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THE NATIONAL RALLY



A NEW PATRIOTIC SONG,
DEDICATED TO ALL TRUE UNIONISTS.

Poetry by

ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Music by

MARTIN SIMONSEN.

1863

San Francisco:

TO BE OBTAINED AT ALL THE MUSIC STORES THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by ELIZA A. PITTSINGER, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court for the Northern District of the State of California.

WM. P. HARRISON & CO., (Successors to Robbins & Co.) PRINTERS, 417 CLAY STREET.

M1640
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The National Rally.

(NEW PATRIOTIC SONG.)

Poetry by ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

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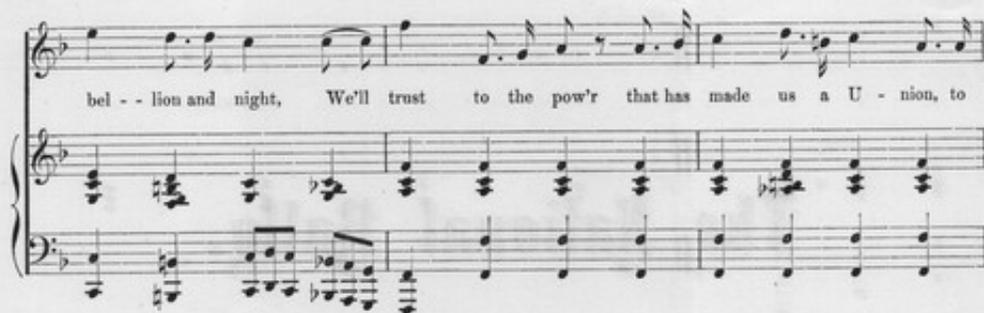
PIANO.

TEMPO DI MARCIA.

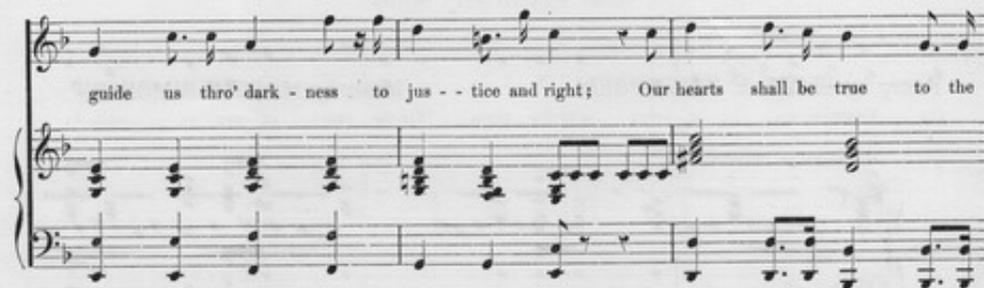
Tutti

The musical score is presented in three systems. The first system shows the piano introduction in C major, 2/4 time, marked 'TEMPO DI MARCIA' and 'Tutti'. It consists of two staves: a treble staff with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, with the treble staff featuring a melodic line and the bass staff providing harmonic support with chords and eighth notes. The third system introduces the vocal line in the treble staff, with lyrics underneath: 'Tho' the tem - pest of strife and storms of disun - ion Un - furl their dark wings o'er re-'. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff, providing a steady harmonic foundation for the vocal melody.

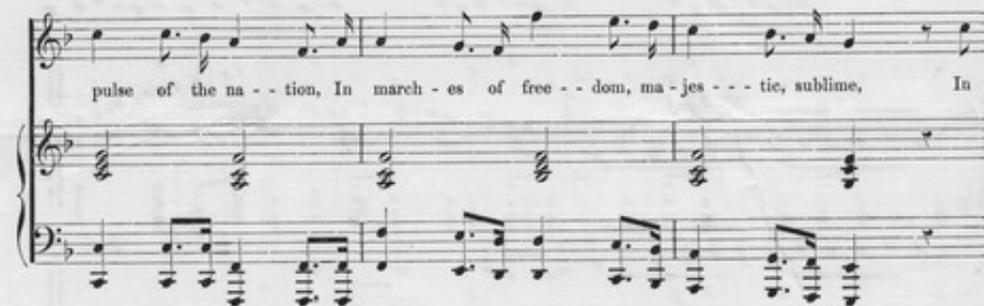
bel - - lion and night, We'll trust to the pow'r that has made us a U - nion, to



