

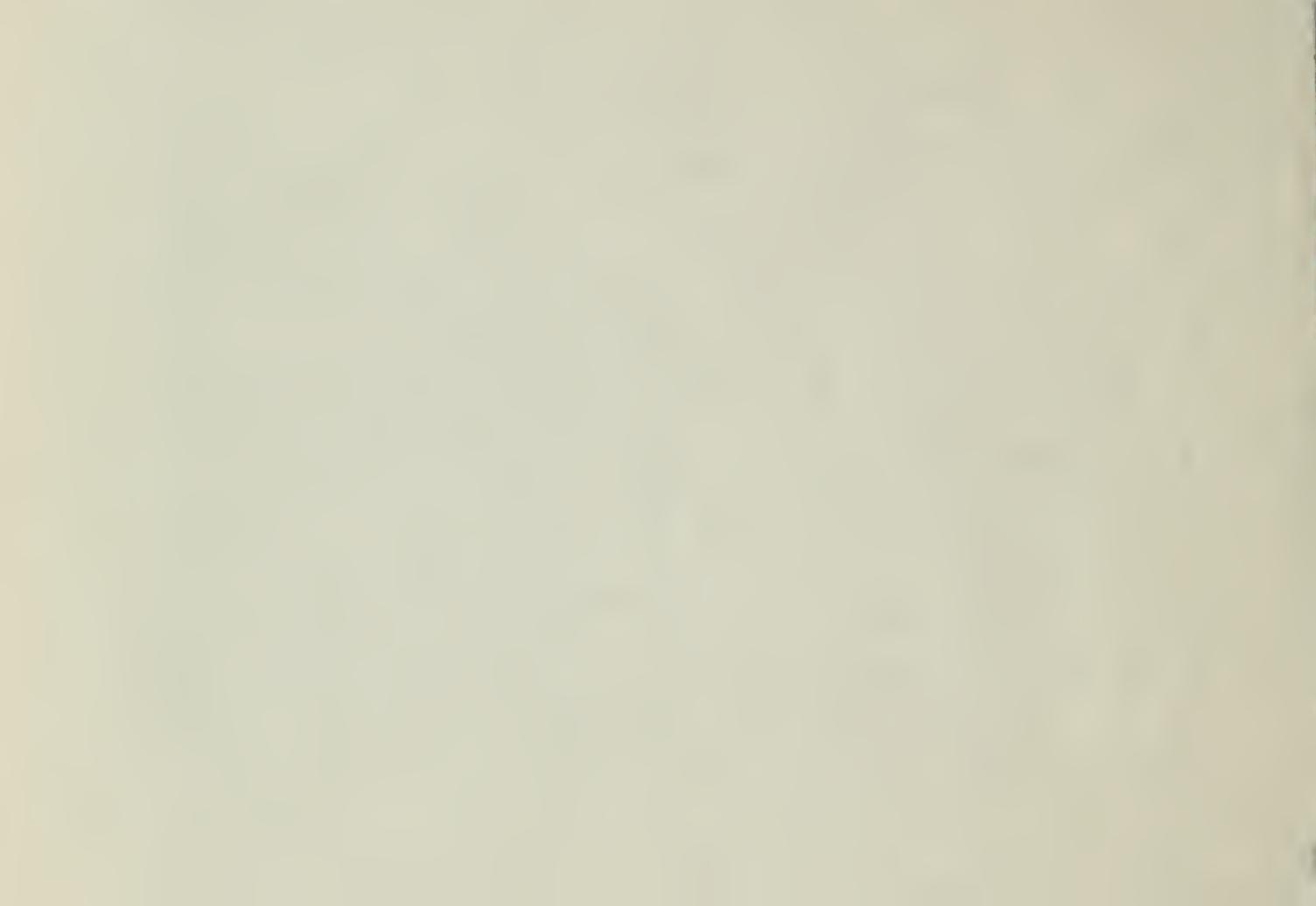
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V

TRUMPET OF FREEDOM



Book case



TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Garibaldi Hymn.
Do they Pray for me at Home?
Maryland, my Maryland.



How do you like it Jefferson D?
Softly now, tenderly, lift him with care.
Soldier's Chorus, (Faust.)
Rally round the Flag.
Mount, Boys, Mount, (Cavalry Song.)
Not a Star from our Flag.
Glory, Hallelujah.
Picket Guard.

Viva la America.

Mother, when the War is over.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY W. A. POND & CO.,
547 BROADWAY.

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M 1639
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Music

THE

MUSIC

TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.

SOLDIER'S CHORUS.

From GOUNOD'S "FAUST."

Arranged by H. BRUCE.

Glo - ry and hon - or, and deathless fame, Glo - ry and hon - or, a migh - ty name: Cour - age in

Glo - ry and hon - or, and deathless fame, Glo - ry and hon - or, a migh - ty name: Cour - age in

SOLDIER'S CHORUS. Continued.

heart, and a sword in hand, All ready to fight for Fa - - ther - land. Now home a -

heart, and a sword in hand, All ready to fight for Fa - - ther - land. Now..... home a -

- gain.... we come, the long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle o - ver; Rest is pleasant, af - - ter toil as

- gain... we come, the long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle o - ver; Rest is pleasant, af - - ter toil as

SOLDIER'S CHORUS. Continued.

hard as ours beneath a stranger sun, Ma - - ny a maiden fair is wait - ing

hard as ours beneath a stranger sun, Ma - - ny a maiden fair is wait - ing

hard, as hard as ours beneath a stran - ger sun; Now Ma - - ny a maiden fair is wait - ing

Cres.

here to greet her truant soldier lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale, to hear, to hear the

here to greet her truant soldier lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale, to hear, to hear the

here to greet her truant soldier lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear, to hear tho

SOLDIER'S CHORUS. Concluded.

Dim. *Cresc.* *accen.* *do.*

tale of cru-el per-il he has run,..... And many a heart,..... And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to

tale of cru-el per-il he has run, And many a heart,..... And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to

tale of cru-el per-il he has run, And ma - - ny hearts will fail, will fail and many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to

Dim. *Cres. Molto.* *D.C.*

hear the tale of per-il he has run; We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

hear the tale of per-il he has run; We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

hear the tale of per-il ho has run; We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

Soprano and Alto.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Marehing to res - cue the land that we love.
 2. Though on our ser - ried ranks beats the cold storm, Loved ones at home are all shel - tered and warm.
 3. Strike! for the land that your fa - thers bequeathed, Fire! with true aim, be the sa - bro un-sheathed!
 4. Years long though war in its fierceness en - dure, Faith - ful, strive on, for the end is most sure;
 5. Purged from its gross - ness, and free from its stain, We shall yet wel - come the old land a - gain.

Bass.

We to do - fend them will tread the rough way; They for our wel - fare un - ceas - ing - ly pray;
 Dart! vol - lied light - ning, from long ranks of steel! Sound! can - non thun - der, when hos - tile lines reel.
 Then the long - sea - sons of plen - ty and peace, Un - ion and lib - er - ty ev - er in - crease;

Wel - come the bat - tle field! Wel - come the fight! Brave - ly en - dure for the truth and the right.
 Charge! men, for lib - er - ty! Charge in your might! Ours be the vic - t'ry, as ours is the right.
 Down the long a - ges our deeds shall re - sound, "These 'mid the faith - less still faith - ful were found."

THE RAID.

BISHOP.
Words composed, and Music arranged by J. G. J.

Very Spirited.

Mount, my brave boys! a - way, a - way, a - way! Let the watch-fires de - cay, We must rush on o'er ma - ny, many leagues, ere the
1st time, Solo, Duet or Trio. 2d time. Chorus.

Mount, my brave boys! a - way, a - way, a - way! Let the watch-fires de - cay, We must rush on o'er ma - ny, many leagues, ere the

1st time. 2d time. *m* Cres.
clos - ing of day. day. And the foe must be met, and the grass must be wet with life blood flow - ing free, Like a
SOLO OR TRIO.

clos - ing of day. day. And the foe must be met, and the grass must be wet with life blood flow - ing free, Like a

Dol. S. ff CHORUS.
whirlwind we dash, and our bright sabres flash, And our bugles ring clear 'mid the fray. Fling it out! fling it out! Wave it in the breeze! Our

whirlwind we dash, and our bright sabres flash, And our bugles ring clear 'mid the fray, Fling it out! fling it out! Wave it in the breeze! Our

THE RAID. Concluded.

old flag wave high! Let's be off! Mount! away! With thund'ring tread, and a shout, and a shout, that might wake the dead, Our
 old flag wave high! Let's be off! Mount! away! With thund'ring tread, and a shout, and a shout, that might wake the dead, Our

bold, bold horsemen, that know no fear, that know no fear, Re - joice in death or in dan - ger near.
 bold, bold horsemen, that know no fear, that know no fear, Re - joice in death or in dan - ger near.

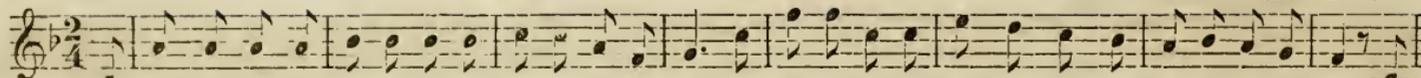
SOLO.

Now in you lone - ly val - ley, our foe - man secure Spread the feast, spread the feast, Deem their quiet, their quiet shall long en - dure, ... They
 know not, they know not our riders are near, And, un - bid - den, and un - bid - den, haste to share their good cheer, and, un - bid - den, will share the good cheer.

D.C. al

HE'S GONE TO THE ARMS OF ABRAHAM.

SEP. WINNER.



1. My true love is a soldier In the ar-my now to-day, It was the cru-el war that made him Have to go a-way; The
2. He's gone to be a soldier, With a knapsack on his back, A fightin' for the U-nion, And a liv-in' on "bard tack." O,

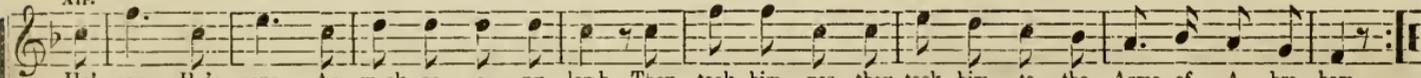


"draft" it was that took him, And it was a "heavy blow." It took him for a Conscript, But he did-n't want to go.
how he look'd like Christian, In the Pilgrim's Progress shown, With a bun-dle on his shoulders, But with nothin' of his own.

CHORUS.

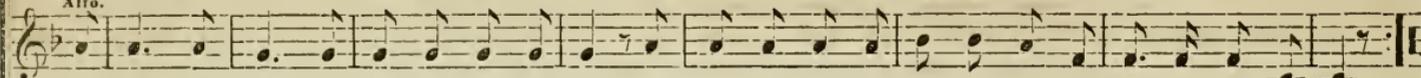
Air.

Rit.



