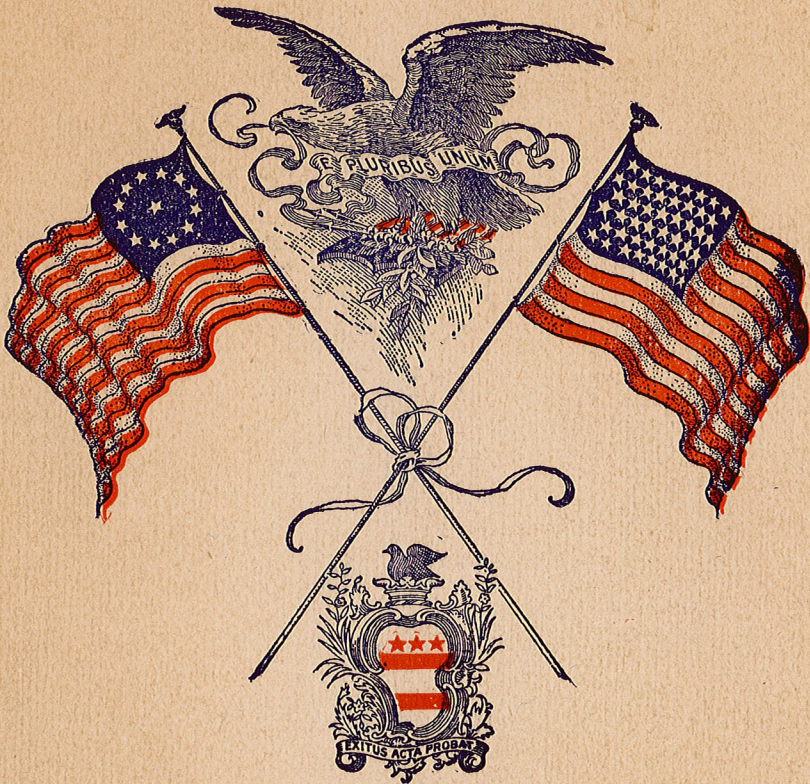


Francis Morgan,

SONGS OF AMERICA



FOR USE IN THE  
SCHOOL AND HOME

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*Souvenir Edition*

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# 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  
SUPERVISOR OF MUSIC, GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

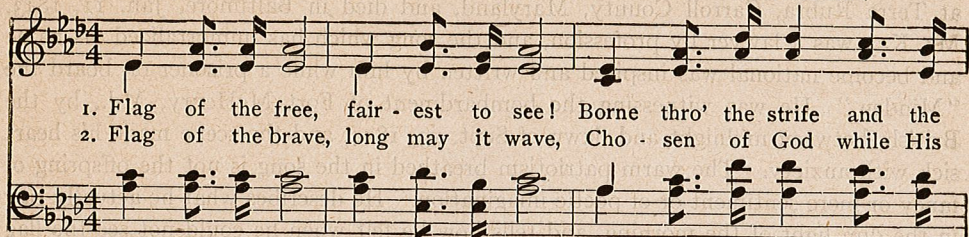


GREENFIELD, MASS.  
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1912

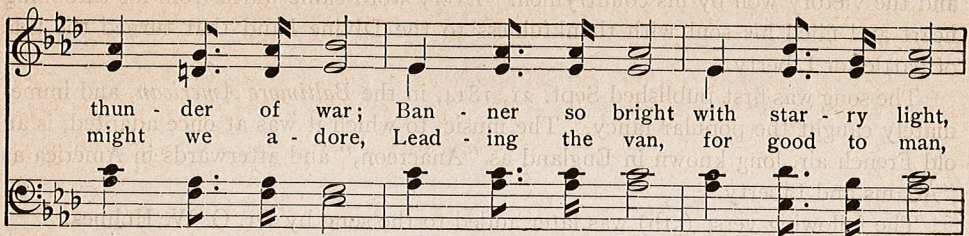
# FLAG OF THE FREE.

March from "Lohengrin."

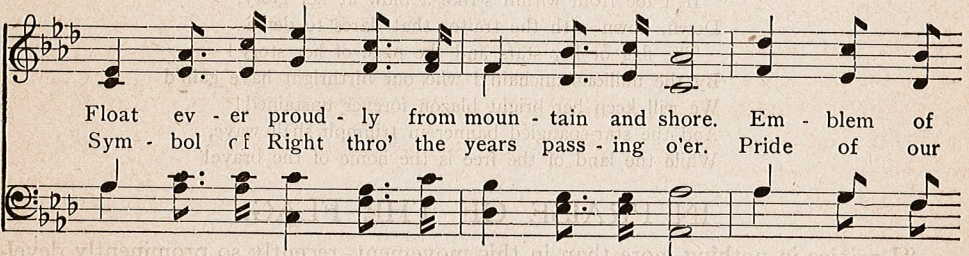
R. WAGNER.



