Title:	death of Warren!
Name(s):	Hutchinson, J. Sargent, Epes
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Note(s):	From: Music Copyright Deposits, 1820-1860 (Microfilm M 3106) In bound volumes: Copyright Deposits 1820-1860
Subject(s):	Hutchinson family Songs with piano Patriotic music Revolutionary War
URL	http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.music.sm1844.391180

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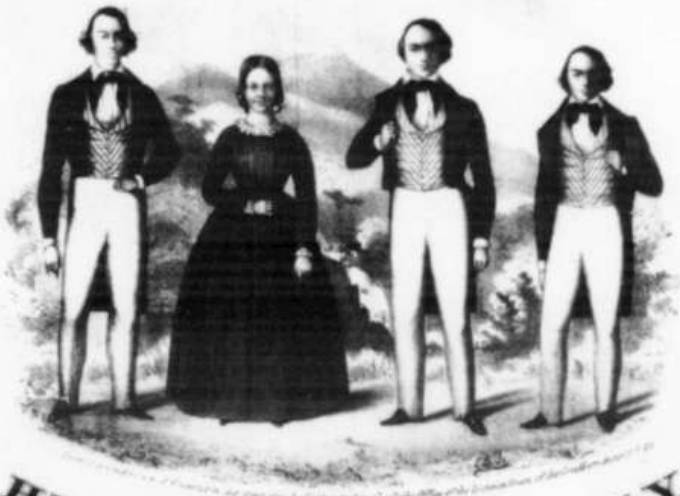
49.

SECOND SERIES.

SONGS OF THE



HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

1. Humbugged Husband. *Nett Price 38 c.*
2. The Death of Warren *48 c.*
3. A Rock in the wilderness. *Nett Price 38 c.*
4.
5.
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7.
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11.
12.

NEW-YORK.
Published by FIRTH & HALL, 1 Franklin Sq.
And FIRTH, HALL and POND 239 Broadway.

Deposited in the Clerk's Office for the Southern District of New York Novr. 6. 1844.

THE DEATH OF WARREN!

Words by EPES SARGENT Esqr.

Sung by J. HUTCHINSON.

VOICE.

AGITATO MARZIALE.

PIANO FORTE.

When the war - cry of Li-berty rang thro' the land. To arms sprang our fathers the foe to withstand. On

Enter'd according to Act of Congress AD. 1844 by Firth & Hall, in the Clerks Office of the Dist Court of the South^n Dist of New York.

Old Bunker Hill their en - trenchments they rear, When their army is

join'd by a young Volun - teer, "Tempt not death" cried his friends, but he

bade them Good bye Saying "Oh it is sweet for our country to

die!"

The tempest of battle now ra-ges and swells, Mid the

thunder of cannons the pealing of bells; And a light, not of

fz *fz* *fz* *fz*

battle, il---lumes yonder spire-Scene of woe and de-struction! 'tis

Charleston on fire! The young vo-lun-teer heedeth not the sad cry, But

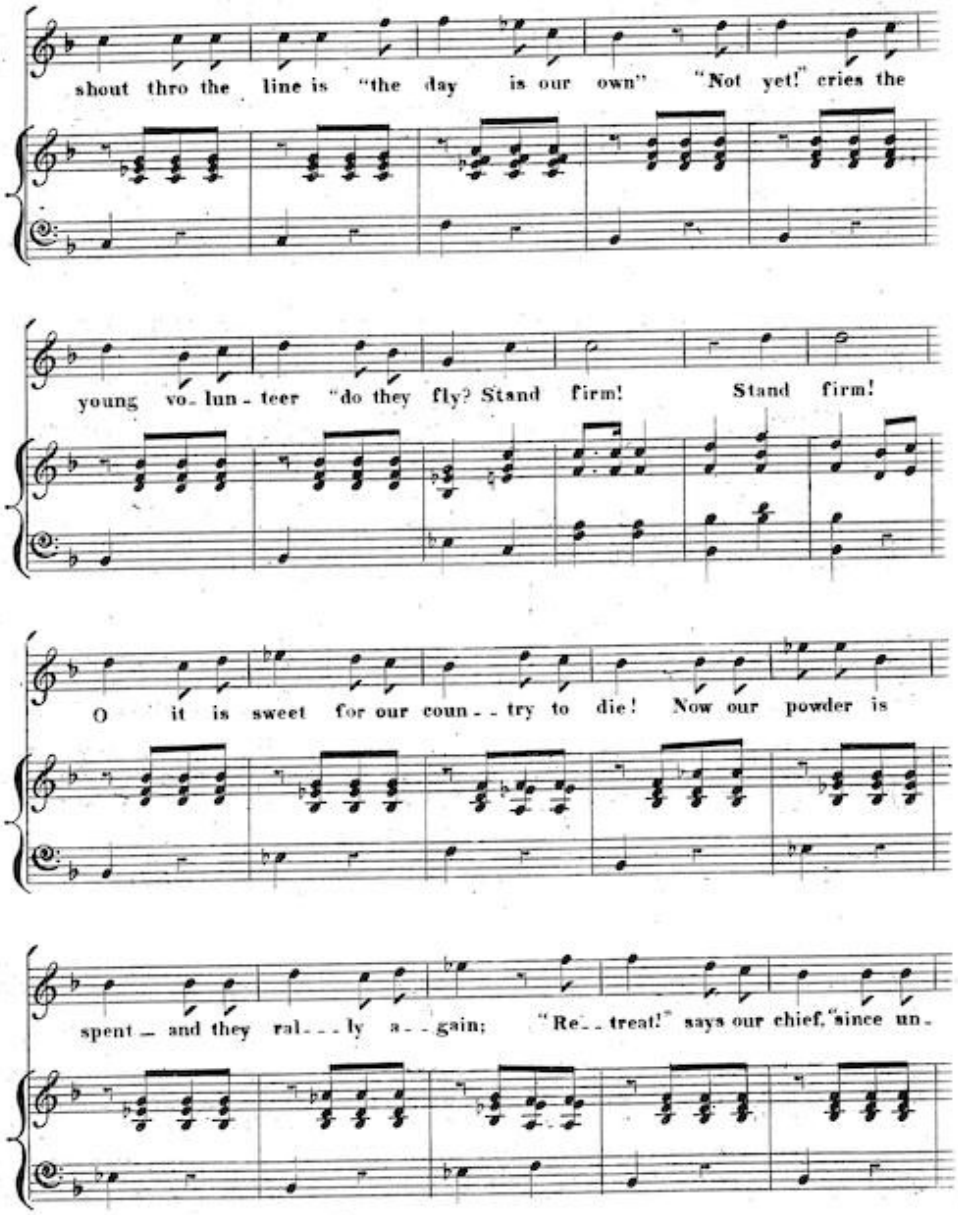
whispers "tis sweet for our Country to die"!