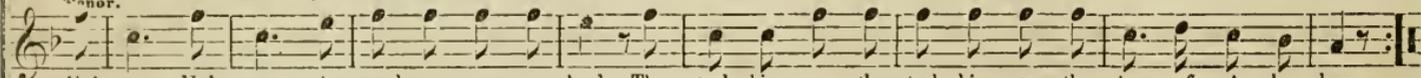
He's gone—He's gone— As meek as a - ny lamb, They took him, yes, they took him, to the Arms of A - bra - ham.

Alto.



Rit.

Tenor.



He's gone—He's gone— As meek as a - ny lamb, They took him, yes, they took him, to the Arms of A - bra - ham.

Bass.



3.
Oh, should he meet a rebel,
A pointin' with his gun,
I hope he may have courage
To "take care of number one."
If I were him, I'd offer
The fellow but a dram;
For what's the use of dying
Just for Jeff or Abraham?

Chorus.—He's gone, &c.

4.
Indeed, to be a soldier,
It is so very hard,
For when a fellow has his fun
They poke him on the guard:
One day he shot a rooster,
The captain thought it wrong;
And so to punish him they made
Him picket all night long.

Chorus.—He's gone, &c.

5.
I haven't got a lover now,
I haven't got a beau;
They took him as a raw recruit,^a
But mustered him, I know:
He's nothing but a private,
And not for war inclined,
Although a hard old nut to crack
A colonel you might find.

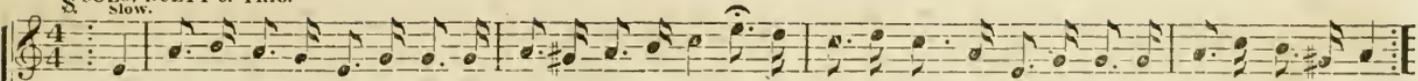
Chorus.—He's gone, &c.

6.
My true love is a soldier,
Upon the battle-ground,
And if he ever should be lost,
I hope he may be found;
If he should fall a fightin'
Upon the battle plain,
I hope some other chap may come
And pick him up again.

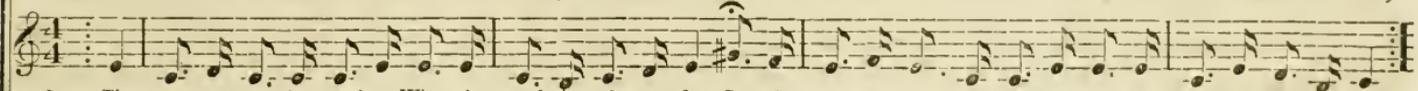
Chorus.—He's gone, &c.

WE'LL FIGHT FOR UNCLE ABE.

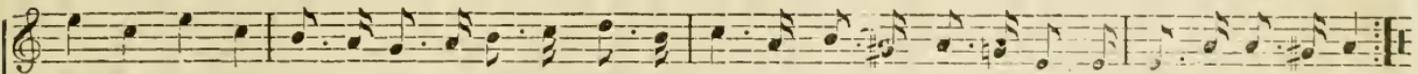
SOLO, DUETT or TRIO.
Slow.



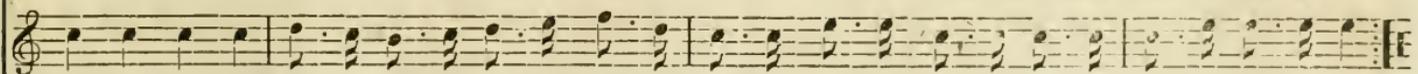
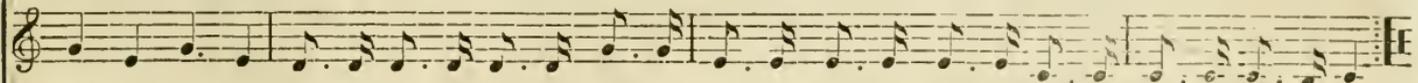
1. Way down in old Var - gin - ni, I sup - pose you all do know, They have tried to bust the Un - ion, But they find it is no go, }
 The yan - kee boys are starting out de Un - ion for to sabe, And we're go - ing down to Washington, To fight for Un - cle Abe. }
2. There was General Grant at Vieksburg, Just see what he has done, He has ta - ken six - ty can - non, And made the Re - b - els run, }
 And next he will take Riehmond, I'll bet you half a dollar, And if he catches Gen'ral Lee, Oh wout he make him holler. }



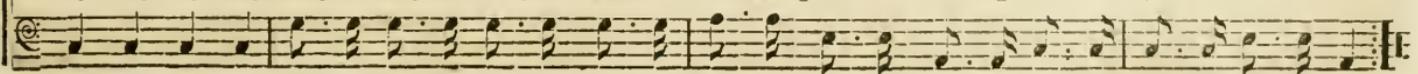
3. The sea - son now is coming, When the roads be - gin to dry, Soon the ar - my of the Pi - to - mac Will make the Rebeis fly, }
 For General Grant he is the man The Un - ion for to sabe, O! Hail Co - lumbia's right - side up, And so's your Un - cle Abe. }
4. You may talk of Southern chiv - al - ry, And cot - ton be - ing king, But I guess be - fore the war is done, You'll think a - noth - er thing, }
 They say that re - cog - ni - tion Will the reb - el country sabe, But Johnny Bull and Mister France, Are 'fraid of Un - cle Abe. }



Rip, Rap, Flip, Flap, Strap your knapsacks on your back, For we're a gwine to Wash - ing - ton, To fight for Un - cle Abe.



Rip, Rap, Flip, Flap, Strap your knapsacks on your back, For we're a gwine to Wash - ing - ton, To fight for Un - cle Abe.



THE PICKET GUARD.

W. H. GOODWIN.

Allegretto.

1. "All qui-et a - long the Po - to-mac," they say. "Ex - cept now and then a stray pick - et Is shot as he
 2. All qui-et a - long the Po - to - mac, to - night, Where the soldiers lie peace - ful - ly dreaming, Their tents in the

3. There's on - ly the sound of the lone sentry's tread, As he tramps from the rock to the fount - ain, And thinks of the
 4. The moon seems to shine just as bright - ly as then, That night when the love yet un - spok - en, Leaped up to his

5. He pass-es the fountain, the blast - ed pine tree, His foot - step is lag - ging and wea - ry, Yet on - ward he
 6. All qui-et a - long the Po - to - mac to - night, No sound save the rush of the riv - er, [OMIT.....]

walks on his beat to and fro, By a ri - fle-man hid in the thicket. 'Tis nothing— a private or two now and
 rays of the clear autumn moon, Or the light of the watch fires are gleaming; A trem-u - lous sign, as the gen - tle night

two in the low trundle bed, Far a - way in the cot on the mountain, His musket falls slack, and his face dark and
 lips when low-murmured vows, Were pledged to be ev - er un - broken; Then drawing his sleeves roughly o - ver his

goes thro' the broad belt of light, Toward the shade of the for - est so dreary, Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the

then, Will not count in the news of the bat-tle, Not an of - fi - cer lost, on - ly one of the men, Moaning out all a -
 wind, Thro' the for - est leaves soft - ly is creeping, While stars up a - bove, with their glit - ter - ing eyes, Keep guard for the
 grim, Grows gen - tle with mem - o - ries ten - der, As he mutters a prayer for the chil - dren a - sleep, For their moth - er, may
 face, He dash - es off tears that are welling, And gathers his gun clos - er up to its place, As if to keep
 leaves, Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing? It look'd like a ri - fle, "Ha! Ma - ry, good bye," And the life - blood was

Fine. Ending for the 6th verse.

lone the death rat - tle. While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead. The Picket's off du - ty for - ev - er.
 ar - my is sleeping.
 hea - ven de - fend her.
 down the heart swelling.
 ebb - ing and plashing. While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead. The Picket's off du - ty for - ev - er.

Rall. *pp*

UNION AND LIBERTY FOREVER!

W. O. PERKINS.

SOLO. — SOPRANO or TENOR

1. Un - furl wide the ban - ner, the flag of the free, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er! From
 2. From Lake to the Gulf - land we'll send forth the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er! Till
 3. Our Country is call - ing, come forth all ye brave, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er! Come
 4. Come foes of op - press - ion, stand forth in your might, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er! And
 5. We'll crush out the trai - tor, the Loy - al shall reign, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er! Then

INST. *mp*

o - cean to o - cean our watch - word shall be, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!
 East, West and South - ward the ech - o shall fly, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!
 Pa - triots and Broth - ers, the na - tion to save, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!
 bat - tle for Free - dom, for God and the Right, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!
 shout forth the tri - umph o'er o - cean and main, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!

*mp*CHORUS.
Con Spirito.

Hur - rah for the Un - ion, the Stripes and the Stars! Down with Se - ces - sion, the "Stars and the Bars!" From

Hur - rah for the Un - ion, the Stripes and the Stars! Down with Se - ces - sion, the "Stars and the Bars!" From

UNION AND LIBERTY FOREVER!

Concluded.

15

o - cean to o - cean our watch-word shall be, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!

o - cean to o - cean our watch-word shall be, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!

The first two verses of the song are written on four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

* For the Last Verse.

CHORUS. ad lib.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

SOLO. ad lib.
Three cheers for the Union! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Three cheers for the Banner! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

The chorus and solo section are written on four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves. The chorus is marked 'CHORUS. ad lib.' and the solo section is marked 'SOLO. ad lib.'.

OUR BEAUTIFUL FLAG.

OR, "THE BONNIE RED, WHITE AND BLUE."

J. C. J.

SOLO OR TRIO.

1. Oh no, the "bon - nie blue flag," With one white gha - st - ly star, . . . Nev - er shall float be -

2. Come ral - ly, broth - ers, ral - ly, A - round the stripes and stars, . . . Fight - ing the o - - dious

- fore our ranks To lead the brave a - far, But blend the hue of sun - set, — The

reb - el flag, that flaunts its tri - ple bars; A ban - ner foul, dis - hon - ored, No

3

We're all a band of brothers,
 We mourn this civil strife.
 Still will we smite the rebel band
 That seeks our nation's life:
 O, men of sunny Georgia!
 Brave hearts of Tennessee!
 Ye Texas Rovers! raise again
 The banner of the free!

CHORUS.

4

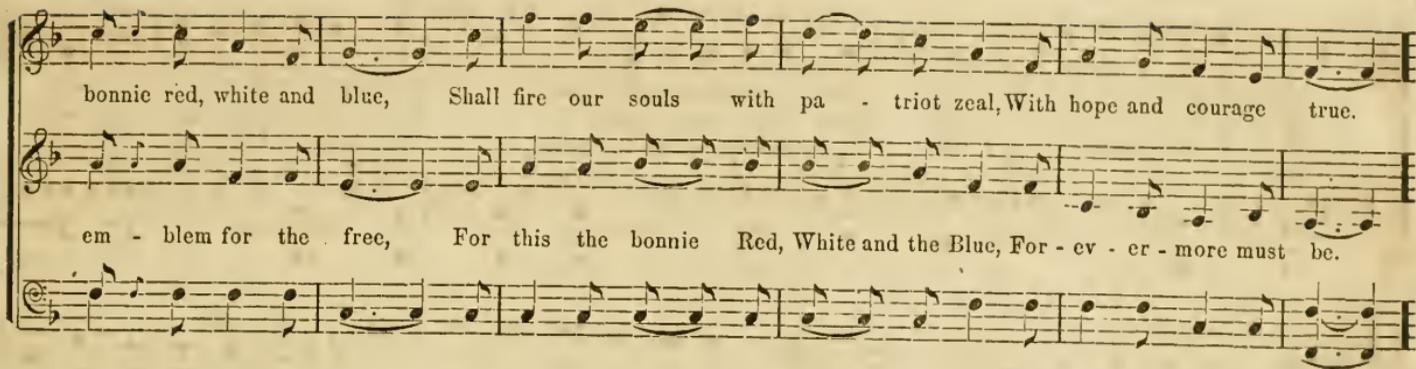
We never wished to harm you,
 We'll welcome you again,
 When you tear down the rebel flag,
 As brothers and as men;
 When Sumter's walls were battered,
 What could we, freemen, do,
 But rally round our beautiful flag,
 Of Red and White and Blue?

