

UNION LEAGUE

M E L O D I E S :

A COLLECTION OF

PATRIOTIC HYMNS AND TUNES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ADAPTED TO UNION LEAGUE MEETINGS; ARMY AND NAVY; AND SOCIAL
GATHERINGS GENERALLY.

BY REV. J. W. DADMUN,

AUTHOR OF "ARMY AND NAVY MELODIES," "MELODEON," &c.

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PREFACE.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The publisher of this little work has had frequent calls, of late, for a song book adapted to UNION LEAGUES. These appeals, together with a desire to promote the cause of the American Union, have induced him to publish the first song book, with words and music, adapted to Union League Meetings. It is also adapted to the Army and Navy, and all Patriotic Meetings. Some of the most popular pieces are, "There is Hope for the Union," "Shout for Liberty and Union," "The Ship in a Storm," "The Hero's Covering," "The Nation's Golden Hour," "Stars and Stripes," "Take your Gun and go, John," "President's Hymn," "Rally round the Flag, Boys," "Red, White and Blue," "Ellsworth's Avengers," &c., &c.; and all for the very low price of ONE DIME.

"God preserve and bless the Union,

* * * * *

Since Liberty, we all agree,

Will live or die with th' Union."

UNION LEAGUE

M E L O D I E S .

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

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

National Hymn.

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

WM. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

1. A lit-tle ship was on the sea, It was a pret-ty sight, }
It sailed a - long so pleasantly, And all was calm and bright, }

When, lo! a storm be - gan to rise, The wind blew loud and strong;

It blew the clouds across the skies, It blew the waves a - long;

It blew the clouds a-cross the sky, It blew the waves a - long.

2

And all but One were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep,
His head was on a pillow laid,
And he was fast asleep;
"Master, we perish! Master, save!"
They cried; their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.

3

A noble ship, our Country dear,
Has weathered many a gale—
Yet now a storm beats so severe,
That many stout hearts quail;

But One who rides above the storm,
Can save us from all ill;
We only wait to hear his voice
Commanding "Peace, be still!"

4

O, Jesus! Master! hear, we pray,
Remove the chastening rod;
Let not our foes exulting say,
"There is no help in God."
From threat'ning storms preserve
our land,
Rebuke the winds and waves;
And let us, one united band,
Rejoice in God, who saves.

SHOUT FOR LIBERTY AND UNION.

5

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK, BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

Air, "Dixie."

1.

The Union, it shall stand forever,
Traitors ne'er the States dissever;
Shout away! shout away! shout away! Liberty!
O soon we'll crush this vile rebellion,
Helped by many a loyal million,
Shout away! shout away! shout away! Liberty!

CHORUS.

God preserve and bless the Union,
For aye! for aye!
Since Liberty, we all agree,
Will live or die with th' Union,
For aye! for aye,
For aye preserve the Union!

2.

Our noble boys they fight untiring,
All to noble deeds aspiring;
Shout away! shout away! shout away! Liberty!
And 'neath our striped and starry token
Fight to keep our band unbroken,
Shout away! shout away! shout away! Liberty!

CHORUS.

3.

Now one by one our foes are scattered,
And the trait'rous league is shattered,
Shout away! shout away! shout away! Liberty!
And soon shall float our nation's banner
With no stain of dark dishonor:
Shout away! shout away! shout away! Liberty!

CHORUS.

4.

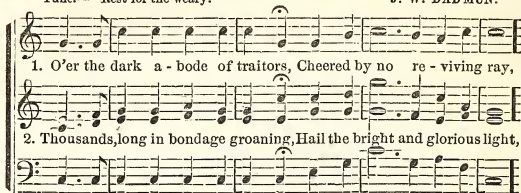
We'll strike for Liberty and Union,
Crushing out each dark rebellion!
Shout away! shout away! shout away! Liberty!
Now onward, to the prize we're pressing,
Soon shall Peace our land be blessing;
Shout away! shout away! shout away! Liberty!

CHORUS.

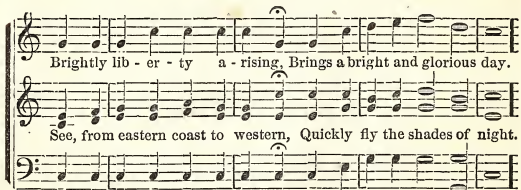
THERE'S HOPE FOR THE UNION.

Tune.—“Rest for the weary.”

