

G F R.

Geo. F. Root.

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
 2. In the bat - tle - front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
 3. So with - in the pris - on cell We are wait - ing for the day That shall

bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
 swept us off, a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
 come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eyes grow bright, And the

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
 beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
 poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will
 march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades,

come, And be - neath the star - ry flag We shall
 they will come,

Progress is made by work alone.—Mendelssohn.
 The new scale Conover is the best piano that ever left our factories.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

breathes the air a-gain Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.

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Thanksgiving Song.

J. L.

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"Songs of the CHILD World."—John Church Co.

Jessie L. Gaynor.

1. Swing the shin-ing sick - le, Cut the rip-ened grain, Flash it in the
2. Pick the ro - sy ap - ples, Pack a - way with care, Gath - er in the
3. Loud - ly blows the north wind Thro' the shiv-'ring trees, Bare are all the

sun - light, Swing it once a - gain. Tie the gold - en grain - heads
corn - ears, Gleam - ing ev - 'ry - where. Now the fruits are gath - ered,
branch - es, Fal - len all the leaves. Gath - ered is the har - vest

In - to shin-ing sheaves, Beau - ti-ful their col - ors As the au - tumn leaves.
All the grains are in, Nuts are in the at - tic, Corn is in the bin.
For an-oth - er year, Now our day of glad-ness, Thanksgiving day is here.

In 1863, Abraham Lincoln issued a proclamation appointing the last Thursday of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. Up to this time the custom had been strictly confined to the will of the governors of the respective states, with the exception of Washington's administration. Since 1863, every president of the United States has appointed the last Thursday of November as a National day of Thanksgiving, and nearly all governors of the states have followed with proclamations for their respective states.