# PATRIOTIC SONGS

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O MY NATIVE LAND IS FAIR.

1. O my native land is fair! Sweet its breezy mountain air; O my
   native land is fair! Sweet its breezy mountain air; On the wild paths of her
   native land is fair! Fresh the winds that wander there; Pure the hill brook’s silver
   native land is fair! In its breezy mountain air; ’Mong her mountains, brooks, and

mountains, By the clear waves of her fountains, On her verdant pastures
ghushing, Down from rock to rock swift rushing; And my father’s cot stands
wild wood, Passed my care less days of childhood; Swift the moments fleet ed

rare; O my native land is fair, O my native land is fair!
there; O my native land is fair, O my native land is fair!
there; O my native land is fair, O my native land is fair!
1. Hail, Columbia! Happy land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born hand! Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause; And when the storm of war was gone, Enjoyed the peace your valour won; Let independence be our boast. Ever mindful joyful ear; With equal skill, with steady pow'r, He governs in the what it cost. Ever grateful for the prize, Let its altar fearful hour Of horrid war, or guides with ease The happier time of reach the skies. Firm, united let us be, Rallying round our liberty!

2. Sound, sound the trumpet of fame, Let Washington's great name ring thro' the world with loud applause, Ring thro' the world with loud applause! Let every clime to freedom dear, Listen with a
As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, FOREVER!

Wm. V. Wallace.

Geo. P. Morris.

Arr. by C. K. Langley.

1. A song for our banner; the watchword recall Which gave the Republic her
   station; "United, we stand, divided, we fall!" It
   thunder, Not all of earth's despots, or factions combined, Have the

2. What God in His infinite wisdom designed, And armed with the weapons of

   made and preserved us a nation!} The union of lakes, the union of lands,
   pow'r to conquer or sunder!} The union of states, none can sever; The union of hearts, the

   union of hands, And the flag of our union, forever!
AMERICA.

1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring!

2. 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.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.

4. 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 OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view! How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view!

2. The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And every loved spot which my fancy knew; The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell; The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

CHO.-The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

FINE.
1. Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-ry of Freedom; We will rally from the hill-side, we'll
gather from the plain, Shouting the battle-ry of Freedom.

2. We are spring-ing to the call of our Broth-ers gone be-fore,
Shouting the battle-ry of Freedom; And we'll fill the vac-ant ranks with a
million free-men more, Shouting the battle-ry of Freedom.

Chorus,
Portissimo.

The Un-ion for-ev-er, Hur-rah boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we
rally 'round the flag, boys, Rally once again, Shouting the battle-ry of Freedom.
THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

1. I love the land that gave me birth, A land so fair to see,
To me the dear-est spot on earth, The land of lib-er-ty;

2. I love to hear the joy-ful strain, That rolls from sea to sea,
Ech-ode from ev’ry hill and plain—The an-them of the free;

3. Praise to the hon-ored men who died, Freedom and right to save—
The na-tion’s joy, the na-tion’s pride—For us their lives they gave;

4. Long o’er the glo-rious land they loved, The loy-al and the brave—
May free-dom rule, of God ap-proved, And peace her ban-ner wave;

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THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

1. What flow’r is this that greets the morn, Its hues from heay’n so fresh-ly born? With
burn-ing star and flam-ing band, It kin-dles all the sun-set land;

2. In sav-age Na-ture’s far abode Its ten-der seed our fa-thers sowed; The
storm-winds rocked its swell-ing bud, Its op’ning leaves were streaked with blood;

3. Re-hold its stream-ing rays unite, One ming-ling flood of braid-ed light—The
red that fills the south-ern rose, With spot-less white from north-ern snows;

4. The blades of he-ros fence it round; Where’er it springs is ho-ly ground; From
tow’r and dome its glo ries spread; It waves where lone-ly sen-ti es tread;

5. The sa-cred leaves, fair Free-dom’s flow’r, Shall ev-er float on dome and tow’r, To
all their heav’n-ly col-ors true, In black’ning frost or crim-son dew—
THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY—Concluded.

