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The Copperhead of 1864, The Chicago Copperhead, and The Copperhead of 1865,

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

NEW YORK:
Published by HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway.

Entered according to act of Congress in A. D. 1864 by Horace Waters, in the Clerk's office of the U. S. District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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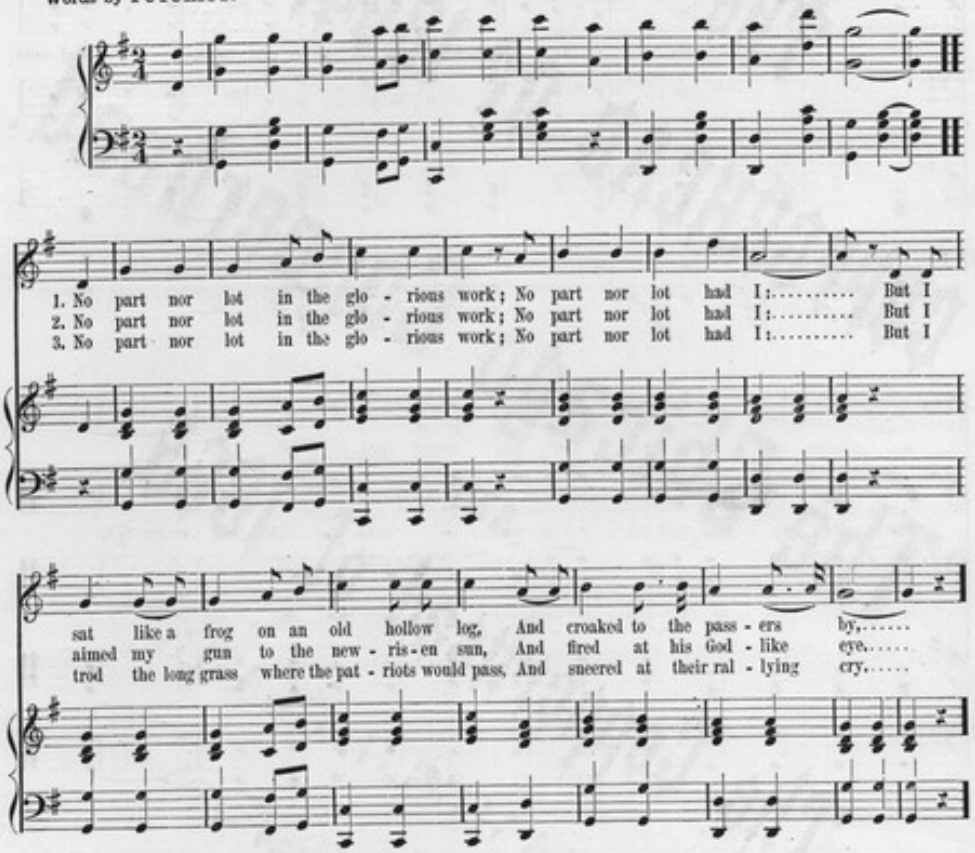
THE COPPERHEAD OF 1865.

Words by FUTURITY.

Music by JAMES G. CLARK.



4.

No part nor lot in the glorious work;
No part nor lot had I;
'Twas little I cared how the bondmen fared,
Though his chains clanked under my eye.
Clank—clank—clank—
No matter how heavy the pain,
No matter how cutting the steely lash
That fell o'er the negro's brain.

5.

No part nor lot in the glorious work;
No part nor lot had I;
And when the air swells with the music of bells
I only look down with a sigh.
Bells—bells—bells—
They tell us the nation is free,
And the noble achievers, co-workers with God—
But Copperheads, what are we?

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1864, by Horace Waters in the Clerk's office of the U. S. Dist. Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHORUS.

Croak— Croak— Croak—..... There were ma - ny paused to hear,.... And

Fire— fire— fire—..... We thought we were ma - ny and strong,.. And could

Sneer— sneer— sneer—..... Tis a word with a doub - le edge,.... And be -

ma - ny more slack - ened their pace, And soon turned back in fear.

humbug the na - tion with vol - leys of words To think - ing right was wrong.

fore it ma - ny a run - ner has turned To the homestead side of his hedge.

8va

Some of the Last Songs of the Late Stephen C. Foster,

WHO DIED JANUARY 13th, 1864.

HORACE WATERS PUBLISHER, 481 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WHY HAVE MY LOVED ONES GONE?

Song and Chorus. This is a simple and touching melody, easily arranged, in the key of B flat.