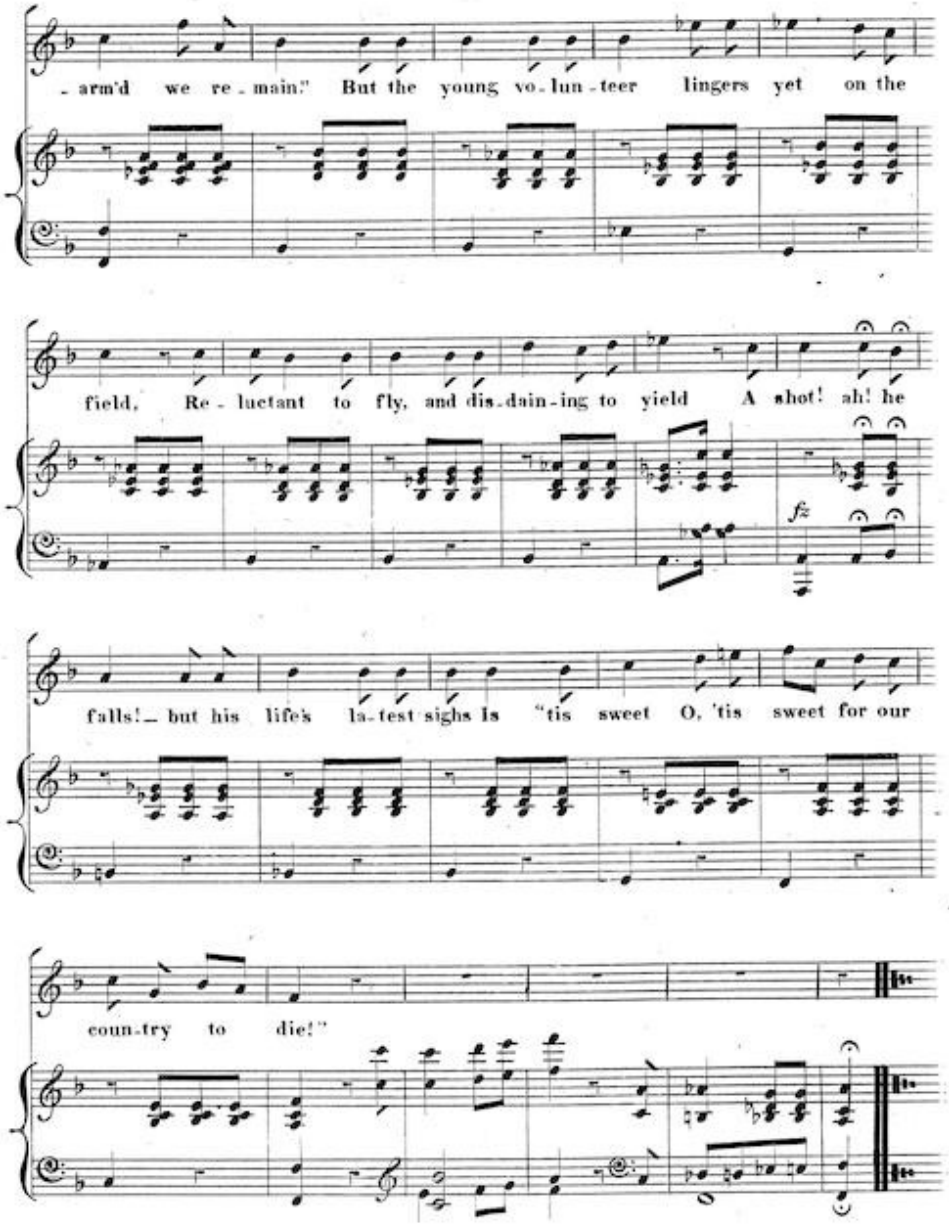
Ped:

With trumpets and banners the

foe draweth near; A vol...ley of mus...ket-ry checks their ca-

-reer, With the dead and the dy-ing the hill-side is strewn, And the


shout thro the line is "the day is our own" "Not yet!" cries the
young vo- lun - teer "do they fly? Stand firm! Stand firm!
O it is sweet for our coun - - try to die! Now our powder is
spent — and they ral - - - ly a - - gain; "Re - - treat!" says our chief, "since un-


- arm'd we re - main." But the young vo - lun - teer lingers yet on the
field, Re - luctant to fly, and dis - dain - ing to yield A shot! ah! he
fz
falls! — but his life's la - test sighs Is "tis sweet O, 'tis sweet for our
coun - try to die!"