O tell us what its name may be,—Is this the Flow'r of Lib-er-ty? It is, it is.
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see The full-blown Flow'r of Lib-er-ty! Then hail, then.
And, span-gled o'er its az-ure, see The sis-ter Stars of Lib-er-ty! Then hail, then.
It makes the land as o-cen free, And plants an em-plire on the seal! Then hail, then.
And God love us as we love thee, Three ho-ly Flow'r of Lib-er-ty! Then hail, then.

is the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib-er-ty!
Hail the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib-er-ty!
Hail the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib-er-ty!
Hail the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib-er-ty!
Hail the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib-er-ty!

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I've roamed o-ver moun-tain, I've crossed o-ver flood, I've trav-ersed the wave-roll-ing strand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own na-tive land. No, no, no, no, no, no;

2. The right hand of friend-ship how oft have I grasped, And bright eyes have smiled and looked, across the sea, nor could I ask or claim, But I was built for man, in strength and in growth, Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes;

3. Then hall, dear Co-lum-bia, the land that we love, Where flour-ishes Lib-er-ty's reposed it within and saw how bright, And bright eyes have gazed on me, Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes;

stray; Yet hap-pi-er far were the hours that I passed in the tree; 'Tis the birth-place of free-dom, our own na-tive home; 'Tis the west, In my own na-tive land. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes;

Fine.

D. 6

was not my own na-tive land. No, no, no, no, no, no; land, 'tis the land of the free. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes;
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

1. Men of Har-lech! In the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low.
2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,

Wav-ing wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of
Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now! Hurl the reel-ing

Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spearmen, Sax-on bow-men; Be they knights, or
horse-men o-ver, Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, of

hinds, or yeomen, They shall bite the ground! Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-querr
wife, or lov-er, Trembles on a blow! Strands of life are riv-en, Blow for blow is

un-der! The plac-id sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in
giv-en, In dead-ly lock, or bat-tle shock, And mer-cy shrinks to

thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us; He is brav-est,
heav-en! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y, Would you win a
he who leads us! Honor's self now proudly leads us! Freedom! God, and Right! name in story? Strike for home, for life, for glory! Freedom! God, and Right!

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Words by J. R. RANDALL, adapted.

1. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thy gleam-ing sword shall nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Re-
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van-dal toll, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thou wilt not crook to his con-trol, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! let-
3. I see no blush up-on thy cheek Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Tho' thou wast ev-er brave-ly meek, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! For Old Line bu-gle, fife, and drum, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Come
4. I hear the dis-tant thun-der hum, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! The mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-mem-ber How-ard's war-like thrust, And life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer-less chiv-al-ry re-vealed, And to thine own her-oi-c thront, That stalks with Lib-er-ty a-long, And all thy slum-b'lers with the just, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! cruci-fix-ion of the soul, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! gird thy beau-teous limbs with steel, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! ring thy daunt-less slo-gan song, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
OUR FLAG IN THE ISLES OF THE SEA.
( Dedicated to our brave soldiers now fighting in foreign lands.)

1. We've left the land of our childhood, Our kindred and sweet-hearts so true,
To fight for our flag of freedom, The Red, and White, and Blue;
In far distant isles of the ocean, 'Neath tropical skies we roam;
Our foes shall all be conquered, Ere we sail for home, sweet home.

2. We've crossed the wide, stormy ocean, Our country's bright honor to save,
O'er many isles of darkness, The Stars and Stripes shall wave;
When peace shall be established, And liberty is enthroned,
Shall be the isles of ocean, A home, like home, sweet home.

3. Disease and death may overtake us, The foe may us fiercely assail,
But we never will cease the conflict, Till freedom and right prevail;
And, at last, when victory has crowned us, Our glorious deeds well done,
We'll return to our land of freedom, Our own loved home, sweet home.

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And, though our loved ones miss us, While far distant lands we roam.

We'll fight for our flag of freedom, And think of home, sweet home.

**LAND OF GREATNESS.**

 mf Moderato.

1. Land of greatness, home of glory, This the birthplace of the free;
2. Noble deeds of old inspiring Every heart with lofty aim,
3. Homes by safe defence surrounded, Rights which make our freedom sure,

Famed alike in song and story, All thy sons shall cleave to thee
Now our emulation firing, Lead us on to greater fame.
Laws on equal justice founded, These will loyalty secure.

