

now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the
 now in death is sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the
 now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the
 loved in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the

field of Mon - te - rey, Who now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey.
 field of Mon - te - rey, Who now in death is sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey.
 field of Mon - te - rey, Who now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey.
 field of Mon - te - rey, For the lov'd in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey.

Our Native Song

METHFESSEL

1. O sing with voi - ces clear and strong, The song of songs up - rais - ing; Our
 2. Thou old - en, bard - ic fa - ther - land, Thou land of truth and beau - ty, Thou
 3. With thee for aye we cast our lot; To home and vir - tue tru - ly We

own, our fa - thers' na - tive song, Set wood - land ech - oes prais - ing.
 dear, thou well - be - lov - ed land, Thy praise is joy and du - ty.
 ded - i - cate our hand, and heart, And soul, and spir - it new - ly.