CHORUS.

5

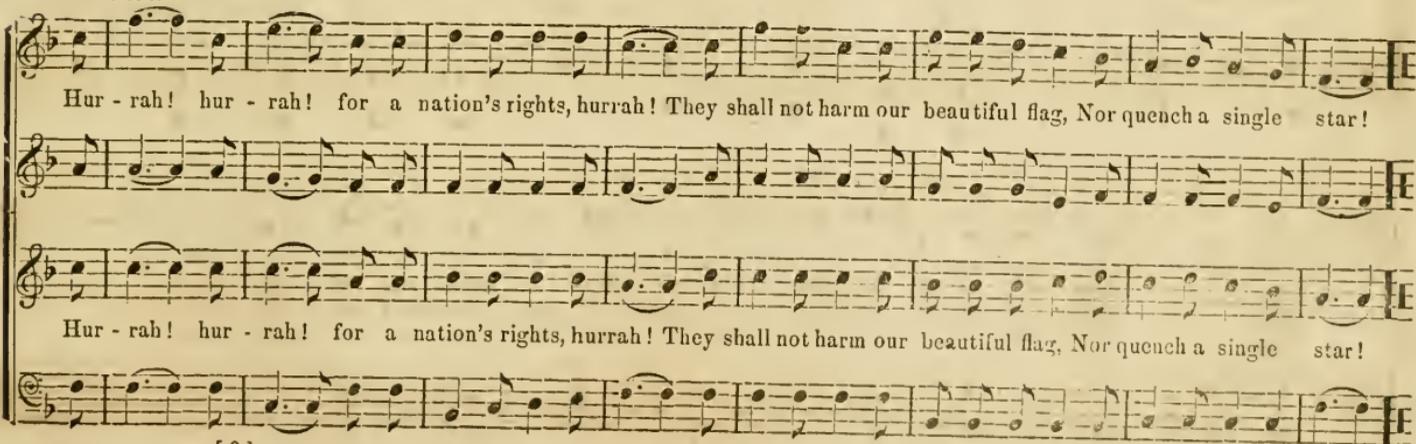
But down with South Carolina,
 That haughty, treacherous state!
 Humble her tyrants in the dust,
 (Forever ignobly great.)
 And up with the Southern poor man!
 Strike off the captive's chain!
 And rally round the starry flag,
 To sing in loud refrain.

CHORUS.



bonnie red, white and blue, Shall fire our souls with pa - triot zeal, With hope and courage true.
em - blem for the free, For this the bonnie Red, White and the Blue, For - ev - er - more must be.

CHORUS.



Hur - rah! hur - rah! for a nation's rights, hurrah! They shall not harm our beautiful flag, Nor quench a single star!
Hur - rah! hur - rah! for a nation's rights, hurrah! They shall not harm our beautiful flag, Nor quench a single star!

MOTHER, WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.

J. W. TURNER.

1. Moth - er, when the war is o - ver, And I'm home again with thee, How my heart will beat with rapture,
 2. Moth - er, when the war is o - ver, Then I'll tell thee how they died, Those who were my boyhood comrades,
 3. Moth - er, when the war is o - ver, And our land is bright a - gain, O, what joy will be a - round us,

Instr.

When thy lov - ing smile I see; Then will come the hap - py mo - ments, Such as we have seen be -
 Those that perished by my side; How they spoke of home and loved ones, Ere their eyes we closed in
 In our great and loved do - main; If once more we are u - nit - ed, Kindred heart and kindred

fore, Sweet will be thy welcome bless - ing, When I reach our cot - tage door.
 death, — Moth - er, dear, the ling'ring ac - cents Of my comrade's lat - est breath.
 hand, Soul with soul in bliss de - light - ed, Sweet will be our na - tive land.

CHORUS.

p Mother, when the war is o-ver, And I'm home a-gain with thee, How my heart will beat with rapture, When thy lov-ing smile I see.

Ritard.

OUR BANNER SHALL WAVE FOREVER.

T. H. HOWE.

SOLO or DUET.

1. Up with the flag of the stripes and the stars; Gather to - geth - er in strength let us come,
 2. Down with the foe to the land and the laws; Marching to - geth - er our coun - try to save,
 3. Flag of the free! un - der thee we will fight, Shoulder to shoulder, our face to the foe;
 4. Land of the free, that our fa - thers of old Bleeding to - geth - er, ce - ment - ed in blood,

Fust.

Hark to the sig - nal! the mu - sic of wars, Sounding for ty - rants and trai - tors their doom.
 God eball be with us to strengthen our cause, Nerv - ing the heart and the hand of the brave.
 Death to all trai - tors, and God for the right, Loud raise the song as to bat - tle we go.
 Give us thy bless - ing as brave and as bold, Stand - ing like one, as u - nit - ed they stood.

OUR BANNER SHALL WAVE FOREVER, Concluded.

CHORUS.

Alr.

March, march, fal - ter nev - er; Con - quer or fall! Rouse to the call, For

Alto.

ff

March, march, fal - ter nev - er; Con - quer or fall! Rouse to the call, For

Tenor.

March, march, fal - ter nev - er; Con - quer or fall! Rouse to the call, For

Bass.

jus - tice and free - dom, for one and for all, Our Banner shall wave for - ev - er.

jus - tice and free - dom, for one and for all, Our Banner shall wave for - ev - er.

1 The lib - e - rat - ing ar - my came, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! Pol - lut - ing thy soil in freedom's name, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! They
 2 They march'd along in bold ar - ray, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! Ex - pect - ing on thy soil to stay, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! They

3 But oh! thank God, thy sons were true, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! They sear'd and curs'd the traitor crew, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! Well
 4 Curs'd be the traitors on thy soil, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! May their base acts on them recoil, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! Strike

5 Thy sons are standing firm, e - rect, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! To trai - tors they'll not bow the neck, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! They
 6 We hear the marching Un - ion song, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! We see them coming, thousands strong, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! We

came with proc - la - mations loud. They came with ragged, squallid crowd, To wrap thee in Se - ces - sion's shroud, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land!
 came with bu - gle, and with drum, They came from Hades, the ve - ry seum, To strike the sons of freedom dumb, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land!

they remember'd Carroll's name, And thy "Old Line" well known to fame, As ye: unstain'd by breath of shame, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land!
 for thy children and thy sires, Light on each hill the Un - ion fires, Strike till each dastard foe expires. Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land!

swear the reb - els to remove, They swear it by their God a - bove, They swear it by the land we love, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land!
 hear the bu - gle and the drum, We're chasing off the reb - el seum, Thank God, the Un - ion for - ces come, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land!

KEEP THIS BIBLE NEAR YOUR HEART.

H. S. THOMPSON.

1. "Go forth, my darling, to the con - flict," Thus spoke 'a mother to her boy, "Ne'er let me hear you turn'd a -
 2. "Go! for your country's voice is call - ing, All stout of heart and strong of hand, How could you no - bler die, than
 3. Foremost among the ranks in bat - tle, Stood forth the patriot mother's joy, Clear o'er the din of musket's
 4. But soon the fa - tal ball came swift - ly, Slow - ly he sank up - on the sod, Faint - ly he whisper'd, "Dearest

Inst.

- way, When traitors threaten our lov'd country to de - stroy; Take with you a mother's bless - ing, Keep this Bi - ble near your
 fighting brave - ly For your God and honor'd na - tive land? And if this is our last part - ing, If death breaks the lov - ing
 rat - tle, Rung the cheering words of that brave soldier boy; Eyes lit up with strangest beau - ty, Soul that knew no danger
 moth - er, Comrades, I shall soon be o'er beyond the flood; Take from out my vest my Bi - ble, Place the treasure in my

heart, Nev - er for - get a mother's pray'rs are ev - er with you, And her love for you will ne'er de - part.
 spell, Trust Him who watcheth e'en the spar - row when it fall - eth, All is well, "He do - eth all things well."
 near, Firm - ly he stood a - mid the bar - vest death was reaping, With a heart that knew no trembling fear.
 hand," One lov - ing look, one gen - tle quiv - er, And his spir - it took its flight, Home to the heavenly land.

CHORUS.

Air.

All's well, he sleeps, the or - ange flow - ers bloom on his grave,

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

All's well, he sleeps, the or - ange flow - ers bloom on his grave,

Sad - ly she weeps for him who died up - on the bat - tle field, Her own lov'd soldier boy so brave.

Sad - ly she weeps for him who died up - on the bat - tle field, Her own lov'd soldier boy so brave.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. "GLORY, HALLELUJAH."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord: He is tramping out the vin - tage where the
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir - clog camps, They have build-ed Him an al - tar in the

3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye deal with my con - tem - ners, so with
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in his bo - som that trans -

grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is marching on.
 evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and far - ing lamps: His day is marching on.

you my grace shall deal; Let the He - ro born of woman crush the ser - pent with his beel, Since God is marching on.
 - fore His judgment seat: Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
 - fig - ures you and me: As he died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

Glo - ry! Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, JEFFERSON D?

AMOS PATTON

25

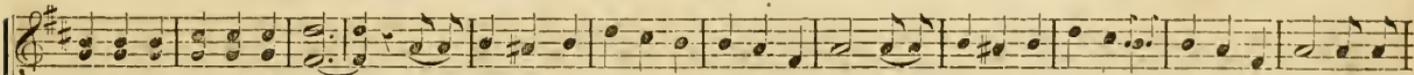
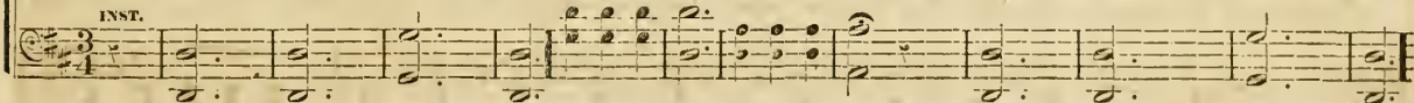
lively.

CHORUS.