North and South are firmly banded, East and West as one unite;
And Columbia, still unshaken, Proudly flings her banner forth.
While with love and zeal unceasing We are joining heart and hand.

All by honor well commanded, Strong in striving for the right.
Mighty echoes that awakened To the farthest bounds of earth
Shine, in brightness yet increasing, Shine on this, our fatherland.
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Solo or Quartet.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
   twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous flight. O'er the ramparts we
   watched, were so gallant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
   silence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it filled
   blows, half conceals, half discloses! Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
   proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spa-ngled

3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ly swore, That the havoc of war and the
   battle's con-fu-sion, A home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has washed
   war's desolation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath
   made and preserved us a na-tion! Then con-qu'ring we must, When our cause it is just. And

4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their loved home and wild
   ban-ner yet wave Long may it wave Tri-umph doth wave Tri-umph shall wave

   'Tis the star-spa-ngled ban-ner; oh, terror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-spa-ngled ban-ner in this be our mot-to: 'In God is our trust!' And the star-spa-ngled ban-ner in ban-ner yet wave

   O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
1. Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching, With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are round me lying, Filled with thoughts of home and God;
well they know that on the morrow, Some will sleep beneath the sod.
Chorus.
Farewell, Mother, you may never
you may never, Mother,
Oh, you'll not forget me, Mother.

2. Hark! I hear the bugles sounding, 'Tis the signal for the fight;
Now may God protect us, Mother, As he ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom," How it swells upon the air;
yes, we'll rally round the standard, Or we'll perish nobly there.
Press me to your heart again; But
you will not forget me If I'm numbered with the slain.
1. In the prison cell I sit, Thinking, Mother dear, of you, And our
2. In the battle front we stood When their fiercest charge they made, And they
3. So, within the prison cell, We are waiting for the day That shall

bright and happy home so far away; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off a hundred men or more; But before we reached their lines They were
come to open wide the iron door; And the hollow eye grows bright, And the

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.
beaten back, dismayed, And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.
poor heart almost gay, As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are marching, Cheer up, comrades, they will
marching on, o cheer up, comrades,

they will come, And beneath the starry flag We shall

breathe the air again Of the free land in our own beloved home.
THE OLD CABIN HOME.

1. I am going far away, Far away to leave you now, To the
Mississippi valley I am going; I will take my old banjo,
And I'll sing this little song, Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

2. I am going to leave this land, With this, our dark ey band, To
travel all the wide world over, And when I get tired, I will settle down to rest,
And I'll pass the time away, Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

3. When old age comes on us, And my hair is turning gray, I'll
hang up the banjo all alone; I'll sit down by the fire,
Here is my Old Cabin Home, Here is my sister and my brother,
Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.
FLAG OF THE FREE.

1. Flag of the free, fairest to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war,
   Banner so bright with starry light, Float ever proudly from mountain and shore.

2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chosen of God while His might we adore,
   Leading the van for good to man, Symbol of right thro' the years passing o'er.

D. S.—While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry. Union and liberty, one for evermore.

Emblem of freedom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save;

B. BJORNSON.

NATIONAL HYMN OF NORWAY.

R. NORDRAAK.

Love we well our stormy land, Look forth with vision clear;

Yes, we love our native land, And thousand homes so dear. Cherish we the home of parents,

Cres.

Land of Norsemen bold, With the stories to us given By the sagas.
NATIONAL HYMN OF NORWAY—Concluded.

f

old,
With those weird and wondrous sto - ries, Like linger'ring dreams of old!

YANKEE DOODLE.

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap'n Good - win,
2. And there we saw a thou - sand men As rich as Squire Da - vid;
3. And there was Gen - eral Wash - ing - ton Up - on a snow-white charg - er;

And there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty pud - ding,
And what they wast - ed ev - ery day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
He looked as big as all out doors, Some thought he was much larg - er.

CHORUS.

