

To You, Reader!

We present this little book to our citizens for the purpose of bringing into their hands the songs which true Americans love and always will love. The only price we will accept for "Songs of America" is the promise to commit to memory the words of the four verses of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Upon one of the recent visits of a company of the New York National Guard to Kingston, Ontario, the officers of the company were tendered a banquet by the officers of the 14th Prince of Wales Own Rifles of the latter city. At the close of this banquet the Canadians present arose to their feet and sang three verses of the British National Hymn "God Save the King." When the American guests were called upon to respond by singing their own national anthem it is a fact that not more than three of those present knew the words even of the first verse. Said an American who was present: "Our shame and chagrin for not knowing what every school child ought to be taught with his primer, may be easily imagined."

We particularly recommend that you hear the record "The Star Spangled Banner" which John McCormack has made for the Victor Talking Machine Co. Every patriotic song listed in the this booklet may be found in the Victor catalog, from our ancient "Yankee Doodle Dandy" to the most modern patriotic songs.

SONGS OF AMERICA

A COLLECTION OF
PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL AIRS

WITH
BRIEF HISTORIES OF THE SONGS

ALSO
A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FLAG
LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG
EXTRACTS FROM LINCOLN'S SPEECHES
ETC., ETC.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED ESPECIALLY
FOR USE IN THE

SCHOOL AND HOME

BY
ARTHUR J. MEALAND



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OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

In the past, the belief has generally prevailed that the design of our flag was derived from the Washington coat of arms. The only conceivable foundation for such a belief is in the circumstance that a certain resemblance exists between the escutcheon of the Washington family and that of the United States, namely, that each is a shield with stars at the top and stripes below. The resemblance between the two, however, is not close, since that of the Washingtons has the stripes across,—see cover design,—while that of the United States has them up and down. Again, many believed that our flag was derived from the American shield. On the contrary, the shield was derived from the flag.

At the present time we have direct indications, if not absolute proof, that our first flag, the Grand Union of 1776, was copied or adapted from the British flag. The two are alike in color, they are also alike in being divided into field and canton, and, at that time, they stood probably alone among the flags of the world in this respect. Moreover, a most convincing transition form between the two is found in the Grand Union flag which was raised over the Colonial armies on January 1, 1776, and was their flag until supplanted by the Stars and Stripes in June, 1777. That Grand Union flag had a field of red and white stripes and a canton of superimposed crosses. The field was like that of the present American flag, and the canton was the Union Jack of Great Britain. The steps of transition are obvious. The field was retained and the stars were substituted for the crosses in the canton.

As a final proof, it is recorded that George Washington explicitly declared, in reporting to Congress the design of the Stars and Stripes, that it was, at least in part, copied from the flag of the mother country.

Our First National Flag, June 14, 1777.

On June 14, 1777, Congress adopted the resolution that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternating red and white, and that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field. This is the first recorded legislative action for the adoption of a *national* flag, and it was the first emblem to be officially recognized by the thirteen states of the Union. The 14th day of June, therefore, is known as Flag Day and was first observed as such in 1893.

Our Flag of To-day.

By an act of Congress, April 4, 1818, the flag of the United States was established. By this act, it was provided that the thirteen alternate red and white stripes of the original flag of 1777 should represent the thirteen original states, and that each new state thereafter admitted to the Union should be represented by the addition of a star. The additional stars on our flag of to-day mark the increase of the states since that time.

FLAG OF THE FREE.

March from "Lohengrin."

R. WAGNER.

1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Cho - sen of God while His

thun - der of war; Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light,
might we a - dore, Lead - ing the van, for good to man,

Float ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain and shore. Em - blem of
Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er. Pride of our

Free - dom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
coun - try, hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star.

