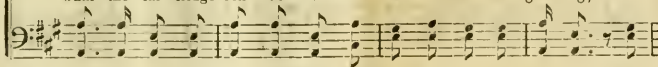
AIR—"There's a good time coming."\*



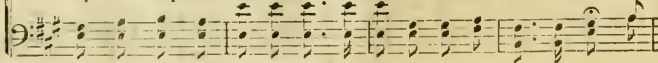
1. Take down the old can - teen a - gain, And fill it to U - lys - sea, Who  
2. The I - ron clad at length is done Block - ad - ing and bombarding, But



in the heat of this cam - paign The smell of pow - der miss - es, The  
what the car - tridge - box has won—The bal - lot - box is guarding; And



Greek, whose deeds are mu - sic still, Would nev - er blush that Grant should fill His  
they who wrap the seeds of war. In votes, shall have for ev - er - more, No



## TAKE DOWN THE OLD CANTEEN AGAIN. Continued.

place in mo - dern sto - ry; Then let our "boys in blue" combine, From  
Plat - form but the scaf - fold; Then pass a - long the coun - ter - sign And

brig - a - dier to drummer, To fight it out up - on this line, Though  
chal - lenge ev - ery com - er, We'll fight it out up - on this line, Though

Chorus. *a tempo.*

it should take all sum - mer. There's a good time com - ing, boys, A good time  
it should take all sum - mer. There's a good time, &c.



*tempo.*

com - ing, There's a good time com - ing, boys, Wait a lit - tle lon - ger.

THE "COMING MAN!"

AIR—"Tara's Halls."

1. There's life and hope with - in the land, Up - raise our stand - ard high! For  
 2. Old Pol - i - cy is run - ing out, He'll nev - er be re - newed! Our

Grant and Col - fax we will vote, — Their truth who will de - ny? We'll  
 Grant with Cou - gress, we are sure, Will raise no sil - ly feud; For

## THE "COMING MAN!" Continued.

ral - ly round the good old flag, U - lys - ses leads the van! The  
Sey - meur let the trum - pets blare, We'll spoil the lit - tle plan; No -

rare old days will come a - gain, For Grant's the com - ing man!  
vem - ber days will tell the tale, And Grant's the com - ing man!

## Chorus—Le Sabre.

Vote for U - lys - ses, U - lys - ses, U - lys - ses, Vote for U - lys - ses for

he's the coming man! Vote for U - lys - ses, U - lys - ses, U

He's the com - ing man!

lys - ses, Vote for U - lys - ses, and "match him" if you can!

The musical score is written in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking above the vocal line. The third system also ends with a double bar line.

3. Our "taxes" they will take a fall,  
 Our "faction" will decrease;  
 Let this our noble motto be;  
 "O give the nation peace!"  
 We've had enough of Andy's brag  
 Since first his rule began;  
 But March the 4th he marches forth,  
 And Grant's the coming man!—Cho.

4. Then rally round our banner, boys,  
 And work with heart and hand;  
 A *man* shall fill the White-house chair,  
 Our leader true and grand!  
 He saved the nation for us once!  
 We'll help him all we can;  
 I think we may "call facts" to show  
 That Grant's the coming man!—Cho.

## WE'LL GO WITH GRANT AGAIN.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. The mus - ket hangs up - on the wall, The knap - sack's laid a - side, The  
 2. Oh, nev - er be our bro - ther, boys, The foe that we must meet, But

fight is won, no more we'll wade In bat - tle's rag - ing tide; But, boys, we'll  
 all to - geth - er let our lips The U - nion Song re - peat. The stars once

keep our pow - der dry, We know not what may come, Though all is fair and  
 more up - on our flag Are gleam - ing in their might, Then let the past be

peace-ful now, 'Neath freedom's loft - y dome; And if the dawn of war should  
bur-ied, boys, The fu - ture now is bright. But should out - sid - ers rouse us,

come While loy - al hearts re - main, We'll take the old fa - mil - iar guns, And  
boys, The way to fix them's plain, We'll take the old fa - mil - iar guns, And

Chorus.

go with Grant a - gain. We'll go with Grant a - gain, my boys, We'll  
go with Grant a - gain. We'll go, &c.

## WE'LL GO WITH GRANT AGAIN. Concluded.

go with Grant a - gain, *Hur-rah!* We'll take the old fa - mil - ar guns, And

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "go with Grant a - gain, Hur-rah! We'll take the old fa - mil - ar guns, And". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef and provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

CODA (ad lib) after last verse. *Softly.*

go with Grant a - gain. "For auld lang syne, my boys, for auld lang

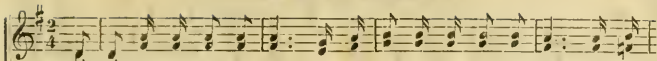
The CODA section is marked "CODA (ad lib) after last verse. Softly." and is written in a smaller font. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "go with Grant a - gain. 'For auld lang syne, my boys, for auld lang". The music is more delicate and slower than the main body of the song.

*tempo.*

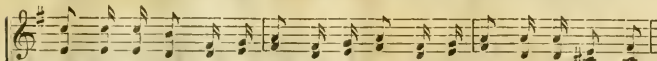
syne," We'll take the old fa - mil - iar guns, And go with Grant a - gain.

The final system of music is marked "tempo." and consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "syne,' We'll take the old fa - mil - iar guns, And go with Grant a - gain." The music returns to the original tempo and concludes with a double bar line.

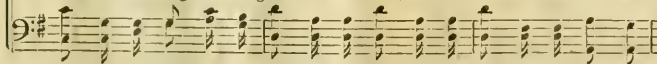
# THE UNION OATH.



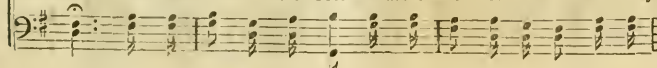
1. A voice o'er the land goes forth! 'Tis the voice of a na tion Free! To the  
 2. When Royal - ty vanquished fled, And the Pa - tri - ot's power was born, We sur -



East, and the West, and the South, and the North, Rolling on like the sound-ing  
 round-ed our Flag o'er the graves of our dead, And the first u nion oath was



sea! 'Tis the voice of the Free! 'Tis the shout of the True As they  
 sworn! 'Twas the oath of the Free—'Twas the oath of the True—And they



## THE UNION OATH. Continued.

swear by the Flag Of the Red, White and Blue, To be true to the  
 swore by the Flag Of the Red, White and Blue, To be true, etc.

This system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

U - N I O N for ev - er! Do ye hear what it saith, By the

This system consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the upper staff.

bu - gle's breath! To be true to the U - N I O N for ev - er.

This system consists of two staves. The upper staff concludes the melody. The lower staff concludes the accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the upper staff.