J. W. DAD MUN.

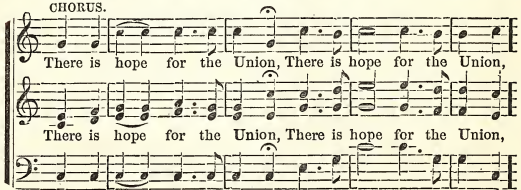


1. O'er the dark a - bode of traitors, Cheered by no re - viving ray,
2. Thousands, long in bondage groaning, Hail the bright and glorious light,

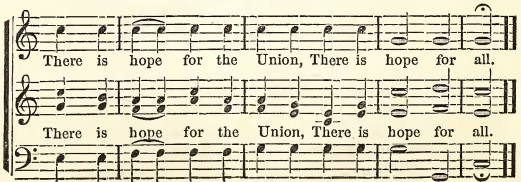


Brightly lib - er - ty a - rising, Brings a bright and glorious day.
See, from eastern coast to western, Quickly fly the shades of night.

CHORUS.



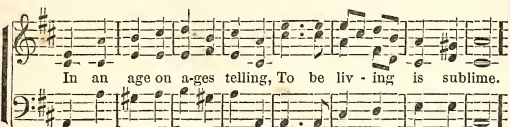
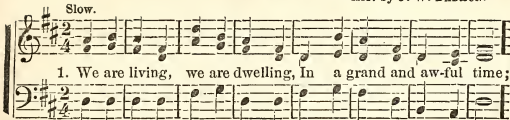
There is hope for the Union, There is hope for the Union,
There is hope for the Union, There is hope for the Union,



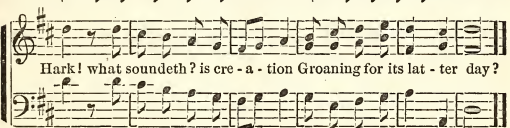
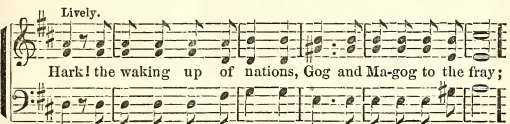
There is hope for the Union, There is hope for all.
There is hope for the Union, There is hope for all.

Arr. by J. W. DADMUN.

Slow.



Lively.



2

Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock!
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier:
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3

Worlds are charging, heaven behold—
Thou hast but an hour to fight; [ing,
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew,
Tell on ages—tell for God!

Conclusion of hymn on the opposite page.

3

May the heart reviving story,
Win and conquer—never cease—
May the ranks of Union ever
Multiply and still increase.

4

Now the trump of Union sounding,
Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?
Let your voices, all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day.

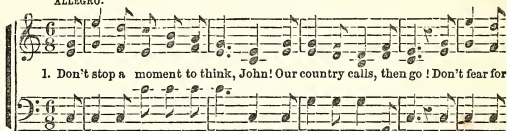
"TAKE YOUR GUN AND GO."

Inscribed to the Maine Volunteers.

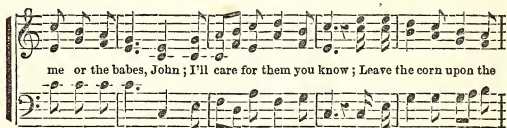
Music by REV. ALONZO B. RICH.

Arranged by ALBERT S. ALLEN.

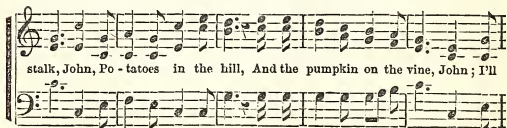
ALLEGRO.



1. Don't stop a moment to think, John! Our country calls, then go! Don't fear for

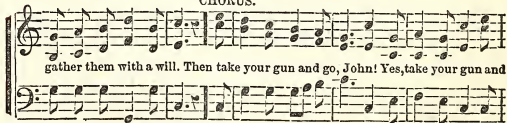


me or the babes, John; I'll care for them you know; Leave the corn upon the

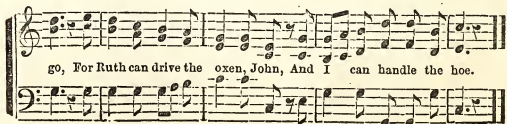


stalk, John, Po - tatoes in the hill, And the pumpkin on the vine, John; I'll

CHORUS.

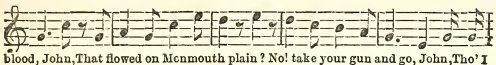
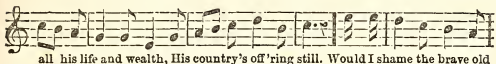
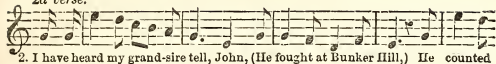


gather them with a will. Then take your gun and go, John! Yes, take your gun and

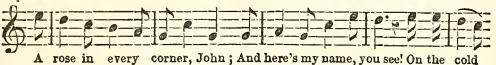
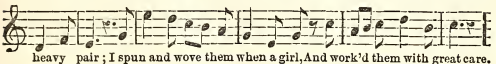
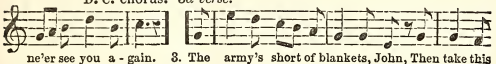


go, For Ruth can drive the oxen, John, And I can handle the hoe.

