

The Sword of Bunker Hill

W. R. WALLACE

B. COVERT

Allegretto

1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed; His eye was grow - ing dim, When
 2. The sword was bro't, the sol - dier's eye Lit with a sud - den flame; And
 3. "'Twas on that dread, im - mor - tal day, I dared the Brit - on's band, A
 4. "Oh, keep the sword!" — his ac - cents broke — A smile — and he was dead! His

with a fee - ble voice he call'd His weep - ing son to him: "Weep
 as he grasp'd the an - cient blade, He murmured War - ren's name: Then
 cap - tain raised this blade on me — I tore it from his hand; And
 wrin - kled hand still grasped the blade Up - on that dy - ing bed. The

not, my boy!" the vet - 'ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high will, — But
 said, "My boy, I leave you gold, — But what is rich - er still, I
 while the glo - rious bat - tle raged, It light - ened free - dom's will — For
 son re - mains; the sword re - mains — Its glo - ry grow - ing still — And

quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; But
 leave you, mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; I
 boy, the God of free - dom blessed The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; For,
 twen - ty mil - lions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill; And

quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.”
 leave you, mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.
 boy, the God of free - dom blessed The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.
 twen - ty mil - lions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill.

The Spring

ROUND

Dr. HAYES

¹ The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush.
² Hark! hark! I hear them sing.
³ The lin - net and the lit - tle wren, the black-bird and the thrush.