3. Rhode Island the clarion blew,  
 And Connecticut swelled the blast—  
 Pennsylvania re-echoed to Jersey's halloo,  
 And to Georgia the war-cry past!  
 'Twas the cry of the Free—  
 'Twas tho shout of the True!  
 And they swore by the Flag  
 Of the Red, White and Blue,  
 To be true to the UNION, etc.
4. Virginia the crown o'ertrud,  
 Massachusetts the sceptre broke;  
 From the brave Carolinas the trump went  
 abroad,  
 And New York with a shout awoke!  
 'Twas a shout of the Free!  
 'Twas a word of the True!  
 And they swore by Flag  
 Of the Red, White and Blue,  
 To be true to the UNION, etc.
5. From Maryland's blossoming vales,  
 From New Hampshire's abode of snows,  
 From the Green Mountain penks, and the Del-  
 aware dales,  
 Rolling onward, the shout arose.  
 'Twas the shout of the Free!  
 'Twas the voice of the True!  
 As they swore by the Flag  
 Of the Red, White and Blue,  
 To be true to the UNION, etc.

6. Though the Rebel and Traitor rose  
 And the laud grew red with scars,  
 By the arm of the Lord we have scattered our  
 foes,  
 And above us still shows the Stars!  
 'Twas the deed of the Free,  
 'Twas the work of the True,  
 When they swore by the Flag  
 Of the Red, White and Blue.  
 To be true to the UNION, etc.
7. We have trampled Rebellion's grave!  
 Over Slavery's dust we stand,  
 And the Union of Old, what our fathers gave,  
 We return to the whole wide land;  
 With the shout of the Free,  
 With the oath of the True,  
 We have sworn by the Flag  
 Of the Red, White and Blue  
 To be true to the UNION, etc.
8. For Union the fathers wrought,  
 And for Union the sons have bled,  
 By the martyrs who died and the heroes who  
 fought,  
 We are still in the Union led!  
 'Tis the oath of the Free!  
 'Tis the oath of the True!  
 For we swore by the Flag  
 Of the Red, White and Blue,  
 To be true to the UNION, etc.

## GENERAL GRANT'S THE MAN.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. O! "re - con - struc - tiou" is the rage All o - ver this fair land, And

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

in the game its ve - ry clear That all should take a hand; We...

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

want a bran new Pres - i - dent, And on - ly one will an - swer— But

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

"sure as guns" he'll take the chair, For Gen - er - al Grant's the man, sir.

## Chorus.

Roll on! roll on! time will tell the tale, Roll on! roll on! the cause can never

fail; Now the "eru - el war is o - ver" here, Yet still we've work to do. Then

## GENERAL GRANT'S THE MAN. Concluded.

three times three for U. S. G., For Gen - er - al Grant's the man, sir.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with a dotted line indicating a continuation of the melody.

2. Our candidate has never "ran"  
 For office, that we know,  
 And certainly he's never "run"  
 From any mortal foe!  
 The "boys in blue" will tell the tale  
 Whene'er they get the chance, sir,  
 They won't forget the days of old,  
 And General Grant's the man, sir.—CHO.

2. He'll make the nation brighten up,  
 Just like his own segar;  
 And all "discordant elements"  
 He'll quiet, near and far.  
 So on "this line we'll fight it out!"  
 It's sure to be our plan, sir;  
 Then "three times three" for U. S. G.,  
 O! General Grant's the man, sir.—CHO.

## WHILE FREEDOM WAS WEeping.

AIR—"Angel's Whisper."

1. While free - dom was weeping, and sol - diers were keep - ing Their front in the

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with a dotted line indicating a continuation of the melody.

WHILE FREEDOM WAS WEEPING. Continued.

South, and their trust in the North, When Lin - coln was dy - ing, and Da - vis was

Chorus—Champagne Charlie.

flying We heard a strange voice from the White House come forth : Oh, Moses Johnson is my

name, Mo - ses Johnson is my name, There's "my po - li - cy" for you, my boys!

## WHILE FREEDOM WAS WEEPING. Concluded.

Al - ways kick - ing up a use - less noise—Mo - ses John - son is my name,

Mo - ses John - son is my name; Al - ways rea - dy for a fight, boys!

*tempo.*

Mo - ses Johnson is my name.

2. 'Twas not like the murmur of faith growing firmer  
That cheered us so often from Abraham's mouth;  
'Twas not like the thunder that filled us with wonder  
When *Grant* made a speech from his cannon down  
Cho.—Moses Johnson, &c. [South,
8. No! the voice that now greeted, full often repeated,  
Was not like our *Lincoln*, and not like our *Grant*,  
For its accents were trembling, its tones were dissem-  
bling,  
And thus was its chorus—all bunkum and rant.  
Cho.—Moses Johnson, &c.

# THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. Solo and Chorus.

Words by FRANCIS S. KEY.

SOLO. *Con Spirito.*

1. { O... say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so prond - ly we balled at the  
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the per-il-ous fight O'er the ram-parts we watched were so  
 2. { On the shore din - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-

*Marcato.*

twi - light's last gleaming; }  
 gal - lant - ly streaming; } And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air. Gave  
 si - lence re - pos - es, }  
 - ceals, half dis - clos - es; } Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full

*Ben Marcato.*

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh say, does that star - span-gled  
 glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines in the stream. 'Tis the star-span-gled ban - ner, Oh

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. (CONCLUDED.)

CHORUS.

ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave? Oh...  
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. 'Tis the

say, does that star-spaogled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?  
star-spaogled ban-ner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,  
That 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 shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

4. O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n-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-spaogled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

BY OLIVES WENDELL HOLMES.

When our land is illumined by liberty's smile,  
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,  
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile  
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!  
By the millions unchained when our birth it was  
gained,

We will keep her bright blazon for ever unstained!  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.



# BRIGHT SWORD OF LIBERTY.

*Con Spirito.*

SEMI-CHORUS.

Arranged from WEBER.

1. True sword, thy dark blade gleaming, And bright as sun - beam seem - ing;  
 2. The arm of right shall wield thee, To trai - tors nev - er yield thee,

Sword of the brave and free, Bright sword of Liberty! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 Thou our de-fenceshalt be, Bright sword of Liberty! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

3. True sword, to slaves a stranger,  
 Of wrong, the stern avenger,  
 Thus shalt thou ever be,  
 Bright sword of Liberty!  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

4. Since thus, dark blade, for ever  
 Subdued thou canst be never,  
 Thou shalt our war-cry be,  
 Bright sword of Liberty!  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

## LAMENT FOR SEYMOUR!

AIR—"Quod libet."

1. Seymour! Seymour! Your cake is dough, and the grapes are sour, For up Salt River you'll have to go, sure, And the way you'll go up won't be slow, sure; Sey-mour! Sey-mour! Your cake is dough, and the grapes are sour; You may run, and your friends They may work till they can't rest, But 'twill all be in vain you'll find— For the gal-lant boys in blue; They will

LAMENT FOR SEYMOUR! Concluded.

do their lev-el best, And you'll soon see that you can't shine; You must mind what you're a -

bout, For as sure as you are born, You are bound to fiz - zle out At the

small end of the horn; Seymour! Seymour! Your cake is dough, and your grapes are sour.