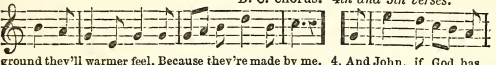
2d verse.



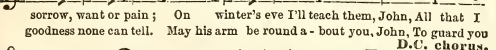
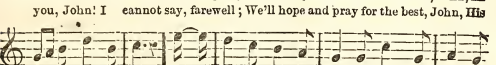
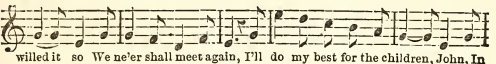
D. C. chorus. 3d verse.



D. C. chorus. 4th and 5th verses.



5. And now, good-bye to



D.C. chorus.



night and day, Be our be-loved country's shield, Till war shall pass away.

Words by MRS. HOLDEN.

The venerable mother — nearly if not quite four-score — of one who recently fell bravely leading on his troops in battle, gazed calmly upon the face of her son, after his body was brought home for burial. At last a movement was made by a friend to cover the face. The noble woman put him gently aside, and carefully performing the act himself, said: "My son, I have covered you many times before; now I do it for the last time, and with the flag of your country."

J. W. DADMUN.

Tenderly.

1. I have watched thee, O my darling, In thy childhood's quiet

sleep: I have caught the gentle cadence Of thy breathing soft and deep.

As the wintry wind howled loudly, And the nights grew long and

cold,..... O how lovingly I "covered thee," With many a downy fold.

2 I have lingered, O my darling,
With a mother's perfect joy,
Round the bed where calmly
slumbered

My merry, weary boy;
A good-night kiss then pressing
Upon that forehead fair,
How tenderly I "covered thee,"
With a blessing and a prayer.

3 For the last time, O my darling,
Is it *indeed* the last?
I will cover thee as gently
As in the happy past.
Thy comrades wait to bear thee
To a soldier's honored grave;
My Hero Boy I "cover thee,"
With the flag you died to save.

The Red, White and Blue.

By Rev. J. G. Forman.

1

Blest banner of Freedom! thy pinion
Floats wide o'er the land and the sea;
The emblem of peaceful dominion,
Our eyes turn with rapture to thee.
Though war-clouds and dangers are
o'er us,

Thy folds are still dear to our view;
With the flag of our country before
us,

We march to the Red, White and
Blue,

2

The glorious ensign ne'er sever;
Let it float in the ether above;
Its stars the bright symbol forever,
Of Union, and Freedom, and Love.
May they never grow dim in their
shining,

Nor fade from their colors so true,
The stars and the stripes still en-
twining,

Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.

3

Though traitors shall meet and dis-
semble,
And armies of rebels shall rise,
Our banner shall cause them to
tremble

As it waves in the bright Southern
skies;

And millions of patriot voices
Shall the chorus of Freedom renew,
And shout as the nation rejoices,
Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.

Ellsworth's Avengers.

Tune—"Annie Lisle."

1

Down where the patriot army,
Near Potomac's side,
Guards the glorious cause of free-
dom,

Gallant Ellsworth died.
Brave was the noble chieftain,
At his country's call,
Hastened to the field of battle,
And was first to fall.

Strike, freeman, for the Union,
Sheath your swords no more
While in arms remains a traitor,
On Columbia's shore!

2

Entering the traitor city,
With his soldiers true,
Leading up the Zouave column,
Fixed became his view;
See, that rebel flag is floating
O'er that building tall,
Spoke he, while his dark eye glist-
ened,

Boys, that flag *must* fall!
Strike, freemen, &c.

3

Quickly from its proud position
That base flag was torn,
Trampled 'neath the feet of freemen,
Circling Ellsworth's form.

See him bear it down the landing,
Past the traitor's door.
Hear him groan! O God, they've
shot him!

Ellsworth is no more.

4

Traitor's hands shall never sunder
That for which you died;
Hear the oath our lips now utter,
Thou our nation's pride:
By our hopes of yon bright Heaven,
By the land we love,
By the God who reigns above us,
We'll avenge his blood!

A. Lora Hudson.

THE STARS AND STRIPES. C. M.

Words by Mrs. J. H. HANAFORD.

J. W. D.

1. The banner of St. George may float Above Old England's walls,
2. No Moslem crescent finds a place Up-on our banner fair;

The red cross gleaming from the towers Of her time-honored halls.
The emblems of e - ter - nal light Beam on the azure there.

But fling from every summit here, The Banner of the free,—
Each twinkling star that decks the sky, Shines with unborrowed light,

Old England's war-stained flag is fair, But "Stars and Stripes" for me.
The sun of many a planet sphere, The glo - ry of the night.

