

ALL HAIL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES

April 19th, A D., 1861.

(A thrilling scene is related of one of the Massachusetts men who [was mortally wounded by the Baltimore mob on the fatal Friday, laid upon the floor, where he soon bled to death, notwithstanding every effort was made to save him. An instant before he expired, he rose, struggling with death, and standing erect, he fixed his glassy eyes upon every person in the room, and then, lifting them toward heaven and raising his right hand, he exclaimed with a clear voice, "All hail to the Stars and Stripes!" Saying this he fell back into the arms of his physician and expired. This patriotic declaration of the dying man so moved the lookers on, that all but his immediate attendants turned silently away, although many of them were stained with the blood of the deceased.)

Oh Massachusetts! noble heart! in thee we well may trust;
Our holy flag shall not be trail'd by traitors in the dust
While thou hast heroes yet to give like him who fell to day,
And when in midst of circling foes in death's embrace he lay,
Could nerve his soul with such high strength ere burst its prison bars,
And hurl defiance in the cry, "All hail the Stripes and Stars."

"All the Stars and Stripes," he cried, though fast the death eclipse
Was stealing o'er his glazing eyes and on his stiffening lips.
O, then a flash like lightning went through all the old Northland,
And all shall say no battle-death could ever be more grand—
That in the glory of the fight, not one of all the slain
Shall greener laurels wear than he who missed its ir n rain.

Search, History, all thy wide domain, more royal sight than this
Thou shalt not see at Marathon or sea-washed Salamis;
Nor where the famed three hundred kept the Persic host at bay,
And won their high and deathless names at old Thermopylae.
Write thou, how with his outstretched arm he held his conquerer, Death,
And hailed our sacred Stars and Stripes with fast expiring breath.

O, Massachusetts! take him back to thy maternal breast,
Inurned within thy steadfast heart, let him forever rest.
Thou hast no tears for such as he—let joyful poems roll,
Not often such a hero dies or passeth such a soul,
Then welcome be to death and woe and all war's ghastly soars,
When such as he shall lead the van and bear the Stripes and Stars.

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THE STAR-SPANGLLED BANNER!

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming:
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does the star-spangled banner still 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 it now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge 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.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation;
Bless'd 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.

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THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

I had a dream, a happy dream, I dreamed that I was free,
And in my own bright land again there was a home for me,
Savannah's tide rushed bravely on, I saw wave roll o'er wave,
And when in full delight I awoke, I found myself a slave.
And when in full delight I awoke, I found myself a slave.

I never knew a mother's love, though happy were my days,
'Twas by my own dear father's side I sung my simple lays,
He died and heartless strangers came, and o'er him closed the grave;
They tore me weeping from his side, and claimed me as a slave.
They tore me weeping from his side, and claimed me as a slave.

And this was in a Christian land, where men oft kneel and pray,
The vaunted home of liberty where whip and lash holds sway;
O, give me back my Georgian cot, it is not wealth I crave,
O, let me live in freedom's light, or die if still a slave.
O, let me live in freedom's light, or die if still a slave.

THE SLAVE'S FUNERAL.

They came to the funeral from plantations round,
To bury the slave, at the dead hour of night:
A death song they sang, as they walked to the ground,
With pine-torches blazing, to give them their light.
They let him down gently in the grave dark and deep;
On the coffin with earth, from eyes dark and dim,
Fell softly the warm tears, as in love they did weep,
Death removed the poor slave from all sorrows and sin.

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MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE!

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.

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!

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HAIL COLUMBIA! HAPPY LAND

Hail Columbia! happy land! hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone, enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast, ever mindful what it cost!
Ever grateful for the prize, let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us be, rallying round our liberty!
As a band of brothers joined, peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more, defend your rights, defend your shore
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies, of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just, in heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail, and every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm united let us be, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of fame! let WASHINGTON's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear, listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and god-like power, he governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war! or guides, with ease, the happier times of honest peace.
Firm united let us be, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands, again to serve his country, stand—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue firm and true, his hopes are fixed on Heaven and you,
When hope was sinking in dismay, and glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free, resolved on death or liberty.
Firm united let us be, &c.

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UNFURL THE GLORIOUS BANNER.