2. Oh, Blair! oh, Blair!  
 In the fight you will be no where;  
 Oh, Blair! oh, Blair!  
 In the fight you will be no where;  
 Then its no use a-knocking at the door,  
 For you aint good-looking any more;  
 Oh, Blair! oh, Blair!  
 In the fight you will be no where;  
 You may think, you will win,  
 And may ante all your pile,

But you won't make a point, you bet,  
 For we hold both the bowers,  
 And in a little while  
 You'll find out the thing is set;  
 You don't stand a living show,  
 You can never win a trick,  
 You were play'd out long ago,  
 And had better cut your stick;  
 Oh, Blair! oh, Blair!  
 In the fight you will be no where.

# MARCHING CHORUS OF THE NORTHERN LEGIONS.

*Allegro.*

Arranged from the "Naiad Queen."

♩. CHORUS.

1. We're marching on with res - o - lute hearts, And vic - t'ry's loud huz - zas ; We  
 2. Let trai - tors join the en - e - my's camp, Let cowards skulk be - hind— True

proud - ly count on the flag we mount—The thir - ty - four U - nion stars !  
 men e - nough, of the vet - eran stuff, The pa - tri - ot still will find.

We march forth u - nit - ed - ly, Con - front - ing all our foes ; To -  
 We march forth u - nit - ed - ly, &c.

FIN.

MARCHING CHORUS. (CONCLUDED.)

- geth - er we swear our flag to bear Wher - ev - er a free wind blows!

Hur - rah! Let free - men gaze on high, Our U - NION FLAG we raise on high, With

stars and stripes to blaze on high, Wher - ev - er a free wind blows!

*Chorus D. C. al Fins.*

## OUR FLAG'S ABOVE.

AIR—"Canadian Boat Song."

*Moderato.*  
TRIO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Bright-ly as shines our stan-dard gay, The stars of our U - nion il -

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of eighth notes.

- lume the way, The stars of our U - nion il - lume the way;

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The upper staff features a more active melodic line with some triplets and sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Streaming o'er old Po - to-mac's wave, Pointing the path-way to Ver-non's grave.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The melody in the upper staff ends with a final cadence, and the accompaniment in the lower staff provides a solid harmonic base.

## OUR FLAG'S ABOVE. (CONCLUDED.)

## FULL CHORUS.

Blow, breez-es, blow! Our flag's a - bove, And Free-dom still hal - lows the

land we love, And Free-dom still hal - lows the land we love.

2.

Why should the patriot sink or pause?  
 Heaven will remember our nation's cause;  
 Soon shall the storms of strife pass o'er—  
 Freedom will guide us to peace once more!  
 Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

3.

On, brothers, on! we'll rest ere long—  
 Victory's chorus will crown our song;  
 Pause not, nor sink, till the day is won—  
 Strike for the mem'ry of Washington!  
 Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

## OUR FLAG IS THERE.

*Alla Marcia.*

CHORUS.

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

flag is there, our flag is there, Be - hold the glo - rious stripes and stars;  
 hands have sought that flag to lower, And found a speed - y, wa - tery grave.

DUO *ad lib.*

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



OUR FLAG IS THERE. (CONCLUDED.)

oh! to see how proud it waves Brings tears of joy in ev - ery eye.  
- like sus-tained in peace or war, It floats o'er free-dom's hap - py land.

CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.

Our flag is there, our flag is there, We hail it with three loud buzzes! Our

flag is there, our flag is there, Be - hold the glo-rious stripes and stars!

## VOLUNTEERS' WATCH SONG.

Words by A. J. H. DUGANNE.

AIR—"Behold I how brightly breaks the morning."

Be - hold! . . . how brightly Freedom's morning In sun-light breaks . . . . . thro'

Be-hold! how bright - ly Freedom's morning In sunlight breaks thro'

storm - y skies. Our pa - - triot hosts, all trea - son scorn - ing, Be -

storm - y skies; Our pa - triot hosts, . . . . all trea - son scorn - ing,

## CHORUS.

- hold the flag . . . . . of stars a - rise! Hur-rah! hurrah! that flag we know, Take

Be-hold the flag of stars a - rise!

*pp*

heed— here's the foe! Look up—look up! our flag's above, Take heed, take heed, here's the foe. Our

Take heed, here's the foe! Look up! our flag's above, &c.

watchword is the land, the land we love, Our watchword is the land, the land we love.

2.

What though the clouds are lowering o'er us,  
 Our patriot sires have led the way;  
 In danger's track they've walked before us,  
 Their counsels still our hearts obey,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! our flag we know;  
 Take heed—here's the foe!  
 Look up—look up! our flag's above;  
 Take heed—take heed! here's the foe!  
 Our watchword is the land we love—  
 Our watchword is the land we love.

3.

Hark! hark! the rattling drum is sounding,  
 The cannon's boom foretells the fray;  
 With hearts ablaze, with pulses bounding,  
 We hail the dawn of Freedom's day.  
 Hurrah! hurrah! our flag we know;  
 Take heed—here's the foe!  
 Look up—look up! our flag's above;  
 Take heed—take heed! here's the foe!  
 Our watchword is the land we love—  
 Our watchword is the land we love.

## CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

Arr. from HENRY RUSSELL.

CHORUS.

1. Cheer, boys, cheer, our coun-try is our moth-er; Cheer, boys, cheer, and

all to-gether stand, Cheer, boys, cheer, each pa-triot is a broth-er;

Cheer, boys, cheer, u-ni-ted for our land. Why should we pause when

FINE.

Free-dom calls to bat - tle? Fare-well to Peace while Treason stalks the land ;

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final quarter note on each line.

D. C. CHORUS.

Fling out the flag, and let the war-drum rattle, And ral-ly, ral-ly for our Union grand!

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, in D major and 2/4 time. It begins with the marking 'D. C. CHORUS.' and contains the lyrics 'Fling out the flag, and let the war-drum rattle, And ral-ly, ral-ly for our Union grand!'. The melody features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure containing a half note.

2. Traitors would shame the fathers of our nation—  
     Rebels would strike the banner of our cause ;  
     But Freemon smile at Faction's weak invasion,  
     And rally, rally for our country's laws !—*Repeat.*

*Chorus.*—Cheer, boys, cheer, our country is our mother ;  
     Cheer, boys, cheer, we'll all together stand ;  
     Cheer, boys, cheer, each patriot is a brother ;  
     Cheer, boys, cheer, united for our land !

## LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

Arranged from WEBBER.

*Allegro.*

1. Land of our fa - thers, whereso - e'er we roam, Land of our birth, to us thou

still art home; Peace and pros - per - i - ty on thy sons at - tend,

Down to pos - ter - i - ty their in - flu - ence des - cend. All then in - vit - ing,

LAND OF OUR FATHERS. (CONCLUDED.)

hearts and voi - ces join - ing, Sing we in har - mo - ny our na - tive land, Our

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The system ends with a double bar line.

na - tive land, our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, our na - tive land.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features the same vocal line and bass accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

2.

