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M. O. L. L. U. S.

SONGS

—SUNG BY THE—
SINGING SCHOOL

MISSOURI COMMANDERY



Class E 462

Book 2

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MILITARY ORDER

OF THE

LOYAL LEGION

OF THE

UNITED STATES



SONGS

SUNG BY THE

“SINGING SCHOOL”

OF THE

MISSOURI
COMMANDERY



NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE

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The Daily Express
AUG. 10 1908
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BLESS DE LORD, I SEE OLD LIJAH!
Dedicated to Major James Gay Butler and Major Horatio Dan Wood.

The "Singing School."

"To transmit the first bright and early impressions of our youth, fresh and unimpaired to a remote period in life, constitutes one of the loftiest prerogatives of genius."

AT the stated meeting of the Commandery, held February 6, 1886, on motion, Capt. W. R. Hodges was appointed a Committee of One to organize a glee club. A meeting was called at his residence, and a few companions, who had sung the songs of youth and patriotism on the march and in camp, gathered, and the nucleus of what was facetiously named the "Singing School" was formed. A body of enthusiasts, who for nearly twenty years have been the vital force in the Commandery for ideal companionship, and who have striven with loving interest to make our gatherings a delight. By practice they were enabled to sing with a harmony and fervor which was an inspiration to others, and for years a majority of those present at our meetings have joined to the added pleasure of all. Much credit is due to the perennial enthusiasm and interest of Companion Loyd G. Harris, who, without election or appointment, became the leader of the "Singing School." Acknowledgment is also due to our splendid accompanists, Mr. Charles Galloway and Mr. E. V. McIntyre.

In 1887 a song book was published, containing many numbers which never became popular. As the years went by others were added to our repertoire, and several were written especially for the edification of the Commandery. A revised and complete edition has been demanded, which shall include only the songs sung at our meetings and endeared to all by memories of the past. By general desire the names and portraits of members of the "Singing School," past and present, are here given. There will be a pathetic interest in looking upon the faces of the good fellows who have joined the silent army, as well as upon those living but separated from us. Many distinguished in military and civil life are included, but no one who has not performed the work assigned him and done dutifully and well his stunt.

It is the hope of the Committee on Publication that this book will prove a treasured souvenir of good times past and gone, and an inspiration for good times to come.

MEMBERS OF THE SINGING SCHOOL.

LIEUT. ALBERT MERRELL.

Capt. J. E. ASHCROFT.*
Major J. G. BUTLER.
Major CHAS. CHRISTENSEN.
Col. J. O. CHURCHILL.
Gen. NELSON COLE.*
Capt. GEO. T. CRAM.
E. R. DARLINGTON.
THOS. C. DOAN.
Col. C. C. GARDINER.
Lieut. CHAS. H. GLEASON.*
Capt. THOS. M. GREENE.
Lieut. LOYD G. HARRIS.
Surgeon R. J. HILL.*
Col. CHAS. S. HILLS.*
Capt. W. R. HODGES.
Col. J. F. HOW.*
Lieut E. D. MEIER.
Major H. L. MORRILL.*
Major GEO. H. MORGAN, U. S. A.
Lieut. J. C. PARKER.
Major CHAS. E. PEARCE.*
Lieut. T. A. POST.*
Capt. F. RAYMOND, JR.
Lieut.-Col. GEO. D. REYNOLDS.
Lieut. F. L. RIDGELY.
Lieut.-Col. GEO. ROBINSON, U. S. A.
Lieut.-Com. M. S. STUYVESANT.
CHAS. B. SUDBOROUGH.
Major AMOS M. THAYER.*
V. C. TURNER.
Capt. CHAS. G. WARNER.
THOS. M. WEBSTER.
Major H. D. WOOD.
Lieut.-Gen. S. B. M. YOUNG, U. S. A.

*Dead.

NOTE.—Where photograph could not be obtained, the portrait is omitted.

AMERICA.

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!

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 music swell the breeze,
And ring through all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.

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 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early
light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twi-
light's last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so
gallantly streaming;

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs burst-
ing in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag
was still there;

Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner
yet wave

O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mist
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 on the
stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long
may it wave

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

And where are the foes 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 could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of
the grave,

And the star-spangled banner in triumph
doth wave

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

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall
stand

Between their loved home and war's
desolation;

Blessed 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.



LIEUT. F. L. RIDGELY.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE
OCEAN.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With the garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

Cho.—The boast, etc.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
May the services united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true,
The Army and Navy forever—
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Cho.—Three cheers, etc.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the
 skies
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture
 behold
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold,
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy
 clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson
 thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy
 fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe
 aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in
 fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall
 defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy
 laws
Enlarged as thy empire, and just as thy
 cause;
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall
 rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the
 skies.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall
 display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices
 and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor
 shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee bend
 low;
While the ensigns of union, in triumph
 unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to
 the world.

[The author, Timothy Dwight, was born May 14, 1752; graduated at Yale 1769; made Master of Arts 1772; Chaplain in the Continental Army 1777; while chaplain he wrote the poem "Columbia," which is one of the most remarkably prophetic productions regarding the United States ever uttered.]



MAJOR CHAS. CHRISTENSEN.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

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, fifty thousand
strong,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Chorus.

"Hurrah! hurrah! we 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.
How the darkies shouted when they heard
the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our com-
missary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from
the ground,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Cho.—"Hurrah! hurrah!" etc.

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 break-
ing forth in cheers,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Cho.—“Hurrah! hurrah!” etc.

“Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never
reach the coast!”
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a hand-
some boast—
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon on
our host,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Cho.—“Hurrah! hurrah!” etc.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom
and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to
the main;
Treason fled before us for resistance was
in vain,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Cho.—“Hurrah! hurrah!” etc.



CAPT. CHARLES GUILLE WARNER.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains.

That frowned on the river below.

While we stood by our guns, in the morning,

And eagerly watched for the foe;

When a rider came out from the darkness

That hung over mountain and tree,

And shouted, "Boys up! and be ready!"

For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Chorus.

Then sang we a song for our chieftain

That echoed o'er river and lea,

And the stars in our banner shone brighter

When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman

Went up from each valley and glen,

And the bugles re-echoed the music

That came from the lips of the men,

For we knew that the stars on our banner

More bright in their splendor would be,

And that blessings from North-land would greet us,

When Sherman marched down to the sea!

Cho.

Proud, proud was our army, that morning,

That stood where the pine proudly towers,

When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary;

This day fair Savannah is ours!"

Then sung we a song for our Chieftain,

That echoed o'er river and lea!

And the stars on our banner shone brighter,

When Sherman marched down to the

Sea!

Cho.

VIVE L'AMERICA.

Words revised by LOYD G. HARRIS.

Noble Republic! happiest of lands—
Foremost of nations Columbia stands
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of liberty daily arise.

“United we stand, divided we fall”
Union forever, freedom to all—
Throughout the world our motto shall be
Vive L'America, home of the free.

Stronger and greater as years pass by
Our grand Republic never can die.
Only one flag o'er our country shall wave,
“The land of the free and home of the
brave.”

“United we stand,” etc.

To all our Legion, honor and fame,
To all our heroes a soldier's grand name.
Our stripes and our stars in triumph shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave.

“United we stand,” etc.



CAPT. W. R. HODGES.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

Words by CAPTAIN W. R. HODGES.

Music by MR. E. V. MCINTYRE.

We love to sing about the days, when we
were young and daring,
We gaily went a soldiering, and naught for
danger caring.

Oh, those were the days one did enjoy;
With never a thought he was only a boy.
Then ho, for the days of long ago, when we
tramped through mud and rain.

We ate hard tack and bacon, too, and never
an ache or pain.

With the sky above we slept the sleep, of a
babe in its mother's arms,
Without a thought of the morrow's fight,
nor fear of war's alarms.

For boys will be boys, boys will be boys.

The years may come, the years may go,
But boys will still be boys.

Boys will be boys, boys will be boys.

The years may come, the years may go,
But boys will still be boys.

'Twas march and fight, and fight and march
—of that we had a plenty.

One does not mind such things you know—
when he is only twenty.

Then how you loved your boyhood friend;
Your pay was only made to spend.

Then ho, for the days of long ago, when we
tramped through mud and rain.

We ate hard tack and bacon, too, and never
an ache or pain.

With the sky above we slept the sleep, of a
babe in its mother's arms,

Without a thought of the morrow's fight,
nor fear of war's alarms.

Chorus.

Tho' many years have passed away, our
hearts are young and glowing.

We have our pleasure day by day, the past
is worth the knowing.

No one can take from us our joys;

With frosted heads we still are boys.

Then ho, for the days of long ago, when we
tramped through mud and rain.

We ate hard tack and bacon, too, and never
an ache or pain.

With the sky above we slept the sleep, of a
babe in its mother's arms,

Without a thought of the morrow's fight,
nor fear of war's alarms. Cho.