Unfurl the glorious banner, let it sway upon the breeze,
The emblem of our country's pride, on land, and on the seas
The emblem of our liberty, borne proudly in the wars,
The hope of every freeman, the gleaming stripes and stars.

CHORUS.

Then unfurl the glorious banner out upon the welcoming air,
Read the record of the olden time upon its radiance there;
In the battle it shall lead us, and our banner ever be,
A beacon light to glory, and a guide to victory.

The glorious band of patriots who gave the flag its birth,
Have writ with steel in history, the record of its worth;
From east to west, from sea to sea, from pole to tropic sun,
Will eyes grow bright, and hearts throb high at the name of Washington.

CHORUS—Then unfurl the glorious banner, &c.

Ah! proudly should we bear it, and guard this flag of ours,
Borne bravely in its infancy amidst the darker hours;
Only the brave may bear it, a guardian it shall be
For those who well have won the right to boast of liberty.

CHORUS—Then unfurl the glorious banner, &c.

The meteor flag of seventy-six, long may it wave in pride,
To tell the world how nobly the patriot fathers died;
When from the shadows of their night outburst the brilliant sun,
It bathed in light the stripes and stars, and lo! the field was won

CHORUS—Then unfurl the glorious banner, &c.

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WE ARE GOING SOUTH!

AIR—“*We are going home.*”

We are going South—we are going South—
We are going South—to teach the laws ;
If you get there before I do,
Just tell Old Abe I'm coming too.

CHORUS : We are going South.

Our leader, and his gallant host,
Are ever ready at their post ;
You'll always find them in the front,
So give three cheers for old Vermont.

CHORUS : We are going South.

If we catch Davis on our ground,
We'll put a rope his neck around,
Then hang him up 'twixt earth and sky,
And let him dangle there and die.

CHORUS : We are going South.

To Dixie's land we are bound to go,
Though old Jeff Davis tells us no ;
If any one our path shall doubt,
We'll stop a bit and “wipe him out.”

CHORUS : We are going South.

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FORWARD TO VICTORY.

Forward to victory!—raise high our flag!
Let it not low in the traitor's hand drag!
Higher, yet higher! aloft let it sweep!
Or a million of heroes its downfall will weep.

Forward to victory!—quickly press on,
And your proud flag shall wave o'er a gallant deed done.
Trample down steadfastly all who resist;
Shrink not, O brave! whom a mother hath kissed.

Forward to victory!—raise loud the cry;
Press on to glory, to conquer or die—
Die for your country and die for your flag—
Onward, brave soldier, your feet must not lag!

Forward to victory!—all o'er the land
Rises this battle-cry, thrilling and grand;
Mothers have heard it, and, blessing each son,
Have sent him away till the victory's won.

Forward to victory!—hearing this cry,
Many have followed it bravely to die;
On the altar of country their lives they have placed,
And a bright path to glory their footsteps have traced.

Forward to victory!—tarry ye not;
The harvest is ready, the sickle is got;
And we want but the laborers, steady and true,
To gather the grain and the great work to do.

PRIVATE HALL.

DIXIE'S LAND

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
'Cimmon seed 'an sandy bottom—
Chorus—Look away—look away—away—Dixie Land.
In Dixie's Land, whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty morning.
Chorus—Look away—look 'way—away—Dixie Land.
Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray—Hooray!
In Dixie's Land—we'll took our stand,
To lib and die in Dixie, [Repeat.]
Away—away—away down south in Dixie.

Old missus marry Will-de-weaber,
William was a gay deceaber;
Look away, etc.
When he put his arm around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away, etc.
Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.
His face was sharp like a butcher's cleaber,
But that didn't seem to greab 'er;
Look away, etc.
Will ran away—missus took a decline, oh,
Her face was de color ob bacon-rhine, oh.
Look away, etc.
Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

While missus libbed, she libbed in clobber;
When she died, she died all ober;
Look away, etc.
How could she act such a foolish part,
As to marry a man dat would break her heart?
Look away, etc.
Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.
Here's a health to de next old missus,
And all galls dat wants to kiss us;
Look away, etc.
Now if you want to dribe 'way sorrow,
Come an' hear this song to-morrow.
Look away, etc.
Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Sugar in de gourd, an' stony batter,
De white's grow fat, an' de nigger's fatter;
Look away, etc.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble.
Look away, etc.
Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

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