Though other climes may brighter hopes fulfill,  
 Land of our birth, we ever love thee still!  
 Heaven shield our happy home from each hostile band,  
 Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land.  
 All then inviting, hearts and voices joining,  
 Sing we in harmony our native land,  
     Our native land, our native land,  
     Our native land, our native land.

# "STAND BY THE FLAG." Chorus Anthem.

Words by JNG. N. WILDER, Esq.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

*Maestoso e Marcato.*

1. Stand by the flag, its folds have streamed in glo-ry; To foes a fear, to

friends a fes-tal robe, And spread in rhythmic lines the sa-cred sto-ry Of

Freedom's triumphs o-ver all the globe. Stand by the flag, on land and ocean bil-low;



"STAND BY THE FLAG." (CONCLUDED.)

By it your fa - thers stood unmoved and true, Liv - ing de - fend - ed,

dy - ing, from their pil - low, With their last bless - ings passed it on to you.

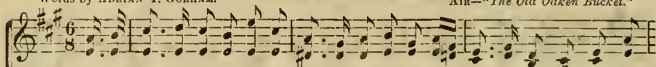
2.

Stand by the flag, though death-shots round it rattle,  
 And underneath its waving folds have met,  
 In all the dread array of sanguine battle,  
 The quiv'ring lance and glitt'ring bayonet.  
 Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning,  
 Believe with courage firm, and faith sublime,  
 That it will float until th' eternal morning  
 Pales in its glories all the lights of time.

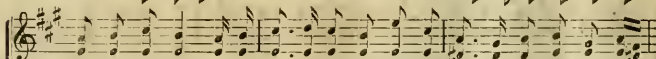
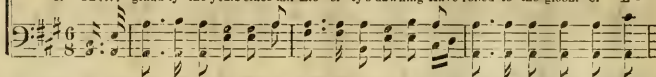
## THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

Words by ADRIAN T. GORHAM.

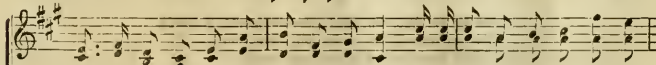
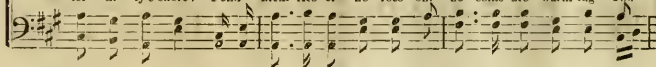
AIR—"The Old Oaken Bucket."



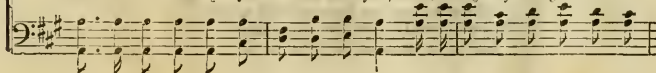
1. When the fair star of Freedom in glo - ry as - cend - ing, A - rose from the gloom of dark  
 2. 'Mid the sul - phurous clouds of the fierce - rag - ing bat - tle, When the foe's vaunted hosts 'neath the  
 3. Oh!... grand - ly the years since fair Lib - er - ty's dawning Have rolled to the gloom of E -



Ty - ran - ny's night, And the vic - ces of mil - lions, in har - mo - ny blend - ing, Pro -  
 fu - rious charge ree - led; When the cannon's deep boom and the mus - ket - ry's rat - tle, In  
 - ter - ni - ty's shore! Fond mem - ries of ho - roes our ho - soms are warn - ing - The



- claimed to the na - tions its heav - en - ward flight; In the van of the brave, like a  
 thun - der - blasts rung o'er the erin - son - dyed field, The pa - tri - ot le - gions, un -  
 ban - net we love bright - ly waves as of yore, And long may it glad - den the



# THE FLAG OF THE FREE. (CONCLUDED.)

me - te - or gleam - ing, Where bloomed the bright hills, or where rolled the blue sea, Un -  
 - daunt - ed and dar - ing, Like the tem - pest - lashed waves of the dark - roll - ing sea, Rushed  
 land of the fear - less, The pride of our U - non - oh, long may it be! God

- furl'd to the breeze a proud ensign was streaming, 'Twas the star - spangled banner, the flag of the Free!  
 on to the conflict, a proud standard bearing, 'Twas the star - spangled banner, the flag of the Free!  
 save our dear country, Co - lumbia the peer - less, And the star - spangled banner, the flag of the Free!

CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.

The world - renowned banner, The glory - crown'd banner, The star - spangled banner, the flag of the Free!

Words by A. J. H. DUGANNE.  
Moderato.

# THE VOLUNTEERS.

AIR—"Gentle Zitella."

FINE.

*mf* 1. List the shrill trum - pet—hark the loud drum ! Comrades and brothers, hither they come ;  
D. C.—Swift be their footsteps the foemen to meet, Swift their returning from vic-to-ries sweet.

O - ver them glanc-ing, ban-ners I see— On-ward, ad - vanc-ing, sons of the free !

D. C. FINE.

2. Down from the hill-tops, up from the leas,  
Fling they their standards, wooing the breeze ;  
Out from the woodlands, over the hills—  
List, their wild war song the summer sky fills !  
Swift be their footsteps the foemen to meet,  
Swift their returning from victories sweet.
3. Fathers and brothers, husbands and sons,  
Grasping their sabres, poising their guns,  
Fearless and pauseless, onward they roll—  
Freedom their watchword, Union their goal !  
Swift be their footsteps the foemen to meet,  
Swift their returning from victories sweet.

# MARCH TO THE BATTLE-FIELD. Quartette or Chorus.

*Martiale.*

AIR—"Oft in the Stilly Night."

1. March to the battle-field, The foe is now before us; Each heart is Freedom's shield, And  
 2. Who from his country's cause Would ever shrink, or falter? Who fears to guard her laws, Or

FINE.

Free-dom's flag is o'er us! No link remains Of galling chains, That once our land de-  
 die be - fore her altar? If one there be, Whoso servile knee Would crouch to Freedom's

D. C. AL FINE.

graded; Our flag yet flies In star - ry guise, With not one glo - ry fa - ded!  
 soo-men, May sud - den doom His life con - sume, And Heaven avert the o - men!

D. C.

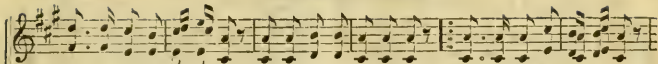
## HAIL COLUMBIA.

*Mestoso.*

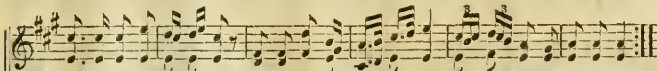
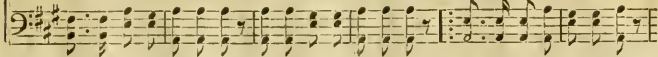
1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye he-roes, heav-en-born band, Who fought and bled in  
 2. Im-mortal pa-tri-ots! rise once more—Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe, with

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-  
 ju-ni-pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sa-cred lies Of

-joyed the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pen-dence be our boast, Ev-er mindful what it cost;  
 toil and blood, the well-earned prize. While offering peace, sincere and just, In heav'n we place a manly trust,



Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be,  
That truth and justice will prevail, And every scheme of bondage fail. Firm, u - nit - ed, &c.