While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! One ev - er - more.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

The author of this soul-inspiring lyric, Francis Scott Key, was born Aug. 9, 1780, at Terra Rubra, Carroll County, Maryland, and died in Baltimore, Jan. 11, 1843. Mr. Key was a lawyer by profession, and the song which has immortalized his name and become national was inspired and written by him while a prisoner on board the "Minden." He was witnessing the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Md., by the British, between midnight and dawn of Sept. 13, 1814, and the scene made his heart sick with anxiety. The warm patriotism breathed in the song is not the offspring of fancy or mere sentiment or of poetic imagination. He describes what he actually saw in the dim light of the morning, and tells how he felt when he could not see the flag through the smoke of battle, and what his feelings were when the battle was over and the victory won by his countrymen. Every word came warm from his throbbing heart and filled his soul with thankfulness to the Divine hand that turned the tide of battle for Liberty.

The song was first published Sept. 21, 1814, in the *Baltimore American*, and immediately caught the popular fancy. The music, to which it was at once adapted, is an old French air, long known in England as "Anacreon," and afterwards in America as "Adams and Liberty."

The following verse (5th) was later added to the song by Dr. O. W. Holmes:

5 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 or her stars and the page of her story!
 By the millions unchain'd who our birthright have gain'd
 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!

IN PRAISE OF THE FLAG.

"I rejoice in nothing more than in this movement, recently so prominently developed, of placing a starry banner above every school house. I have been charged with too sentimental appreciation of the flag. I will not enter upon any defence. God pity the American citizen who does not love it, who does not see in it the story of our great free institutions, and the hope of the home as well as the nation." *Benjamin Harrison*.

"We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." *Rufus Choate*.

"We believe that we have a government and flag worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for." *U. S. Grant*.

"With patriotism in our hearts and with the flag of our country in the hands of our children there is no danger of anarchy and there will be no danger to the Union." *Wm. McKinley*.

"If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." *Gen. J. A. Dix*.

If in love for our country you share,
 And "The Star-Spangled banner" are versed in,
 You will know where the "bombs burst in air,"
 'Twas a national air they burst in.

Judge

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

Tune, "Anacreon."

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore dimly seen, thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the havoc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild

twilight's last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we
silence re - poses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fit - ful - ly
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has washed
war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath

watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the
made and preserved us a na - tion! Then con - quer we must, When our cause it is just, And

CHORUS. *ff*

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star - spangled
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star - spangled ban - ner; oh,
ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave; And the star - spangled ban - ner in
this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star - spangled ban - ner in

cres. *ff*

ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Words and music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
 2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,
 3. We will wel - come to our num - ber the loy - al, true and brave,

Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
 Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a
 Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom; And al - tho' they may be poor not a

gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
 mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
 man shall be a slave, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

CHORUS.

Fortissimo.

The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hurrah! down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we

ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

AMERICA.

“America” was written by Rev. S. F. Smith, while a student at Andover Theological Seminary, in 1832. The melody is that of a German hymn, composer unknown. In some collections of patriotic music, Henry Carey is credited as the composer, while in other collections the credit is given to T. Dwight. The simplicity and easy movement of the hymn, however, appealed to Mr. Smith and, under the inspiration of the moment, he seized a scrap of waste paper and put upon it in less than half an hour the verses substantially as they stand to-day. The young student had no idea at the time how much he had done for his country.

The hymn was first sung at a children’s Fourth of July celebration in Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832. It has since been sung in every country of the world, the latest translation being into Hebrew. To quote the words of Mr. Smith, “I rejoice if the expression of my own sentiments and convictions still finds an answering chord in the hearts of my countrymen.”

AMERICA.

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

Composer of music Unknown.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee— Land of the no - ble free—
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
 4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

Pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills! My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

President Lincoln's address, when the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pa., was dedicated November 19, 1863, was in these memorable words:

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come here to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.

The world will little note, or long remember, what we *say* here; but it can never forget what they *did* here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have, thus far, so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government *of* the people, *by* the people and *for* the people, shall not perish from the earth."

EXTRACTS FROM OTHER ADDRESSES OF LINCOLN.

"God must like the common people, or he would not have made so many of them."