CAPTAIN F. RAYMOND, JR.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP- GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old Camp-
ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts; a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night! Tenting to-night!
Tenting on the old Camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old
Camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by:
Of the loved ones at home who gave us
the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-by!"

Cho.—Many are the hearts, etc.

We've been fighting to-day on the old
Camp-ground;
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Chorus.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night! Dying to-night!
Dying on the old Camp-ground.



GENERAL NELSON COLE.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all get blind drunk,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all get blind drunk,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his royal brow,
And we'll all get blind drunk,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all get blind drunk,
When Johnny comes marching home.



LIEUT. E. D. MEIER.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, Mother
dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far
away;
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all
that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and
be gay.

Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-
ing;
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.

In the battle front we stood when their
fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or
more;
But before we reached their lines they were
driven back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and
o'er.

Cho.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

So within the prison cell we are waiting for
the day
That shall come to open wide the iron
door,
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the
poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends
once more.

Cho.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

MY OWN UNITED STATES.

Words by S. STANGE.

The poet sings of sunny France,
Fair olive-laden Spain,
The Grecian Isles, Italia's smiles,
And India's torrid plains,
Of Egypt, countless ages old,
Dark Afric's palms and dates,
Let me acclaim, the land I name:
My own United States.

Chorus.

I love every inch of prairie land,
Each stone on her mountain's side,
I love every drop of the water clear
That flows in her rivers wide,
I love every tree, every blade of grass
Within Columbia's gates,
The Queen of the earth is the land of my
 birth:
My own United States.

The poet sings of Switzerland,
Braw Scotland's heathered moor,
The shimmering sheen of Ireland's green,
Old England's rock-bound shore,
Quaint Holland and the Fatherland,
Their charms in verse relates,
Let me acclaim the land I name:
My own United States.

*With loud acclaim we hail our flag,
Its red and white and blue;
The red the stain of hero's blood,
The white the lily's hue,
The blue from heaven's arch was torn,
By kindest of fates,
We pledge our honor and our lives
To our United States.

*Last verse by Capt. W. R. Hodges.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

A song for our banner, the watchword recall,

Which gave the Republic her station;
"United we stand, divided we fall!"

It made and preserves us a nation.

Chorus.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The Union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the Flag of our Union forever and
ever—
The Flag of our Union forever!

What God in His infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with republican thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions
combined
Have the power to conquer or sunder.
Chorus—The union of lakes, the union of
lands, etc.



COL. C. C. GARDINER.

OLD GLORY.

Old glory, flag of liberty,
Triumphant wave o'er land and sea,
The pride of millions yet to be,
'Neath freedom's glorious sway,
We gaze upon each starry fold,
In beauty to the skies unrolled,
And link with thee in pride untold,
Our land America.

Chorus.

Unfurl thy grandeur to the stars,
Dear flag of many battle scars.
Renowned in hallowed story,
All hail to thee, O emblem grand,
The guardian of our native land,
All hail to thee, O emblem grand.
Old glory.

Old glory founded by our sires,
Amid the flame of battle fires,
Thy gleam the hearts of all inspires,
With rapture day by day.
The flag of the New World art thou,
To tyranny thou ne'er shall bow,
Forever wave above the bow,
Of free America.

*Dear flag, we love each stripe and star
Transfigured by the fires of war,
No hand shall e'er thy beauty mar,
Or curb thy glorious sway.
With quivering lip and moistened eye
We raise thy starry folds on high
And swear for thee to do and die,
And our America.

*Third verse by Capt. W. R. Hodges.



CAPTAIN T. S. GREENE.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

By MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

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 lightnings of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of an hundred circling camps—
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by their dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in rows of burnished steel—
“As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat—
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat—
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the
grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the
grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the
grave,
His soul is marching on.

Chorus.

Glory! glory hallelujah!
Glory! glory hallelujah!
Glory! glory hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of
Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of
Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of
Lord,
His soul is marching on. Cho.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon
his back,
His soul is marching on. Cho.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on. Cho.

They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple
tree,
As they go marching on. Cho.

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
As we go marching on!

Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!



MAJOR GEO. H. MORGAN.

OUR GALLANT DANDY TROOPER.

By CAPT. W. R. HODGES.

Written in 1894 and dedicated to the Third
U. S. Cavalry.

A paraphrase of Tommy Adkins.

Oh we take him from the city or the plough,
Surgeons pass him and we dress him up
so neat,
We teach him to uphold his manly brow,
And how to walk and where to put his feet;
He also learns to do the circus act,
And to ride with both his heels toward
the sky,
But once he's up in all the drilling and a
uniform he's filling,
He's a soger that completely fills the eye.

Chorus.

Oh our gallant dandy trooper, you are good
in heart and hand,
You're a credit to your calling and to all
your native land,
May your luck be never failing and your
girl be ever true,
Our yellow-legged trooper, here's a bumper
full to you.

Then we send him to Dakota for to freeze,
To distant stations far away from all the
ladies,
Or to Arizona where the gentle breeze
Is hotter than the sulphurous gates of
Hades;
He seldom sees a city or a town,
And rarely finds a circus or a show,
But his duty he is doing though there is no
chance for wooing,
He's a sober, steady trooper as we know.
Cho.

When the savage murders people in the
West,
It is then we find the trooper at the front,
To meet the dread Apache he's the best,
In such fighting it is he who bears the
brunt.
From ambush he hears the rifle crack;
The thirsty soil is reddened with his gore,
But he keeps his flag a-flying while he's
doing and adying.
He's a hero is our trooper o'er and o'er.
Cho.



LIEUT. T. A. POST.

BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll
rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather
from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus.

The Union forever! hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally
once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call for three hun-
dred thousand more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
And we'll fill the vacant ranks of our brothers
gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus—The Union forever, etc.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal,
true, and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
And, although they may be poor, not a man
shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus—The Union forever, etc.

So we're springing to the call from the East
and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land
we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus—The Union forever, etc.

SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him:
“Weep not, my boy,” the veteran said,
“I bow to Heaven’s will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring,
The Sword of Bunker Hill;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill.”

The sword was brought: the soldier’s eye
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade
He murmured Warren’s name,
Then said: “My boy, I leave you gold,
But, what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me! mark me, now!
The Sword of Bunker Hill!
I leave you, mark me! mark me, now!
The Sword of Bunker Hill!

“Oh, keep the Sword!”—his accents broke;
A smile and he was dead,
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains; the Sword remains,
Its glory growing still;
And twenty millions bless the sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill!
And twenty millions bless the sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill!

HOME AGAIN.

Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore;
And, oh! it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more.
Here I dropped my parting tear,
To cross the ocean's foam;
But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

Chorus—Home again, etc.

Happy hearts, happy hearts,
With mine have laughed in glee;
But, oh! the friends I love in youth,
Seem happier to me.
And if my guide should be the fate
Which bids me longer roam,
But death alone can break the tie
That binds my heart to home.

Chorus—Home again, etc.

Music sweet, music soft,
Lingers round the place;
And, oh! I feel the childhood charm,
That time cannot efface.
Then give me but my homestead roof,
I'll ask no palace dome,
For I can live a happy life
With those I love at home.

Chorus—Home again, etc.



LIEUT. ALBERT MERRELL.

"CARVE DAT POSSUM."

De possum meat am good to eat,
"Carve him to de heart;"
Yo'll always find him good and sweet,
"Carve him to de heart;"
My dog did bark, and I went to see,
"Carve him to de heart;"
And dar was a possum up dat tree,
"Carve him to de heart."

Chorus.

"Carve dat possum, carve dat possum,
chil'en,
Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart,
Oh! carve dat possum, carve dat possum,
chil'en,
Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart."

I reached up for to pull him in,
"Carve him to de heart;"
De possum, he begin to grin,
"Carve him to de heart;"
I carried him home and dressed him off,
"Carve him to de heart;"
I hung him up dat night in de frost,
"Carve him to de heart." Cho.

De way to cook de possum sound,
"Carve him to de heart;"
Fust parbile him, den bake him brown,
"Carve him to de heart;"
Lay sweet potatoes in de pan,
"Carve him to de heart;"
De sweetes' eatin' in de lan',
"Carve him to de heart." Cho.

THE LOYAL LEGIONIER.

By CAPT. W. R. HODGES.

Ho, soldiers, sailors and marines, I sing a
jolly blade,
Who nobly fit into the war and never was
dismayed.
He always took his licker straight, he was
a brigadier,
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal
Legionier.

Chorus.

He always took his licker straight, he was
a brigadier,
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal
Legionier.

Ho, soldiers, sailors and marines, the in-
fantry man I toast,
Who tramped all over Dixie land when hot
enough to roast.
He never rode an anamile throughout his
whole career,
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal
Legionier.

Chorus.