"Why have my loved ones gone?
Gone to return no more;
Calmly gliding o'er a summer sea,
Whilst I'm left plodding on the shore?"

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

A charming ballad, in the key of C, simple and humorous.

"A penny for your thoughts,
For I know that you are dreaming;
Love's little fickle darts are sporting with your brain.
A penny for your thoughts;
Tho' those eyes your heart is gleaming,
Longing to welcome back the starry night again."

JENNY'S COMING O'ER THE GREEN.

A companion to the above. Key of E flat.

"Jenny's coming o'er the green;
Fairer form was never seen;
Winning is her gentle mein.
Why do I love her so?"

A DREAM OF MY MOTHER.

This is one of Foster's best compositions, very sweet and touching. It is arranged in the key of D.

"My mother and my home,
Ah! what pleasant words to me!
They light up my drooping heart,
Wherever I may be."

MERRY LITTLE BIRDS ARE WE.

A beautiful little song for children, and very easy. Arranged in the key of D.

"The summer's coming on,
And we warble in the tree,
The wint'ry blasts have gone.
Oh! what merry birds are we!"

SLUMBER, MY DARLING.

A sweet little cradle song, very pretty. Arranged in E flat.

"Slumber, my darling; your mother is near,
Guarding thy dreams from all terror and fear.
Sunlight has past and the twilight has gone,
Slumber, my darling, the night's coming on."

OH! THERE'S NO SUCH GIRL AS MINE!

This is one of Foster's best comic songs, and is becoming very popular. It is in the key of C.

"Oh! there's no such girl as mine
In all this wide world round,
With her hair of gold so fine
And her voice of silver sound.
Her eyes are as black as the sloe,
Her lips in a smile combine,
Her breath is as pure as the snow.
There's no such girl as mine."

WHEN THIS DREADFUL WAR IS ENDED.

A patriotic ballad, and one that is deservedly popular. In the key of D.

"When this dreadful war is ended,
I will come again to thee.
Tell me, dearest, ere we sever,
Tell me, tell me you'll be true."

WILT THOU BE TRUE?

Another in the same style as the above, and a fitting companion for it. This is in B flat, and ranges from F to F.

"Wilt thou be true, dearest, to me,
Though I may wander far off from thee?
Over my heart no gloom will come
If thou art faithful wherever I roam."

I WILL BE TRUE TO THEE.

This is a very sweet and charming ballad, arranged in E flat, artistic, yet simple.

"I will be true to thee,
Though I share in thy worst despair.
I will be true to thee,
Though my own heart be bowed with care."

Mr. AND Mrs. BROWN.

A comic duett in the key of C. This is one of Foster's best compositions of the kind.

"Mrs. Brown—So, Mr. Brown, You've come at last;
I'm sure it's after two.
Mr. Brown—Dear Mistress Brown, your clock is fast,
I know as well as you."

MY WIFE IS A MOST KNOWING WOMAN.

A humorous ballad, in E flat.

"My wife is a most knowing woman;
She always is finding me out;
She never will hear explanation,
But instantly puts me to rout."

LITTLE JENNY DOW.

An exquisite little ballad, in the key of A.

"Little Jenny Dow lives beyond the mill,
Her merry voice is heard all round,
Her happy smiles are seen on the green-clad hill,
Where'er the budding flowers are found."

LIZZIE DIES TO-NIGHT.

This is one of the most popular of Foster's ballads. It is a pure, sweet melody, and being founded upon an interesting incident, has a double charm. It is arranged easily in the key of D.

"'Twas hard, our parting, Mother dear,
It gave you untold pain;
But hope was strong within our hearts,
That we should meet again."

BETTER TIMES ARE COMING.

This is a stirring song and chorus, and well calculated to rouse the patriotic fire in every heart. It is in the key of C, and ranges from E to E.

"There are voices of hope that are borne on the air,
And our land will be freed from its clouds of despair
For brave men and true men to battle are gone,
And good times, good times are now coming on."

WAS MY BROTHER IN THE BATTLE?

Another of Foster's good patriotic ballads, simple but pleasing. Key of F, and ranges from F to F.

"Tell me, tell me, weary soldier,
From the rude and stirring wars,
Was my brother in the battle
Where you gained those noble scars?"

THE LOVE I BEAR TO THEE.

Both the words and music of this song are far superior to most ballads of the kind. It is artistic in style, but easy of execution. Key of B flat.

"At midnight hour, when all alone,
I often sit and think of thee,
And wish that like a star I shone
With brightness in thy memory."