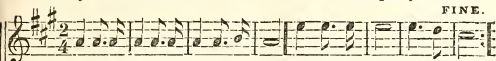
HOMeward BOUND. 10s & 4s.

13

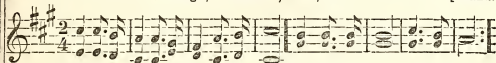
Words by Rev. W. F. WARREN.

Arranged by J. W. D.

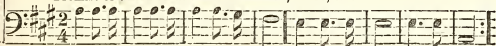
FINE.



1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're, &c. [bound.



Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're, &c.



D. C.



Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode,



2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound.

Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly
shores,

We're homeward bound.

Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last.

Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last.

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 So, in our Union, every State,
To every home a sun,

Adds to the glory of the whole,
"Inseparable and one."

"Union and Liberty" they tell—
Those stars upon our flag;

"Long may it wave" in triumph o'er
Each mean Secession rag.

4 Nail to each mast our country's sign,
The standard of the free!

And then defend its stars and stripes
On every tossing sea.

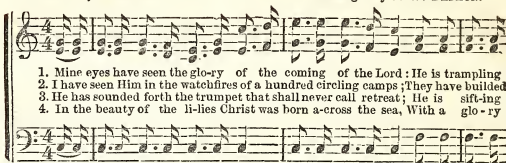
Freedom and peace shall yet be known
In our beloved land,—

For oh! the striped and starry flag
Is held in God's right hand.

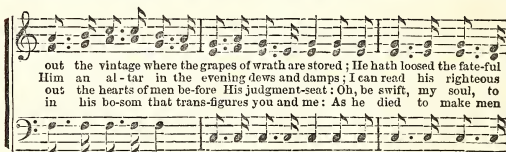
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Words by Mrs. Howe.

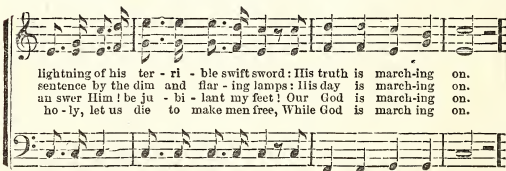
Arranged by J. W. DADMUN.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the coming of the Lord : He is trampling
 2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps ; They have builded
 3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ; He is sift-ing
 4. In the beauty of the li-lies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry



out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ; He hath loosed the fate-ful
 Him an al-tar in the evening dew and damps ; I can read his righteous
 out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment-seat : Oh, be swift, my soul, to
 in his bo-som that trans-figures you and me : As he died to make men

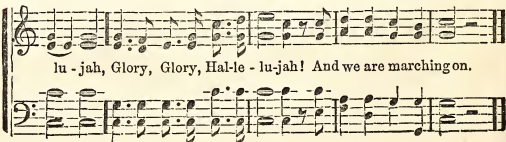


lightning of his ter - ri - ble swift sword : His truth is march-ing on.
 sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps : His day is march-ing on.
 an swer Him ! be ju - bi - lant my feet ! Our God is march-ing on.
 ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march ing on.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, Glo-ry, Halle - lu - jah, Glo - ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Hal - le -



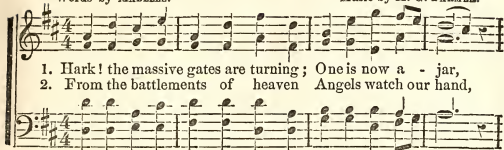
lu - jah, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Hal-le - lu-jah ! And we are marching on.

THE NATION'S GOLDEN HOUR.

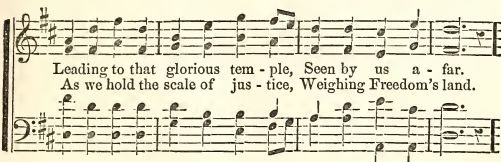
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Words by MABELLE.

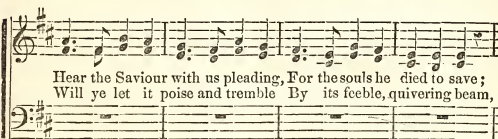
Music by M. G. FARMER.



1. Hark! the massive gates are turning; One is now a - jar,
2. From the battlements of heaven Angels watch our hand,



Leading to that glorious tem - ple, Seen by us a - far.
As we hold the scale of jus - tice, Weighing Freedom's land.



Hear the Saviour with us pleading, For the souls he died to save;
Will ye let it poise and tremble By its feeble, quivering beam,



Hear his voice in righteous an - ger, "Free the cap - tive slave."
Till the days of darkness deep - en, Shutting out life's gleam?

3.

That is shining through the portal,
Giving us the power
Now to seize the present moment
As the "Golden hour."
See, in triumph, swift advancing,
Hosts of Freedom's joyful train!
Wake, ye people, from this slumber;
Wipe away this stain!