He never rode an anamiie throughout his
whole career,
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal
Legionier.

Ho, soldiers, sailors and marines, I sing the
critter man
Who bravely fit outside a horse with gallant
Sheridan.
He never walked a single step, not even on
his ear,
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal
Legionier.

Chorus.

He never walked a single step, not even on
his ear,
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal
Legionier.

Ho, soldiers, sailors and marines, I sing a
son-of-a-gun,
Who also fit all through the war, a six-
pounder ca-i-son.
With shot and shell he made 'em yell, also
the gunners cheer,
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal
Legionier.

Chorus.

With shot and shell he made 'em yell, also
the gunners cheer,
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal
Legionier.

Ho, soldiers, sailors and marines, the naval
man I tip,
Who sailed upon the briny deep and swum
the Mississipp.
He took his grog and spliced the log, as
long as he could steer,
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal
Legionier.

Chorus.

He took his grog and spliced the log, as
long as he could steer,
And that's the reason why he is a Loyal
Legionier.



LIEUT. COM, M. S. STUYVESANT.

HOME ON THE BRIGHT BLUE SEA.

I'm Captain of a trim built ship,
And of a gallant crew.
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho.
And you shall learn to reef and steer,
And box the compass, too.
And you shall learn to reef and steer,
And box the compass, too.
So kiss the lass you love the best,
Bid all your friends farewell,
And of life upon the ocean
Just take a little spell,
Just take a little spell.
Then give three cheers for a sailor's life,
A life that's bold, a life that's bold and
free;
Then give three cheers for a sailor's life,
And our home, our home on the bright
blue sea.

Chorus.

Then give three cheers for a sailor's life,
A life that's bold, a life that's bold and
free;
Then give three cheers for a sailor's life,
And our home, our home on the bright
blue sea.

When sailing on the ocean wide,
All care we leave behind.
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho.
In every port a welcome glad
The sailor's sure to find.
In every port a welcome glad
The sailor's sure to find.
For every man will grasp your hand
In friendship firm and true,
And all the lasses love the lads
That wear the jackets blue,
That wear the jackets blue.
Then give three cheers for a sailor's life,
etc.

Chorus—Then give three cheers, etc.



CHAS. B. SUDBOROUGH.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE
DEEP.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath,
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death,
In ocean cave still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality.
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.



LIEUT. LOYD G. HARRIS.

THE OLD BRIGADE.

By LIEUT. LOYD G. HARRIS.

Oh, the days of long ago,
When standing side by side,
In serried ranks, the Old Brigade,
Where heroes fought and died.

Chorus.

The Old Brigade, the Old Brigade,
Thy name shall live in story;
'Till stars shall of their brightness fade,
Time will not dim thy glory. Cho.

On that fierce day at Groveton,
Alas! how heroes fell;
Gettysburg, Antietam,
'Twas then that blood did tell. Cho.

Feats of valor, flags unfurled,
Their record grand was made;
None other since the world began,
Surpassed the Old Brigade. Cho.



MAJOR CHAS. E. PEARCE.

THE CANTEEN.

By "MILES O'REILLY."

There are bonds of all sorts in this world
of ours,

Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true-lover's knot, I ween;

The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like
this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

The same canteen, my soldier friend,

The same canteen;

There's never a bond like this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk;

But whatever the tippie has been,
We shared it together, in bane or in bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think
of this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

Cho.

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling
wine,

From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potatoes they
miss

The warmth of regard we find in this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

Cho.

We have shared our blankets and tents
together,
And have marched and fought, in all kinds
of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the
best,
We have drunk from the same canteen.
Cho.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and but little
hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean;
Oh! then, I remember, you crawled to my
side,
And, bleeding so fast, it seemed both must
have died,
We drank from the same canteen.
Cho.

GOOD NIGHT, LADIES.

Good night, ladies! good night, ladies!
Good night, ladies! we're going to leave
you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll
along,
Merrily we roll along, over the deep blue
sea!

DAT WATER-MILLION.

Presented to the Singing School
by GEN. JOHN GIBBON.

Oh, see dat water-million, a smilin' fro' de
fence,
How I wish dat water-million it was mine.
Oh, de white folks mus' be foolish, dey need
a heap ob sense,
Or dey'd nebber leave it dar upon de vine.

Chorus.

Oh, de ham-bone am sweet, an' de bacon
am good,
An' de possum fat am berry, berry fine,
But gib me, yes, gib me, oh how I wish you
would,
Dat water-million growin' on de vine.

You may talk about de peaches, de apples
an' de pears,
And de 'simmons hangin' on de 'simmon
tree.
But, bless my heart, my honey, dat truck
it ain't nowhere's,
Oh, de water-million am de fruit for me.

When de dew-drops dey is fallin', dat
million's gwine to cool,
An' I know den it will eat most awful
fine.
So I's gwine to come and fetch it, or else
I is a fool,
If I leaves it dar a smilin' on de vine.

Some day I's gwine to glory, whar de good
old darkies go,
An' wear a crown a shinin' like a star.
I'll sit down by de ribber, an' eat forever
mo'
Dem millions wid de angels over dar.



LIEUT. J. C. PARKER.

BENNY HAVENS, O!

Come fill your glasses, comrades,
And stand up in a row,
For to singing sentimentally
We're going for to go.
In the army there's sobriety,
Promotion's very slow,
So we'll sigh our reminiscences
Of Benny Havens, O!

Chorus.

Of Benny Havens, O!
Of Benny Havens, O!
We'll sigh our reminiscences
Of Benny Havens, O!

Pour forth a full libation now,
To Farragut the brave,
The idol of the navy, and
The ruler of the wave;
He's gone aloft, lashed in his shroud,
Where soon we all must go,
He's waiting there to welcome us,
With Benny Havens, O! Cho.

We'll cherish in our mem'ry green,
The gallant Sedgwick's name,
He's wearing now the fadeless wreath
Of imperishable fame;
He'll waken when the reveille,
Shall summon friend and foe,
To everlasting brotherhood
With Benny Havens, O! Cho.

With wreath of immortelle, the grave
 Of Sumner's fitly crowned,
 As through the echoing halls of time
 His glories still resound;
 The page of truthful history,
 Fresh honors will bestow,
 He'll, hand in hand, by Reynolds stand,
 With Benny Havens, O! Cho.

While gathered at the festive board,
 To McPherson, honor be;
 The army of the Cumberland
 And of the Tennessee.
 The broad Potomac, with their flood,
 Unite in loving flow,
 A mighty tide of comradeship,
 With Benny Havens, O! Cho.

DIXIE.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
 Old times dar am not forgotten;
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie
 Land!
 In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
 Early on one frosty mornin';
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie
 Land!

Chorus.

Den I wish I was in Dixie! hooray! hooray!
 In Dixie Land I'll took my stand, to lib
 and die in Dixie!
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"
 Willium was a gay deceaber;
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie
 Land!

But, when he put his arm aroun' 'er,
 He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder;
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie
 Land!

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie! etc.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie
Land!

Old missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man that broke her heart;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie
Land!

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie! etc.

Now here's a health to the next old
missus.

And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie
Land!

But, if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie
Land!

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie! etc.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie
Land!

Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie
Land!

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie! etc.



SURGEON R. J. HILL.

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
No more I'se gwine to wander;
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
I can't stay here no longer.
I miss de old plantation,
My home and my relation,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

Chorus.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine where the orange blossoms grow.
For I hear the children calling,
I see their sad tears falling,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton,
I've worked upon the river;
I used to think if I got off
I'd go back there—no never!
But time has changed the old man,
His head is bending low,
His heart's turned back to Dixie,
And he must go.

Cho.

I'm trav'ling back to Dixie—
My step is slow and feeble;
I pray the Lord to help me
And lead me from all evil.
And should my strength forsake me,
Then, kind friends, come and take me,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

Cho.

KINGDOM COMING.

Say, darkies, hab you seen old massa,
Wid de muffstash on his face,
Go 'long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine to leab de place?
He seen a smoke, way up de ribber,
Where de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat, an' lef' berry sudden,
An' I spec he's run away!

Chorus.

De massa run! Ha, ha!
De darky stay! Ho, ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
An' de year ob Jubilo!

He six foot one way, four foot tudder,
An' he way tree hundred pound;
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much, dey call him Cap'n;
An' he get so drefful tann'd,
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees
For to tink he's contraband.

Chorus—De massa run! etc.

De darkies feel so lonesome libbing
In de log house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkies dey'll hab some;
I spoce dey'll all be confiscated,
When de Linkum sojers come.

Chorus—De massa run! etc.

De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown down de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to
know better,
Dan to went an' run away.

Chorus—De massa run! etc.

SUWANEE RIVER.

'Way down upon the Suwanee ribber, far,
far away,
Dere's wha' my heart is turning eber, dere's
wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation sadly
I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation, and for
de old folks at home.