THERE ARE PLENTY OF FISH IN THE SEA.

This is, as its title indicates, a numerous ballad, and fast becoming popular. Arranged in C, and has a gliding and easy movement.

"A lady tossed her curls
At all who came to woo;
She laughed to scorn the vows
From hearts though false or true."

OH! WHY AM I SO HAPPY?

Foster has a peculiar faculty of adapting music to words, and he never succeeded better than in this song. It is in ", and is truly beautiful.

"Oh! why am I so happy?
Why these feelings of delight?
And why does gladness cheer me?
Why everything so bright?"

IF YOU'VE ONLY GOT A MOUSTACHE.

This is a comic song, in every sense of the word. Key of D, and prettily arranged.

"Oh! all of you poor single men,
Don't ever give up in despair;
For there's always a chance while there's life,
To cap-ure the hearts of the fair."

BURY ME IN THE MORNING MOTHER.

A sweet and touching ballad, in the key of F, very easy.

"Bury me in the morning,
And mourn not at my loss;
For I'll join the beautiful army
That carries the Saviour's Cross."

LEAVE ME WITH MY MOTHER.

A charming little song, equal in beauty to the above.

"Leave me with my mother, for I love her more,
Far more, far more than you know."

WHEN OLD FRIENDS WERE HERE.

This is the last but one of Mr. Foster's compositions, written a few weeks before his death. It is very beautiful and touching. It is in B flat.

"When old friends were here,
In days that are flown,
How fond were the hands
Which oft clasped my own.
The pathways of life
Were pleasure's sunny hue,
And voices were near,
With tones warm and true."

SHE WAS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

This is the last song ever written by this popular composer, and is doubly valuable on this account. It is arranged in E flat.

"In the sad and mournful autumn,
With the falling of the leaf,
Death, the reaper, claimed our loved one,
As the husbandman the sheaf.
Cold and dark the day we laid her
'Neath the sighing cypress tree;
For tho' nothing to another,
She was all the world to me."

The above Songs are 30 cents each, mailed free.

THE ATHENÆUM COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES FOR CHOIR, CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL, IS NOW READY.—It contains 512 pages, and nearly 700 Hymns and Tunes, such as "Rest for the Weary," "Shining Shore," "Eden Above," "Shall we know each other there?" &c. Among the new and beautiful pieces we would name, "Dare to be Right," "Faint not, Weary Pilgrim," "Come to me," "Lion of Judah," "Shall we meet beyond the River?" "Lord, give us Faith," "There is a Land of Love," "Oh! 'tis Glorious," "We'll wait till Jesus Comes," "A few more years shall roll," "Sabbath Bells Chime on," "Over the River," "Shall we meet no more to Part?" "The Vacant Chair," "Forever with the Lord," "Oh! my shall we meet you all there?" &c. Price, bound, 75 cents; $7 per dozen $60 per 100. Cloth, bound, embossed gilt, $1 00. $10 per dozen; $80 per 100. Postage, 15 cents each.

HORACE WATERS,
No. 481 Broadway, New York.

THE LATE STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

HIS MUSICAL CAREER—THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

On the tomb of Donizetti, in the cathedral at Bergamo, is a modest inscription, saying that the dead composer was "a finder of many melodies." The simple record—too unpretending for the merits of the Italian composer—will be peculiarly applicable to the late Stephen C. Foster, the song-writer, who died, on the 13th instant, in this city.

Mr. Foster was born in Pittsburg, July 4, 1826, the same day on which Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died. His father was a well-to-do farmer, and laid out on his property a town, which he intended to call Fosterville. "Soon afterwards," says Mr. Charles McKnight, of the Pittsburg Evening Chronicle, in his interesting biographical notice of the late song-writer, "the gallant Captain Lawrence was killed, fighting his ship, the Chesapeake, and Mr Foster patriotically changed the name of his town to Lawrenceville, adopting as the motto on the corporation seal the dying words of Lawrence, 'Don't give up the ship.'"

When seven years old, young Stephen Foster showed enough musical precocity to learn, unaided, the flageolet; and later, he played other instruments, though, like most composers, he was never eminent as a performer. Like Moore, he was fond of singing his own songs, and when he accompanied himself on the piano or guitar, there was a charming and plaintive sadness in his voice which touched the hearts of his listeners.