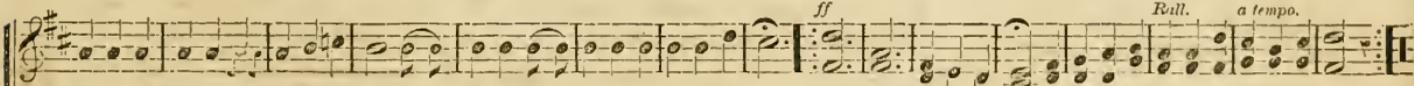


1. Oh, how do you like it as far as you've got? Jefferson D! Jefferson D! Are you glad you began it, or d'ye wish you had not?
2. If I were in your place I'd try foreign air, Jefferson D! Jefferson D! And at once for a short trip to Europe prepare,
3. You can't think how sorry I was when I heard Jefferson D! Jefferson D! That your visit to Washington had been deferred,

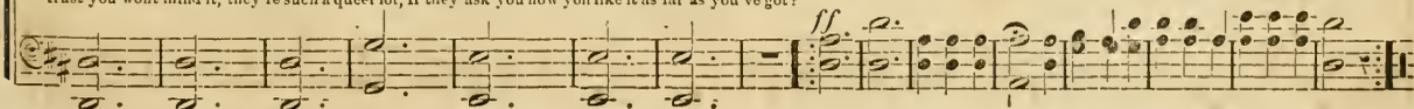
INST.



Jefferson, Jefferson D! People say (tho' of course I don't know that it's so,) That your spirits are getting decidedly low, And you're
 Jefferson, Jefferson D! But as things are at present, I don't think I'd sail From Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans or Mobile, But in
 Jefferson, Jefferson D! I hope that you'll find it convenient to come, When Abe and the rest of the boys are at home; But I

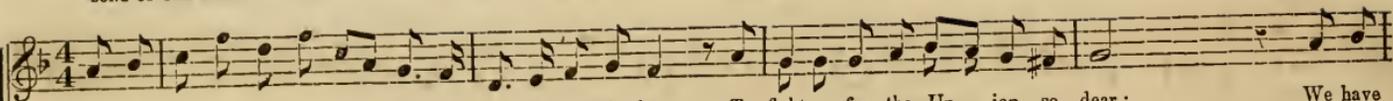


sick and discouraged, and I don't know what: But say, tho' do you like it as far as you've got? Oh! Ho! Jefferson D! Things look rather shaky, now, 'T wixt you and me I
 or-der tho' absent, to retain my command, I'd just take an ox-team and go round by land.
 trust you wont mind it, they're such a queer lot, If they ask you how you like it as far as you've got?



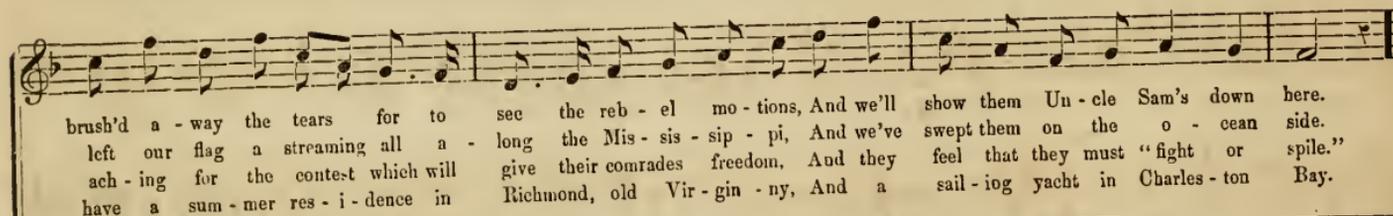
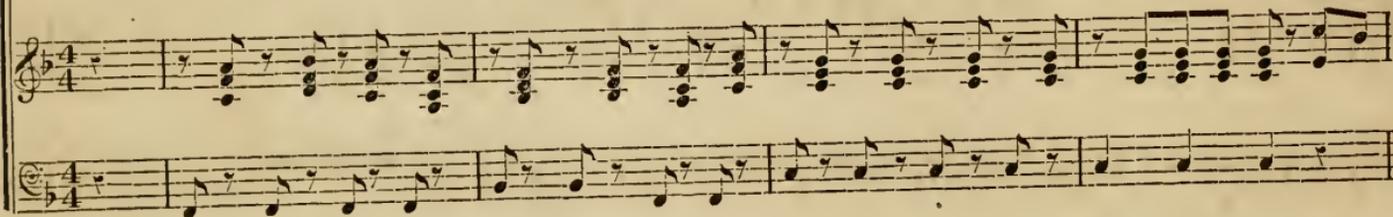
MOUNT, BOYS, MOUNT.

CHARLES T. HAMMOND



1. We have left the radiant hills of our own dear na - tive homes, To fight for the Un - ion so dear;
 2. Old Jeff he got a no - tion that our boys they couldn't fight, But we made his reb - el eyes ope wide.
 3. Our boys they came by thousands for to help the cause a - long, With hearts on Libby prison and Belle Isle;
 4. Then Hurrah for Father Abr'am; may he live a thousand years; And give us fighting orders right a - way.

We have
 We have
 They are
 He shall



brush'd a - way the tears for to see the reb - el mo - tions, And we'll show them Un - cle Sam's down here.
 left our flag a streaming all a - long the Mis - sis - sip - pi, And we've swept them on the o - cean side.
 ach - ing for the con - test which will give their comrades freedom, And they feel that they must "fight or spile."
 have a sum - mer res - i - dence in Richmond, old Vir - gin - ny, And a sail - iog yacht in Charles - ton Bay.



MOUNT, BOYS, MOUNT. Concluded.

CHORUS.

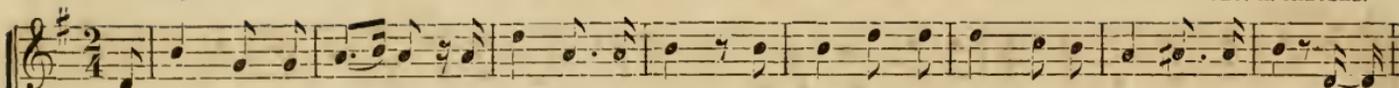
Then mount, boys, mount! drive the rowels in the side, Let your sa - bres be flash - ing in the sun, For we'll

charge the reb - el crew, with our Yan - kee Doo - dle doo, And we'll drive them in - to King - dom come.

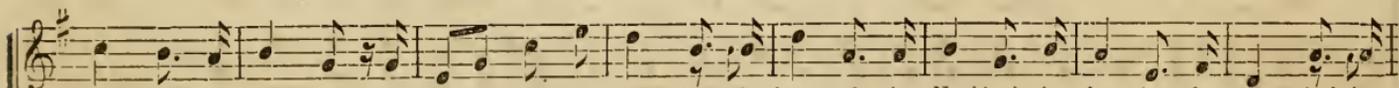
charge the reb - el crew, with our Yan - kee Doo - dle doo, And we'll drive them in - to King - dom come.

THE STRIPES AND THE STARS.

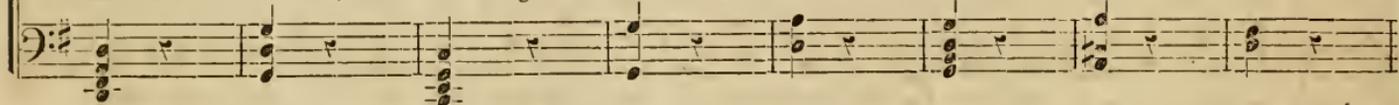
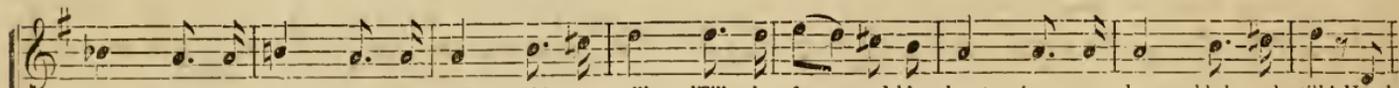
GEO. A. NIETZKE.



1. O star - spangled ban - ner! The flag of our pride, Though trampled by trai - tors, and base - ly de - fied, Fling
 2. From prair - ie, O plow - man, speed hold - ly a - way, There's seed to be sown in God's fur - rows to - day; Row
 3. In - vin - ci - ble ban - ner! The flag of the free, O, where treads the foot that would fal - ter for thee? Or the
 4. O God of our fa - thers! this ban - ner must shine, Where bat - tle is hot - test, in war - fare di - vine; The

out to the glad winds your Red, White and Blue, For the heart of the Northland is heat - ing for you, And her
 land - ward, lone fish - er! stout wood - man, come home! Let smith leave his an - vil, and weav - er his loom, And
 hands to be fold - ed 'till tri - umph is won, And the Ea - gle looks proud as of old to the sun? Give
 can - non has thundered, the bu - gle has blown, We fear not the summons, we fight not a - lone! O

strong arm is nerv - ing to strike with a will, 'Till the foe and his boast - ings are hum - bled and still! Here's
 ham - let and ci - ty ring loud with the cry, For God and our coun - try we'll fight 'till we die! Here's
 tears for the part - ing a mur - mur of prayer, Then for - ward, the fame of our stand - and to share! With
 lead us, 'till wide from the gulf to the sea, The land shall be sa - cred to free - dom and thee! With



welcome to wounding, and com - bat and scars, And the glo - ry of death for the stripes and the stars.
 welcome to wounding, &c.
 welcome to wounding, &c.
 love for op - pres - sion, with blessing for scars, One country, one banner, the stripes and the stars.

CHORUS, *ad libitum.*

1st Tenor.

1st & 2d. Here's welcome to wounding, and com - bat, and scars, And the glo - ry of death— for the stripes and the stars.

2d Tenor.

3d. With welcome to wounding, and com - bat, and scars, And the glo - ry of death— for the stripes and the stars.

1st Bass.

4th. With love for op - pression, with blessing for scars, One country, one banner, the stripes and the stars.

2d Bass.

TO CANAAN.

In March Time.

1. Where are you going, soldiers, With banner, gun and sword? We're marching South to Ca - na - an To bat - tle for the Lord!
 What Captain leads your armies A - long the reb - el coasts? The Mighty One of Is - ra - el, His name the Lord of Hosts!

2. What flag is this you car - ry A - long the sea and shore? The same our grand - sires lift - ed up, The same our fathers bore!
 In many a battle's tempest It shed the crimson rain, What God has wov - en in his loom Let no man rend in twain!

CHORUS.

1. To Ca - na - an, to Ca - na - an, The Lord has led us forth, To blow be - fore the heathen walls The trumpets of the North!
 2. To Ca - na - an, to Ca - na - an, The Lord has led us forth, To plant up - on the reb - el tow'rs The ban - ners of the North!

3. To Ca - na - an, to Ca - na - an, The Lord has led us forth, To strike up - on the captive's chain The ham - mers of the North!

4. To Ca - na - an, to Ca - na - an, The Lord has led us forth, To thunder through its ad - der deos, The anthems of the North!
 5. To Ca - na - an, to Ca - na - an, The Lord has led us forth, To sweep the reb - el threshing floor, A whirlwind from the North!

3 What troop is this that follows,
 All armed with picks and spades?
 These are the swarthy bondsmen,—
 The iron-skin brigades!
 They'll pile up Freedom's breast-work,
 They'll scoop out rebel graves;
 Who then will be their owner,
 And march them off for slaves?