Chorus.

All de world am sad and dreary, ebery-
where I roam,
O, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered when
I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered, many
de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder, happy
was I,
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder, dere
let me live and die. Cho.

One little hut among de bushes, one dat I
love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes, no matter
where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming all
round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming, down
in my good old home? Cho.



MAJOR AMOS M. THAYER.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in our old Kentucky
home.

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in
the bloom,

While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin
floor,

All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by Hard Times comes a-knocking at
the door:

Then, my old Kentucky home, good-
night!

Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady!
Oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky
home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and
the coon

On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the
moon,

On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the
heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have
to part;
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-
night!

Chorus—Weep no more, etc.

The head must bow and the back will bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will
end
In the fields where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary
load—
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road;
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-
night!

Chorus—Weep no more, etc.



LIEUT. COLONEL GEO. D. REYNOLDS.

KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OB DE ROAD.

I hear dem angels calling loud,
Keep in de middle ob de road;
Dey're a-waiting in dar in a great big
crowd,
Keep in de middle ob de road.

I see dem stand 'round de big white gate,
We must trabble along 'fore we get too late,
For 'taint no use to sit down and wait;
Keep in de middle of de road.

Chorus.

Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,
Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,
Don't you
Look to de right, don't you look to de left,
But keep in de middle ob de road.
Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,
Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,
Don't you
Look to de right, don't you look to de left,
But keep in de middle ob de road.

Dis world am full ob sinful things,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
When de feet gets tired put on de wings,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
If you lay down on de road to die,
And you watch dem angels in de sky,
You can put on your wings, and git up and
fly;
Keep in de middle ob de road.

Chorus—Den, children, keep in de middle
ob de road, etc.

I ain't got time for to stop and talk,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
Kase de road am rough and its hard to
walk,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
Just fix your eyes on de golden stair,
And keep on gwine 'till you git dere;
You're head am bound a crown for to wear,
Keep in de middle ob de road.

Chorus—Den, children, keep in de middle
ob de road, etc.

GO DOWN, MOSES.

When Israel was in Egypt's land;
Let my people go,
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go. Cho.

When Israel out of Egypt came,
Let my people go;
And left the proud oppressors' land,
Let my people go. Cho.

'Twas good old Moses and Aaron, too.
Let my people go;
'Twas they that led the armies through,
Let my people go. Cho.

The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let my people go;
To lead the children of Israel through,
Let my people go. Cho.

As Israel stood by the water side,
Let my people go;
At the command of God it did divide,
Let my people go. Cho.

When they had reached the other shore,
Let my people go;
They sang a song of triumph o'er,
Let my people go. Cho.

DRINKING SONG.

Words by EUGENE FIELD.

Music by E. V. MCINTYRE.

Come, brothers, share the fellowship we
celebrate to-night,
There's grace of song on every lip, and
every heart is light;
But first before our mentor chimes the hour
of jubilee,
Let's drink the health of good old times
and good times yet to be.

Chorus.

Clink, clink, clink, merrily let us drink,
There's store of wealth and more of health
in every glass we think,
Clink, clink, clink, merrily let us drink,
There's fellowship in every sip of friend-
ships brew we think.

And you, oh friends, from west and east,
and other foreign parts,
Come share the rapture of our feast, the
love of loyal hearts,
And in the wassail that suspends all matters
burthen-some,
We'll drink a health to good old friends and
good friends yet to come.

Chorus.

Clink, clink, clink, merrily let us drink,
There's store of wealth and more of health
in every glass we think,
Clink, clink, clink, merrily let us drink,
There's fellowship in every sip of friend-
ships brew we think.



MAJOR H. L. MORRILL.

HEAR DEM BELLS.

We goes to church in de early morn,
When de birds am singin' on de trees;
Sometimes dese close am werry much worn,
But we wears dem out at de knees;
At night, when de moon am a-shinin' bright,
And de clouds hab passed away,
Dem bells keep a-ringin' for de Gospel fight
Dat will last till de judgment day.

Chorus.

Hear dem bells; don't you hear dem bells?
Dey's a-ringin' out de glory ob de lamb;
Hear dem bells; don't you hear dem bells?
Dey's a-ringin' out de glory ob de lamb.

De church am old and de benches worn,
De Bible am a-gittin' hard to read,
But de spirit am dar, as sure as you're born,
Which is all de comfort we need;
We sing and shout wid all our might,
To keep away de cold;
Dem bells keep a-ringin' out de Gospel light
Till de story of de lamb am told.

Chorus—Hear dem bells, etc.

All day we work in de cotton and de corn,
Wid feet and hands so sore,
A prayin' for Gabriel to blow his horn,
So we don't have to work no more.
I hear dem chariots comin' dis way,
An' I know dey's comin' for me,
So ring dem bells till de judgment day,
An' de land dat I'se gwine for to see.

WE ARE THE BOYS.

'Twas side by side as comrades dear,
In dark days long ago,
We fought the fight without a fear,
And rendered blow for blow.
In battle, march, or prison pen,
Each unto each was true,
As beardless boys become strong men,
And brav'd the long war thro'.

Chorus.

We are the boys, the gay old boys,
Who marched in sixty-one;
We'll ne'er forget old times, my boys,
When you and I were young.

And tho' thro' all these years of peace,
We've somewhat older grown,
The spirit of those early days
We'll ever proudly own.
Our grand old flag is just as fair
As in the trying time
When traitors sought its folds to tear,
And we suppressed the crime.

Chorus—We are the boys, etc.

What if grim age creeps on apace,
Our souls shall not grow old,
But we will stand as in the days
When we were warriors bold.
We stood for right—for our dear land,
For home and all that's true,
So firmly clasp hand unto hand,
And comradeship renew.

Chorus—We are the boys, etc.

THE REGULAR ARMY, O!

Three years ago, this very day, we went to
Governor's Isle
For to stand forinst the cannon, in true
military style;
Siventeen American dollars each month we
surely get
For to carry a gun and bagnet with a regi-
mental step.
We had our choice of going to the army
or to jail,
Or it's up the Hudson river, with a copper,
take a sail.

Oh, we puckered up our courage, with
bravery we did go;
Oh, we cursed the day we went away wid
the Regular Army, O!

Chorus.

There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-fe-ry,
And Captain Don-a-hue;
Oh, they make us march and toe the mark,
In gallant "Company Q;"
Oh, the drums may roll, upon me soul
This is the way we'd go—
Forty miles a day, on beans and hay,
In the Regular Army, O!

We went to Arizony, for to fight the Injuns
there;
Came near being made bald-headed, but
they never got our hair;
We lay among the ditches in the yellow,
dirty mud,
And we never saw an onion, a turnip, or a
spud.
Oh, we were taken prisoners, conveyed
forninst the Chafe;
Oh, he said, "We'll make an Irish stew!"
the dirty Indian thafe.
On the telegraphic wire we walked to
Mexico;
We bless the day we skipped away from
the Regular Army, O!

Chorus—There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-
fe-ry, etc.

We've corns upon our heels, my boys, and
bunions on our toes;
While lugging a gun in the red-hot sun
puts freckles upon our nose.
England has its Gren-a-diers, France has
its Zoo-zoos,
The U. S. A. never changes, they say, but
continually wear the blues.
When we are out upon parade, we must
have our muskets bright,
Or they'll slap us in the guard-house to
pass away the night.
And, when we want a furlough, to the
Colonel we do go;
He says, Go to bed, and wait till you're
dead in the Regular Army, O!

Chorus—There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-
fe-ry, etc.

THADDY O'BRIEN.

By CAPTAIN W. R. HODGES.

Air: Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay.

Thaddy O'Brien was a sergeant gay,
In the U. S. Calvary;
The fresh recruit would often say,
"I earnestly long to see the day,
When 'neath the sod he's put to stay,
That son-of-a-gun from Dublin Bay,
That sergeant with the 'suparior' way,
My life's a burden every day."

Chorus.

Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay.

Too long were the trousers by a span,
The recruit received from Uncle Sam,
The sergeant bawls as loud as he can,
"Go and let out yer suspinders, man!"
The hat he drew was much too small,
And failed to stay on his head at all,
"Stretch it, ye spalpeen!" Thaddy would call,
"Ye'll niver be a throoper at all!" Cho.

Now Michael Flynn, a soger bold,
At the bivouac fire this dream once told,
"I thought I was dead, to the gates of gold
Me spirit flew like the saints of old,
They opened the dure and in I wint,
St. Peter didn't ask for a squint,
At me discharge from the rigimint,
Or where I had served, divil a hint." Cho.

"An Irish angel tuk me in hand
To show the sights of that beautiful land,
He'd been a soger wid plenty of sand,
Killed by the divils of Sittin' Bull's band,—
The first thing he said—I thought he was
lying—
'Of coorse ye'd loike to meet Sergeant
O'Brien,
Ye'll find him in there wid other galoots,
Ishooin halos to the recroots.'" Cho.

