

## The Battle Cry of Freedom

CHORUS  
Fortissimo



The Un - ion for-ev - er, Hur - rah boys, Hur - rah! Down with the trai - tor,



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.



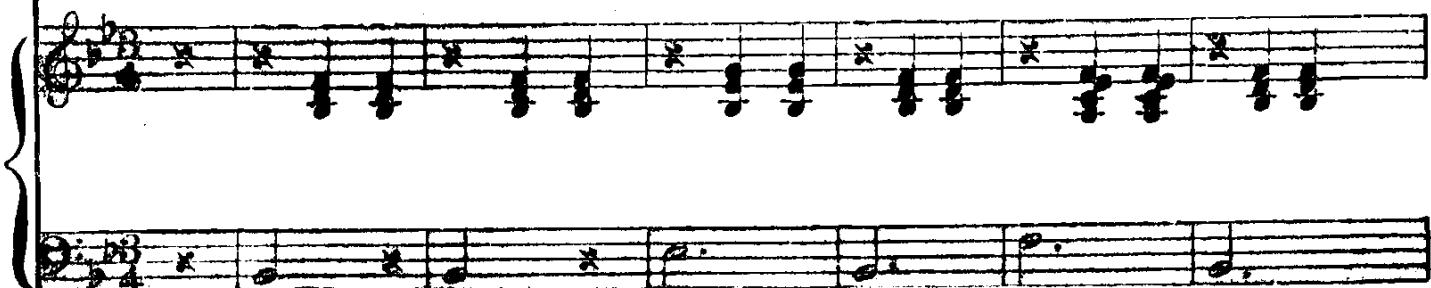
## The Dying Volunteer

From the " New Orleans Times "

A. E. A. MUSE



1. Come moth-er, dear moth-er, oh! come to me now; My soul wings its flight, I would
2. Thou'l hear, dearest moth-er, a - las! not from me, I hunt-ed the foe thro' green



## The Dying Volunteer

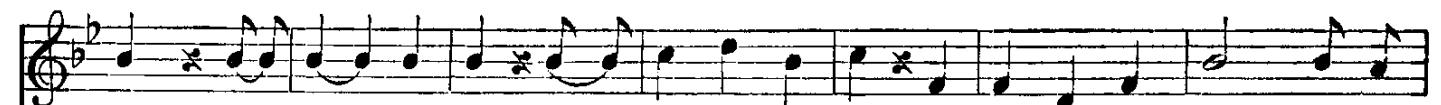
19



see thee once more, A - gain I would feel thy dear hand on my brow One mo - ment on  
val - ley and crag, For stamped on my brain were the last words from thee, "Tho' life be the



earth, ere the strug - gle is o'er. Ere life's pulse is stilled, and the cold chill of  
for - feit, be true to thy flag!" Those words nerved my arm when I struck the bold



death Creeps o'er my heart I would see thee once more. Fond words of fare - well with my  
blow For my country, my flag, For glo - ry, for thee. But now all is o - ver, I've



ver - y last breath I'd whis - per to thee from e - ter - ni - ty's shore.  
done with earth's foe, For hea - ven's bright por - tals are op' - ning to me.