4 What song is this you're singing?
 The same that Israel sung
 When Moses led the mighty choir,
 And Miriam's timbrel rung!
 To Canaan! to Canaan!
 The priests and maidens cried;
 To Canaan! to Canaan!
 The people's voice replied.

5 When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
 And all her walls lie flat,
 What follows next in order?—
 The Lord will see to that!
 We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,—
 We'll build the people's throne,—
 When half the world is Freedom's,
 Then all the world's our own!

"SOFTLY NOW! TENDERLY! LIFT HIM WITH CARE!"

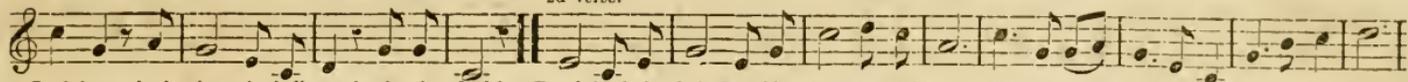
31

OR, THE DEAD SOLDIER.

PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON.



1. Soft-ly now! ten - der-ly! Lift him with care, This is a he - ro whose pale form ye bear. Raise that right arm of his up to his side ;
2d verse.

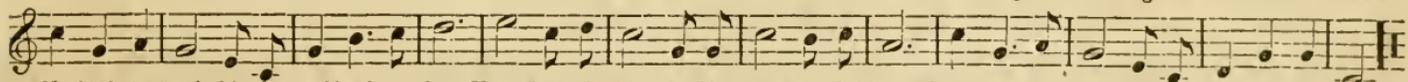


Look here, that's where the ball struck when he died !. Brush back the hair from his pain moistened brow ; Cold enough, still enough, white enough now.

3d & 4th verses.



Lay his cap o'er it— gently— that's right, Cov-er his dead eyes a - way from the light. Loosen his sword-belt, There, take it a - way :
On-ly this morning, Poor fellow! he stood



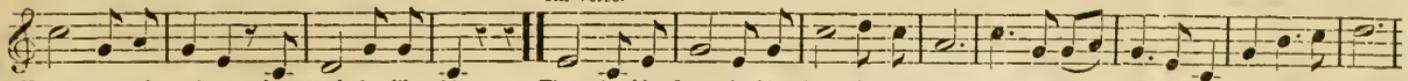
No blade is sheathed in the scabbard to - day. Here, throw this flag o'er his poor wounded breast, Wrapp'd in its folds we will lay him to rest.
Smiling in front, gallant, no - ble and good, Cheering his comrades, himself at their head, Now they have kill'd him, we bear him here dead.

5th verse.

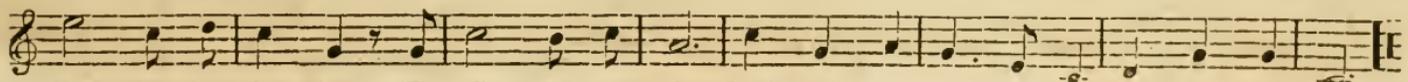


Some heart is longing and hop - ing for him ; Some eyes must weep 'till their light has grown dim ; Some hand shall never more meet touch of his :

6th verse.



Heaven curse the traitors whose work is like this. There, lay him down, in his lone hero grave—Throw the earth tender - ly o - ver the brave.



Now leave him sleep - ing— 'Tis all we can do— Love's work is o'er for him— Life's journey's through

DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME.

W. O. FISKE.

1. Do they pray for me at home, Do they ev - er pray for me, When I ride the dark sea
 2. Do they pray for me at home, When the summer birds ap - pear; Do they pray for me the
 3. Do they pray for me at home, When the winds of win - ter blow; Do they pray for me with

foam— When I cross the storm-y sea. O oft in for - eign lands, As I
 while, That my path may be less drear. At the al - tar of my youth Do they
 love, As they watch the win - ter's snow. In the sea - son's chil - ly eold, Are their

see the bended knee, Comes the thought, at twilight hour, Do they ev - er pray for me?
 place the va - cant chair Where my heart so oft re - turns To the loved ones gathered there?
 hearts for me still warm, Am I cher - ished as of old, Through the beatings of the storm?

CHORUS.

Air. *Cres.* *Rit. Ad lib.*

Do they pray for me at home, Do they ev - er pray for me, When the sun has gone to rest, Do they ev - er pray for me?

Alto. *Cres.*

Tenor. *Cres.*

Do they pray for me at home, Do they ev - er pray for me, When the sun has gone to rest, Do they ev - er pray for me?

Bass.

ON TO SAVANNAH!

BALFE.

1. On to Sa-van-nah! Press on to Mo-bile! On, o'er the Southern hills! Ar-my of heroes! the hope of the world! Onward, press onward

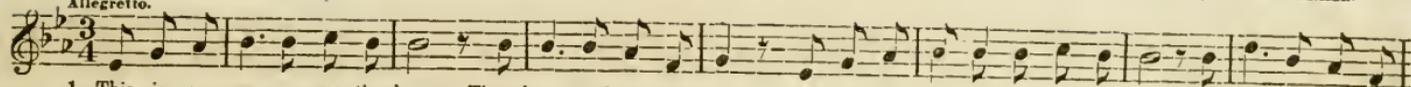
2. Death to the traitors who caused all the strife, Life to the toil-ing slave! Blows for the coward who shrinks from the fight, Glo-ry for all the

3. When all's accomplished, and all danger braved, All, all the land is free! Glory ne'er brighter shone round hero names, Than yours in all time shall

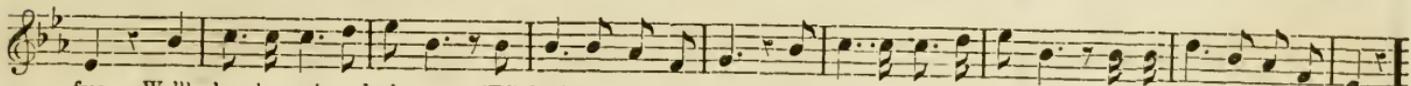
still. Ne'er may you rest, till on the crest Of all mountains, the old flag proudly floats on high, Till all who're in bondage and
brave! Richmond must fall; so shall they all, Cities cursed by Se-cession, haunts of treason full, All, all must we conquer, or
be. One na-tion, one—wrong o-verthrown, Freedom safe, all the poor with rights intact and sure, Hail, hail to the heroes! all

chaos in the land, Proudly as freemen stand. Hail! hail to the glorious day! Hail! hail to the glo-rious day!
all o-ver-throw, All in the dust bow low. Hail! day of redemp-tion, hail! Hail! glad day of free-dom, hail!
hon-or and fame, Wreath each brave soldier's name! Hail! hail to the he-ro throng! Hail! brave men, and true, and strong!

Allegretto.



1. This is our own, our na - tive home, Though poor and rough she be, The home of many a no - ble soul, The birth-place of the
 2. Shall not the land tho' poor she be That gave a Webster birth, With pride step forth to take her place With the mightiest of the
 3. They tell us of our freezing clime, Our hard and rugged soil, Which hardly half re - pays us for Our spring-time care and
 4. Oth - ers may seek the western clime, They say 'tis passing fair, That sun - ny are its laughig skies, And soft its balmy



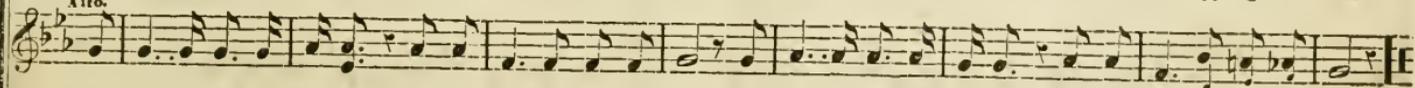
free. We'll love her rocks and rivers, 'Till death our quick blood stills, Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.
 earth; Then for his sake whose lof-ty fame Our farthest bound'ries fill; We'll shout for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.
 toil; Yet gai - ly sings the merry boy, As the homestead farm he tills, Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.
 air. We'll linger round our childhood's home, 'Till age our warm blood chills, 'Till we die in old New England, And sleep beneath her hills.

CHORUS. Tenor.

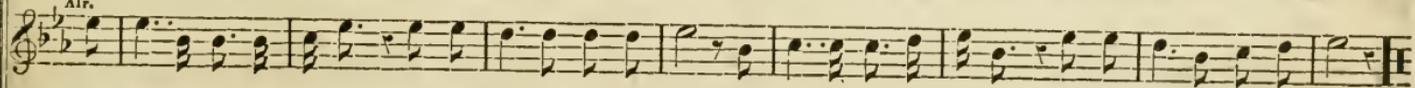


Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills, Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.

Alto.

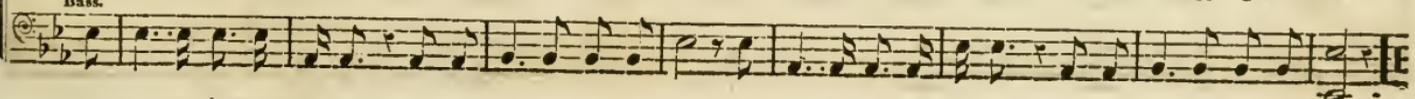


Alr.



Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills, Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.

Bass.



THE NEGRO BOATMAN'S SONG.

Words by J. O. WHITTIER, Esq.

Music by L. O. EMERSON.

SOLO or DUETT.

1. Oh, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come 'To set de peo - ple free; An' mas - sa tink it day ob doom, An'

2. Ole mas - sa on - he trabbles gone; He lebe de land be - hind; De Lord's breff blow him fur - der on, Like

we ob ju - bi - lee, De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves, He jus' as 'trong as den; He say de

corn shuck in de wind. We own de hoe, we own de plow, We own de hands dat hold; We sell de

Cres.

word; we las' night slaves; To - day de Lord's free men. . . .

pig, we sell de cow, But neb - - ber chile be sold. . . .

CHORUS. To be sung at the close of each verse.

De yam will grow, de eot-ton blow, We'll bab de rice and corn; Oh, nebber you fear, If nebber you hear De

dri-ver blow his born: Oh, neb-ber you fear, if neb-ber you hear, De dri-ver blow his born.

3
 We pray de Lord; he gib us signs
 Dat some day we be free;
 De Norf wind tell it to de pines,
 De wild duck to de sea;
 We tink it when de church bell ring,
 We dream it in de dream;
 De rice-bird mean it when be sing,
 De eagle when he scream.

4
 We know de promise nebber fail,
 An' nebber lie de word;
 So, like de 'postles in de jail,
 We waited for de Lord;
 An' now he open eb'ry door,
 An' trow away de key;
 He tink we lub him so before,
 We lub him better free.

"MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?"

BENEDICT ROEFS.

1. Moth - er, is the bat - tle ov - er, Thousands have been killed, they say, Is my Fa - ther com - ing? tell me,
 2. Moth - er, dear, you're always sigh - ing Since you last the pa - per read, Tell me why you now are cry - ing?

ri - tar - dan - do. *rit. smorz. parlando.* *a tempo.*

Have our soldiers gained the day? Have our soldiers gained the day? Is he well, or is he wounded? Mother, do you think he's slain?
 Why that cap is on your head? Why that cap is on your head? Ah! I see you can - not tell me, Father's one among the slain; Al -

Rit.

