Title:	call of freedom, an American national hymn
Name(s):	Heuberer, Charles F. Henry,
Resource Type:	notated music
Note(s):	From: Music Copyright Deposits, 1820-1860 (Microfilm M 3106) In bound volumes: Copyright Deposits 1820-1860
Subject(s):	Hymns Songs with piano Choruses, Secular (Men's voices, 4 parts) with piano Patriotic music
URL	http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.music.sm1844.391030

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D. S. Rec'd 22 July 1861

33

THE CALL OF FREEDOM.

AN

American National HYMN,

Words by

MRS. HENRY.

Music Composed by

Charles F. Heuberer.

Pr. 75 Cts.

NEW-YORK
Published by C. C. CHRISTMAN 404 Pearl St.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1861 by C. C. Christman in the Clerks Office of the Dist Court of the South. Dist of New York.

Deposited in the Clerk's Office for the Southern District of New York April 9. 1861.

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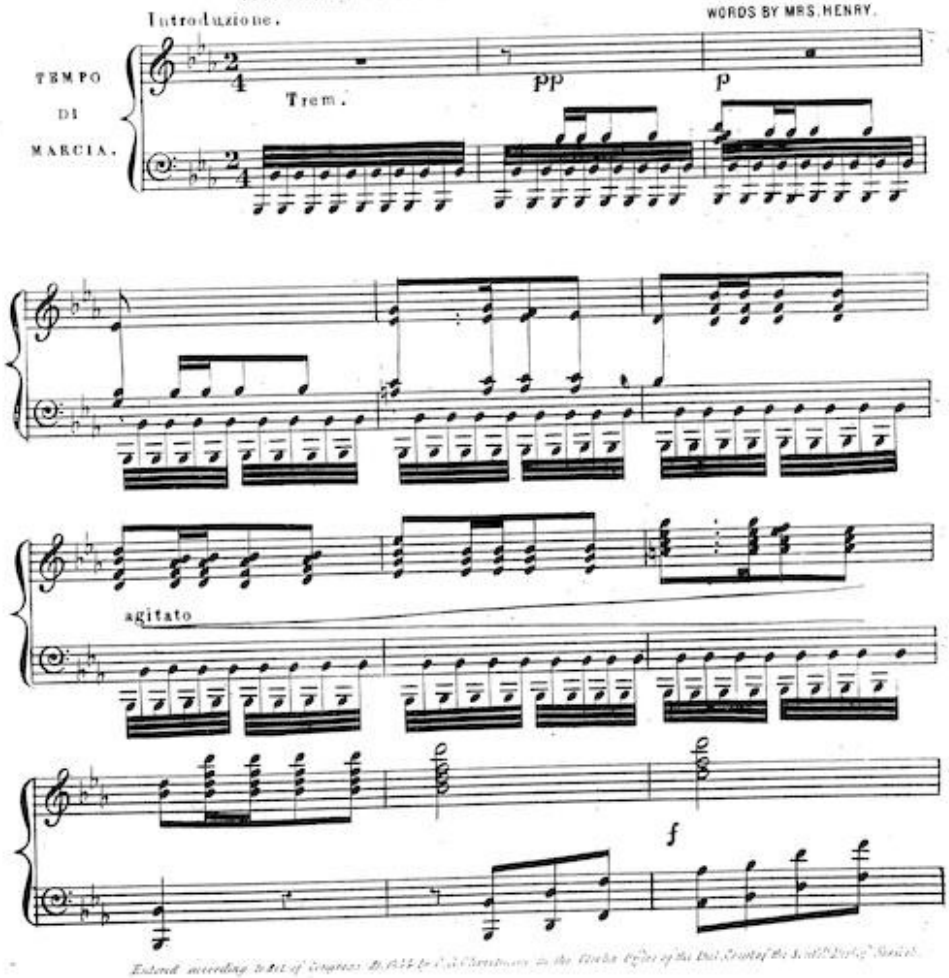


Entered according to Act of Congress Dt. 1844 by C. G. Christman in the Clerks Office of the Dist. Court of the Sth. Dist. of New York.

Marcia maestoso con fuoco.

Solo.

Co — — lum bia, fa — vor'd land.

Long may thy banner wave, O'er Freedoms birth place

where, she ne'er may find a grave.

chorus.

unis.

Chorus

TENOR I.º

Ho! the Sons of thrall!

TENOR II.º

BASSO I.º

Ho! the Sons of thrall!

BASSO II.º

PIANO.

Come ye at Free_doms call, where ye may sit beneath the

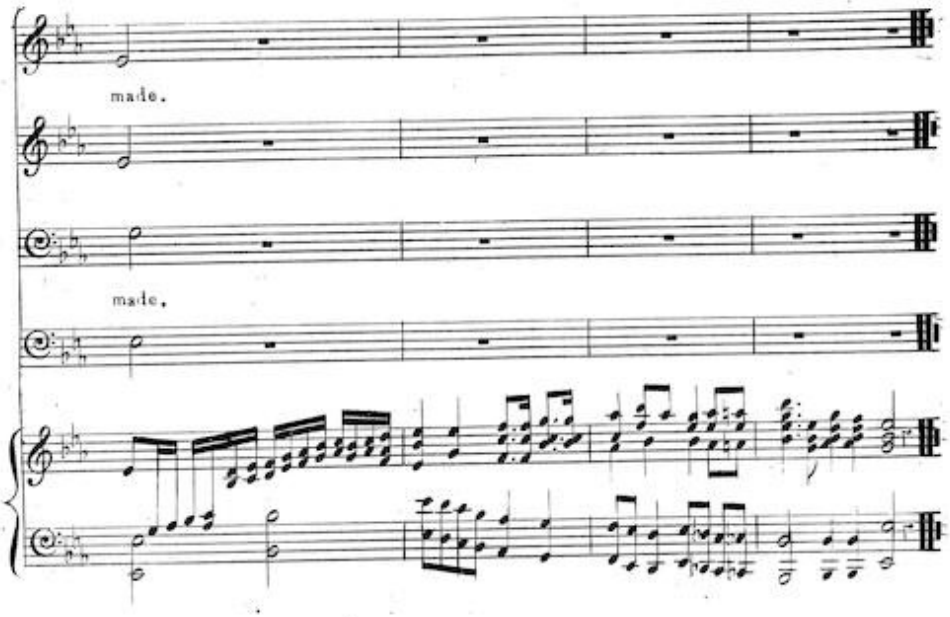
Come ye at Freedoms call, where ye may sit beneath the

sha — — de by your own vine and fig — tree made. When ye may

sha — — de by your own vine and fig — tree made. When ye may

sit beneath the sha — — de by your own vine and fig — tree

sit beneath the sha — — de by your own vine and fig — tree



2

Here war hath quench'd his brand,
And Peace assum'd her sway,
Our hearts are warm'd beneath,
Her mild and genial ray. Then ho! etc..

3

No haughty Monarchs frown,
Or mitred Despot fear,
For here to Liberty,
An altar we have reard, Then ho!....

4

Her Standard still she grasps,
Where her bright star arose,
As light to guide her friends,
The stripes to show her foes. Then ho!...

5

Beneath our Eagles wing,
She rest secure from harm,
And with an olive branch,
Our Enemiss disarm. Then ho!...

6

Then rend your slavish bonds
And to the land repair,
Where all who strive may win,
Wealth, Fame, and Honor there.
Then ho!...