Ballyng round our lib - er - ty; As a hand of brothers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.



3. Sound, sound the trump of fame!  
Let Washington's great name  
Ring through the world with loud applause; **||**  
Let every clime to Freedom dear,  
Listen with joyful ear:  
With equal skill, and god-like power,  
He governs in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war! or guides with ease  
The happier times of honest peace.  
Firm, united, &c.

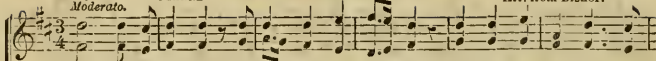
4. Behold the chief who now commands,  
Again to serve his country, stands,  
The rock on which the storm will beat; **||**  
But, armed in virtue, firm and true,  
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.  
When hope was sinking in dismay,  
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolved on death or liberty.  
Firm, united, &c.

## MARCHING SONG.

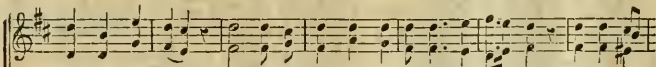
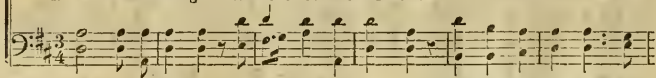
AIR—"Hail to the Chief!"

Arr. from BISHOP.

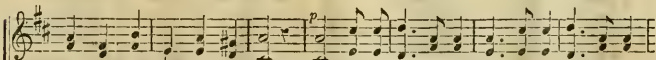
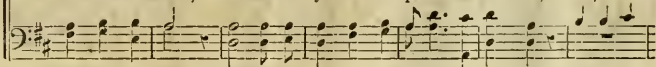
Words by A. J. H. DUGANNE.

*Moderato.*

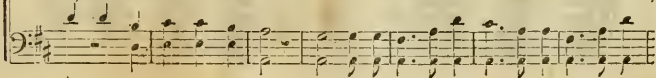
1. Hail to the bright eyes that round us are glanc-ing, Light-ing our path as we  
 2. Hail to the strong hearts that throb for our UNION! Filled with the love of their



march to the fray; Hail to the smiles and the voices en-trancing, Flung forth to  
 dear-na-tive land; Old men and youths in the patriot's communion, Joined, as of



cheer us by night and by day! Heaven bless the girls we love—Still may they faithful prove;  
 old, in a firm brother band! Heaven knits their souls in one—Union controls as one;





# MARCHING SONG. (CONCLUDED.)

*Crescendo.* *f*

Still may their hearts for A - mer - i - cans glow, While, as our banners fly, Peals our loud  
Proudly they march with their fronts to the foe! While, like a clarion high, Peals their loud

*ff*

bat - tle cry, Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty and U - nion, Yeo

*pp*

ho! broth - ers, yeo..... yeo, broth - ers, yeo, yo, yo

yeo,.....

## COLUMBIA RULES THE SEA.

Words by JOSIAH D. CANNING, the "Peasant Bard,"  
SOLO OR UNISON.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

1. The pen - non flut - ters in the breeze, The anchor comes "A - peak," "Let fall, sheet home," the  
2. We go the tempest's wrath to dare, The bil - lows' maddened play, Now climbing high a -  
3. We'll bear her flag a - round the world, In thunder and in flame, The sea - girt isles a

bri - ny foam And o - cean's wastes we seek. The boom - ing gun speaks our a - dien, Fast  
- gainst the sky, Now roll - ing low a - way, While YAN - KEE OAK bears Yan - kee hearts, Con -  
wreath of smiles Shall form a - round her name, The winds shall pipe her pe - ans loud, The

## CHORUS.

fades our na - tive shore. Co - lum - bia free, shall rule the sea, Bri - tan - nia ruled of yore.  
- ra - geous to the core. Co - lum - bia free, &c.  
bil - lowy cho - rus roar. Co - lum - bia free, &c.

## AMERICA.

SOLO, OR UNISON.

CHORUS.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy

fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev - ery mountain side Let Freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.

3.

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.

4.

Our father's God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee I sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

## WASHINGTON.

Composed and sung by  
HENRY DEATON.

1. A Na - tion's wrongs up - on its aons hard pressed, And for ra - dress each  
2. The first in bat - tle and the first in peace, His sword th' u - surp - ing  
3. The strife is o'er; his rest the war - rior seeks— Up - on his pil - low

man - ly heart was beat - ing; In strife each stur - dy yeo - man's arm was bared, And  
foe for - ev - er dreaded; He led the van, he bade the tur - moil cease, His  
calm - ly he re - po - ses; His lips move slow - ly, faint - ly now he speaks, A

North and South our war - like bands were meet - ing. Our Coun - try sought a Chief, and  
voice our Na - tion's coun - cils ev - er heed - ed. The peo - ple called him Fa - ther,  
whis - per'd prayer, in death his sight now clo - ses:— "I've served my coun - try, and the

# WASHINGTON. (CONCLUDED.)

one was found Whose name was then un-told, scarce known in sto - ry, Whose  
and each child Waa taught to bless the name renowned in sto - ry, And  
God I own, Our cause was just, 'twill be renowned in sto - ry, Aud

brow by hon - or's wreath a - lone was bound; 'Twas WASH - ING - TON! our pride, our boast, and  
e'en the sav - age in his for - est wild Called WASH - ING - TON the earth's proud boast and  
now I gu to serve my God a - lone." Thus died our na - tion's pride, our boast and

glo - - ry, 'Twas WASH - ING - TON! our pride, our boast and glo - ry.  
glo - - ry, Called WASH - ING - TON! the earth's prond boast and glo - ry.  
glo - - ry, Thus died our na - tiou's pride, our boast and glo - ry.

## A UNION SHIP AND A UNION CREW.

*Con Spirito.*

CHORUS. D. C.

AIR—"A Yankee Ship."

1. A U - nion Ship and a U - nion Crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know!

O, her flag is the flag of the Red, White and Blue, With the

stars a - loft and a - low; Her sails are spread for the Northern breeze, And she

FINE.

dash - es the spray from her prow, For her flag is the proudest that

floats o'er the seas, And 'tis shin - ing the love - li - est now !

D. G.

2.

A Union Ship and a Union Crew,  
 Tally hi ho, you know !  
 Every man aboard is a patriot true,  
 Whether placed aloft or alow ;  
 Though the blackening sky and the whistling  
 wind  
 Are foretelling a Southern gale,  
 Not a lubber you'll see, not a skulker you'll find,  
 For the cry is, on deck there ! a sail !  
*Chorus*—A Union Ship, &c.

3.

A Union Ship and a Union Crew,  
 Tally hi ho, you know !  
 To the soil of Freedom we'll ever be true—  
 Brave hearts aloft and alow !  
 Bearing down, comes the Rebel-ship, fierce with  
 pride,  
 With her yellow Palmetto outspread ;  
 But anon, she'll be swept from the foaming tide,  
 While the stars and the stripes flow o'erhead !  
*Chorus*—A Union Ship, &c.