If you know, I pray you tell me, Will my fa - ther come a - gain? Will my fa - ther come a - gain?
 - though he loved us ve - ry dear - ly, He will nev - er come a - gain! He will nev - er come a - gain!

"RALLY ROUND THE FLAG."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SOLO or DUETT.

1. Rally round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the banner we love, On the land and seas; Brave hearts are under ours, Let the traitors brag,
 2. Their flag is but a rag, Ours is the true one, Up with the stars and stripes! Down with the new one! Brave hearts, &c.

Gallant lads, fire a-way! And fight for the flag! Gallant lads, fire a-way! And fight for the flag! Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze,

That's the banner we love, On the land and seas; Let our colors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For victo - ry is lib - er - ty, And God will bless the right!

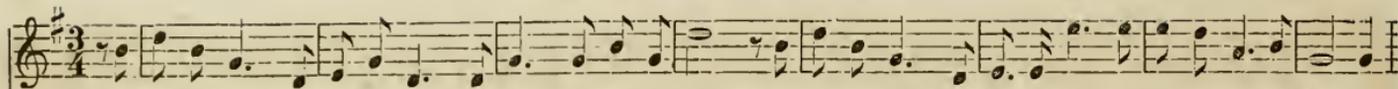
The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system includes dynamic markings *f* and *ff*. The second system includes a *ff* marking.

CHORUS

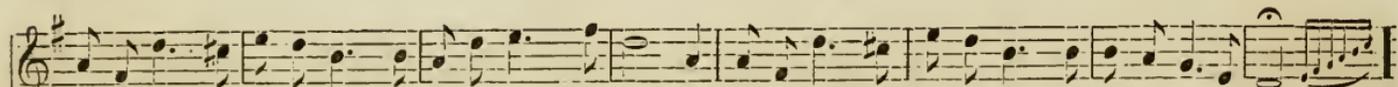
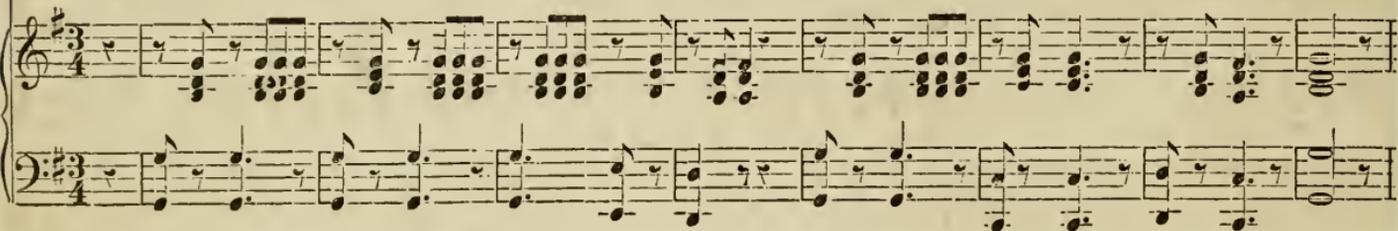
Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round, Ral - ly round, Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round the flag!

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

The chorus section consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system includes a *ff* marking and a *Repeat pp* instruction. The second system includes a *ff* marking and a *Repeat pp* instruction.



1. Of all the flags that float a-loft O'er Nep-tune's gallant tars, That wave on high in vic-to-ry, Above the sons of Mars, Give
 2. Beneath its folds we fear no foe. Our hearts shall never quail; With bosoms bare the storm we'll dare, And brave the battle gale; And
 3. On ev-'ry wave, on ev-'ry shore, Colum-bia's flag shall go And thro' all time its fame sublime, With brighter hues shall glow: For
 4. Its en-e-mies our own shall be, Up-on the land or main; Its starry light shall gild the fight, And guide its i-ron rain; Nor



us the flag, Co-lumbia's flag, The emblem of the free, Whose flashing-tars blazed thro' our wars, For truth and lib-er-ty,
 tho' the can-non plow our decks, The planks run red with gore, Still thro' the fray all shall o-bey That flag for-ev-er-more.
 Freedom's standard is our flag; Its guardians, Freedom's sons; And woe betide th'in-sulter's pride, When we unloose our guns.
 foreign pow'r, nor treason's arts Shall shake our pa-triot love, While with our life, in peace or strife, We'll keep that flag a-bove.



THE BANNER OF THE SEA, Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then dip it, lads, in ocean's brine, And give it three times three; And fling it out 'mid song and shout, Tho Banner of the Sea.

Then dip it, lads, in ocean's brine, And give it three times three; And fling it out 'mid song and shout, Tho Banner of the Sea.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The third staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first and third staves.

RALLYING SONG.

Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Send us the men. send us the men, Send us brave men a - long. { Send them a - long from the o - cean's coast,
Ral - ly them on the green mountain side,

2. Come from the North, Come from the South, Come from the East and West; { Come from the shop where your an - vils ring,
Come, with a pale or a swarthy skin,

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The third staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first and third staves.

RALLYING SONG, Concluded.

Ral - ly your men, Ral - ly your men, Send them a - long where they're need - ed most, Send us your strong, brave men. }
 Ral - ly the men, Ral - ly the men, Ral - ly from fields, from the prair - ies wide, Ral - ly true - heart - ed men. }

Off to the war! Off to the war! Come from the fields where the blue - birds sing; Ral - ly for Truth and Law. }
 Hur - ry a - long! Hur - ry a - long! Come to the strife, and your lau - rels win; Fight where brave he - roes throng. }

{ Send them to us, for we need them most, }
 { Send them to join our war - rior host, } Ral - ly your men, Ral - ly the men, Ral - ly the strong, brave men.

{ Come ye to death or to vic - to - ry, }
 { Glo - ry un - fad - ing your guer - don be. } Ral - ly, brave men, Ral - ly, brave men, Haste to the bat - tle plain.

FROM THE RED BATTLE FIELD.

Words by J. W. BARKER.

Music by N. BARKER.

1st Tenor or Alto. *Sva lower.*

1. Si-lent-ly, ten-der-ly, mourafully home, From the red bat-tle field Volunteers come, Not with a loud hurrah, Nor with a wild eclat,

2d Tenor, or 2d Alto.

2. Si-lent-ly, ten-der-ly, mournful-ly home, Not as they march'd away, Volunteers come, Not with the sword and gun, Not with the stirring drum,

1st Bass.

3. Si-lent-ly, ten-der-ly, mournful-ly home, Where should the fallen brave Volunteer come, But to his native hills, Where the bright, gu-shing rills,

4. Si-lent-ly, tear-ful-ly, welcome the brave, Glo-ry en-cir-cles the pa-triot's grave, Here let affection swell, Here let the marble tell,

2d Bass.

Not with the trump of war, Come our brave sons from far, Gently and noiselessly bear them along. Hush'd be the battle hymn, music and song.

Come our dead heroes home, Now all his work is done; Thoughtfully, prayerfully bear ye the dead, Pillow it soft-ly, the Volunteer's head.

Freedom's sweet music fills, And her soft dew dis-tills! Peacefully, prayerfully, lay our brave friend. Close by the home that he fought to defend.

How the brave he-ro fell, Lov-ing his country well,—Silent-ly, ten-der-ly, mournfully home, Welcome the Volunteers, one by one.

GARIBALDI HYMN.

CHORUS.

DUET.

All for - - ward! All for - - ward!

1. All
2. All
3. All

for - ward to bat - tle! the trumpets are crying. Forward! all for - ward! our old flag is fly - ing; When Lib - er - ty calls us we
for - ward for Freedom! in ter - ri - ble splendor She comes to the loy - al who die to de - fend her; Her stars and her stripes o'er the
for - ward to conquer! where free hearts are beating, Death to the cow - ard who dreams of re - treat - ing! Lib - er - ty calls us from

SOLO or UNISON.

lin - ger no long - er; Rebels, come on! though a thousand to one! O Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty! death - less and
wild wave of bat - tle Shall float in the heav - ens to welcome us on. All for - ward! to glo - ry, though life blood is
mountain and val - ley; Waving her ban - ner, she leads to the fight. For - ward! all for - ward! the trum - pets are

glo - ri - ous, Un - der thy ban - ner thy sons are vic - to - rious, Free souls are val - iant, and strong arms are strong - er -
 pour - ing, Where bright swords are flashing, and cannon are roar - ing, Wel - come to death in the bul - lets' quick rat - tle -
 ery - ing; The drum beats to arms, our old flag is fly - ing; Stout hearts and strong hands a - round it shall ral - ly -

ff God shall go with us and battle be won. *ff* Hurrah for the ban - ner! Hurrah for the ban - ner! Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!
 Fighting or falling shall Freedom be won. Hurrah, &c.
 Forward to battle for God and the Right! Hurrah, &c.

AMERICAN MARSEILLAISE.

HUGH VON ELSNER.

1. Un - der our flag beat the long call once more, Call up the North as you call'd her be - fore, Up from the work shop, the
 2. Call the young men, in the prime of their life, Call them from mother, from sis - ter, from wife; Blessed if they lived and re -
 3. Hoist up the flag, to its stout staff a - gain, Swearing that treason shall leave there no stain; Some loy - al hand with a
 4. On to the fields where our brothers have gone— Side by side un - der the flag we'll press on, Charging the foe in the

AMERICAN MARSEILLAISE. Concluded.

of - fice, the plow, She res - pond - ed be - fore, she will answer you now : In freedom's warfare, what freeman can lag?
 vered if they fall, They who respond un - to lib - er - ty's call. And where air thickens with copper - head brag,
 vig - or - ous grasp, Bear up its folds with un - wa - ver - ing clasp ; Where our tired soldiers their weary feet drag,
 place of the slain, Fight 'till old glo - ry shall triumph a - gain ! Our country calls us, what freeman can lag,

Beat the old battle call, un - der the flag, In freedom's warfare what freeman can lag? Beat the old battle call, under the flag.
 Beat the old battle call, un - der the flag ! And where air thickens with copper-head brag, Beat the old battle call, under the flag.
 Beat the old battle call, beat for the flag ! Where our tired soldiers their weary feet drag, Beat the old battle call, beat for the flag !
 While the old battle call beats for the flag? Our country calls us, what freeman can lag, While the old battle call beats for the flag?

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE

SONG and CHORUS.

Andante.

