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## Three Offerings to Thee Goddess of Liberty

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# Three Offerings to Thee, Goddess of Liberty.

*To thee, fair Goddess our offerings we bring,  
Accept them though humble they be,  
For gladly we trust to thy keeping the flag,  
That waves o'er the brave and the free.*

WORDS BY

MUSIC BY

**CHAS. HAYNES J. E. HAYNES.**

NOMINATION SONG.

22

GRAND RALLYING SONG FOR OUR VOLUNTEERS.

WELCOME TO THE RETURNED VOLUNTEERS.

CHICAGO

PUBLISHED BY H. M. HIGGINS 117 RANDOLPH ST.

Entered according to Act of Congress A 1864 by H. M. Higgins in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the North Dist. of Ill.



# NOMINATION SONG



WORDS BY CHARLES HAYNES

MUSIC BY JAMES EDWARD HAYNES.

*Moderato.*

*PIANO.*

Once more noble Chieftain we hail thee so true, Our nation's great hope and her pride, You have

gallantly stood by the Red, White and Blue, And you check'd the rebellious mad tide. Come

Entered according to Act of Congress AD. 1864 by H. M. Higgins, in the Clerk's office of the Dist. of the Northern Dist. of Illinois.



*piu animato.*

up to the work boys, stand firm at the wheel, We'll vote for our nation's bright star, While our

soldiers fight traitors a broad with their steel, We will crush them at home heath our car.

**CHORUS.**

Air. Then rally again from the prairie and wood, We will fight for the land we love best, We will

Alto. Then rally again from the prairie and wood, We will fight for the land we love best, We will

Tenor. Then rally again from the prairie and wood, We will fight for the land we love best, We will

Bass. Then rally again from the prairie and wood, We will fight for the land we love best, We will



stand by our Chieftain so great and so good, Gallant Abe! Honest Abe of the West.

stand by our Chieftain so great and so good, Gallant Abe! Honest Abe of the West.

## 2

Yes hail! noble Chieftain in honor we hail!

Now boys we will try him again;

He is driving the Wedge in the Tyrant's great Rail,

And he'll soon split Rebellion in twain.

Then fall into line boys our nation doth call,

And Traitors at home shall soon feel

That our Chieftain shall triumph, the Dragon shall fall,

And his head shall be crushed 'neath your heel.

CHORUS. Then rally again, &c.

## 3

Come up to the polls then from mountain and glen,

Stand firm boys and work for the right,

We will show the bold Traitors we'll triumph again,

When we face him once more in fight;

Now forward brave boys and press hard the great Tower,

And the foeman within shall soon see

That his dart cannot harm us, we hail the glad hour

When the nation forever is free.

CHORUS. Then rally again, &c.



# NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC,

Just Published in Sheet Form, by H. M. HIGGINS, No. 117 Randolph Street, Chicago.

Any of the following pieces sent by mail, on receipt of the marked price.

