

Marseillaise Hymn

ROUGET DE LISLE

Con spirito

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what myri-ads bid you
2. O, lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once nav - ing felt thy gen -'rous

rise! Your chil-dren, wives, and grand-sires ho - ry: Be - hold their tears, and hear their
flame? Can dun-geons, bolts, and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

cries, Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief
tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be -

breed - ing, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the
wail - ing That falsehood's dag - ger ty - rants wield; But free - dom is our sword and

land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a -
shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing; To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a -

veng-ing sword unsheathe! March on, march on, all hearts resolved On vic - to - ry or death!

The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

I. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved
D.C. The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et. The moss - cov - ered

FINE

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! } { The wide - spread - ing pond, and the
spot which my in - fan - cy knew; } { The cot of my fa - ther, the
buck - et that hung in the well.

D.C.

mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; }
dai - ry - house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }

- 2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflow-
ing, [well.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.
- 3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive
it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave
it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the
well.