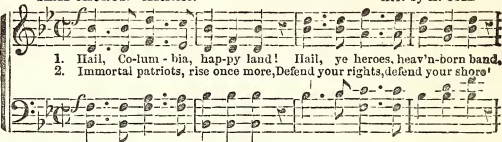
4.

Quickly rouse, O mighty nation,
Test thy strength and power
To transfigure man immortal;
Grasp the "Golden hour."
O, ye deathless, sleeping millions,
Waste no time for idle breath;
Strike to-day for God and freedom,
Victory or death!

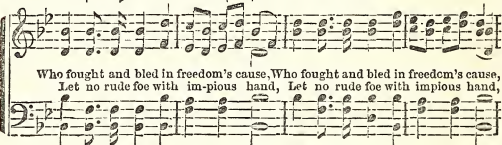
HAIL COLUMBIA.

SEMI-CHORUS. Maestoso.

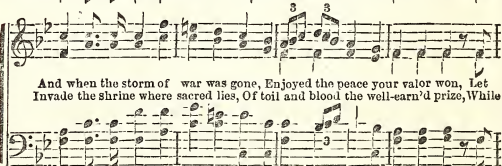
Arr. by A. CULL.



1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore!



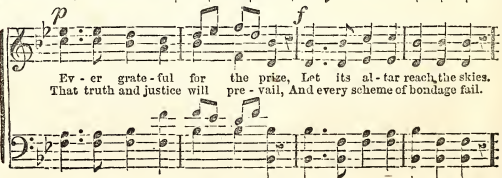
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with impious hand,



And when the storm of war was gone, Enjoyed the peace your valor won, Let
Invade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize, While

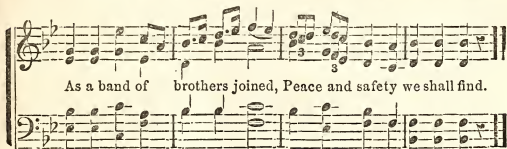


In - de-pend-ence be our boast. Ev - er mind-ful what it cost,
offering peace sin-cere and just, In Heav'n we place a manly trust,



Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.
That truth and justice will pre-vail, And every scheme of bondage fail.

FULL CHORUS.



3 Sound, sound the trump of Fame ;
 Let WASHINGTON's great name
 ¶ Ring thro' the world with loud applause||
 Let every clime to freedom dear
 Listen with a joyful ear.
 With equal skill, with godlike power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war, or guides with ease
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm, united, &c.

4 Behold the chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country stands,
 ¶ The rock on which the storm will beat.:||
 But armed in virtue firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or LIBERTY.
 Firm, united, &c.

Liberty and Union.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

1 Hail the Union! let it stand,
 Pride of patriots o'er our land ;
 And let not treason sever now
 The sacred bands our fathers joined,
 When all the States like tendrils twined
 Around the banner of the free.

Shouting " Union!" " Liberty!"
 Side by side, like brothers, found
 Battling for the hallowed ground.

CHORUS.

Still let " Union!" be our cry ;
 " Union!" let each State reply—
 Liberty and Union twined,
 Will be joy and strength combined.

2 From the North, where icy chains
 Bind the streams while Winter reigns,
 Where patriot blood was freely shed,
 Oh! let the fervent prayer ascend,
 That Liberty and Union blend
 O'er all the land our fathers won,
 When Concord plains and Lexington
 Rang with shouts of victory,
 Prophet-anthems of the free.
 Still let " Union!" &c.

3 Where e'en winter airs are balm,
 Thro' the South, where waves the palm,
 From whence came hearts to freedom true,
 To battle for that liberty
 So dear to souls by God made free—
 Whence came th' immortal Washington,
 Wearing the crown his valor won—
 Let the Union shout resound,
 Drowning treason's discord sound.
 Still let " Union!" &c

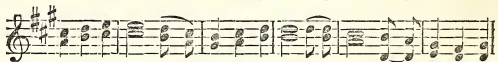
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



1. O.... say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the



proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming; }
ramparts we watched were so gallant - ly streaming; } And the



rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our



flag was still there. Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet



wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

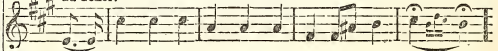
FULL CHORUS.

1st Tenor.

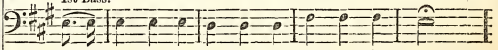


1. O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave,

2d Tenor.

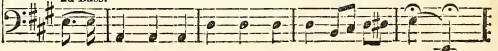


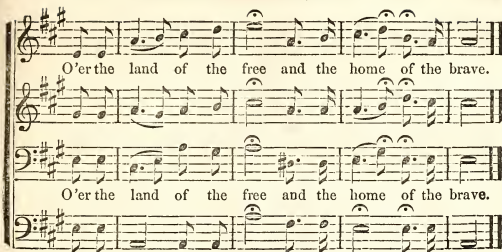
1st Bass.



