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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
Mr. Alex. Matthew.
as a token of Esteem.

COLUMBIA
The hope of the World
A NEW
NATIONAL SONG
Written by
Maurice Bingham.
COMPOSED BY
EMIL STADLER.

Copyright '92

NEW YORK
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COLUMBIA THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

WORDS BY MAURICE BINGHAM.

MUSIC BY EMIL STADLER.

Musctoso.

f *p dol* *f*

f *f* *crescendo.* *f* FINE.

Detailed description: This block contains the piano introduction. It starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The music is marked 'Musctoso' and begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and slurs, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a 'FINE' marking.

1. Co - lum - bia we love thee, and just - ly are proud - Of each deed of va - lor thy his - to - ry tells While
 2. If e'er in de - fi - ance of just - ice and right To plot thy de - struc - tion the foe should combine Thy
 3. U - nir - ted and firm may thy chil - dren be found Thy free - in - sti - tu - tions and laws to maintain While

Detailed description: This block shows the first three lines of the song's lyrics. Above the lyrics is a single melodic line in treble clef. Below the lyrics is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The music is in D major and 4/4 time.

he - roes and sa - ges pro - claim thee a - loud The na - tion a - lone wherein Lib - er - ty dwells. The
 freemen Co - lum - bia will rise in their might To die or de - fend thee fair Lib - er - ty's shrine; And in
 throughout the world may thy pure fame re - sound Re - spect - ed a - like o'er the land and the main; Thy

Detailed description: This block shows the final lines of the song's lyrics. It continues with a single melodic line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in two staves (treble and bass clefs). The music concludes with a final chord.

dread of the des - pot thy name still shall be And thy ban - ner for - ev - er float o - ver the free.
peace or in war their watchword shall be may thy ban - ner for - ev - er float o - ver the free.
sails - swelling proud - ly shall whi - ten the sea And thy ban - ner for - ev - er float o - ver the free.

p

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.
Co - lum - bia, thy flag shall for aye be un - fur'l'd The stand - ard of Free - dom, and Hope of the World.

ALTO.
Co - lum - bia, thy flag shall for aye be un - fur'l'd The stand - ard of Free - dom, and Hope of the World.

TENOR.
Co - lum - bia, thy flag shall for aye be un - fur'l'd The stand - ard of Free - dom, and Hope of the World.

BASS.
Co - lum - bia, thy flag shall for aye be un - fur'l'd The stand - ard of Free - dom, and Hope of the World.

f *p*

DA CAPO AL FINE.

SELECT VOCAL MUSIC,

With Pianoforte Accompaniments.

PUBLISHED BY BURNTON'S, 241 HUDSON STREET, OPPOSITE BIDDOE, NEW YORK.

Where copies of any of the following Songs may be had, and will be sent post-free to any part of the United States upon receipt of marked price in postage stamps.

WORDS TO REMEMBER.

Composed by E. STANLEY.
 Sung by Mr. GEORGE BAKER, of Lloyd's Minstra's.
 Price 15 cents.

Words to remember, are those that are spoken
 From lips that are breathing the tones of the heart;
 Cherished like vows that are not to be broken,
 These from our memories ne'er should depart.
 The voice of the stranger may charm for a season;
 The song of the syren the moment may please;
 But the words of a friend breathing love wed to reason,
 Words to remember and cherish are these.

Words to remember, are those that are pledged
 When young hearts are blending their earliest vows;
 For hearts like the flowers of spring may be blighted,
 And drop like the blossoms that fall from the boughs.
 But time cannot alter the value of affection,
 Though seasons may change both the flowers and the trees;
 For youthful love's tones amid joy and dejection,
 Words to remember and cherish are these.

SPRING WILL COME AGAIN.

Composed by E. STANLEY. Sung by D. N. WARDEN.
 Price 15 cents.

WINDY through the woodland,
 Nighs the autumn breeze;
 Leaves all brown and wither'd
 Flatter from the trees;
 Sadly 'gainst my window,
 Beats the heavy rain;
 But hope still whispers gently,
 Spring will come again.

Chorus.
 Spring will come, spring will come;
 Spring will come again.

Hark! the gale blows leader,
 Darker grows the sky;
 Sweet delights of summer,
 All must sleep and die.
 Yet amid the murmur,
 Flows a joyous strain;
 Hope still whispers gently,
 Spring will come again.—Chorus.