## NATIONAL GUARD MARCHING SONG.

Words by A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Air—"Lutsov's Wild Hunt."

1. A sound thro' the na-tion is roll-ing a-main, With the power and the grandeur of  
2. "An ar-my with banners" moves mighti-ly on— Every heart to its coun-try is

thun-der; It beats in the bo-som and throbs in the brain Of a  
plight-ed; The stars of those ban-ners out-daz-zle the sun, With the

peo-ple a-wak-ing in won-der, Of a peo-ple a-wak-ing in won-der;  
blaze of their glo-ries u-nit-ed! With the blaze of their glo-ries u-nit-ed!



Oh! if you ask why the thunders rolled— 'Tis to, 'Tis to rouse for  
 Oh! if you ask what is here fore-told— 'Tis to, 'Tis to range in

Union the free and the bold— Rouse for U - nion the hearts of the free and the bold.  
 Union the free and the bold— Range in U - nion the hearts of the free and the bold.

3.

They're marching, ell marching, in Liberty's  
 cause,

With the flag of their love floating o'er them,  
 And on its bright folds they have graven the laws

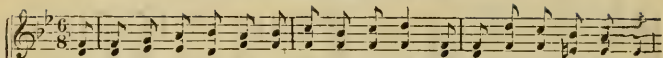
Of the beautiful mother who bore them;  
 And if you ask why the flag's unrolled—  
 'Tis to lead in Union the free and the bold—  
 Lead in Union the hearts of the free and the bold.

4.

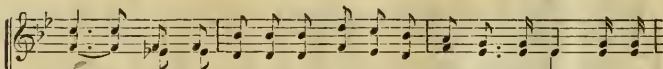
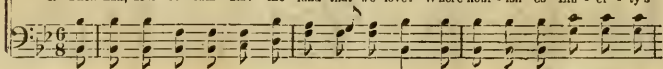
Not a whisper of doubt or a shadow of dread  
 In their gallant and noble communion,  
 For they tread in the path of the patriot  
 dead,

And they step to the music of Union!  
 And if their purpose you would be told—  
 'Tis to band in Union the free and the bold—  
 Band in Union the hearts of the free and the bold.

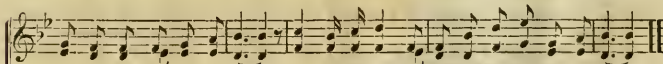
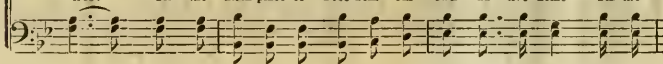
## MY OWN NATIVE LAND.



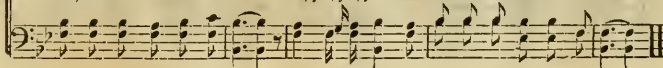
1. I've roamed o - ver moun-tain, I've crossed o - ver flood; I've traversed the wave-rol-ling
2. The right hand of friend-ship how oft have I grasp'd, And bright eyes have smiled and looked
3. Then hail, dear Co - lum - bis! the land that we love! Where flour - ish - es Lib - er - ty's



sand! Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it  
 bland; Yet hap - pi - er far were the hours that I pass'd In my  
 tree! 'Tis the birth-place of Free-dom—our own na - tive home— 'Tis the



was not my own na - tive land— No, no, no, no! It was not my own na - tive land.  
 own, in my dear na - tive land— My na - tive land! Far, far in my own na - tive land.  
 land, 'tis the land of the Free! Yes, yes, yes, yes! 'Tis the land of the Free—of the Free!



# AMERICAN WAR SONG.

Arranged from the Swiss.

1. To your arms, brave souls! While the war-drum rolls! Swear to save your U - nion  
 2. To the fight, brave hearts! Tho' the warm tear starts, Severing many an old - eu

grand! Draw the swords unstain'd, That your freedom gained; Ral-ly for your land and  
 band! By your war-like sires, By your al-tar fires, Ral-ly for your land, &c.

laws! Let your war - cry fill the land! Patriote die, or conquerors  
 Let your war-cry fill the land, Patriots

## AMERICAN WAR SONG. (CONCLUDED.)

stand, Let your war-cry fill the land, Patriots die, or conquerors stand.  
die, or conquerors stand, the land,

## UNION AND LIBERTY.

AIR—"Crambambulá."

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1. THE UNION, boys, it is our birthright—<br/>For this we fight, for this we fight,<br/>For this we stand;<br/>Its stars are still each freeman's birthright,<br/>So dearly loved, so dearly loved<br/>In all our land!<br/>And we will still a nation be,<br/>For Union and for Liberty—<br/>For Union and Liberty<br/>We all agree!</p> <p>2. The land we tread was sealed by martyrs,<br/>Who've stood in line, who've stood in line<br/>On Freedom's field;<br/>From ice-bound Maine to Oregon's waters,<br/>There's not an inch, there's not an inch<br/>Their sons will yield!<br/>And we shall still a nation be, &amp;c.</p> | <p>3. 'Tis ours to shield our soil from danger,<br/>And keep the flag, and keep the flag<br/>Of stars unfurled;<br/>In Union, boys, lies all our grandeur,<br/>It makes us feared, it makes us feared<br/>Through all the world!<br/>And we will still a nation be,<br/>For Union and for Liberty—<br/>For Union and Liberty<br/>We all agree!</p> <p>4. Let patriots all, in love united,<br/>Like brothers stand, like brothers stand,<br/>Still side by side!<br/>Eternal faith our fathers plighted;<br/>And curse the hand, and curse the hand<br/>That dares divide!<br/>For we will still a nation be, &amp;c.</p> |
|---|---|

# COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN. Solo and Chorus.

Words and Music by DAVID T. SHAW.

Arranged by HENRY TUCKER.

SOLO.

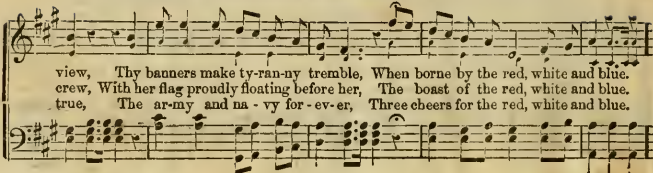
1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean,                      The home of the brave and the  
 2. When war waged its wide des-o-la-tion,                      And threatened our land to de-  
 3. The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,                      And fill you it true to the

INST.

free,                      The shrine of each patriot's de-votion,                      A world offers hom-age to  
 - form,                      The ark then of freedom's foundation,                      Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the  
 brim, May the wreath they have won never wither, Nor the star of their glo-ry grow

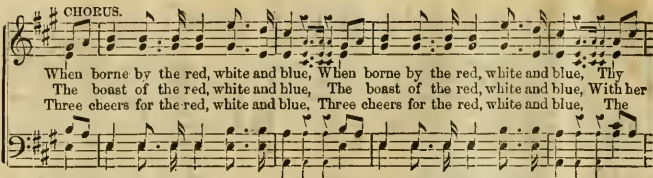
thee.                      Thy mandate makes heroes as-semble,                      When lib-er-ty's form stands in  
 storm.                      With her garland of vic-to-ry o'er her,                      When so proudly she bore her bold  
 dim.                      May the service u-nit-ed not sev-er,                      And hold to their col-ors so

## COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN. (CONCLUDED.)

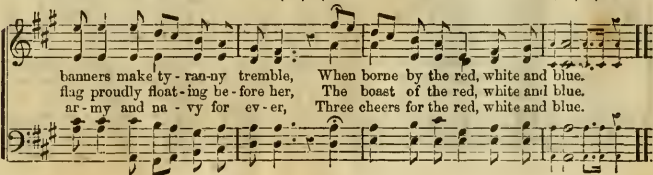


view, Thy banners make ty-ran-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 crew, With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
 true, The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.