"In the ortherly room a blazin' wid light
Was Thaddy O'Brien, a beautiful sight,
A corpral to help on the left and the right
Ishooin halos in a manner polite.
He handed me mine, I saw 'twas too small,
I gave it him back and Thaddy did bawl
In a voice so terrific 'twas a terror to all,
'Stretch it, ye blackguard, or have none at
all!'" Cho.

BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Don't you see de black clouds
Rising ober yonder,
Whar de massa's ole plantation am?
Nebber you be frightened,
Dem is only darkies,
Come to jine and fight for Uncle Sam.

Chorus.

Look out dar, now!
We's a-gwine to shoot!
Look out dar—don't you understand!
Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!
And we's a-gwine to occupy de land.

Don't you see de lightin'
Flashing in de cane-brake,
Like as if we gwine to hab a storm?
No, you is mistaken;
'Tis de darkies' bay'nets
An' de buttons on dar uniform. Cho.

Way up in de cornfield,
Whar you hear de tunder,
Dar is our ole forty-pounder gun;
When de shells are missin'
Den we load wid punkins—
All de same to make de rebels run. Cho.

Massa was de Kernel
In de rebel army
Eber since he went an' run away;
But his lubly darkies
Dey has been a-watchin'
An' dey take him pris'ner tudder day. Cho.

We will be de massa,
He will be de servant—
Try him how he like it for a spell;
So we crack de butt'nuts,
So we take de kernel,
So de cannon carry back de shell. Cho.

DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS.

Oh, my golden slippers am laid away,
Kase I don't spect to wear 'em till my
weddin' day,
An' my long-tail'd coat, dat I love so well,
I will wear up in de chariot in de morn;
An' my long white robe dat I bought last
June,
I'm gwine to get changed, kase it fits too
soon,
An' de ole gray horse dat I used to drive
I will hitch up to de chariot in de morn.

Chorus.

Oh, dem golden slippers! oh, dem golden
slippers!
Golden slippers I'm gwine to wear, be-
kase dey look so neat;
Oh, dem golden slippers! oh, dem golden
slippers!
Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear, to
walk de golden street.

Oh, my ole banjo hangs on the wall,
Kase it æin't been tuned since way last fall,
But de darks æll say we will hab a good
time
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.
Dar's ole Brudder Ben and Sister Luce,
Dey will telegraph de news to Uncle Bacco
Juice;
What a great camp-meetin' dar will be dat
day,
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.

Chorus—Oh, dem golden slippers, etc.

So, it's good-by, children; I will have to go
Whar de rain don't fall or der wind don't
blow;
An' yer ulster coats, why yer will not need
When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn;
But yer golden slippers must be nice and
clean,
An' yer souls just free from all dat's mean,
An' yer white kid gloves yer will have to
wear
When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.

Chorus—Oh, dem golden slippers, etc.

IN THE MORNING BY THE BRIGHT
LIGHT.

My old massa promised me—
Chil'ren, chil'ren, won't you follow me?
That when he died he'd set me free.
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

Chorus.

In the morning, in the morning by the
bright light,
When Gabriel blows his trumpet in the
morning.

(Repeat.)

I went to de ribber, and I couldn't get
across,
Chil'ren, chil'ren, won't you follow me?
I jumped on a nigger, and I thought it was
a hoss.
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah! Cho.

What kind of shoes do de angels wear?
Chil'ren, chil'ren, won't you follow me?
Don't wear any, for dey walk upon de air.
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah! Cho.

I was out in the garden, picking peas;
Chil'ren, chil'ren, won't you follow me?
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah! Cho.

Bullfrog sitting on the railroad track,
Chil'ren, chil'ren, won't you follow me?
Picking his teeth with a carpet tack.
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah! Cho.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe.

Chorus.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the blue,
Under the lilies the gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all;
So sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.

Chorus.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms the blue,
Under the garlands the gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Chorus.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray.



MAJOR J. G. BUTLER.

OLD NOAH.

Bress de Lord, I see old Noah!
Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!
Bress de Lord, I see old Noah!
Hal-la-lu-YAH!

How d'ye know dat dat is Noah?
Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!
How d'ye know dat dat is Noah?
Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Kase I seed him in his ark.
Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!
Bekase I seed him in his ark.
Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Bress de Lord, I see old 'Lijah!
Etc., etc.

How d'ye know dat dat is 'Lijah?
Etc., etc.

Kase I seed him in his chariot.
Etc., etc.

Bress de Lord, I'se gwine to glory!
Etc., etc.

How d'ye know dat ye's gwine to glory?
Etc., etc.

Kase I feels it in my bones.
Etc., etc.



LIEUT. GEN. S. B. M. YOUNG.

GO 'WAY, OLE MAN.

I'll build me a little house, on the mountain
so high,
And gaze on my true love, as she do pass
by.

Chorus.

Go 'way ole man, and let me alone,
For I am a stranger, and a long way from
home. (Repeat.)

And she do look sweet, like de rose on de
vine,
Lord love dat lub-ly lady, what dwells in
my mind. Cho.

Her eyes sparkle like a diamond, like a
bright mornin' star,
Her cheeks are so lub-ly, her face is so
fair. Cho.

S'posin' I was to go to New Orleans, and
take sick and die,
Like flies in de country, my spirit would
fly. Cho.

Come back here to me, while de pumpkins
am in bloom,
And de hummin' birds am a singin' in de
bright day of June. Cho.

OLD SHADY.

Yah! yah! yah! come laugh wid me;
De white folks say Old Shady am free;
I 'spect de year of ju-bi-lee
 Am a-coming, am a-coming.
 Hail! mighty day.

Chorus.

Den away! den away! I can't stay here no
 longer;
Den away! den away! for I am going home.
Den away! den away! for I can't stay here
 no longer,
Den away! den away! for I am going home.
Good-by, Massa Jeff. Good-by, Massa
 Stephens.

'Scuse dis niggah for takin' his leavin's;
I 'spect by-and-by you'll see Uncle Abraham
 A-coming, a-coming.
 Hail! mighty day. Cho.

Good-by, hard work widout any pay;
I'se going up North, where de white folks
 say
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
 Am a-coming, am a-coming.
 Hail! mighty day. Cho.

Get up, old Sambo, and blow de horn.
Don't you see de dust raising ober de corn?
Dat's Sherman's Bummers, sure's I'm born,
 A-coming, a-coming.
 Hail! mighty day. Cho.

Oh! I'se got a wife an' a nice little baby,
Way up North in the Lower Canady;
Won't they shout when they see Old Shady
 A-coming, a-coming.
 Hail! mighty day. Cho.

Oh! here's to General Grant, de brave and
 true!
He captured Vicksburg and Richmond, too;
He made de rebels think de very devil in
 blue
Was a-coming, was a-coming.
 Hail! mighty day. Cho.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

GEN. H. C. KING.

Air: "Rally Round the Flag."

Mary had a little lamb;
'Twas always on the go,
Cho.—Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
So she staked it on the grassy slope
Along the Shenando',
Cho.—Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;

Full Chorus.

Hurrah! for the Mary; hurrah! for the
lamb;
Hurrah! for the sojers, who didn't care a
——(ahem!)
And we'll rally round the flag, boys; we'll
rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

And frequently she turned it loose,
Upon the bank to play. Cho.
The soldiers eyed it from the shore
In a kleptomaniac way. Cho.

"What makes the men love mutton so?"
The colonel he did cry. Cho.
"Cause mutton makes the whiskers grow,"
The sojers did reply. Cho.

It swam across the Shenando';
Our pickets saw it, too; Cho.
And speedily it simmered down
Into a mutton stew. Cho.

And Mary never more did see
Her darling little lamb, Cho.
For the boys in blue they "chawed" it up,
And didn't care a ——. Cho.

ALL SHOUT FOR MISSOURI.

By LIEUT. LOYD G. HARRIS.

Missouri am a gran' ole State,
All shout for Missouri.
Illinois, her running mate,
We're a happy band,
We'se got de climate an' de land,
All shout for Missouri.
An' we am all a happy band,
We'se a happy band.

Chorus.

Sing on, sing on, sing on, all shout for
Missouri;
Sing on, sing on, she's a happy land.
Sing on, sing on, sing on, all shout for
Missouri;
Sing on, sing on, she's a happy land.

St. Louis am a solid town,
All shout for Missouri.
Always got ole hard times down,
We're a happy band.
St. Louis gals am hard to beat,
All shout for Missouri.
Dress so well an' look so neat.

Chorus—Sing on, sing on, etc.

WHEN THEY RING THE GOLDEN
BELLS FOR YOU AND ME.

There's a land beyond the river
That we call the sweet forever,
And we only reach that shore by faith's
decree.