Yan - kee Doodle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doodle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sto and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

4 And there they had a copper gun,
Big as a log of maple,
They tied it to a wooden oar,
A load for father's cattle

5 And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder

6 And there I saw a little keg
All bound around with leather,
They beat it with two little sticks,
To call the men together.

7 But I can't tell you half I saw,
They kept up such a smother;
I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

Spirited.

1. Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war winged its wide desolation, And threatened the land to deform, The
3. The star-spangled banner brings hither, O'er Columbia's truths let it wave; May the
   shrine of each patriot's devotion, A world offers homage to thee. Thy
   ark then of freedom's foundation, Columbia, ride safe thro' the storm. With the
   wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the
   mandates make heroes assemble, When Liberty's form stands in view; Thy
   garlands of victory a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her
   service, united, ne'er sever, But hold to their colors so true; The
   banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
   flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
   army and navy forever, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three
   borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
   boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
   cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three
   banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
   flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
   army and navy forever, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is
trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword, His truth is marching on.

2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
built Him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaming lamps, His day is marching on.

3. I have read a fier y gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye
deal with my contemporaries, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is
died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a
Glor y! Gl or y! H a lle - lu - jah! Gl or y! Gl or y! H a lle - lu - jah!

Glor y! Gl or y! H a lle - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.
1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glory! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children,
wives, and grand-sires hoar-y, Behold their tears, and hear their cries! Behold their
tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful tyrants, mis-chief breeding, With hireling
hosts, a ruffian band, Af-fright and des-o-rate the land, While peace and
regicide their slaves a-dore; But man is man, and who is more? Then shall they
dagger tyrants wield; But free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their
longer lash and goad us! To arms, to arms, ye braves! Th'a-veng-ing sword un-
thee, Once having felt thy gen'rous flame? Can dungeons,
bolts and bars con-fine thee? Or whips thy no-ble spir-it tame? Or whips thy
vend the light and air. Like beasts of bur-den would they load us, Like gods would
noble spir-it tame? Too long the world has wept be-wailing That falsehood's
sheathe! March on, march on! all hearts re-solved On vic-to-ry or death!
THE VACANT CHAIR.

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him
   There will be one vacant chair;

2. At our fireside, sad and lonely,
   Often will the bosom swell;

3. True, they tell us wreaths of glory
   Ever more will deck his brow,

We shall linger to caress him.
While we breathe our evening prayer.

At remembrance of the story
How our noble Will fell;

But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now.

When a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye,

How he strove to bear our burden
Thro' the thickest of the fight,

Sleep today, O early fallen
In thy green and narrow bed,

But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

And uphold our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might.

Dirges from the pine and eypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

Chorus.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him
There will be one vacant chair;

We shall linger to caress him.
When we breathe our evening prayer.
1. Salute the flag! the dear old flag, With colors red, white, and blue;
   It stands for truth and liberty. This flag is waving for you.
   Thou art the flag of rich and poor, O may thy lustre increase.
   O may the God of heaven bless our flag of glorious fame.

2. We love thy colors, every one, Thou emblem of truth and peace;
   Thou art the flag of rich and poor, O may thy lustre increase.
   O may the God of heaven bless our flag of glorious fame.

3. With gleaming stars of forty-five, Thou hast a world-wide name;
   Our national flag, victorious flag, By thee we will evermore stand.

Chorus.

Hurrah for our flag! Our beautiful flag! We cheer thee all over our land (our land);
FREEDOM—Concluded.

1. How thou canst to grow! Blest the happy
2. Where thy
rat-tle, Good it
is to die. Good,
for freedom
tarries. On the
voice is heard; High or low in station, All obey thy word.
battle-field, Dying pangs it parries With its potent shield.

BEFORE ALL LANDS.

mf Andante.

1. Before all lands in east or west, I love my native
2. Before all tongues in east or west, I love my native

land the best, With God's best gifts 'tis teeming; For gold and jewels
tongue the best, Tho' not so smoothly spoken, Nor woven with I

here are found, And men of noble worth abound, And
tal-lan art, Yet, when it speaks from heart to heart, The

eyes of joy are beams, And eyes of joy are beams,
word is never broken, The word is never broken.
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Rather slow.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; grow; A few more days for to to-tle the wea-ry load,—No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;

2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar-canes By'm-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Where- ev-er the dark-ey may ch. Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.
O THOU, MY AUSTRIA.