Then, if life's sweet summer
 Quickly should depart,
 And the storm of sorrow
 Overwhelm thy heart,
 Housie thy fainting spirit,
 List to Hope's sweet strain,
 As she whispers gently,
 Spring will come again.—Chorus.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Composed by E. STANLEY. Sung by Miss A. BARNWELL.
 Price 15 cents.

Farewell, farewell, my native land,
 I leave thee now for aye,
 My cheek is blanched, my eye is dim,
 My looks are thin and grey.
 In boyhood's hours I've gather'd flowers
 In many a shady dell,
 But now those years are pass'd away,
 My native land, farewell!

In infancy I've wander'd free,
 By many a mountain stream,
 And watch'd the water dashing back
 The dazling fern leaves.
 I've dasher'd up the mountain's side
 To call the bright blue bell,
 Little thought, my native land,
 To bid thee thus farewell!

But I am changed, my native land,
 My step once firm and free
 Is tottering now and slow, and gone
 My youthful buoyancy.
 Soon will my spirit take its flight
 From out its little shell,
 I could have wish'd to die in thee,
 My native land, farewell!

I could have wish'd for Scotland's breeze
 To whistle o'er my grave;
 I could have wish'd for Scotland's trees,
 O'er me their arms to wave;
 I could have wish'd o'er me to bloom
 The nodding, bright flow-er,
 But I must leave thee thus my own,
 My native land, farewell!

Farewell, my beauteous native land,
 Thou'lt never be forgot,
 Though wandering on a foreign strand
 I will forget thee not.
 There are charming climes across the sea,
 They hopefully me tell,
 They'll never equal thee, my own,
 My native land, farewell!

PRAY, HAVE YOU A LETTER FOR ME?

Composed by E. STANLEY. Sung by Miss A. BARNWELL.
 Price 15 cents.

A waiter stood at the cottage door,
 And eager look'd down the lane,
 Then in she ran and looked at the clock,
 Then off to the door again.
 And she look'd before and look'd behind,
 For one she wish'd to see;
 When soon as the postman appear'd, she said,
 Oh! have you a letter for me?

But the postman pass'd without speaking a word,
 And she seem'd to be;
 A tear fell down her cheek,
 Which sadly prov'd to me,
 That shake of the postman's hand had caus'd
 A wound no eye could see;
 For she thought all day of the postman's No,
 When she asked, A letter for me?

Next morning she stood at the selfsame spot;
 she look'd at the clock again;
 As eagerly look'd for the well-known form,
 And dropp'd a tear of pain.
 And her heart beat fast as he came at last—
 For he never fail'd, not he;
 But answer'd, Yes, as she gently ask'd,
 Pray, have you a letter for me?

THE HEART TO LOVE.

Composed by E. STANLEY. Sung by E. H. HARRISON.
 Price 15 cents.

Tender old and ragged be his coat
 And poor his richest fare,
 Though he may not possess a groat,
 Yet still I do not care.

If brother like he'd share his store,
 I care not who may know it;
 I would not lend the coat he wears
 But love the heart below it.

No king or prince, with garter'd knee,
 Or lord of noble birth,
 Could o'er such homage win from me,
 As one of noble worth.

Let others praise the blaze of arms,
 I care not who may know it;
 No gaudy show for me has charms,
 But 'tis the heart below it.

The man that acts an honest part
 With bold and daring eye,
 Whose breast contains an honest heart
 That throbs with sympathy,
 I'd ever love through wind and sea;
 I care not who may know it;
 The clothes are but the outward show,
 The manly heart's below it.

GOD IS WITH THE RIGHT.

A NATIONAL SONG, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE TWELFTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.
 Words by MAURICE BINGHAM. Made by ERIC STANLEY.
 Sung by J. A. HERRMAN, of Christy's Minstra's.
 Price 15 cents.

COLUMBIA! land of Freedom's birth,
 On many a battle plain,
 Thy sons have crush'd the foe to earth—
 It shall be so again.
 For when foul treason rears its head
 And dures assert its right,
 Its cohorts yet shall learn to dread
 The sternness in thy might.

Chorus.—To arms we fly, and this the cry
 Shall nerve us in the fight,
 Our cause is just, succeed we must,
 For God is with the right.