One by one we'll gain the portals,
There to dwell with the immortals,
When they ring the golden bells for you
and me.

Chorus.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing?
Don't you hear the angels singing?
'Tis the glory hal-le-lu-jah jubilee,
In that far off sweet forever, just beside
the shining river,
Where they ring the golden bells for you
and me.

We shall know no sin nor sorrow
In that haven of to-morrow,
When our barque shall sail beyond the
silver sea;
We shall only know the blessings
Of our Father's sweet caressings,
When they ring the golden bells for you
and me.

Chorus.

When our days shall know their number,
When in death we sweetly slumber;
When our King commands the spirit to be
free;
Never more by anguish laden,
We shall reach that lovely aiden,
When they ring the golden bells for you
and me.

MEDLEY No. 1.

I can't wake 'em up, I can't wake 'em up,
I can't wake 'em up in the morning;
I can't wake 'em up, I can't wake 'em up,
I can't wake 'em up at all.

The corporal's worse than the private,
The sergeant's worse than the corporal,
The lieutenant's worse than the sergeant,
But the captain's worst of all.

Oh, I can't wake 'em up, I can't wake 'em
up,

I can't wake 'em up in the morning;
I can't wake 'em up, I can't wake 'em up,
I can't wake 'em up at all.

It's a way we have in the army, a way we
have in the army;

A way we have in the army to drive dull
care away.

To drive dull care away, to drive dull care
away,

It's a way we have in the army, to drive dull
care away.

Oh, Aunt Jemimy! Oh, Aunt Jemimy!

Oh, Aunt Jemimy! oh, ho, oh!

Oh, Aunt Jemimy! Oh, Aunt Jemimy!

Oh, Aunt Jemimy! oh, ho, oh!

The noble Duke of York had ten thousand
men,

He marched 'em up the hill and marched
'em down again.

For when you're up you're up, and when
you're down, you're down,

But when you're only half way up, you're
neither up nor down.

The Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal
Legionier,

The Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal
Legionier,

He takes a drink when he is asked

Of whiskey, wine or beer.

A gay and festive soger is the Loyal
Legionier.

The Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal Legionier,

The Loyal, Loyal, Loyal, Loyal Legionier,

He takes a drink when he is asked.



CAPTAIN GEO. T. CRAM.

JOHN MORGAN.

John Morgan's at your stable door;
Where's your mule? oh, where's your mule?
John Morgan's at your stable door;
Where's your mule? oh, where's your mule?
You'll never see that mule no more—
He'll ride him till his back is sore,
And leave him at some stranger's door,—
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule!
They've stole that mule of mine away,
And marked his back with C. S. A.
He'll come again, some other day,
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule!
The mule is back, we hear his bray,
John Morgan's gone, and gone to stay
The country's safe, hooray! hooray!!
Here's your mule! oh, here's your mule!
For him we've naught but words of praise,
This relic of our war-time days,
To him a monument we'll raise,
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule!

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe!
Meerschaum pipe!

Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe!
Meerschaum pipe!

Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe!
Meerschaum pipe!

When I am far away?

Chorus.

Allie-Bazoo-Bazee-Bazan!
From Kal-a-ma-zoo in Mich-i-gan!
Bad man!

Oh! who will use my green umbrella!
Green umbrella!

Oh! who will use my green umbrella!
Green umbrella!

Oh! who will use my green umbrella!
Green umbrella!

When I am far away?

Chorus—Allie-Bazoo, etc.

Oh! who will go to see my girl!
See my girl!

Oh! who will go to see my girl!
See my girl!

Oh! who will go to see my girl!
See my girl!

When I am far away?

Chorus—Allie-Bazoo, etc.

Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips!
Ruby lips!

Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips!
Ruby lips!

Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips!
Ruby lips!

When I am far away?

Chorus.

Some other man! Some other man!
From Kal-a-ma-zoo in Mich-i-gan!
Bad man!

ILLINOIS.

Words by C. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Air : "Baby Mine."

By thy rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois.
O'er thy prairies verdant growing, Illinois,
Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze, rustling thro'
the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these, Illinois,
Illinois,
And its mellow tones are these, Illinois.

From a wilderness of prairies, Illinois,
Illinois,
Straight thy way and never varies, Illinois,
Illinois;
Till upon the inland sea, stands thy great
commercial tree,
Turning all the world to thee, Illinois,
Illinois,
Turning all the world to thee, Illinois.

When your country heard you calling,
Illinois, Illinois,
Where the shot and shell were falling,
Illinois, Illinois;
When the Southern host withdrew, pitting
gray against the blue,
There were none more brave than you,
Illinois, Illinois,
There were none more brave than you,
Illinois.

Not without thy wondrous story, Illinois,
Illinois,
Can be writ the nation's glory, Illinois,
Illinois;
On the record of the years, Abram Lincoln's
name appears,
Grant and Logan and our tears, Illinois,
Illinois,
Grant and Logan and our tears, Illinois.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of
my childhood,

When fond recollections presents them
to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled
wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy
knew!

The wide spreading pond, and the mill that
stood by it;

The bridge, and the rock where the cat-
aract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy house
nigh it;

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in
the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hung in
the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a
treasure—

For often at noon, when returned from
the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite
pleasure—

The purest and sweetest that nature can
yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that
were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom
it fell!

Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-
flowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from
the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the
well!

JOE BOWERS—THE WARRIOR.

By CAPT. W. R. HODGES.

My name it is Joe Bowers, I've got a
brother Ike,
I came from old Missouri, all the way from
Pike,
If you'll listen to my story, I'll tell you
every one
How I went into the army in eighteen
sixty-one.

I then did love a gal thar, they called her
Sally Black,
I asked her if she'd have me, and this she
answered back:
"You know I'm for the Union, for the
Union to a man,
Go jine the Eighth Missouri, and win me
if you can."

Said I, "My dearest Sally, for you I'll to
the wars,
I'll jine the Eighth Missouri and down the
Stars and Bars."
Said she to me, "Joe Bowers, your cause
you'll surely win;
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain," she
threw a dozen in.

Now when we reached Fort Henry, a shell
burst o'er my head,
I had such awful feelins, thinks I, "I'm
surely dead,"
But the thought of my dear Sally soon
made them feelins git,
"Twill never do, Joe Bowers," so I waded
in and fit.

At Donelson and Shiloh, on Vicksburg's
bloody heights,
We had with them same Johnnies the
toughest kind of fights,
And when the war was over, and we
thought our folks to see,
Said I, "I've won my Sally, that's good
enough for me."

Now Sal and I are gray, boys, and we have
a youngster Ike,
And he hails from old Missouri, all the way
from Pike,
And he is in the army, as his daddy used
to be,
A fighting for Old Glory, as we did—you
and me.

And them old Johnny Rebs, boys, who went
with Price from Pike,
Their sons are in the regiment along with
my boy, Ike,
As loyal, true and brave, boys, as any in
the land;
They come from fighting stock, boys, just
chock full up of sand.

People talk about expansion—that don't
bother you and me—
Increasing of the army, and ships upon the
sea;
We've got a great big nation, with a des-
tiny to fill;
Let's stand by Uncle Samuel, and do it
with a will.

Repeat the last two lines of each verse as
chorus.

PAT McCANN.

O, Pat McCann, in love he fell,
Wid Judy O'Flynn, the Doublin Belle,
And Judy loved Pat, (chorus) and both his
 brothers,
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

And Pat McCann, he up and swore
He'd stand none of this troifling more;
Nor only Pat, (chorus) but both his
 brothers,
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

And Judy O'Flynn, she said that she
Had never seen men so contrairee,
As Pat McCann, and (chorus) both his
 brothers,
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

And Pat McCann grew wan and thin,
All for the love of Judy O'Flynn,
Nor only Pat, but (chorus) both his
 brothers,
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

And Pat McCann he took to dhrink,
And shtood one night on the river's brink,
And in he plunged wid (chorus) both his
 brothers,
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

And Judy O'Flynn of all bereft,
Now often thinks—alone she's left—
Of Pat McCann, and (chorus) both his
 brothers,
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

Enough of woe and miseree;
We'll drop the rag on this tragadee,
Wid a tear for Pat, (chorus) and both his
 brothers,
And Mike McGinness and twinty others.

'Twas OFF THE BLUE CANARIES.

'Twas off the blue Canary Isles, a glorious
summer day,
I sat upon the quarter deck, and whiffed
my cares away;
And as the volumed smoke arose, like in-
cense in the air,
I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth, it was
my last cigar.

Chorus.

It was my last cigar, it was my last cigar,
I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth, it was
my last cigar.

I leaned upon the quarter rail, and looked
down in the sea;
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke was
curling gracefully.
Oh! what had I at such a time to do with
wasting care?
Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed, it was
my last cigar.

Chorus—It was my last cigar, etc.