His melodies are so sweet, so simple, so unpretending, that few people supposed that he had studied music scientifically, and was familiar with the more classical works of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber. He, also, was a man of considerable versatility in other branches. He understood French and German, painted in water colors, was a good accountant, and wrote most the words as well as the music of his songs. These words were in style almost identical with his melodies—sweet, simple, and no worse in rhyme or rythm than the majority of popular lyrics.

George Willig, the Baltimore music publisher, published his first song in 1842. It was called "Open thy lattice, love," and was followed by "Old Uncle Ned" and "Oh! Susanna," which were issued by Peters of Cincinnati. Then appeared "Louisiana Belle," "Nelly was a Lady," "Camptown Races," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Nelly Bly," "Oh, Boys, carry me 'long," "Old Folks at Home," and others. With these Foster established his reputation as a writer of negro minstrelsy, and at the same time made considerable money, his New York publishers, Firth, Pond & Co., paying him over $15,000 on "Old Folks at Home" alone—the most profitable piece of music ever published in this city. E. P. Christy paid Foster five hundred dollars for the privilege of having his name printed on one edition of this song.

During the past ten years Foster's compositions were of a more sentimental and refined character. He dropped the burlesque negro words and wrote and composed such songs as "Willie, we have missed you," "Ellen Bayne," "Maggie by my Side," "Come where my love lies dreaming," "Little Ella," "Jennie with the light brown Hair," "Willie my brave," "Farewell, my little dear," "Oh, comrades, fill no glass for me," "Old Dog Tray," "Mollie, do you love me?" "Summer Breath," "Ah, may the red rose live alway" "Come with thy sweet voice again," "I see her still in my dreams, etc.

The following, all published by Horace Waters, are among his latest productions:

"Why have my Loved ones Gone, I will be true to Thee, Was my Brother in the Battle, Wilt thou be True, The Love I bear to Thee, A Dream of my Mother Merry little Birds are we, Oh! there's no such Girl as mine, Oh! why am I so Happy, Slumber, my Darling, 'Lizzie dies to-night, Better Times are Coming, A Penny for your Thoughts, When this Dreadful War is ended, When Old Friends were here, and She was all the World to me, which is his last composition.

The Athenæum Collection, a new book for Church and Sunday School, published by Horace Waters, also contains all the following pieces, written expressly for this work by Mr. Foster.

"While we work for the Lord, The Beautiful Shore, There is a Land of Love, Oh! 'tis Glorious, Tears brings Thoughts of Heaven, Willie's gone to Heaven, Suffer Little Children to come unto me, Bury me in the morning, Mother, Leave me with my Mother, He Leadeth me beside still Waters, Give us this day our daily Bread, Seek and ye shall find, We'll all meet our Saviour, We'll still keep marching on, The Angels are singing unto me, The Pure, the Bright, the Beautiful, Tell me of the Angels, Mother, What shall the Harvest be, Don't be Idle, Happy little ones are we, Music everywhere, that's why I love it so, Stand up for the Truth, Over the River, The Bright Hills of Glory," etc.

His later works exhibit greater grace and tenderness than his earlier ones; and had he lived, and taken proper care of his health, he might have obtained the most enviable eminence as a musician. As it is, he had the blessed, heaven-sent gift of melody, and his compositions, if not his name, are known all over the world. Russians, Italians, Germans, French, and even Egyptians and Chinese, have heard and admired those sweet strains which made Stephen C. Foster pre-eminently the ballad writer of America. We hope his publishers will make a collection—if not of all—of his best songs and choruses, and publish them in some enduring form; for their popularity will not die with the man whose genial imagination gave them birth.

Mr. Foster—who for the past three years had lived in this city—was buried at Pittsburg. The *Evening Chronicle* of that city says of his funeral:

"His death took place on the 13th instant, in New-York city. With praiseworthy state-pride, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company gave orders that his remains and the party in charge of them, should be passed over the road free of charge. The Adams Express Company also declined to take any pay for conveying his remains from New York to Harrisburg.

"As stated in the previous notice given of the deceased, he married a daughter of the late Dr. McDowell, who, with an interesting daughter of twelve years survives him. Some of his friends here, and other lovers of music, who acknowledge his numerous and valuable contributions to musical science and literature, have united in having impressive and appropriate ceremonies at his funeral. At Trinity Church the exercises were vocal, led by Mr. Kieber; at the grave they were instrumental, some of Mr. Foster's most popular airs having been introduced. Mr. Foster has won a fame which is undying. His influence extends over every land where there are voices to hymn forth sweet notes and hearers to be moved by them."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*