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

"I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that with you — the people — and not with politicians, not with Presidents, not with office seekers, but with you, is the question; Shall the Union, and shall the liberties of the country be preserved to the latest generation?

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

This song was inspired by a visit of Mrs. Howe to the soldiers' camps around Washington, gathered for the defence of the Capitol, early in the Civil War. The composer of the music is unknown.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Air: "John Brown's Body."

Allegretto.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred circ - ling camps; They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dew and damps; I can
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat! O be
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 read His righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.



THE AMERICAN HYMN.

MATTHIAS KELLER.

1. Speed our re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high!
 2. Fore - most in bat - tle for free - dom to stand,
 3. Faith - ful and hon - est to friend and to foe,
 4. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds,

Lead us in path - ways of jus - tice and right;
 We rush to arms when a roused by its call;
 Will - ing to die in hu - man - i - ty's cause,
 Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair west - ern world!

Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
 Still as of yore, when George Wash - ing - ton led,
 Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - ni - cal pow'r,
 Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old,

Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might!
 Thun - ders our war cry: "We con - quer or fall!"
 While we con - tend for our Un - ion and laws!
 Show that it still is for free - dom un - fur'l'd!

Hail! three times hail . . . to our coun - try and flag!
 Hail! three times hail . . . to our coun - try and flag!
 Hail! three times hail . . . to our coun - try and flag!
 Hail! three times hail . . . to our coun - try and flag!

Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
 Still as of yore, when George Wash - ing - ton led,
 Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - ni - cal power,
 Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old,

Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might!
 Thun - ders our war - cry: "We con - quer or fall!"
 While we con - tend for our Un - ion and laws!
 Show that it still is for free - dom un - furl'd!

end of 4th verse.

Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag. coun - try and flag.

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

PHYLA.

1. Hail, Co-lum - bia! Hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes, heav'n-born band! Who
2. Sound, sound the trump of fame, Let Wash - ing-ton's great name Ring

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause; And
thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap-please! Let

when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your
ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a

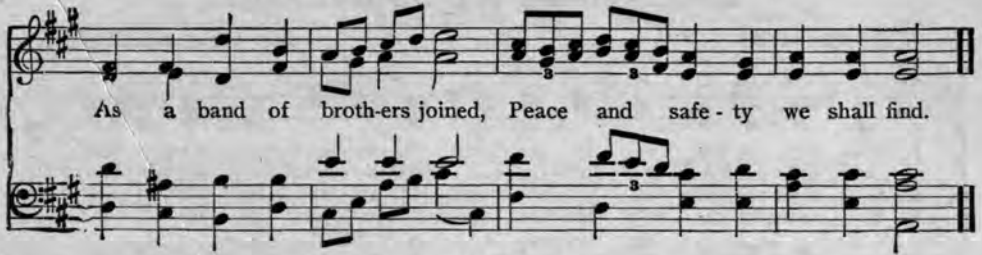
val - or won; Let in - de - pen - dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful
joy - ful ear; With e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the

what it cost, Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar
fear - ful hour Of hor - rid war, or guides with ease The happier time of

reach the skies. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty!
hon - est peace. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty!

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

15



THE STORY OF "HAIL, COLUMBIA."

The song "Hail, Columbia," which has been sinking into neglect of late because another one, "The Star-Spangled Banner," has been declared "official," was written in 1798 by Joseph Hopkinson, a Philadelphia lawyer, who thus describes how he came to write it.

"The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of 'Republican France,' as she was called, while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government.

"The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, but to part with neither, and to preserve an honest and strict neutrality between them.

"During this time, a young man whom I had known, and who had some talent as a singer, was about to have a benefit in the theater which was then open in our city. He came to me in despair and said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to 'The President's March' he did not doubt of a full house; I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him.

"The object of the song was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of, and above the interests, passion, and policy of both of the foreign Powers. And no allusion is made either to France or England, or to the quarrel between them.