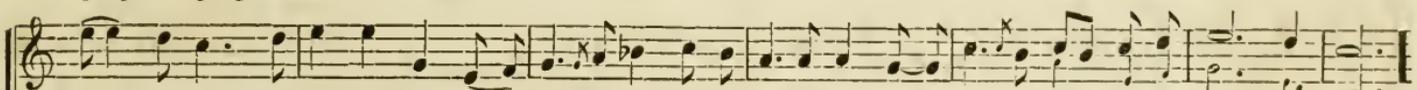
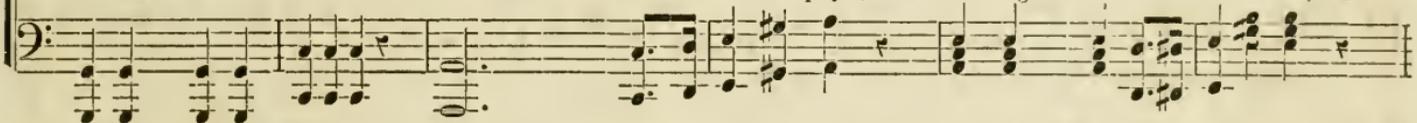


1. I knew by the light in his deep, dark eye, When he heard the beat of the mustering drum, That he never would fold his arms and sigh, O - ver the
2. Two fair-haired children he left with me, Who hush his name at the e-ven-tide, The ve - ry hour when up-on his knee, He used to
3. I know he has answered his country's call, That his breast is bared at a high command; But my heart w'il break, I know, if he fall, In the battle's
4. Perhaps when the ma-ple leaves are red, And the gold-en glories of harvest come, I shall wake some morning to hear his tread, And give him a

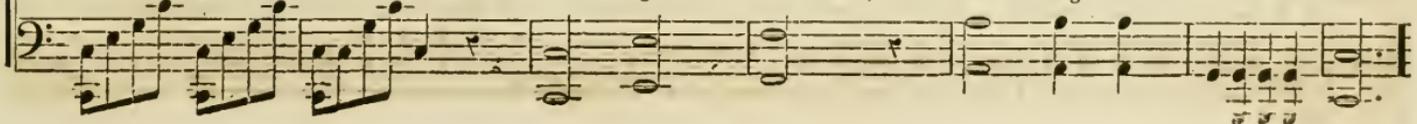
Inst.



e - vils that were to come : I knew that the blood of a pa - triot sire Coursed thro' his veins like a stream of fire ; So I
 fon - dle his pet and pride ; A - las ! they may nev - er a - gain be bless'd By a fa - ther's care in the old home nest, And he
 front, by a trai - tor's hand ; But I murmur not, though my tear-wet eyes At - test the worth of the sac - ri - fice ; 'Tis a
 warm heart's wel - come home ; To kneel with him in a fer - vent prayer, Thanking our God for his watchful care, In



took his hand and bade him go, But he nev - er dream'd that it griev'd me so, But he nev - er dream'd that it griev'd me so.
 never a - gain may bear the tones, Or kiss the lips of his lit - tle ones, Or kiss the lips of his lit - tle ones.
 wife's free gift, two lives in one, In the name of God and of Wash - ington, In the name of God and of Wash - ington.
 shielding his heart from the reb - el's brand, Who honored the flag of his cherished land, Who honored the flag of his cher - ished land.



CHORUS.

Alr.

'Tis a wife's free gift, Two lives in one, In the name of God And of Washington, In the name of God And of Wash - ing - ton.

Alto.

And of Washing-ton.

Tenor.

'Tis a wife's free gift, Two lives in one, In the name of God And of Washington, In the name of God And of Wash - ing - ton.

Bass.

THE TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.

1. Down, down, down with it low! Crush our mer-ci-less foe, Born 'mid the fell demons, in foul, hor-ri-ble darkness! Now with ter-ri-ble might, *d. c.* Up! up! raise it on high! Let it shine in the sky, Raise, raise our free banner, all pure now and stainless; Washed with mar - tyrs' blood,

2. Ended sla-ver - y's reign, All shall lib-er - ty gain, All slaves of op-pression, Both here and the world o - ver, Now, at length, be free,

3. Sound, sound, sound it aloud! Sound till heads that are bowed. Doubting and despairing That view not the fair morning; Sound, sound from all shores,

THE TRUMPET OF FREEDOM, Concluded.

FINE.

Fain would banish the light, Blot out the sun - shine, the hope of the world. In the name of Heav'n advance to
Firm fixed o'er the dark flood, Cloud, fire, nor tem - pest our flag can re - move.

Now, at length they shall see Beau-ty for ash - es, and joy for their fears. Ours the arms to wage the glo - rious

Loud-er than o - cean roars, Loud calls the TRUM - PET OF FREE - DOM a - far. Praise the Power who call - eth us to

battle! Strike! strike! sev - er the captive's galling chain! For all who would the poor oppress, the day of doom is come! Hail!

conflict; With us we bear the hopes of all man-kind, And when we conquer, then will tremble tyrants ev - 'ry-where, Hail!

battle! Calls, and guides the brave who fight or die; For death is bet - ter than dishon - or; death or victory's ours! Hail!

NOT A STAR FROM OUR FLAG.

G. W. H. GRIFFIN.

SOLO or TRIO.

1. Is the mem'ry of Washingtou withered? Are the sons of Co-lumbia grown mad? Oh! where is the blood that once

2. Are our bright stars and stripes now for-sak-en? Shall they float nev-er more o'er the free? No! not one single star shall be

quivered, The blood that our fore-fathers had! Ah, why is this sad des-o-la-tion, Spread

ta-ken From that em-blem of our lib-er-ty. Our land shall a-gain be u-nit-ed, And our

o-ver our once hap-py land. Can the South ev-er find eon-so-la-tion Whilst blood dyes the treacherous hand?

flag floating o-ver each state, Then our mu-tu-al love shall be plighted, Where now reigns the bit-ter-est hate.

CHORUS.

Oh! say does our Washington live In the hearts of A-meri-cans now? Then a tri-bute to memo-ry give, Bind new wreaths round fair Liberty's brow.

Oh! say does our Washington live In the hearts of A-meri-cans now? Then a tri-bute to memo-ry give, Bind new wreaths round fair Liberty's brow.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

OR, THE "RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

- 1 O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.
- 2 When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm!
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.
- 3 The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;

May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true;
The Army and Navy forever,—
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

Hail, Columbia!

- 1 Hail, Columbia happy land,
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war had gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies;
Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety you shall find.

- 2 Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend our rights, defend our shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine, where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail;
Firm united let us be, &c.
- 3 Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let WASHINGTON's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.
Firm united let us be, &c.

FAR AWAY THE CAMP FIRES BURN.

mf

1. Far a - way the camp fires burn, We can see their rud - dy light, From the dlist - ant hill - tops flash, Bright'ning

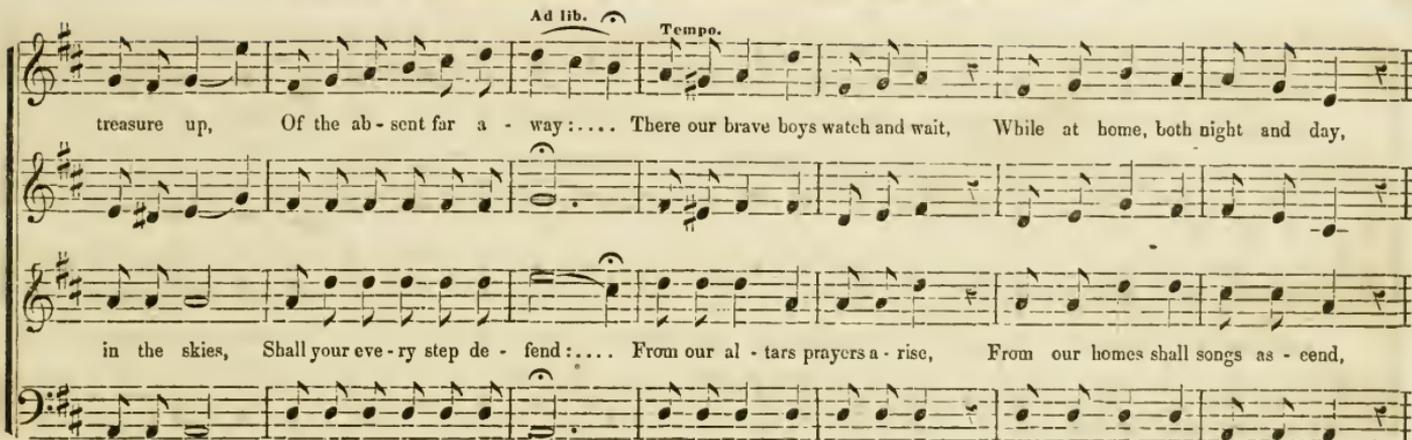
mf

2. Onward, brothers, for the right, Blessings on you as you go, Pan - o - plied for freedom's fight, Nought but

up the brow of night; There our brave boys watch and wait, While at home both night and day, Men'ries sweet we

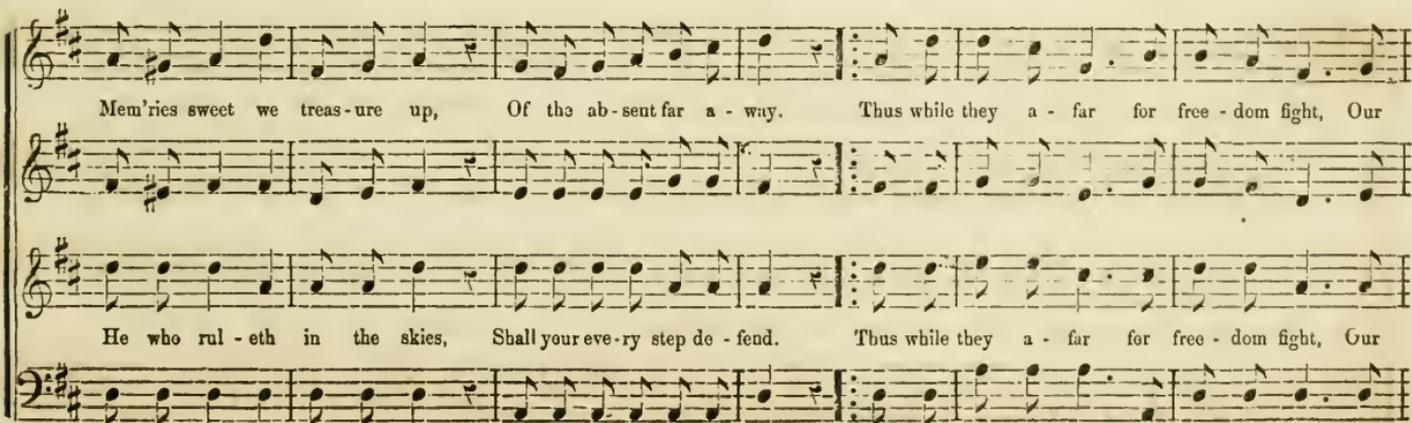
bless - ing shall you know; From our al - tars prayers a - rise, From our homes shall songs as - cend, He who rul - eth

Ad lib.  Tempo.



treasure up, Of the ab-sent far a-way:.... There our brave boys watch and wait, While at home, both night and day,

in the skies, Shall your eve-ry step de-fend:.... From our al-tars prayers a-rise, From our homes shall songs as-cend,



Mem'ries sweet we treas-ure up, Of the ab-sent far a-way. Thus while they a-far for free-dom fight, Our

He who rul-eth in the skies, Shall your eve-ry step de-fend. Thus while they a-far for free-dom fight, Our

spir-its yet shall ev - er yearn, For that hap - py day, when they shall all Vic - to - ri - ous re - turn,

spir-its yet shall ev - er yearn, For that hap - py day, when they shall all Vic - to - ri - ous re - turn,

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a major mode and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

O hast - en hap - py day! O hast - en fair - est day! O hast - en hap - py day. . . .