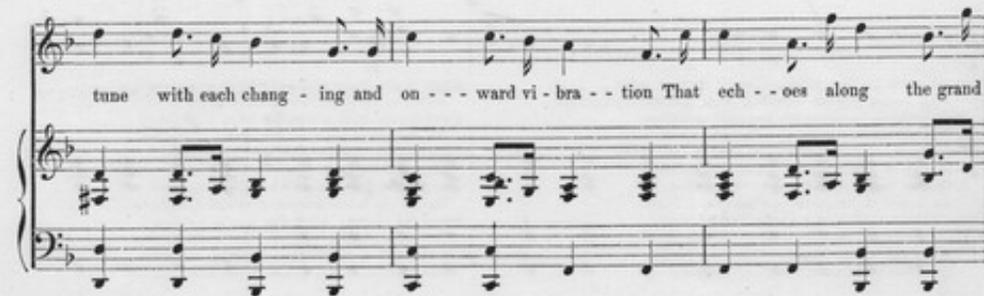
guide us thro' dark - ness to jus - - tice and right; Our hearts shall be true to the



pulse of the na - - tion, In march - es of free - - dom, ma - jes - - - tie, sublime, In



tune with each chang - ing and on - - - ward vi - bra - - - tion That ech - - oes along the grand



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CHORUS.

cir - - cles of time. On, Freemen, on! let it swell from the val - - - ley!

On, Freemen, on! let it ring o'er the plain! 'Tis the call of our na - - - tion, O

let us all ral - - ly. Re - bel - lion to con - quer, and glo - ry to gain.

D. C. *f*

Swell forth, oh thou tocsin of war! there is valor
That wakes to your sounding, that springs to your cry.
That bears on its armor no fear and no pallor,
Whose standard is peace—though to gain it we die—
Swell forth, oh thou tocsin! the soul of our Nation
Is ever in tune with the cause of the right;
A Genius reigns over the laws of creation,
An Angel of Progress—a Goddess of Light.
On, Freemen, on! let it swell from the valley!
On, Freemen, on! let it ring o'er the plain!
'Tis the call of our Nation, oh let us all rally,
Rebellion to conquer, and glory to gain!

Away to the ranks where the strife is advancing!
Away to the plain where the warrior lies low!
Away to the field, where the sabre is glancing
Its venomous steel to the breast of the foe!
Oh sound the alarm from border to border!
Ring out the new song of our Nation's release!
O'er the last pale foe and rebellious marauder
Unfurl the white banner of triumph and peace.
Sound the alarm! let it ring o'er the valley!
On to the rescue, from city and plain!
'Tis the call of our Nation, oh let us all rally,
Rebellion to conquer, and freedom to gain!

THE NATIONAL RALLY.

Though the tempest of strife and the storms of disunion
Unfurl their dark wings o'er rebellion and night,
We'll trust to the power that has made us a Union
To guide us from darkness to justice and right.
Our hearts shall be true to the pulse of the Nation,
In marches of freedom, majestic, sublime—
In tune with each changing and onward vibration,
Resounding along the grand circles of Time.

CHORUS:—

On, Freeman, on! let it swell from the valley!
On, Freeman, on! let it ring o'er the plain!
'Tis the call of our Nation—oh, let us all rally,
Rebellion to conquer and glory to gain!

Swell forth, oh, thou tocsin of war! There is valor
That wakes to your sounding, that springs to your cry;
That bears on its armor no fear and no pallor,
Whose standard is Peace—though to gain it we die.
Swell forth, oh, thou tocsin! The soul of our nation
Is ever in tune with the cause of the right—
A Genius presides o'er the laws of creation,
An Angel of Progress, a Goddess of Light.

CHORUS:—

On, Freeman, on! let it swell from the valley!
On, Freeman, on! let it ring o'er the plain!
'Tis the call of our Nation—oh, let us all rally,
Rebellion to conquer and glory to gain!

Away to the ranks, where the strife is advancing!
Away to the plain where the warrior lies low!
Away to the field where the sabre is glancing
Its venomous steel to the breast of the foe!
Oh, sound the alarm! let it ring o'er the border!
And join in the song of our Nation's release!
O'er the last stricken foe and rebellious marauder
We'll wave the white banner of triumph and peace!

CHORUS:—

Sound the alarm! let it ring o'er the valley!
On to the rescue from city and plain!
'Tis the call of our Nation—oh, then, let us rally,
Rebellion to conquer and glory to gain!