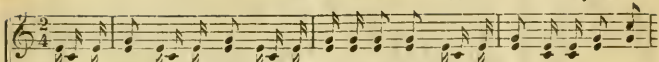
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy  
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The



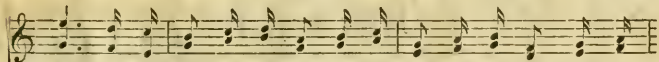
banners make ty-ran-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

# THE RATAPLAN.

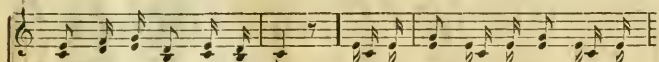
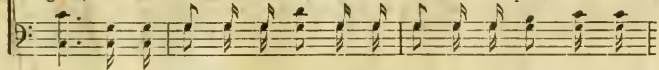
From "*La Fille du Regiment*."



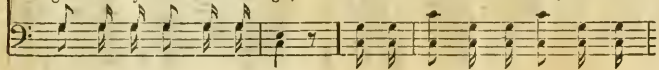
1. What a charm has the drum with its tan-a-ran-tan, When we march to the gay pa -  
 2. To the field when we march, how the tan-a-ran-tan Makes the heart of the sol-dier



-rade, O, the mu - sic we love is the bold rat - a - plan, And the  
 glow; Let him hear but the roll of the bold rat - a - plan, And how



rub - a - dub mer - ri - ly played; Ev - ery heart is in - spired by its  
 gal - lant - ly for - ward he'll go; What... bat - tle is done, and the



## THE RATAPLAN. (CONTINUED.)

mag - ic - al sound, There's a soul in the stir - ring drum, And there  
vic - to - ry won, Still the sound of the roll - ing drum Sends its

is not a voice, while the ech - oes rebound, But would cry, " Let the en - e - my  
ech - oes a - far, from the red field of war, To the dear friends who welcome us

come!" So mer - ri - ly oh! so cheer - i - ly oh! So mer - ri - ly march a -  
home. So mer - ri - ly oh! &c.



The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is a bass clef with a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. The lyrics are: - way, Rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, plan,

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: plan, March a - way, while we may, 'Tis a gay gal - la day, And our

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: banners a flaunting high, In the sun, sword and gun Flash a-round every one, With a

## THE RATAPLAN. (CONCLUDED.)

glance just as bright as the sky. Rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, tan - a - ran, tan - a -

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

- ran, rat - a - plan, tan - a - ran, rat - a - plan, tan - a - ran, rat - a - plan, rat - a -

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

- plan, tan - a - ran, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, tan - a - ran, tan - a - ran.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The upper staff ends with a double bar line. The lower staff also ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

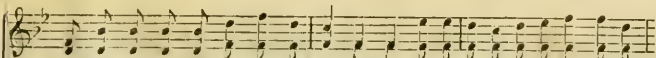
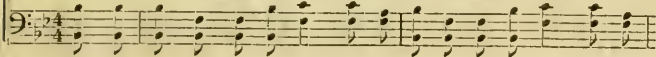
# RIGHT ABOUT AND FORWARD.

ATR—"Landlady of France."

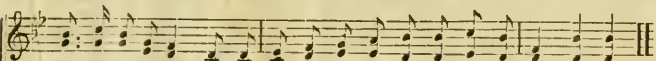
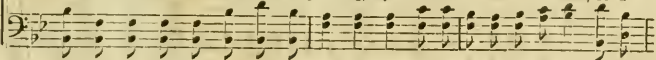
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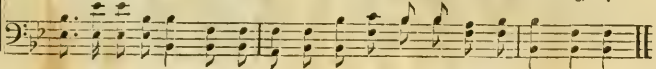
1. When, in pl - ping times of peace, We pa - ra - ded as po - lice, In our  
 2. Now from sweet - hearts and from wives, Where - so - ev - er hon - or guides, With the  
 3. Though the con - flict should be long, And our foe - men fierce and strong, And with



u - ni - forms so new and stiff with starch - ing, boys, Then the people called it play, "'Tis an  
 ban - ner of our U - nion o - ver - arch - ing, boys! Wheresoe'er our country calls, Tho' each  
 fe - ver or with fam - ine we are parch - ing, boys; Whilst a drum can beat a - larm, Or a



ea - sy thing," said they, "To the right a - bout and for - ward to be march - ing, boys."  
 man a mar - tyr falls, To the right a - bout and for - ward we are march - ing, boys.  
 man can shoulder arms, To the right a - bout and for - ward we'll be march - ing, boys.



## GOD SPEED THE RIGHT!

Arr. from the GERMAN.

*Marziale.* *p* *p*

1. Now to Heaven our prayer ascending, God speed the right! In a noble cause contending, God speed the right!  
2. Be that prayer again repeated, God speed the right! Ne'er despairing, tho' defeated, God speed the right!

*f* *ff* *pp*

Be our zeal in Heaven recorded, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right! God speed the right!  
Like the good and great in sto-ry, If we fail, we fail with glory, God speed the right! God speed the right!

3.

Patient, firm, and persevering,  
God speed the right!  
Ne'er the event, nor danger fearing,  
God speed the right!  
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,  
And in Heaven's own time succeeding,  
: God speed the right! :]

4.

Still our onward course pursuing,  
God speed the right!  
Every foe at length subduing,  
God speed the right!  
Truth, our cause, whate'er delay it,  
There's no power on earth can stay it,  
: God speed the right! :]

# THE SOLDIER'S BATTLE SONG.

*Tempo di Marcia.*

AIR—"Soldier's Song," by WERNER.

1. Know ye the path we tread, Lo! 'tis thro' dangers dread : Onward, still un - daunt -  
 2. While traitors threat our land, While rebels light the brand, On we tread, un - daunt -

- ed; Hon - or calls us, Nought appalls us; Tho' the cannoos sweep our path,  
 - ed; Hearts still plight-ed, Souls u - nit - ed; Where-so - e'er, in U - nion's cause,

Tho' the red mine springs in wrath, On, till our flag we've planted, On till our flag we've planted!  
 Freedom's sword the patriot draws, There shall our flag be planted, There shall our flag be planted!

