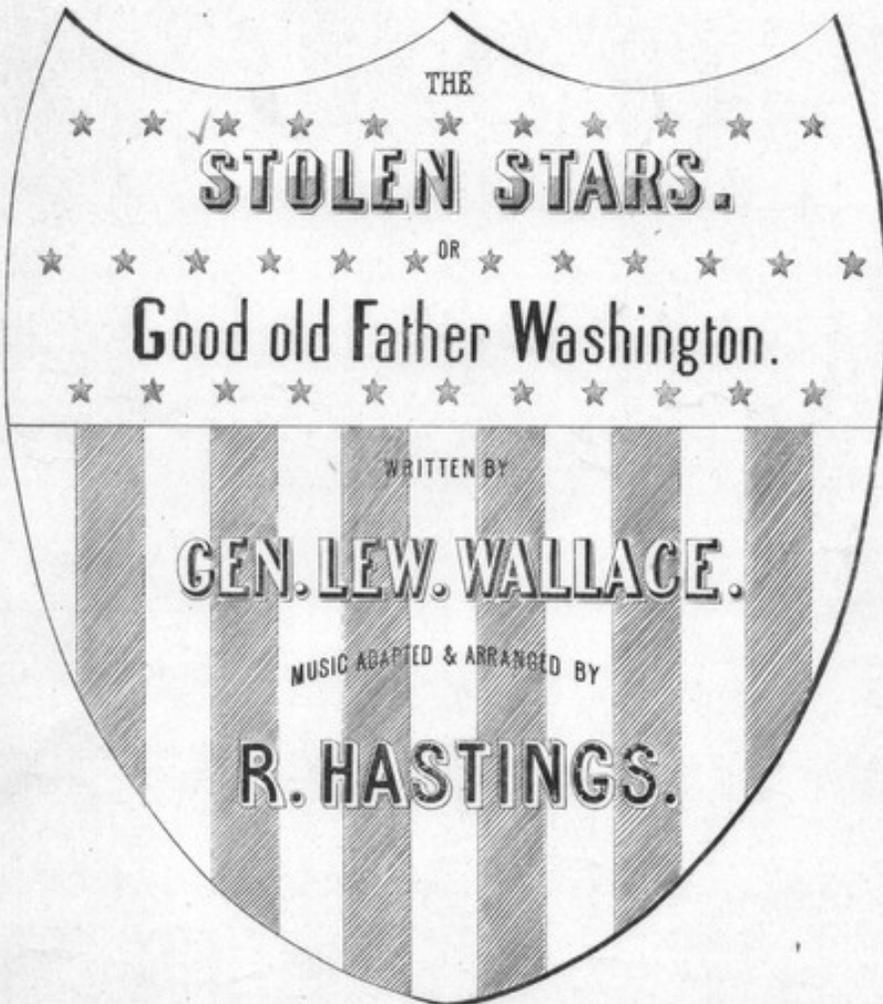


Title:	Stolen stars, or Good old father Washington
Name(s):	Hastings, R. Wallace, Lew
Resource Type:	notated music
Note(s):	Music associated with the Union side
Subject(s):	United States--History--Songs and music Washington, George, 1732-1799--Songs and music Choruses, Secular (Unison) with piano Flags--United States--Songs and music
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THE STOLEN STARS.

OR

GOOD OLD FATHER WASHINGTON.

Written by Gen: L.Wallace.* Music Adapted and Arranged by R.Hastings.

Con Impeto Doloroso.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a common time signature.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 6/8 time signature.

Recitando.

Vocal line musical notation for the first part of the lyrics.

When good old Father Washington, Was just about to die, He call'd our Uncle Samuel Unto his bedside nigh¹ This

Tremolo.

Piano accompaniment for the first part of the lyrics, marked Tremolo.

Vocal line musical notation for the second part of the lyrics.

flag I give you, Sammy dear,² Said Washington, said he, "Where'er it floats, on land or wave, My children shall be free,

Piano accompaniment for the second part of the lyrics.

* The words of this song are from "Harper's Weekly", and are used by the kind permission of Harper & Brothers.

3639. 4.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1863, by A.C. Peters & Bro: in the Clerk's Office of the Southern Distric Court of Ohio.

4

CHORUS.

Wher - e'er it floats, on land or wave, My children shall be free.