O hast - en hap - py day! O hast - en fair - est day! O hast - en hap - py day. . . .

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a major mode and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are repeated across the staves.

THE FLOOD, THE FIRE, THE FLAG.

A SONG OF CONCORD FIGHT.

Allegro Con Brio.

1. They came as far as yonder bridge; *We drove them back. From ridge to ridge The gath'ring host of freemen rolled, In wrath uncontrolled. Nor could Lord
2. And soon, as Freedom's host swept on, From all the land our foes were gone, By river, bay and ocean's shore, We saw them no more. And long in

3. To oth-er lands the impulse came, Here rose a flood, there flashed a flame, Appalled, amid the earthquake shock, Kings felt their thrones rock, And fall, while
Percy's rescuing host, The tide withstand; the day was lost; And to the coast, with curses dire, The baffled warriors slow re-tire. Oh! glorious
peace our land abode, With plenty field and prairie strewed. But now, when trea-son spurns control, The ancient flood begins to roll. Be-ware the
fierce volcanoes roared, And forth red streams of vengeance poured. The people's wrath with wild affright Smote tyrants, broke their fancied night, The fire de-

* Concord bridge, the farthest advance of the British in New England during the Revolution.

fight! oh! Liber - ty! Thence rose thy empire and thy sway; The flood, the flag, then first unfurled, Roll, wave, above a warring world.

deluge! nor withstand The waters that dash o'er the land. With rage increased the bil - lows swell, To overwhelm the race that dare rebel. And let the tide

- cayed; the mount was still. Earth's foes arose to work their will, Beware! the flood, the fire awake! The loud waves roar! The mountains shake!

And let the tide

And let the tide roll! And let the flag wave! A world to save. O let the tide

roll! And let the flag wave! wave! A world to save. O let the tide roll!

And let the tide roll! And let the flag wave! A world to save. O let the tide

roll! And let the flag wave! wave! A world to save. O let the tide roll!

con - - - - *do.* *ff*

roll! The free banner wave, A world to save! His strength shall

The free banner wave, wave, A world to save! His strength shall

cen - *do.* *ff*

roll! Our free banner wave, A world to save! His strength shall

Our free banner wave, wave, A world to save! If tyrant's power the surges dare, His strength shall

break! Ah! then they wake to newer life, to mighty deeds, The free, the ransomed nations wake.

break!

break! Ah! then they wake to newer life, to mighty deeds, The free, the ransomed nations wake.

break! When nations hear the billows roar, Ah! then they wake to newer life, to mighty deeds, The free, the ransomed nations wake.

CHORUS. "VICTORIA! VICTORIA!"

Con Spirito. First 8 measures may be played for a Sym.

Soprano.
Vic - to - ria! Vic - to -

Tenor.
Vic - to - ria! Vic - to -

Bass.
Vic - to - ria! Joy now reigns a - round, Joy now reigns a - round, Raise the swelling strain;

The musical score is arranged in four systems. The first system contains the vocal entries for Soprano, Tenor, and Bass, and the beginning of the piano accompaniment. The piano part starts with a forte (f) dynamic and a 6/8 time signature. The second system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocalists singing 'Joy now reigns a - round, Joy now reigns a - round, Raise the swelling strain;'. The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth system concludes the page with the final vocal notes and piano accompaniment.

“VICTORIA! VICTORIA!” - Continued.

musical score with vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The score is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal parts are in soprano and bass clefs. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Raise the swelling chorus, We come with vict'ry crowned, We come with vict'ry crowned; Vic - to - ria! Joy now reigns around, Joy now reigns a -". The score includes dynamic markings such as *Cres.*, *f*, and *p*.

Cres.

Raise the swell-ing cho - rus, We come with vict'ry crowned, We come with vict'ry crowned; Vic - to - ria! Vic -

Cres.

- to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Joy now reigns around, Joy now reigns a -

p

“VICTORIA! VICTORIA!”

Concluded.

round; Raise the swell - ing strain, Raise the swell - ing cho - rus; We come, we come, We come with vict'ry crowned, We

come, we come, We come with vict'ry crowned; Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - - - ria!

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *Cres.* (Crescendo) and *ff* (fortissimo). The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

DEAR MOTHER THE BATTLE IS OVER.

HENRY FONTRILL

1. Dear mother the bat - tle is ov - - er, We've bur - ied our dead where they fell; That harl - est of du - ties is
 2. The bat - tle was bloody and fear - - ful, And brave - ly he fought with the foe— We drove them like dust from our
 3. "Tell mother I died like a sol - - dier," He said as I knelt at his side; He op - ened his eyes for a

fin - ished, And now I've a sad tale to tell. Dear mother, your heart will be breaking With grief, for the spirit that's
 path - way, But ma - ny a brave boy lies low. Where fiercest the strife and the con - flict, I saw him press gallantly
 mo - - ment, Then pressing my hand, smiled, and died! And there, with his comrades a - round him, We fold - ed his hands on his

DEAR MOTHER THE BATTLE IS OVER. Concluded

fled, Oh, mother, God help you to bear it, For Wil - lie— your dar - ling, is dead!
 on— He fell as we fired the last vol - - ly, Fell just when the viet - 'ry was won!
 breast; And wrapped in the flag he de - fend - - ed, We laid him for - ev - er at rest!

CHORUS.

He will no more hear the sound of battle, For he's singing with the angels now; And flowers immortal are twin - ing, In beauty around his fair brow.

He will no more hear the sound of battle, For he's singing with the angels now; And flowers immortal are twin - ing, In beauty around his fair brow.

Viva L'America.

[By permission of the publisher, Firth, Pond & Co.]

Noble republic! Happiest of lands,
Foremost of nations, Columbia stands!
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of liberty daily arise—
"United we stand, divided we fall;"
"Union forever;" freedom to all!

CHORUS.

Throughout the world our motto shall be,
Viva l'America! home of the free!
Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his homestead, withered his hand;
Shame be his memory; scorn be his lot;
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Granting a home and freedom to all.
CHORUS.— Throughout the world, &c.
To all her heroes justice and fame;
To all her foes a traitor's foul name!
Our "stars and stripes" still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of liberty, flag of the brave!
"United we stand, divided we fall;"
Gladly we'll die at our country's call.
CHORUS.— Throughout the world, &c.



When this cruel war is over.

OR, WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY.

[By permission of the Author, Mr. Charles Carrol Sawyer.]

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at your feet?
O, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country,
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.— Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain;
Yet praying
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

CHORUS.— Weeping, sad, &c.

If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah, the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain!

CHORUS.— Weeping, sad, &c.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way!
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see

How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free! CHORUS.



My Country, 'tis of thee.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty!

Of thee I sing:

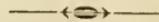
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,

Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty!

To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!



The Star-Spangled Banner.

O, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

CHORUS.— O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream

CHORUS — 'Tis the star-spangled banner—O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,

A home and a country they'd 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.

CHORUS.— And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved home and war's desolation!

Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land,

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation;

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS.— And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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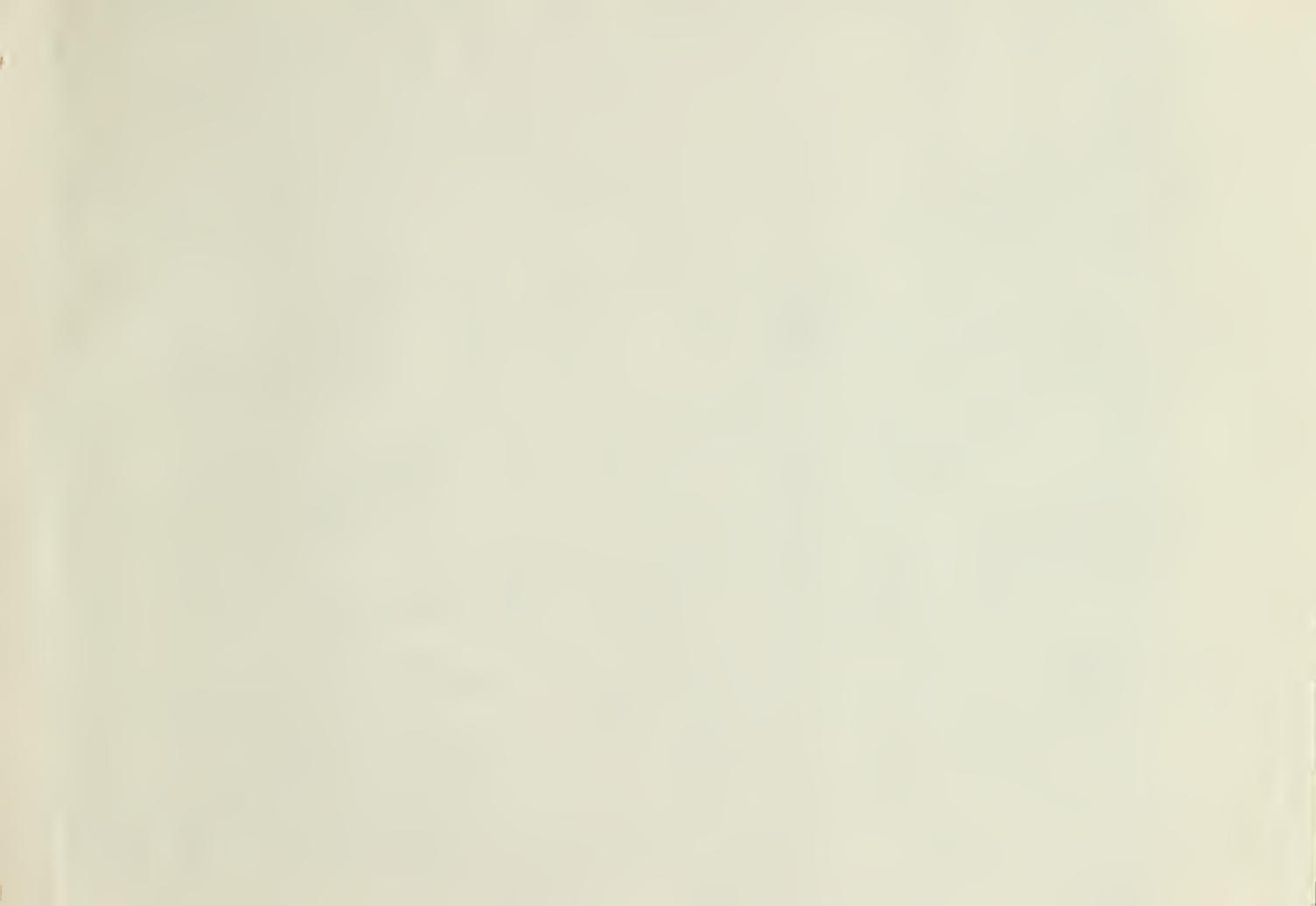
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