1. Where snow-crowned mountains rear their summits toward the sky, As tho' they converse held with clouds in heav'n on high, Where sparkling springs flow waters, sweetest flow'res to blushing maidens bring. Where echoes far and near ring clearly crystal clear. Where chamois fleet ascent by youths who ne'er know fear. Who aim when on the air, Where faith and love go hand in hand in union fair. The land where far above on rocky steep they stand, Who aim when far above on rocky faith and love go ever hand in hand, The land where faith and love go ever steep they stand; Yes! that is my Aus-tri-a! That is my hand in hand; Yes! there is my Aus-tri-a! There is my Aus-tri-a! That is my Aus-tri-a, my father-land.

Arr. from F. von S...
DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

J. J. Carpentcr.

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ever think of me? I who shared their every grief, I who mingled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and I struck untouched, Does a stranger wake the string? Will no kind, forgiving think of him who came, But could never win their praise? I am happy by his strange To the one now doomed to roam, I would give the world to know, "Do they word! Come a cross the raging foam? Shall I never cease to sigh, "Do they side, And from mine he'll never roam, But my heart will sadly ask, "Do they think of me at home?" I would give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?" Shall I never cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?" But my heart will sadly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

THE BREEZE FROM HOME.

1. When sailing o'er time's restless sea, Beneath a dark and clouded sky,
2. Loud raves the voice of angry gales, But while the breakers madly foam,
3. Then let the frowning sky grow dark, Let the wild tempest wilder rave;
THE BREEZE FROM HOME—Concluded.

How sweet the whisper comes to me
That tells of home and harbor high.
A soft wind fans the spreading sails,
The pleasant breeze that blows from home.
A strong hand guides the toiling bark,
To port across the stormy wave.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

1. 'Mid pleasures and palace, though we say roam,
   Be it ever so hum-bly, there's no place like home;
   A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us mother now thinks of her child;
   As she looks on that moon from our own cottage low-ly thatched cot-tage a-gain;
   The birds sing-ing gal-ly, that came at my there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.

2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wilds,
   And feel that my door, Thro' the woodbine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, call;
   Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear-er than all.

John Howard Payne.

3. An ex-ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh, give me my sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.
THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE

C. W. GLOVER

\[\text{p Moderato.}\]

1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace
   Of the home we loved of yore, Of the old familiar place;

2. We may sail o'er every sea, But we still shall fall to find
   Any spot so dear to be As the one we left behind;

   Other scenes may be as bright, But we miss, 'neath alien skies,
   Words of comfort we may hear, But they cannot touch the heart.

   Both the welcome and the light Of the old, kind, loving eyes.
   Like the tones to memory dear, Of the friends from whom we part.

   Home is home; of this bereft, Memory loves again to trace
   Home is home; the wand'rer longs All the scenes of youth to trace,

   All the forms of those we left In the old familiar place.
   And o' er the old home songs In the old familiar place.
THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH.

Words and Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

1. The dearest spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The

2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've

fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charmed the learned to look with lover's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are

sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so endear - ing; All the world is tru - ly plight-ed, There where hearts are so un - il - ted; All the world be-

not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home. The dearest spot on earth to me Is side I've slight-ed For home, sweet home. The dearest spot on earth to me Is

home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home. sweet home.
MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORCE.

1. Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—Sing it as we used to sing it,
2. How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound! How the turkeys gobbled which our common-sorry found! How the sweet potatoes even
3. Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears. When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years; Hardly could they be restrained from
4. "Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!" So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast. Had they not forgot, last to
5. So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train, sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main; Treason fled before us, for re-

CHORUS.

fitly thousand strong, While we were marching thro' Georgia,
started from the ground, While we were marching thro' Georgia,
breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Georgia,
recked on with the host, While we were marching thro' Georgia,
resistance was in vain. While we were marching thro' Georgia.

bring the jubilee! Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!

So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.