	cts		cts		cts
<b>"Lena de l'Orme."</b> .....25		<b>"The Fenian Men."</b> .....25		<b>"All Within and All Without Me."</b> .....30	
<i>Song and Chorus, by A. B. Whiting.</i>		<i>Song and Chorus, by A. B. Tobey.</i>		<i>Ballad, by J. F. Fargo.</i>	
Key of five flats, but can be played in key of D, (two sharps.) A simple, easy, gliding movement, beautifully adapted to the sentiment of the poetry; not difficult.		Key of B flat, (two flats.) The only song published expressing the sentiments of that noble band of patriotic Irish hearts, who, although removed from their native land, have not forgotten their brothers that are still under the iron hand of despotism.		Key of A flat, (four flats.) Within the compass of ordinary voices. The Piano accompaniment is much above the ordinary style. The melody is nicely adapted to the sentiment of the poetry.	
<i>Fifth Verse.</i>		<i>Third Verse.</i>		<i>First Verse.</i>	
The love of the soul ends not with death, But liveth forever on high; Thus Lena speaks in the zephyr's breath— In the night-wind's sweetest sigh.		We have men from the Nore, from the Suir and the Shannon Let the tyrants come forth, we'll bring force against force: Our pen is the sword, and our voice is the cannon— Rifle for rifle, and horse against horse.		All within and all without me Feel a melancholy thrill, And the darkness hangs about me— Oh, how still!	
<i>Chorus.</i> Yes, thou art gone, pride of my heart— Beautiful Lena de l'Orme: For thee the tear-drops freely start, For thou to the angels art gone.		Many a red battle-field, God on our side we will triumph again, Pay them back woe for woe, Give them back blow for blow— Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!		To my feet the river glideth Through the shadow's sullen dark, On the stream the white moon rideth Like a barque.	
<b>"By the Side of the Murmuring Stream."</b> .....25		<i>Chorus.</i> We've made the false Saxon yield, etc.		And the linden leaves above me, Till I think some things there be In this dreamy world that love me, Even me.	
<i>Song, by A. B. Whiting.</i>		<b>"Cottage Down the Lane."</b> .....25		<b>"Will You Come to the Porch, My Darling?"</b> .....25	
Key of E flat, (three flats.) Is well adapted for second soprano or alto voices. Should be sung in a smooth, gliding manner, to express the sentiment of the poetry.		<i>Song and Chorus, by Wm. S. Pitts.</i>		<i>Quartet, by J. F. Fargo.</i>	
<i>First Verse.</i>		Key of D, (two sharps.) A very pleasing melody, written in the style of Stephen C. Foster.		Key of D, (two sharps.) A beautiful serenade; can be sung with male or mixed voices. The poetry is by Dr. Mackintosh, of the Edinburgh Histrionic Society, and has been very happily wedded to music by Prof. Fargo. The melody is easy and flowing, and as a serenade 'tis charming.	
O, the happy, happy days of my childhood, By the side of the murmuring stream, Where I culled the sweet flowers of the wildwood, By the light of the first morning beam; But those pleasures are fled forever, In the passing of life's fitful gleam, And I'll gaze on those beauties never By the side of the murmuring stream.		<i>First Verse.</i>		<i>First Verse.</i>	
<b>"Soldiers' Welcome Home."</b> .....25		In the summer roses' cluster, O'er the walls on either side, Lily bells of pearly lustre Mid the dewy grasses hide.		Will you come to the porch, my darling, At the hour of matin prayer, When the silver sheen of the morning Will fall on your golden hair?	
<i>Song and Chorus, by J. P. Jones.</i>		And the branches, large and leafy, O'er it form a green arcade, Where the wild birds, in the twilight, Sing their mingled serenade.		To the porch o'erarched by the bower That's draped by the trailing vine, And my soul at that sacred hour Will deem it a holy shrine.	
Key of C, (natural.) The above is a beautiful song, well adapted to the social circle. The melody is joyful and sympathetic.		<i>Chorus.</i> And the azure sky is over, And the sunlight's golden chain Rests upon that little cottage, In the cottage down the lane.		<b>"Only Waiting."</b> .....25	
<i>First Verse.</i>		<b>"Ally Ray."</b> .....25		<i>Quartet, by J. F. Fargo.</i>	
From the camp and field returning, With a bounding step they come, Where the lights within are burning— Welcome, soldiers—welcome home. Loving hearts for thee are beating, Late oppressed with anxious fears— Gentle eyes will give thee greeting, Watching still through all their tears.		<i>Song and Chorus, by Wm. S. Pitts.</i>		Key of F, (one flat.) A very aged Christian, who was an inmate of the almshouse, being asked what he was doing there, replied, "Only Waiting." All who attended Father Kemp's Old Folks' concerts last season, will remember this as the choicest piece of their programme. For touching pathos and heart-thrilling expression, it has scarcely an equal.	
<i>Chorus.</i> Welcome, welcome—soldier, welcome, To a heart so glad as mine; Welcome, welcome—soldier, welcome, To a heart so truly thine.		Key of E flat, (three flats.) All lovers of music will be pleased with the style and movement of this piece. There has been nothing written on the death of a child more pleasing than this beautiful song.		<i>First Verse.</i>	
<b>"Mountain Legion."</b> .....25		<i>First Verse.</i>		Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown, Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown— Till the night of earth is fled From the heart once full of joy— Till the stars of heaven are breaking Through the twilight, soft and gray.	
<i>Song and Chorus, by J. P. Jones. Words by E. G. Holland.</i>		She came to our home in the spring-time, When the sweet prairie flowers were in bloom, When the hill-side was crowned with roses, And the soft sighing zephyrs brought perfume, When the bright little blue birds were singing Their sweet plaintive songs all the day. When the swan o'er the blue waves was swimming, She came to our home, sweet Ally Ray.		<i>Chorus.</i> Oh! Ally, angel Ally, sweet Ally Ray, Thou art gone to the land that is starward; Thou hast down, like the summer birds, away.	