## THE SOLDIER'S BATTLE SONG. (CONCLUDED.)

Comrades, we, in calm or strife, Comrades, still, in death or life !  
Comrades, all, we pledge our words, Comrades, still, we clasp our swords ;

Comrades, we, in calm or strife, Comrades, still, in death or life,

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

Freedom's holy oath we swear, Freedom's banner still we bear ; Tho' each man a martyr fall,  
Freedom's holy oath we swear, Freedom's banner still we bear ; Tho' the life blood flow from all,

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The notation continues from the first system, maintaining the same musical elements. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

March we still where comrades call ; This is the soldier's du - ty, This is the soldier's du-ty.  
Still we march where comrades call ! This is the soldier's du - ty, This is the soldier's du-ty.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The notation concludes with double bar lines. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

# FREEDOM, WE LOVE THEE.

Words by A. J. H. DUGANNE.

AIR—"Pirate's Chorus." BALFE.

1. Free-dom, we love thee, our birth-right thou art—Dear to each pa-triot heart;

Still shalt thou lead us where Washington led—Still in his path we'll tread. Union and right

For thee we'll plight; For we know that thou art Loved by each pa-triot heart; Hurrah!

## FREEDOM, WE LOVE THEE. (CONCLUDED.)

Free-dom, we love thee, our birth-right thou art— Dear to each loy - al heart!

Dear, dear to each loy - al heart, Dear, dear to each loy - al heart!

2.

Freedom, we trust thee, our country to save,  
 Trust thee, her foes to brave;  
 Traitors around us the Union would break,  
 Cowards their flag forsake!  
     Faction and hate  
     Lurk at our gate;  
 But we know that thou art  
 True to the Union heart;  
 Freedom, we love thee! our birthright thou art—  
 Dear to the Union heart!

3.

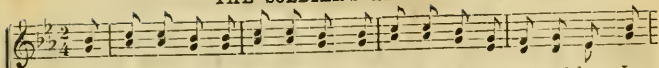
Freedom, we pledge thee the strength of our land,  
 Joined in a patriot band;  
 Ne'er shall one star from our banner be torn—  
 This in our hearts we've sworn!  
     UNION we plight,  
     Freedom we write,  
 Still as our nation's chart,  
 Deep in each loyal heart!  
 Freedom, we love thee! our birthright thou art—  
 Dear to each loyal heart!



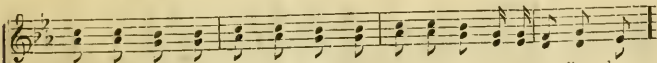
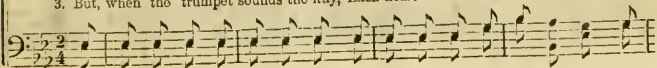
# THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.

Arr.—“*Boatman Dance.*”

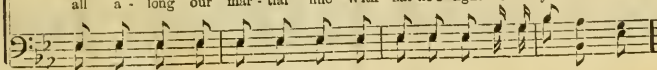
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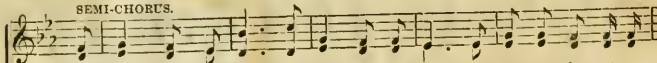
1. Tho soldier's life's the life for me, 'Tis al-ways joy-ous, bold, and free; In
2. When tattoo beats, and skies grow black, We'll light our pipes at the bivouac, And
3. But, when the trumpet sounds the fray, Each heart will beat like a *reveille*; And



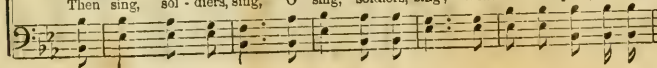
fort or tent, wher - e'er we come, We'll sing and dance to the rat-ling drum.  
 whilst the smoke as - cends a - bove, We'll drop a tear to the girls we love.  
 all a - long our mar - tial line With bat-tle's light our eyes will shine.



## SEMI-CHORUS.



Then sing, sol - diers, sing, O sing, soldiers, sing; With rat - a - plan, rat - a -



## THE SOLDIER'S LIFE. (CONCLUDED.)

- - plan, rat - a - plan, And a - way to the field in the morn - ing;

FULL CHORUS.

Hi! ho! rat - a - plan! Fol - low - ing the drum to the ran - tan - tan.

Hi! ho! rat - a - plan! Fol - low - ing the drum to the ran - tan - tan.

# BATTLE SONG OF THE N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

Words and Music by HENRY TUCKER.

*Alla Marcia.*

1. Ye sons of Co - lum - bia, from moun - tain and lake, Your

homes in the for - est, ye free - men, a - wake! Were in -

*sf*

- vad - ers as count - less as sands on the shore, Yet *Slaves* are be - hind them, and

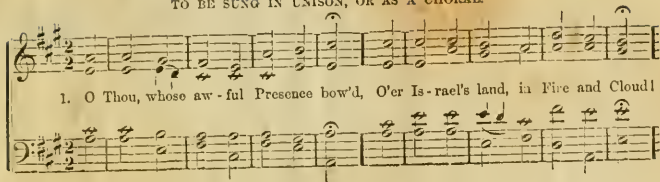
## BATTLE SONG. (CONCLUDED.)

FREE - MEN be - fore, Yet *Slaves* are be - hind them, and FREE - MEN be - fore.

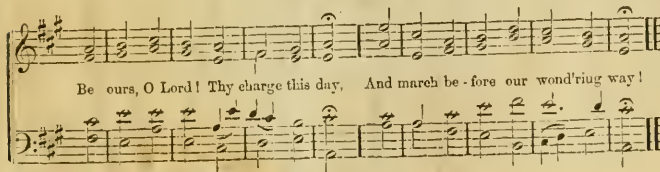
2. Shall Columbia be aught but the "home of the free?"  
Were the foe thrice our numbers on land or on sea,  
The free wind should waft, Heaven's echo repeat  
The groan of the traitor who fell at our feet.
3. Now strike! "hearts of oak," for the flag of the free,  
Our fathers baptized it in blood; nor shall we  
E'er cease to give battle to each rebel band,  
Till TREASON and TRAITORS be swept from the land.
4. Then down from the mountains, and up from the lake,  
And out from the forest, ye freemen, awake!  
And rush like the storm on the thick-coming foe,  
With hearts for the UNION, and death in your blow.

*This Song, with Piano-forte Accompaniment, is published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.*

TO BE SUNG IN UNISON, OR AS A CHORAL.



1. O Thou, whose aw-ful Presence bow'd, O'er Is-rael's land, in Fire and Cloud!



Be ours, O Lord! Thy charge this day, And march be-fore our wond'ring way!

2.

Through all the realms of auient time  
 Thy Presence moved with signs sublime;  
 And wheresoc'er the Patriot fought,  
 There, Lord! thy mightiest deeds were wrought.

3.

To Thee, great God! our cause we yield—  
 Be Thou our Sign, our Strength, our Shield!  
 Where Freedom dwells, Thy House must be,  
 For Freedom owns no Lord but Thee!



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