"It was duly advertised that after the tragedy, 'The Italian Monk,' an entirely new song, written by a citizen of Philadelphia, would be performed, to the tune of 'The President's March,' accompanied by a full band, and a grand chorus.

"The house was packed. The song found favor, of course, with both parties, as both were American; and it was encored and reencored, in wild enthusiasm. Before its seventh repetition the audience, already familiar with the tune, had also learned the words of the refrain, and finally all rose and joined in the chorus, 'Firm united let us be.'"

The music of "Hail, Columbia," was written long before the words and there is considerable debate as to the composer. We know definitely, however, that the melody was composed in 1789 and was then called "The President's March."

A son of one of the claimants to the authorship asserts that it was played for the first time as Washington rode over Trenton bridge, on his way to the inauguration in New York, where he took the oath of office on the steps of the Sub-treasury in Wall Street.

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

J. R. RANDALL.

Air! German Folk Song.

1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Thy
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Thou
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Tho'
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! The

gleam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Re
 wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Bet -
 thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! For
 Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Come

mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust, And
 ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than
 life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And
 to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long, And

all thy slum - b'ers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

This song is also known as "The Red, White, and Blue." It was written and composed by David T. Shaw, under the title of "Columbia, the Land of the Brave," and was published in 1843. Though the name and idea seem to have originated with Shaw, an American, the words and music, as now printed and sung, are conceded to Thomas A. Beckett, an Englishman. It was sung for the first time in the fall of 1843, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

DAVID T. SHAW.

THOMAS A. BECKETT.

Spirited.

1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form, The
 3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Co-lumbia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy
 ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bi-a, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
 wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

mandates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
 gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her
 ser-vice u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true; The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

DIXIE'S LAND.

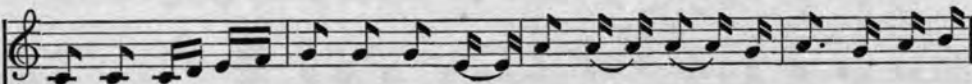
DAN EMMET.



1. I wish I was in th' land of cot - ton, Old times there are
2. Old Mis - sis mar - ried "Will th' wea - ver," Wil - liam was a
3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's clea - ver, But that did not
4. Now here's a health to 'th next old Mis - ses, An' all the girls that
5. There's buckwheat cakes and In - dian bat - ter, Makes you fat or a



not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In
 gay de - ceiv - er; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But
 seem to griev - er; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old
 want to kiss us; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But
 lit - tle fat - ter; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Then

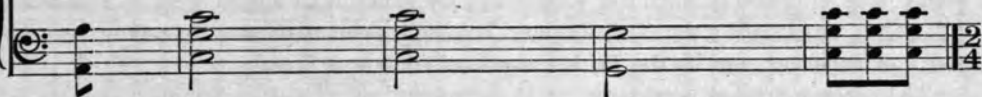


Dix - ie Land where I was born in, Ear - ly on one frost - y morn - ing,
 when he put his arm a - round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a for - ty pound - er,
 Mis - ses act - ed th' fool - ish part, And died for a man that broke her heart,
 if you want to drive 'way sor - row, Come and hear this song to - mor - row,
 hoe it down and scratch your grav - el, To Dix - ie's land I'm bound to trav - el,





Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.



CHORUS.
Vivace.



Then I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll



take my stand, To live and die in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, a -



way down south in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, a - way down south in Dix - ie.



ORIGIN OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

This time-honored song seems to be a musical vagabond and is wrapt in obscurity. While "Yankee Doodle" is national property, it is not a literary treasure. No true-born American, however, is ashamed of the song.

Next to "Dixie," it is still the most popular of our national songs. How it originated no one can be absolutely sure. There are sixteen or more different theories which have sprung up since the song was first generally sung, in 1775. The word "Yankee" was used by the New England colonials as an expression meaning "simon pure," or excellent, and by the British as one of contempt.