The rebel hosts have dared to cross
 Dominion o'er the sea,
 Our star-spok'd flag alone shall wave
 Triumphant in the breeze.
 A million patriot swords are drawn,
 And onwards rush aside,
 To battle for the Union sword,
 For which our fathers died.

Chorus.—To arms, A.

A stalwart band of freedom bold
 Arises at duty's call,
 Our Constitution to uphold,
 And by it stand or fall.
 Ere long again o'er land and main,
 Our glorious Flag unfurled,
 Columbia free once more shall be,
 A heaven to the world.

Chorus.—To arms, A.

JUDGE NOT A MAN BY HIS CLOTHING.

Arranged by A. STANLEY. Sung by Miss H. O. LALANDE.
 Price 15 cents.

Judge not a man by the coat of his clothing,
 Unheeding the life-path that he may pursue;
 Or all you'll admire a beast that needs nothing,
 And fail to give honor where honor is due.
 The palm may be hard and the fingers self-pointed,
 The coat may be tattered, the cheek worn with tears,
 But greater than kings are Labor's assistants,
 You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.

Give me the man as a friend and a neighbor,
 Who talks at the loom—with the spade or the plough,
 Who wins his diploma of manhood by labor,
 And purchases wealth by the sweat of his brow.
 Why should the bread-cloth alone be respected,
 And the man be despised who in fetters appears?
 While the angels in heaven have their limbs unprotected,
 You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.

Judge of a man by the work he is doing,
 Speak of a man as his actions demand;
 Watch well the path that each is pursuing,
 And let the most worthy be chief of the band!
 And that man shall be found 'mid the close ranks of labor,
 He known by the work that his industry rears,
 And the children when you shall be dear to his neighbor,
 And we'll honor the man whatever he wears.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

Composed by E. STANLEY. Sung by E. H. HARRISON.
 Price 15 cents.

A widow stands upon the shore,
 Her boy clasp'd to her heart,
 She prays that heaven will him watch o'er,
 Since they are doom'd to part.
 Alas! the signal now is given
 For them to separate,
 Whose fearful eyes are turned to heaven,
 Its aid to supplicate.

Long years of absence have passed by,
 When on the beach once more
 The mother stands with tearful eye,
 Amid the tempest's roar;
 For struggling with the mighty deep,
 Breaching the surging wave,
 The bark that bears her only child
 She prays great heaven to save.

Her prayer heaven's aid hath surely won,
 For storm-clouds fly away,
 And brightly beams the morning sun
 Amid the ocean spray;
 The gallant bark at anchor rides,
 While kneeling on the shore,
 The mother clasps her darling boy
 In life to part no more.

THE OLD SAILOR'S DREAM.

Written by H. H. Composed by E. STANLEY.
 Sung by Mr. R. ANDERSON, of Wood's Minstra's.
 Price 15 cents.

'Twas the village oak, an old man's worn,
 Leaning his head on his trusty staff,
 He was silent and sad on that beautiful morn,
 Till roused by the sound of a child's laugh;
 He raised his head and smiled, while a tear
 Courser'd gently down o'er his furrow'd cheek,
 And the wondering child sought his grief to cheer
 As he stroked the hand of that old man's neck.

Set down my child by thy grand-dad's side,
 And he pass'd his hand through his golden hair;
 While he smiled in the seat of an old man's pride,
 O'er his childish form, so lithe and fair,
 It led him back to his boyhood's days,
 When his arm was strong, and his laugh was free;
 E'er the storm had sprinkled his locks with grey,
 Or he tempted the waves of the treacherous sea.

He dream'd of a maid, blue eyed and mild,
 Who once plighted truth 'neath that village tree;
 How he loved her then o'er she drove him wild,
 And he left her and home for the blue, blue sea;
 How he wander'd afar, but found no balm,
 Through the weary course of many a year,
 Till years brought age, and age a calm,
 That memory moisten'd with a tear.

See the old man's eyes are closed in slumber,
 And the visions change in his slumber now,
 For gentle smiles o'er his features creep,
 Like the varied hues of the rains bright bow;
 But never more shall the old man dream
 By the village tree of the days of yore,
 For his soul went out with the sun's last beam,
 And his anchor is cast on the safe lee shore.

BURNTON'S, 241 HUDSON STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress.

H. H. JONES, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.