2. 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave,

2d Bass.





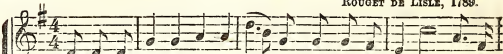
- 2 On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream.
 'Tis the star-spangled banner; O, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
- 3 And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more—
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge can save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
- 4 O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust—"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

ADDITIONAL VERSE, BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

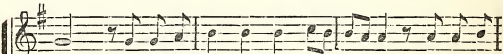
When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
 If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
 Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
 The flag of her stars and the page of her glory!
 By the millions unchained who our birthright have gained,
 We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
 While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

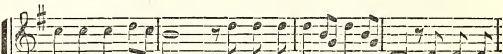
ROUGET DE LISLE, 1789.



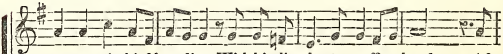
1. Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory, Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you
Instrument.



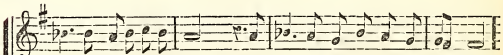
rise; Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoary, Behold their



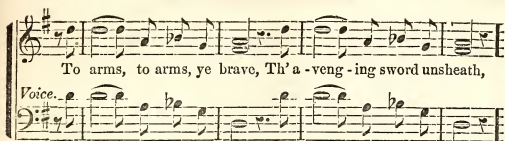
tears, and hear their cries ! Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Shall hateful



tyrants mischief breeding, With hireling host, a ruffian band, Af-



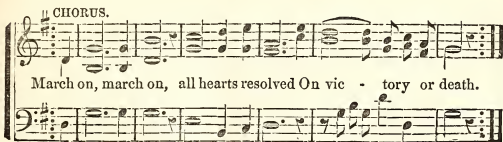
fright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding ;



To arms, to arms, ye brave, Th' a - veng - ing sword unsheath,

Voice.

CHORUS.



March on, march on, all hearts resolved On vic - tory or death.

2 Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
 Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing.
 To arms! &c.

3 With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,
 (Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,)
 To mete and vend the light and air.
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
 But man is man, and who is more!
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms! &c.

4 O, Liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts or bars confine thee?
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms! &c.

MARCHING ALONG.

W. B. BRADBURY

Words by R. P. CLARK.

From "Golden Chain," by permission.

March Movement.

1. The soldiers are gathering from near and from far, The trumpet is

sounding the call for the war; The conflict is raging, 't will be

fearful and long, We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

CHORUS. *Loud.*

Marching along, we are marching along, Gird on the armor,

and be marching along, The conflict is raging, 'twill be

fearful and long, Then gird on the armor, and be marching along.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS.

23

Words by JAMES T. FIELDS, ESQ.

Music by O. B. BROWN.

1. *Ral - ly* round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze!

That's the ban - ner *we* love, On the land and seas;

Brave hearts are un - der it; Let the *Traitors* brag;

Gallant lads, fire a - way! And fight for the flag.

CHO. *Ral - ly* round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze!

Let our col - ors, fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For

FINE.

That's the ban - ner *we* love, On the land and seas.

Vic - to - ry is Lib - er - ty, And God will bless the Right.

2d verse.

Their flag is but a rag, Ours is the true one;

Up with the Stars and Stripes! Down with the new one! Let our colors fly, boys,

D.C. CHORUS.

Guard them day and night. For Victory is Liberty, And God will bless the Right.

Conclusion of hymn on the opposite page.

- 2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.—*Chorus.*
- 3 We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.—*Chorus.*

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Poetry by W. E. HICKSON. Music, German.

mp

1. Now to heaven our prayer ascend - ing, God speed the right;
2. Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;

In a no - ble cause con - tending, God speed the right.
Ne'er des - pair - ing, though de - feat - ed, God speed the right.

mf

Be our zeal in heaven re - cord - ed, With success on
Like the great and good in sto - ry, If we fail, we

earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
fail with glo - ry; God speed the right, God speed the right.

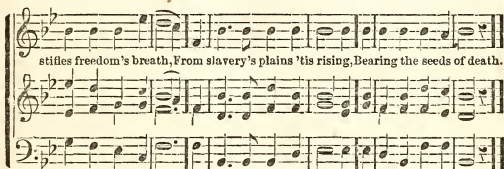
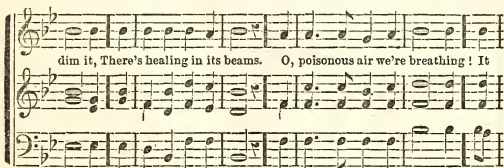
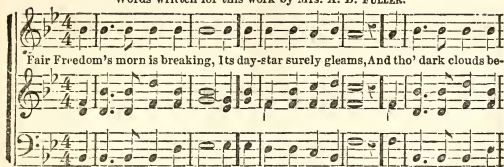
3

Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's good time
succeeding,
God speed the right.