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



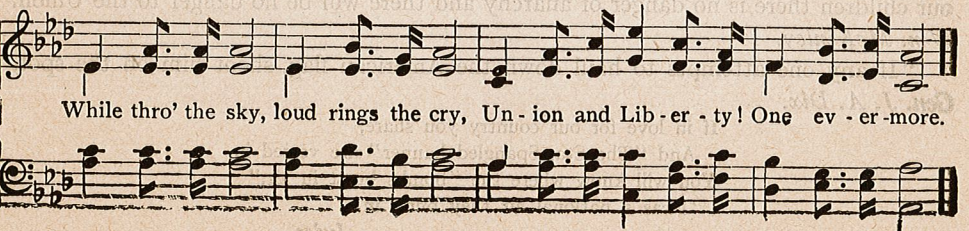
thun - der of war; Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light,  
might we a - dore, Lead - ing the van, for good to man,



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.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

Tune, "Anacreon."



1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the  
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen, thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of war and the  
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild



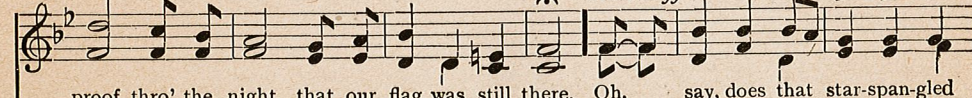
twilight's last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we  
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly  
 bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a country should leave us no more? 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 catch - es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full  
 out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No ref - uge 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.



## 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.

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.

The image shows a musical score for the song "Hail, Columbia." It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics "As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find." are written below the treble staff. There are some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes in both staves.

## 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 reëncored, 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.'"

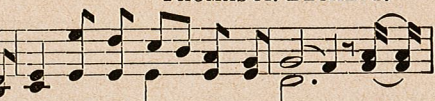
The music of "Hail, Columbia," was written long before the words and there is considerable debate as to the composer. We know definitely, however, that the melody was composed in 1789 and was then called "The President's March."

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.

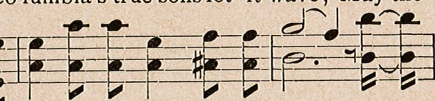
# OF THE OCEAN.

17

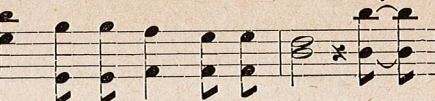
THOMAS A. BECKETT.



home of the brave and the free, The  
threatened the land to de-form, The  
Co-lumbia's true sons let it wave; May the



world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy  
m-bi-a, rode safe thro' the storm: With the  
stars cease to shine on the brave. May the



Lib-er - ty's form stands in view; Thy  
proudly she bore her brave crew, With her  
hold to their col - ors so true; The



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



# YANKEE DOODLE.



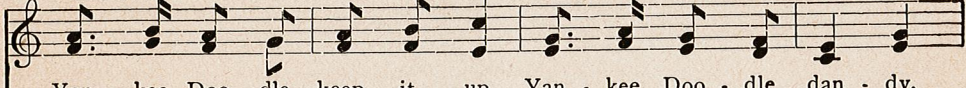
1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap'n Good - win,  
 2. And there we see a thou - sand men As rich as Squire Da - vid;  
 3. And there was Gen - 'ral Wash - ing - ton Up - on a snow-white char - ger;



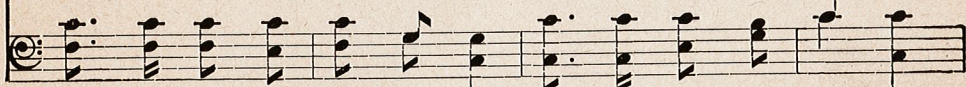
And there we see the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - ding.  
 And what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.  
 He looked as big as all out doors, Some thought he was much larg er.



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

## 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.

## 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

hum - ble, 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 cot-tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my

REFRAIN.  
there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home,  
door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more.  
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

## 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

# 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. . . . .

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The Words of  
The Star Spangled Banner  
By Heart?

Learn Them!

and

When You Sing Them in Public

Stand up In Honor Of

“Old Glory”



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