

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM,
300,000

MORE.

We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream, from New England's shore;
We leave our Plows and Workshops, and Wives and Children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand more.

MUSIC ARRANGED

BY

J. A. GETZE.



PHILADELPHIA:
LEE & WALKER, 722 CHESTNUT STREET.

"WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM,"

"THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE?"

SONG AND CHORUS.

Arranged by

J. A. Getze.



Marziale.

PIANO. *mf*

f *fz* *fz*

8725.4.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1862 by Lee & Walker at the Clerk's Office of the Dt. Ct. of the En. Dt. of Pa.

1. We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more, From Mis-si-sippi's winding stream and
 2. If you look across the hill tops that meet the northern sky, Long moving lines of rising dust your
 3. If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests shine, You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast
 4. You have call'd us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide, To lay us down for freedom's sake, our

from New England's shore; We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear, With
 vision may descry; And now the wind an in-stant, tears the cloudy veil a-side, And
 forming in-to line; And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds, And
 brothers' bones beside; Or from foul treason's savage group to wrench the murd'rous blade, And

hearts too full for ut-terance with but a silent tear; Oh we dare not look behind us, but
 floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride; And bayonets in the sunlight gleam and
 learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs; And a farewell group stands sweeping at
 in the face of foreign foes its fragments to pa-rade; Three hundred thousand loyal men and

stead-fast-ly be-fore—
 bands brave mu-sic play— We are coming, Father Abra'am Three hundred thousand more!
 ev'-ry cot-tage door—
 true have gone be-fore—

mp

8725.4.

CHORUS.

SOP.
We are coming, we are coming, Our Union to restore; We are

ALTO.
We are coming, we are coming, Our Union to restore; We are

TENOR.
We are coming, we are coming, Our Union to restore; We are

BASS.
We are coming, we are coming, Our Union to restore; We are

PIANO.
f

com - ing, Fa - ther . Abra'am, With Three hun - dred thousand more.

com - ing, Fa - ther . Abra'am, With Three hun - dred thousand more.