I watched the ashes as it came, fast draw-
ing towards the end;
I watched it as a friend would watch beside
a dying friend;
But still the flame crept slowly on; it van-
ished into air;
I threw it from me; spare the tale—it was
my last cigar.

Chorus—It was my last cigar, etc.



T. M. WEBSTER.

GOOD BY, MY LOVER, GOOD BY.

I saw the steamer come round the bend,
Good by, my lover, good by;
She's loaded down with boys and men,
Good by, my lover, good by.

Chorus.

By, baby, by, oh,
By, baby, by, oh,
By, baby, by, oh,
Good by, my lover, good by.

The river is up, the channel is deep,
Good by, my lover, good by;
Let the splash of your oars the music keep,
Good by, my lover, good by.

Chorus—By, baby, etc.

I'll sing this song, I'll sing no more,
Good by, my lover, good by;
I'm off to-day for a foreign shore,
Good by, my lover, good by.

Chorus—By, baby, etc.

Yes, I'll steer my bark to the evergreen
shore,
Good by, my lover, good by;
We'll take one drink, we'll take no more,
Good by, my lover, good by.

Chorus—By, baby, etc.



COL. CHARLES S. HILLS.

OLD NOAH, HE DID BUILD AN ARK.

Old Noah, he did build an ark, he did he did.
Old Noah, he did build an ark, he did he did.
Old Noah, he did build an ark,
And covered it over with hickory bark,
And they all went into the ark
For to keep out of the rain.
And they all went into the ark
For to keep out of the rain.

He marched the animals two by two, he
did, he did.

He marched the animals two by two, he
did, he did.

He marched the animals two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo,
And they all went into the ark
For to keep out of the rain.
And they all went into the ark
For to keep out of the rain.

He marched the animals three by three, he
did, he did.

He marched the animals three by three, he
did, he did.

He marched the animals three by three,
The giraffe and the festive flea,
And they all went into the ark
For to get out of the rain.
And they all went into the ark
For to get out of the rain.

He marched the animals four by four, he
did, he did.

He marched the animals four by four, he
did, he did.

He marched the animals four by four,
But the hippopotamus stuck in the door,
And they all went into the ark
For to get out of the rain.
And they all went into the ark
For to get out of the rain.



LIEUT. COL. GEORGE ROBINSON, CHAPLAIN U. S. ARMY.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

There's music in the air when the infant
morn is nigh,
And faint its blush is seen on the bright
and laughing sky;
Many a harp's ecstatic sound, with its thrill
of joy profound,
While we list enchanted there to the music
in the air.

There's music in the air when the noon-
tide's sultry beam
Reflects a golden light on the distant moun-
tain stream;
When beneath some grateful shade, sor-
row's aching head is laid,
Sweetly to the spirit there comes the music
in the air.

There's music in the air when the twilight's
gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breast, as its pensive
beauties die;
Then, oh! then, the loved ones gone wake
the pure celestial song;
Angel voices greet us there, in the music
in the air.



COL. J. F. HOW.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days when my heart was young
and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields
away,
Gone from the earth to a better land, I
know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black
Joe."

Chorus.

I'se coming, I'se coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel
no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not
again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black
Joe." Cho.



MAJOR H. D. WOOD.

DARKIES ON THE LEVEE.

We are two happy darkies, from the sunny
South we came,
Oh, glory halle-lu-jah!
We used to hoe de corn and plant de sugar
cane,
Oh, rocky my soul!

Chorus.

Then come along wid me, come along
wid me;
Shine on! shine on, my soul am gwine to
jine de band!
Shine on! shine on, my soul am gwine to
jine de band!

My ole missus promised me, oh, glory
halle-lu-jah!
When she died she'd set me free, oh, rocky
my soul!
She lived so long dat her head got bal',
oh, glory halle-lu-jah!
We darkies didn't think she'd die at all,
oh, rocky my soul!

Chorus—Then come along wid me, etc.

My ole massa lived in clover, oh, glory
halle-lu-jah!
When he died, he died all over, oh, rocky
my soul!
He rolled his eyes an' took a long breff,
oh, glory halle-lu-jah!
And skeered us darkies half to deff, oh,
rocky my soul!

Chorus—Then come along wid me, etc.



LIEUT. CHAS. H. GLEASON.

BLACK BRIGADE.

Dar's someting wrong a-brewin',
Gwine to jine de Union!
Dar's someting wrong a-brewin',
Heigho! Heigho!
We're on de brink ob ruin,
Gwine to jine de Union!
Aha! aha! de boys from Linkum Land!

Chorus.

Den harness up de mule,
Be careful how ye whip;
An' mind your eye—
Sam Johnson am de Jigadier Brindle,
We're de Black Brigade.
Why don't you let her rip?
Mind your eye, Sam Johnson am de man.

We am de snolly-gosters,
Gwine to jine de Union!
We am de snolly-gosters,
Heigho! We go!
An' Jim lubs ribber oysters,
Gwine to jine de Union!
Aha! aha! de boys from Linkum Land!

Chorus—Den harness up de mule, etc.

We'se gwine to fight de South, O!
Gwine to jine de Union!
We'se gwine to fight de South, O!
Heigho! Heigho!
All by de word ob de mouth, O!
Gwine to jine de Union!
Aha! aha! de boys from Linkum Land!

Chorus—Den harness up de mule, etc.

DOWN WENT MCGINTY.

Sunday morning, just at nine, Dan McGinty
dressed so fine,
Stood looking at a very high stone wall,
When his young friend Pat McCann, says,
"I'll bet five dollars, Dan,
That I'll carry you to the top without a
fall."
On his shoulders he took Dan, to climb the
ladder he began,
And he soon began to reach up near the
top,
When McGinty, cute old rogue, to win the
five dollars he did let go,
Without thinking just how far he'd have
to drop.

Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the
wall,
Although he won the five, he was more
dead than alive,
Sure, his ribs and nose and back were broke
from getting such a fall,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

From the hospital Dan went home, when
they fixed his broken bones,
To find he was the father of a child;
So to celebrate it right, his friends he did
invite,
And soon was drinking whiskey fast and
wild.
Then he waddled down the street, in his
Sunday suit so neat,
Holding up his head so high as John the
Great,
But in the sidewalk was a hole, to receive
a ton of coal,
Which McGinty did not see until too late.

Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the
hole,
Then the driver of the cart gave the load
of coal a start,
And it took us half an hour to dig McGinty
from the coal,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Then McGinty raved and swore, about his
clothes he felt so sore,
And an oath he took he'd kill that man
or die;
So he tightly grabbed his stick, and hit the
man a lick,
And raised a little shanty on his eye.
Two policemen saw the fuss, and they soon
joined in the muss,
And ran McGinty in for being drunk;
And the judge said with a smile, "We'll
keep you for awhile,
In a cell to sleep upon a prison bunk."

Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the
jail,
Where his board would cost him nix, and
he stayed exactly six;
They were six long months he stopped, for
no one went his bail,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Now McGinty thin and pale, one fine day
got out of jail,
And with joy to see his boy was nearly
wild;
To his home he quickly ran, to see his wife
Bedalia Ann,
But she skipped away and took along the
child;
Then he gave up in despair, and madly
pulled his hair,
As he stood one day upon the river shore,
Knowing well he couldn't swim, he foolishly
jumped in,
Although water he had never took before.

Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the
say,
And he must be very wet, for they haven't
found him yet;
But they say his ghost comes round the
docks before the break of day,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

NELLIE WAS A LADY.

Down on the Mississippi floating,
Long time I've trabbled o'er the way;
All night de cottonwood I'se toting,
Singing for true lub all the day.

Chorus.

Oh, Nellie was a lady, last night she died,
Toll de bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginia
bride.

Oh, Nellie was a lady, last night she died,
Toll de bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginia
bride.

Now I'se unhappy and I'se weeping,
Can't tote de cottonwood no more;
Last night when Nellie was a sleeping,
Death came a knocking at the door.

Chorus.

Nellie was a lady, she was, last night she
died, she did.

Toll the bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginia
bride, she was.

Nellie was a lady, she was, last night she
died, she did.

Toll the bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginia
bride, she was.

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

'Twas a 'fifty-five, on a winter's night,
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
We'd got the Rooshan lines in sight,
When up comes a little midshipmite,
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
"Who'll go ashore to-night," says he,
"An' spike their guns along wi' me?"
"Why, bless 'ee, sir, come along," says we.

Chorus.

Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
With a long, long pull,
An' a strong, strong pull,
Gaily boys, on make her go,
An' we'll drink to-night
To the midshipmite,
Singing cheerily, lads, yo ho!

We launched the cutter and shoved her out,
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
The lubbers might ha' heard us shout,
As the Middy cried, "Now, my lads, put
about!"

Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
We made for the guns an' we rammed 'em
tight,
But the musket shots came left and right,
And down drops the poor little midshipmite.