Key of C, (natural.) Must be sung in a bold, descriptive manner. It is full of patriotic ardor, nobly expressing the sentiments of all true lovers of Freedom: such as stir the hearts and send forth to the battle-field the sons of Columbia.		<b>"Bessie Dean."</b> .....25		<i>The author of the above songs, Prof. Fargo, is Senior Principal of the "North-western Normal Academy of Music," at Bloomington, Ill.</i>	
<i>First Verse.</i>		<i>Song and Chorus, by S. Westley Martin.</i>		<b>"Little Brown House."</b> .....25	
O, we are from the mountains strong, Where wave the fir trees green; We heard the crystal fountain's song Fair Ulster's hills between; The Hudson rolls his limpid waves By shores we hold most dear, And in the waters of the Bay Our island homes appear.		Key of F, (one sharp.) Full of that tender sympathy so beautifully expressed in the words.		<i>Song and Chorus, by Wm. H. Beecher.</i>	
<i>Chorus.</i> Ideas, like Titans, now contend Upon the battle-field; The dice of Jove is loaded well— The wrong to right must yield.		<i>First Verse.</i>		Key of G, (one sharp.) Must be rendered in a light, tripping manner, in order to be effective.	
<b>"Home on Furlough."</b> .....25		'Twas on a pleasant summer night Soft zephyrs nestled by, And the full moon was shining bright Up in the azure sky; Then at the little cottage door I met sweet Bessie Dean, And hand in hand we wandered o'er The dewy sward so green.		<i>First Verse.</i>	
<i>Song and Chorus, by Wm. S. Pitts.</i>		<i>Chorus.</i> Alas! my love is sleeping now Beneath the turf so green, With sad, sad heart, and aching brow, I weep for Bessie Dean.		In a little brown house, at the foot of the hill, With an old brown board fence around, Not very far remote from the old brown mill, May a very pretty maiden be found.	
Key of A flat, (four flats.) Ranges to E in the staff; quite easy; good for those who have just begun to play accompaniments; can be played on Melodeon as well as Piano. It represents the peculiar feelings of the returning soldier when nearing his home; all the fond recollections of love and affection, home and happiness that are in store for him are well told in the music as well as the words.		<b>"Touch the Lute Gently."</b> .....25		<i>Chorus.</i>	
<i>First Verse.</i>		<i>Song and Chorus, by A. B. Whiting.</i>		Yes, a very pretty maiden as ever yet smiled, Like a rose in the sunshine and dew; But beware of her charms, boys, or you'll be beguiled, For her heart will not soften for you.	
Far from the lonely gorges, Where silent tents are spread, Where moonlit nights look coldly On dying ones and dead, Far from the scene of battle That meet us face to face, A fairer vision greets me— I find a welcome place.		Key of B flat, (two flats.) Must be sung in a tripping, lively, joyous manner. All lovers of music will hail the advent of this beautiful melody with delight.		<b>"I Dreamed Last Night."</b> .....25	
<i>Chorus.</i> Here, back in dear New England, And in my home once more, Beside me is my dearest— My darling Leonore.		<i>First Verse.</i>		<i>Song, by S. Westley Martin.</i>	
<b>"Just Across the Narrow River."</b> .....25		O, touch the lute gently, love—gently, love—gally, And wreath a sweet garland of song; Dulcet notes, e'er they prove truly, Athelt, Thy spirit to mine doth belong.		Key of G, (one sharp.) Within the compass of ordinary voices; touching—plaintive. Melody blending with the words in a beautiful and charming manner.	
<i>Song, by T. Martin Towne.</i>		<i>Chorus.</i> Then touch the lute gently, love—gently, And wreath a sweet garland of song.		<i>First Verse.</i>	
Key of B flat, (two flats.) Ranges within the staff; well adapted to both soprano and alto voices. The melody is far above medium; in elegance, sweetness and purity, blending harmoniously with the poetry. Must be sung with expression: not too fast.		<b>"Little Harry, the Drummer Boy."</b> .....25		I dreamed last night of my mountain home, Where the loved ones meet at the eventide, Neath the linden trees, where we used to roam, In my home that stands on the mountain side. I'll come again when the war is o'er, And the battle's past, at eventide— We'll sing the songs that we sung of yore, In my home far away on the mountain side.	
<i>First Verse.</i>		<i>Song and Chorus, by S. Westley Martin.</i>		<b>"Idaho."</b> .....25	
Weeping, came a little maiden, When the earth was sweet with May, Through the fields of snowy daisies, Where the shining dewdrops lay; For her lost bird softly calling, Which had flown from careless hands, Just across the narrow river, Where the dark old linden stands.		Key of A, (three sharps.) "This cruel war" has been the occasion of the outflowing of many beautiful, sympathetic, touching songs; but none more beautiful than this. The chorus is in the fugue style, and very effective.		<i>Song and Chorus, by Frank French.</i>	
<i>Chorus.</i> Sleep on, sleep on, soft be your rest— Our pride and our joy; Peaceful and sweet sleep on, Little Harry, the drummer boy.		<i>First Verse.</i>		Key of F, (one flat.) This is a very popular song, and just suitable for the times; it is a lively, jolly, rollicking, tripping movement; the melody is sweet, and when once heard, will not be forgotten. Singers will find a beautiful effect produced by repeating the word "Idaho," at the close of the chorus, in the style of an echo.	
<b>"Just Across the Narrow River."</b> .....25		<i>Fourth Verse.</i>		<i>Fourth Verse.</i>	
<i>Song, by T. Martin Towne.</i>		We'll see hard times no more, And want, we'll never know, When once we've filled our sacks with gold, Way out in "Idaho."		<i>Chorus.</i> O, wait, Idaho! we're coming, Idaho! Our four-horse team will soon be seen Way out in "Idaho!"	