

<b>Title:</b>	War song for '61
<b>Name(s):</b>	Mitchell, John R. Mitchell, Thomas
<b>Resource Type:</b>	notated music
<b>Note(s):</b>	Music associated with the Union side
<b>Subject(s):</b>	United States--History--Songs and music Choruses, Secular (Mixed voices, 4 parts) with piano Scott, Winfield, 1786-1866--Songs and music Flags--United States--Pictorial works
<b>URL</b>	<a href="http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ahas/loc.natlib.ahas.200001691">http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ahas/loc.natlib.ahas.200001691</a>

*Dep July 23/62*

*No 19. Sent June 15, 1861  
Dep " " "*

CORDIALLY INSCRIBED TO

**LIEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT,** 21738

Commanding U. S. Army.

THE

# WAR SONG.

*Deposited June 15, 1861*



WORDS BY THOMAS MITCHELL.

MUSIC BY

**JOHN R. MITCHELL,**

OF LANSINGBURGH, N. Y.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y.: PUBLISHED BY THOMAS MITCHELL.

NEW-YORK: FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 BROADWAY.

M 1640  
.M

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by J. R. MITCHELL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Western District of New-York.

LEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT

WAR SONG FOR '61

Words by THOMAS MITCHELL.

Music by JOHN R. MITCHELL.

*Allegro.*

TENOR. 1. VER. Rebels tread rude-ly round Washington's tomb, The tramp of the trai-tor is heard in the gloom,

ALTO. 2. VER. Coming like van-dals for plun-der and prey, With bar-bar-ic spir-its and hands for the fray,

SOPRANO. 3. VER. Peace and not carn-age we've sought to the last, Till ma's with his thunders loud roared the dread blast,

BASS. 4. VER. Hail to our chief-tain! most no-ble brave Scott, Thy name shall en-dure like the firm sea-ted rock,

Sun and moon O shine not a-round the dread scene, Shine not a-round the dread scene,

Mad-ly, blind-ly, rush-ing to ru-in they fly Rush-ing to ru-in they fly,

Wel-come wel-come we hail his han-ner as ours, We hail his han-ner as ours,

Sa-cred mem-'ry ev-er shall muse on thy fame, Ev-er shall muse on thy fame,

LIEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

*cres.*  
 Tell not O tell not the sto - ry, Let him lie still in his glo - ry, Not o'er the couch of the  
*cres.*  
 Rat - the - snakes emblem these min - ions, Torn from the Ea - gle his pin - ions, Not o'er the land of re -  
*cres.*  
 Crav'nt and cow - ard they t'unt us, Chains of the slave they would grant us, Leap from thy scabbard O  
*cres.*  
 Hands that no bribes ev - er handled, Hon - or that gold nev - er mangled. Quick at thy presence the

he - ro the stars and the stripes streamlets wave, Ye sons of the brave, See Washington's grave,  
 bel - lion the flag of our u - nion doth wave The stripes and the stars How trea - sons hand mars?  
 sword of the migh - ty and wave to the foe, O God of the sky, On thee we re - ly,  
 spir - it of trea - son fell back in dis - may, He came to the ark, The storm gathered dark, To

4

Will ye not save Arm by the thou-sand, rush on like the tor-rent, The blood of the Fathers calls  
 Look on the scars, Voice of the world cry a-loud 'gainst the out-rage, Hu-man-i-ty e-cho  
 Treason must die, Mil-lions of voi-ces a-gainst the op-pres-sor, In ho-ly vi-bra-tions re-  
 pi-lot the bark, True to the col-ors A-mer-i-ca's standard, The in-tre-pid chieftain the

loud for the on-set Tis viet-'ry or death Hark! from the val-leys and mountains they come,  
 the spoil-er's swift doom Tis th' hope of the race. Lo! from thar-ca-na they hear with dis-may,  
 -sounding through hea-ven, That jus-tice may reign, Ne'er has the na-tions be-held such a scene,  
 warrior un-daun-ted, Still bears them a-loft, Long may he lin-ger and gallant-ly stand

Hear ye the sound of the bu-gle and drum, — Ho! from the North, Ho! from the North, Myriads advance,  
 North, East and West, all on fire for the fray, March is the cry, March is the cry, Stand to your arms!  
 Woke from the spell of a long peaceful dream, Rushing to arms, Rushing to arms, Hail! to our flag,  
 Till not a trai-tor is found in the land, Hail! to our chief, Hail! to our chief, Na-tions all hail!

where is the foe to with-stand, Then on - ward! Sons of the pilgrims your country to save.  
 proud of the flag that shall wave, Shall wave, o'er all the dark ramparts of trea-son shall wave.  
 mil-lions of hearts swell for thee, For thee! with not a dim star or one lost from thy folds.  
 look on our ban-ner and hope, And hope, that wide as the hea-vens unfurled it may float.