"I am done for now; good-by!" says he,
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
"You'll make for the boat, never mind me!"
"We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die!" says we,
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
So we hoisted him in, in a terrible plight,
And we pulled, ev'ry man with all his might,
And we saved the poor little midshipmite.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

Air: "Cooper's Chorus."

The days they pass, the years they go, 'tis
our delight,
To keep our voices ringing, in tuneful
measure singing,
And then our tra la la la turns back old
time, hurrah!

Tra la la la la la la oi-o-he,
Oi-o-ha, la la la la lala la la tra la la la
tra la la la!
We think of long ago, when soldiering we
did go,
At reveille we'd hear, the drummer far and
near,
His drum he'd pound, and pound and pound,
in all the camps around.
Bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti,
bum-ti, bum-ti ra-pa-ta,
Bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti,
bum-ti, bum-ti bum.

Therefore the soldier, of all men, he the
happiest man can be.
Therefore the soldier, of all men, he the
happiest man can be.

While time it flies our hearts are young,
they should be so;
What joys the years are bringing, what
mem'ries to us clinging,
Our merry tra la la la means happiness,
hurrah!

Tra la la la la la la oi-o-he,
Oi-o-ha, la la la la lala la la tra la la la
tra la la la!
We think of long ago, when soldiering we
did go,
At reveille we'd hear, the drummer far and
near,
His drum he'd pound, and pound and pound,
in all the camps around.
Bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti,
bum-ti, bum-ti bum!

Therefore the soldier, of all men, he the
happiest man can be.
Therefore the soldier, of all men, he the
happiest man can be.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till line;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gi'e's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

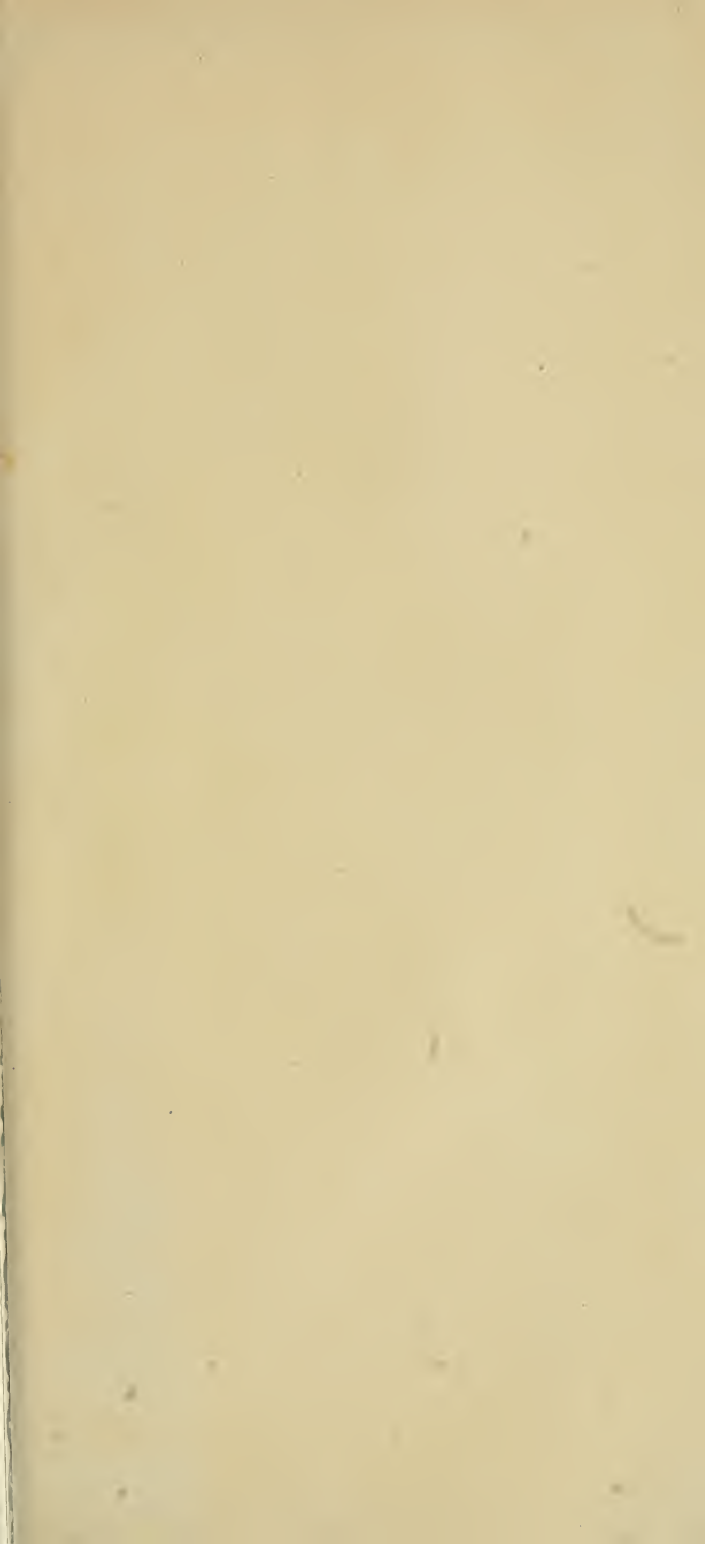
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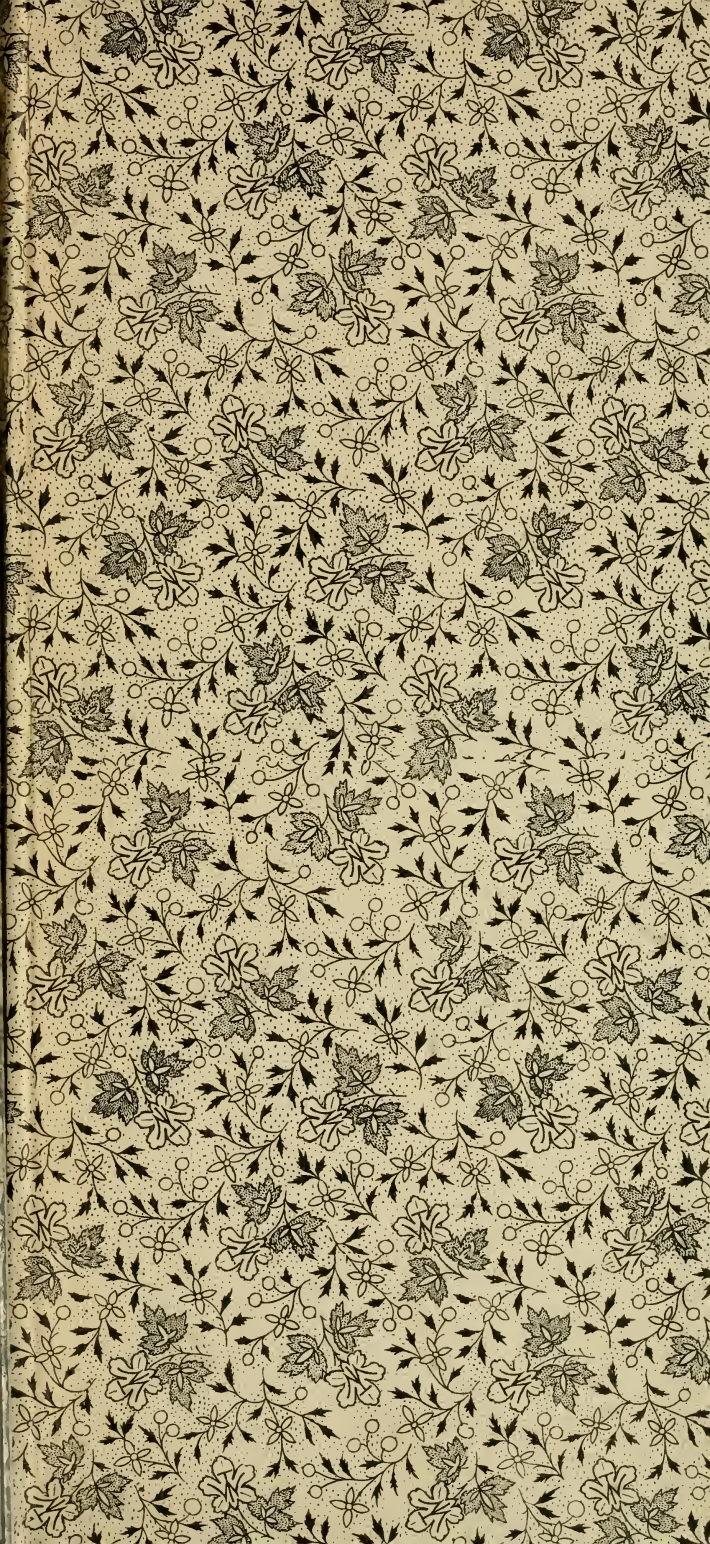
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