The earliest printed version to be found of the air "Yankee Doodle" appears in Walsh's collection of dances of the year 1759, under the title of "Kitty Fisher's Jig." The air was played by the Yankees after the battle of Bunker Hill, and we learn in the New York Journal of 1768 that it was already sung at that time.

Since the War for Independence, many verses have been written and added to the song. The credit for the best and most original work in this direction, however, belongs to George P. Morris, who wrote the following lines under the title "Origin of Yankee Doodle."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Once on a time old Johnny Bull Flew in a raging fury, And said that Jonathan should have No trial, sir, by jury. CHO. Yankee Doodle, keep it up, etc.</p> | <p>6. Then Jonathan to pout began, He laid a strong embargo, "I'll drink no tea, dear sir!" so he Threw overboard the cargo. CHO.</p> |
| <p>2. That no elections should be held, Across the briny waters, "And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea Of all his sons and daughters." CHO.</p> | <p>7. Then Johnny sent a regiment, Big words and looks to bandy, Whose martial band when near the land, Play'd "Yankee Doodle Dandy." CHO.</p> |
| <p>3. Then down he sat in burly state, And bluster'd like a grandee, And in derision made a tune Called "Yankee Doodle Dandy." CHO.</p> | <p>8. "Yankee Doodle," keep it up! Yankee Doodle Dandy. "I'll poison with a tax your cup,— Yankee Doodle Dandy." CHO.</p> |
| <p>4. "Yankee Doodle," these are facts— "Yankee Doodle Dandy. My son of wax, your tea I'll tax— Yankee Doodle Dandy." CHO.</p> | <p>9. A long war then they had in which John Bull was at last defeated, And "Yankee Doodle" was the march To which his troops retreated. CHO.</p> |
| <p>5. John sent the tea from o'er the sea, With heavy duties rated, But whether Hyson or Bohea, I never heard it stated. CHO.</p> | <p>10. Cute Jonathan to see them fly, Could not restrain his laughter, "That tune," said he, "suits to a T, I'll sing it ever after." CHO.</p> |

YANKEE DOODLE.

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

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

CHORUS.

Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 And there they had a copper gun, Big as a log of maple, They tied it to a wooden cart, A load for father's cattle.</p> <p>5 And every time they shoot it off, It takes a horn of powder, And makes a noise like father's gun, Only a nation louder.</p> <p>6 I went as nigh to it myself As Jacob's underpinin', And father went as nigh again - I tho't the deuce was in him.</p> <p>7 And there I saw a little keg All bound around with leather, They beat it with two little sticks, To call the men together.</p> | <p>8 And then they'd fife away like fun, And play on corn stalk fiddles, And some had ribbons red as blood, All bound around their middles.</p> <p>9 The troopers, too, would gallop up, And fire right in our faces; It scared me almost half to death To see them run such races.</p> <p>10 Uncle Sam came there to change Some pancakes and some onions, For 'lasses cakes to carry home To give his wife and young ones.</p> <p>11 But I can't tell you half I see, They kept up such a smother ; So I took my hat off, made a bow, And scampered home to mother.</p> |
|---|---|

OLD BLACK JOE.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free! Chil - dren so dear, that I

cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know,
 friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go?
 held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe."

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;

rit.
 I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

(SONG FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.)

FELICIA HEMANS.



1. The break - ing waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, The
 2. Not as the con-queror comes, They, the true-heart-ed, came; Not
 3. A - midst the storm they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea! The
 4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine? The



woods a-against a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch-es toss'd; The
 with the roll of stir - ring drums, And the trum-pet that sings of fame; Not
 sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the free. The
 wealth of the seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine; Ay,



heav - y night hung dark The hills and wa - ters o'er, When a
 as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear; They
 o - cean ea - gle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the
 call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod! They have



band of ex - iles moored their bark On the wild New Eng - land shore.
 shook the depths of the des - ert gloom With their hymns of loft - y cheer.
 rock - ing pines of the for - est roared, This was their wel - come home!
 left un-stained what there they found, Free - dom to wor - ship God.



MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

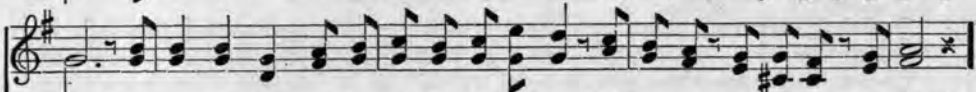
S. FOSTER.

Rather slow.

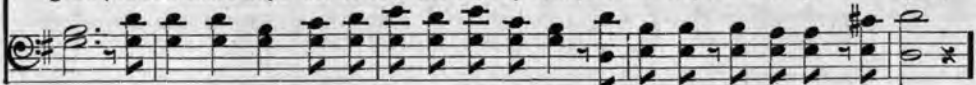
1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the dark-ies are
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may



gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mea-dow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar-canes



day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sorrow, where all was de-light; grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;



By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night! The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!

A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!



CHORUS.



Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the



old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

The author of this beautiful song, John Howard Payne, was born in New York City, June 9, 1792, and died at Tunis, Algeria, April 10, 1852.

Originally, the song which the world has taken to its heart because of its simplicity and tenderness, was part of an opera entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan." It was written while the author was a wanderer in England, and was first sung in Covent Garden Theatre, London. The melody is an old Sicilian Air.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; O . . give me my

humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
 moth-er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
 low - ly thatched cottage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that come at my

REFRAIN.

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
 door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
 call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.

sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(S'WANEE RIVER.)

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Con espressione.

1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha my heart is
 2. All roun'de lit-tle farm I wandered When I was young, Den ma-ny hap-py
 3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

turn-ing ev-er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre-a-tion,
 days I squander'd, Ma-ny de songs I sung. When I was playing with my brother,
 mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a humming,

Sad-ly I roam, Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home.
 Hap-py was I, . . . O! take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.
 All roun'de comb? When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb-'ry-where I roam,

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Air: "Araby's Daughter."

1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved
2. { That moss - cov - ered buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For oft - en at
I found it the source of an ex - qui - site pleas - ure, The pur - est and
3. { How sweet from the green, moss - y brim to re - ceive it, As poised on the
Not a full blush - ing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! { The wide spread - ing pond and the
spot which my in - fan - cy knew. } { The cot of my fa - ther, the
noon, when re - turned from the field, } { How ar - dant I seized it, with
sweet - est that na - ture can yield. } { Then soon, with the em - blem of
curb, it in - clined to my lips! } { And now far re - moved from the
nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. } { As fan - cy re - verts to my

mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. }
dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }
hands that were glow - ing, And quick to the white peb - bled bot - tom it fell. }
truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well. }
loved hab - i - ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, }
fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. }

CHORUS.

The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron - bound buck - et, The

moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

H. S. WASHBURN.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair ;
 2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bos - om swell
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his brow,

We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning prayer.
 At re - mem - brance of the sto - ry How our no - ble he - ro fell ;
 But this soothes the an - guish on - ly Sweep - ing o'er our heartstrings now.

When a year a - go we gath - ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye,
 How he strove to bear our ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the fight,
 Sleep to - day, O ear - ly fall - en, In thy green and nar - row bed,

But a gold - en cord is sev - ered, And our hopes in ru - in lie.
 And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or, In the strength of man - hood's might.
 Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press Min - gle with the tears we shed.

CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant chair ;

We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, When we breathe our eve - ning prayer.

JUANITA.

Mrs. NORTON.

Spanish Air.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon ; Far o'er the mountain,
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine again, And day-light beaming,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh?

REFRAIN.

Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta, Jua-ni-ta!*
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a prayer gone by? Ni-ta, Jua-ni-ta!

Ask my soul if we should part! Ni-ta, Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart!
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta, Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

* Pronounced Wah-ne-ta.