4

Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing;
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right.

Words written for this work by Mrs. A. B. FULLER.

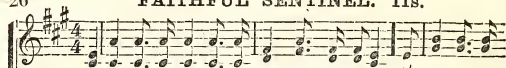


2 Shall we bewail the war-cloud
That gathers o'er us now,
Though fearful thunders mutter,
And fierce the lightning's glow,
If, when the tempest's over,
From every hill and grove,
Floats forth the breath of honor,
Of freedom and of love?


3 Will not the struggling nations
Of Europe, seize again
The sword, with hearts quick beating,
And boldly rush, like men,
Where'er the strife is hottest,
And bear their banners high,
Gleaming and flashing widely,
Their watch-word, LIBERTY.

4 Russia's already freeing
Her long down-trodden sons;
A voice from fair Italia,
Of hope and gladness comes,
That ne'er shall cease its shouting,
Till answering echoes sound
From every cliff or valley
Where tyrant's foot is found.

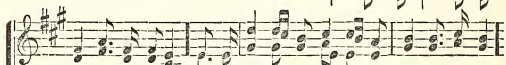
5 O, glad day! haste thy coming,
When all men shall be free;
When Liberty's dominions
Shall reach from sea to sea!
For at thy glorious dawning
Shall all disunion cease,
The bright millennial morning
Of the fair reign of Peace.




1. Away from his home and the friends of his youth, He hasted, the



herald of mercy and truth ; For the love of his Lord, and to



seek for the lost ; Soon, alas, was his fall, but he died at his post,



Soon, a - las, was his fall, but he died at his post.

- 2 The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb :
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.
- 3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done :
The battle was fought, and the victory won ;
But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most,
" Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post."*
- 4 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell ;
He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post. Rev. W. Hunter.

* Dying words of the Rev. Thomas Drummond.

BEAUTIFUL STARS. L. M.

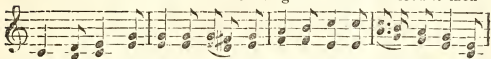
27

Words by GEO. T. BOURNE. By permission of J. H. HIDLEY, Esq.

H. TUCKER



1. When home re- turning from the fight They wend their way, with
But no - ble wounds will be for - got As each his blood-stained



noble scars, They'll point to wounds by traitorous hands Which fought against the
sa - bre wipes, And thinks how rose that dying voice, "All hail the glorious



Stripes and Stars. Which fought against the Stripes and Stars.
Stars and Stripes." "All hail the glorious Stars and Stripes."

CHORUS.

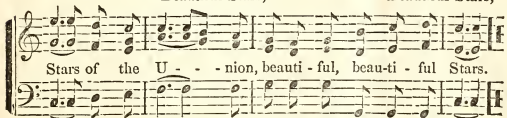


Beau - ti - ful Stars, Beau . ti - ful Stars,



Beautiful Stars,

Beautiful Stars,



Stars of the U - - - nion, beau ti - ful, beau ti - ful Stars.

2 "All hail the Stars and Stripes!" The words
Are graven now, on every heart,
A Nation's watchword — Freedom's song! —
Of every future act a part.

"All hail the glorious Stars and Stripes!"
The echo leaps from hill to hill!
We first drew breath beneath its folds,
We'll live and die beneath it still!

3 "All hail the Stars and Stripes," the cry,
From forest home to ocean shore!
Ten thousand times ten thousand hands
Are raised to free that flag once more.
To each proud heart new hope is sent,
To each strong arm new strength is given,
And raised aloft from every home,
The Stars and Stripes float nearer heaven!

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies,

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8, also containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

Waves before you glory's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry!

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8, also containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

Seize your armor, gird it on! Now the battle will be won!

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8, also containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

See! the strife will soon be done; Then struggle manful - ly.

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8, also containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

2 Now the fight of faith begin ;
 Be no more the slaves of sin ;
 Strive the victor's palm to win,
 Trusting in the Lord.
 Gird ye on the armor bright,
 Warriors of the King of light,
 Never yield, nor lose by flight
 Your divine reward.

3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
 Met and vanquished earth and hell ;
 Now he leads you on, to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.
 Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear ?
 God, our strength and shield, is near,
 We cannot lose our cause.

4 Fear not, though a feeble band,
 Marching through a hostile land ;
 Guided by a mighty hand,
 Ye shall win the day.
 Faithful to your banner be,
 Ever fighting manfully :
 Laurels shall be won by thee,
 Fading not away.

5 Onward, then, ye hosts of God !
 Jesus points the victor's rod ;
 Follow where your Leader trod ;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain,
 And walk among that glorious train
 Who shout their Savior's praise.