2.v. And fine old Uncle Samuel He took the flag from him, And spread it on a long pine pole, And pray'd and sung a hymn, A

pious man was Uncle Sam, Back fifty years and more; The flag should fly till judgment day, So by the Lord he swore.

CHORUS.

The flag should fly till judgment day, So by the Lord he swore.

THE STOLEN STARS.

1
When good old Father Washington
Was just about to die,
He called our Uncle Samuel
Unto his bedside nigh;
"This flag I give you, Sammy, dear,"
Said Washington, said he;
"Where'er it floats, on land or wave,
My children shall be free."

2
And fine old Uncle Samuel
He took the flag from him,
And spread it on a long pine pole,
And prayed and sung a hymn.
A pious man was Uncle Sam,
Back fifty years and more;
The flag should fly till judgment day,
So by the Lord he swore.

3
And well he kept that solemn oath
He kept it well, and more;
The thirteen stars first on the flag
Soon grew to thirty-four;
And every star bespoke a State,
Each State an empire won;
No brighter were the stars of night
Than those of Washington.

4
Beneath that flag two brothers dwelt;
To both 'twas very dear;
The name of one was Puritan,
The other Cavalier.
"Go build ye towns," said Uncle Sam
Unto those brothers dear;
"Build anywhere, for in the world
You've none but God to fear?"

5
"I'll to the South," said Cavalier,
"I'll to the South" said he;
"I'll to the North," said Puritan,
"The North's the land for me."
Each took a flag, each left a tear
To good old Uncle Sam;
He kissed the boys, he kissed the flags,
And, doleful, sung a psalm.

6
And in a go-cart Puritan
His worldly goods did lay;
With wife, and gun, and dog, and ax,
He, singing, went his way.
Of buckskin was his Sunday suit,
His wife wore linsey jeans;
And fat they grew, like porpoises,
On hoe-cake, pork and beans.

7
But Cavalier a cockney was;
He talked French and Latin;
Every day he wore broadcloth,
While his wife wore satin.
He went off in a painted ship—
In glory he did go;
A thousand niggers up aloft,
A thousand down below.

8
The towns were built, as I've heard said,
Their likes were never seen;
They filled the North, they filled the South,
They filled the land between.
"The Lord be praised!" said Puritan;
"Bully!" said Cavalier;
"There's room and town lots in the West,
If there is't any here?"

9
Out to the West they journeyed then,
And in quarrel got;
One said 'twas his, he knew it was,
The other said 'twas not.
One drew a knife, a pistol t'other,
And dreadfully they swore;
From Northern lake to Southern gulf
Wild rang the wordy roar.

10
All the time good old Uncle Sam
Sat by his fireside near,
Smokin' of his kinnikinnick,
And drinkin' lager beer.
He laughed and quaffed, and quaffed and laughed,
Nor thought it worth his while,
Until the storm in fury burst
On Sumner's sea-girl isle.

11
O'er the waves to the smoking fort,
When came the dewy dawn,
To see the flag he looked— and lo!
Eleven stars were gone!
"My pretty, pretty stars," he cried,
And down did roll a tear.
"I've got your stars old Foggy Sam—
Ha ha!" laughed Cavalier.

12
"I've got your stars in my watch-foh;
Come take them, if you dare!"
And Uncle Sam he turned away,
Too full of wrath to swear.
"Let thunder all the drums!" he cried,
While swelled his soul, like Mars;
"A million Northern boys I'll get,
To bring me home my stars?"

13
And on his mare, stout Betsey Jane,
To Northside town he flew;
The dogs they barked, the bells did ring,
And countless bugles blew.
"My stolen stars!" cried Uncle Sam—
"My stolen stars!" cried he,
"A million soldiers I must have
To bring them back to me?"

14
"Dry up your tears, good Uncle Sam;
Dry up!" said Puritan,
"We'll bring you home your stolen stars,
Or perish every man!"
And at the words a million rose,
All ready for the fray;
And columns formed, like rivers deep,
And Southward marched away.

15
And still old Uncle Samuel
Sits by his fireside near
Smokin' of his kinnikinnick
And drinkin' lager beer;
While there's a tremble in the earth,
A gleaming of the sky,
And the rivers stop to listen
As the million marches by.

At a dinner, at which were present Major-General Lewis Wallace, Thomas Buchanan Reed, and James E. Murdoch, a conversation sprung up respecting ballads for soldiers. The General maintained that hardly one had been written suited for the camp. It was agreed that each of them should write one. The above is that by General Wallace.