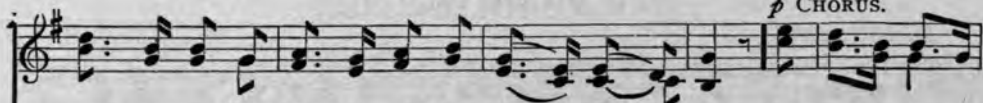
AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

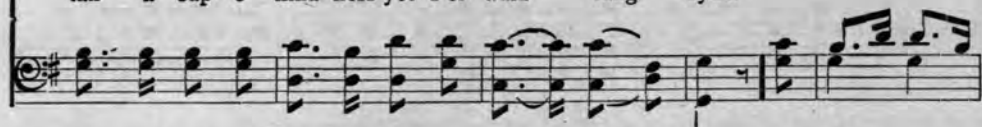
Scotch Air.

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

AULD LANG SYNE.

p CHORUS.

auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang
 wan-dered mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 seas be-tween us braid hae roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.



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



ANNIE LAURIE.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

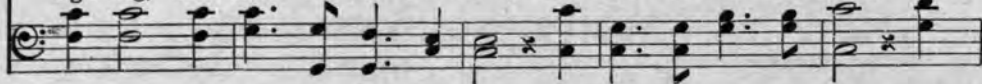
Scotch Air. Arr.

Tenderly.

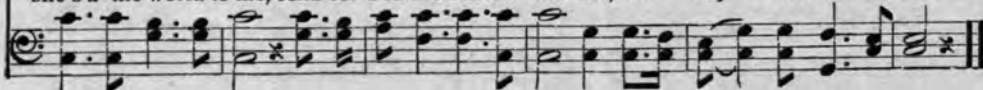
1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that Annie
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the
3. Like dew on th' gowan ly-ing Is th' fa' o' her fai-ry feet, And like winds in summer



Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true, Gave me her prom-ise true, Which
 fair-est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And
 sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And



ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 she's a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.



SWEET AND LOW.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

J. BARNBY.

pp Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to
ALTO.— O - ver the
ALTO.— Fa - ther will

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of . . . the west, Un - der the sil - ver
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of . . . the west,

me, . . While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps.
moon Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

mf Andante. *poco rit.* *mf*

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me But
 2. No more shall I be-hold thee, Or to my heart en-fold thee; In
 3. I'll think of thee with long-ing, When tho'ts with tears come thronging; And

know what-e'er be-falls me I go where hon-or calls me. Fare-war's ar-ray ap-pear-ing, The foe's stern hosts are near-ing. Fare-on the field, if ly-ing, I'll breathe thy dear name dy-ing, Fare-

tranquillo a molto espress. *f* *fz* *rit.* *pp*

well, fare-well! My own true love! Fare-well, fare-well, My own true love!

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

LONGFELLOW.
*p Andante.*J. B. WOODBURY.
poco cres.

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in you az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
 3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch while, in

gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
 sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
 slum-bers light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

Patriotism

Patriotism is the essence of Faith, of Hope, of Charity. Patriotism is faith in your Country's doctrines; in the wisdom of your Country's rulers; in the right of your Country's trials, and faith in your Country itself.

Hope is the horror of evil and the prayer for its ending and the greatest patriot in times of war is he to whom war is not more than the supreme sacrifice that right may triumph, and he will have no other hope except that strife may ever be short.

Charity—"And the greatest of these is Charity." Never for a moment must you forget that today you must be thrown with those whose hearts are bleeding from a double wound. One because the country of their adoption is at war with the land of their childhood, and bleeds again because most of these people in leaving their childhood home where governmental conditions were repulsive to them, did not at the same moment sever their family and social relations.

When our great country was forced to declare a state of war it was not a war upon a nation. It was a war against a government which stood for all that is opposed to the freedom which the whole people of that country craved. And all patriots have forever had their hearts filled, filled to overflowing with Faith, Hope and Charity, and no man can be a patriot without them.

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