Thy Country calls thee.

1 Rouse ye at your country's call !
 Patriots, rouse ye one and all ;
 Will you see your country fall
 Into anarchy ?
 See ! our Spangled Banner waves
 High above our fathers' graves !
 Will their sons be coward slaves
 Unworthy to be free ?

2 See rebellion lift its head
 Where the patriot's blood was shed,
 Where repose the illustrious dead,

The sires of Liberty !
 Freeman, will ye cringe and cower
 Now in this decisive hour ?
 Will ye fear rebellion's power ?
 Will ye bow the knee ?

3 NO ! I hear it thundered forth,
 From the true and loyal North,
 Duty calls each man of worth
 To uphold our laws.
 Up ! and arm you for the fight !
 Battle for your country's right !
 Put the traitor foe to flight !
 God will speed His cause !

4 Wives and mothers, do your part !
 Let no gathering tear-drop start !
 Though it rend the bursting heart,
 Speed them on their way ;
 Friends of Freedom, swell the song !
 Be your chorus loud and long !
 Make the Union army strong,
 And on to victory.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
 Tune, "America."

1 Here, where our fathers came
 Bearing the holy flame
 To light our days,—
 Here, where with faith and prayer
 They reared these walls in air,
 Now to the heavens so fair
 Their flag we raise.

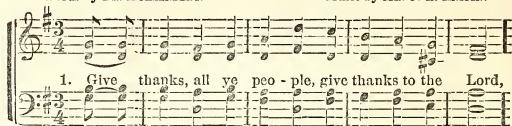
2 Look ye, where free it waves
 Over their hallowed graves !
 Blessing their sleep ;
 Now pledge your heart and hand,
 Sons of a noble land,
 Round this bright flag to stand,
 Till death to keep !

3 God of our fathers ! now
 To thee we raise our vow—
 Judge and defend ;
 Let Freedom's banner wave
 Till there be not a slave ;
 Show thyself strong to save,
 Unto the end.

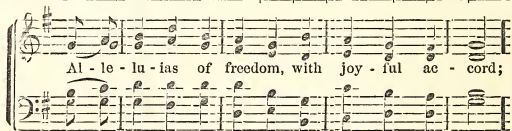
30 PRESIDENT'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Words by DR. MUHLENBERG.

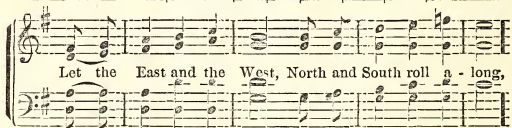
Music by MR. J. L. ENSIGN.



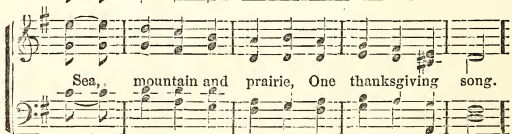
1. Give thanks, all ye peo - ple, give thanks to the Lord,



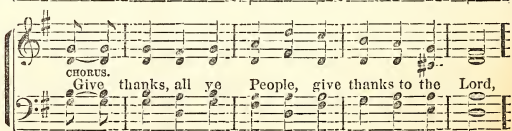
Al - le - lu - ias of freedom, with joy - ful ac - cord;



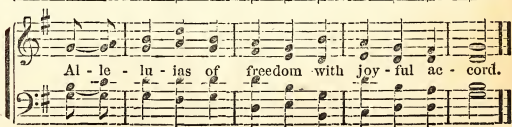
Let the East and the West, North and South roll a - long,



Sea, mountain and prairie, One thanksgiving song.



CHORUS.
Give thanks, all ye People, give thanks to the Lord,



Al - le - lu - ias of freedom with joy - ful ac - cord.

- 2 For the sunshine and rain-fall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads, with treasures of grain ;
For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health :
Give thanks, &c.
- 3 For the Nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage, their God-given rights to enthrall,
But Liberty guarded by Justice for all :
Give thanks, &c.
- 4 In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom, and the Plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow ;
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales
On His Ocean domains chant His Name with the gales.
Give thanks, &c.
- 5 Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
Your riches from Him Whose the silver and gold ;
Happier children of Labor, true lords of the soil,
Bless the Great Master-Workman, who blesseth your toil.
Give thanks, &c.
- 6 Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coasts,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts ;
Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory,—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks, &c.
- 7 Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead, in the joy have no part :
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks, &c.
- 8 In the Domes of Messiah—ye worshipping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs ;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Empire still keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks, &c.
- 9 Our guilt and transgressions remember no more ;
Peace, Lord ! righteous Peace, of Thy gift we implore ;
And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er All in the Land.
And the Banner of Union, etc.
Give thanks, &c.

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