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God is with the right

National Song & Chorus

Respectfully Dedicated to the

12th Regiment,

N.Y.S.M.

Words by

MAURICE BINGHAM.

Music by

EMIL STADLER.

NEW-YORK.

Published at BURNTON'S, 244 Hudson St.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1861 by E.H. Keating, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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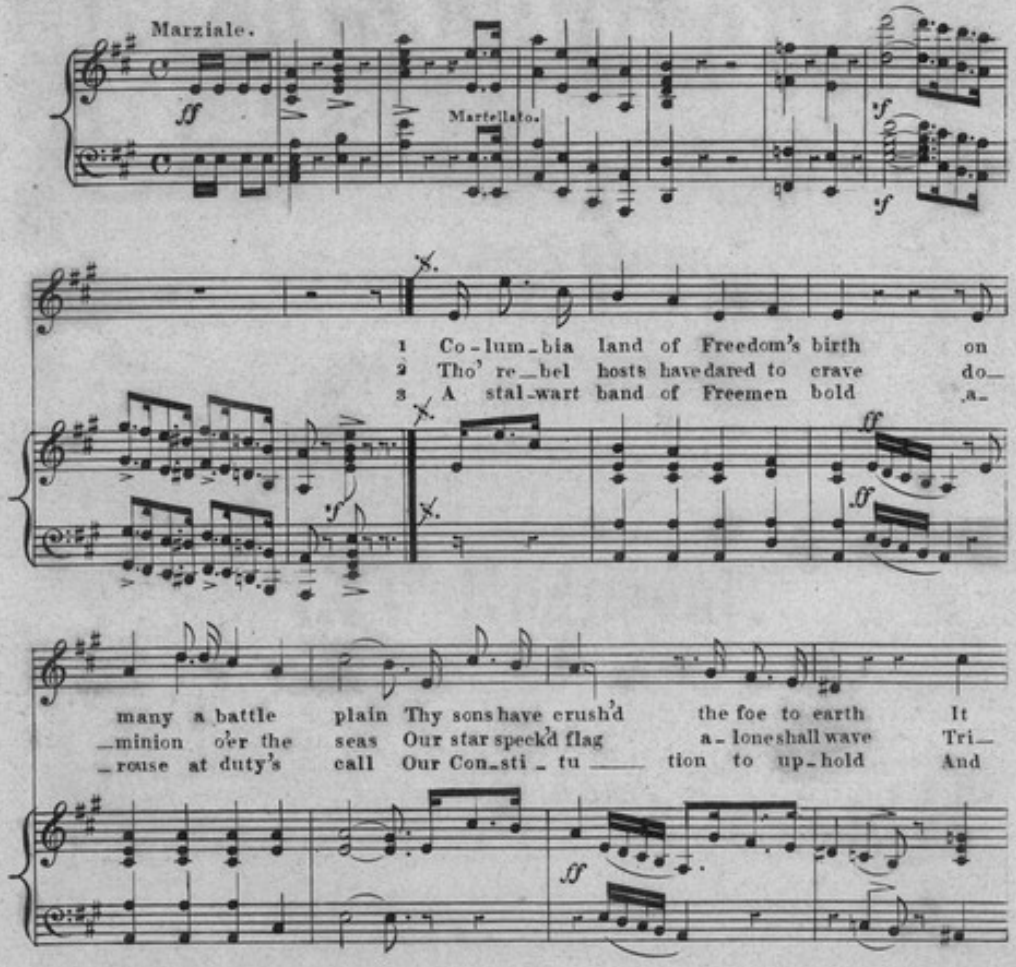
GOD IS WITH THE RIGHT.

Words by MAURICE BINGHAM. Music by EMIL STADLER.



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shall be so a - gain For when foul Treason rears its head And
umphant in the breeze. A mil - lion Patriot swords are drawn, And
by it stand or fall; Ere long a - gain o'er land and main, Our

dolce.

ritard e cress. a tempo.

dares as - sert its right, Its cohorts yet shall learn to dread The Northmen in their might.
scabbards cast a - side, To bat - tle for the U - nion sworn, For which our fathers died.
glorious flag un - furl'd, Co - lum - bia free once more shall be A beacon to the world.

ritard e cress. legato.

CHORUS.

Soprano. To arms we fly - and this the cry shall nerve us in the fight; Our

Alto. To arms we fly - and this the cry shall nerve us in the fight; Our

Tenore. To arms we fly - and this the cry shall nerve us in the fight; Our

Basso. To arms we fly - and this the cry shall nerve us in the fight; Our

cause is just_ suc_ ceed we must For God is with the right.

cause is just_ suc_ ceed we must For God is with the right.

cause is just_ suc_ ceed we must For God is with the right.

cause is just_ suc_ ceed we must For God is with the right.

ff

ff

p f p f

D.S.

SELECT VOCAL MUSIC,

With Pianoforte Accompaniments.

PUBLISHED AT BURNTON'S, 241 HUDSON STREET, OPPOSITE BROOME, 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. Stadler.
Sung by Mr. Gustave Bidaux, of Lloyd's Minstrels.
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 plighted
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 voice 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. Stadler. Sung by D. S. Wambold.
Price 25 cents.

Wildly through the woodland,
Sighs the autumn breeze;
Leaves all brown and wither'd
Flutter 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 louder,
Darker grows the sky;
Sweet delights of summer,
All must droop and die.
Yet amid the murmur,
Floats a joyous strain;
Hope still whispers gently,
Spring will come again.—CHORUS.

Thus, if life's sweet summer
Quickly should depart,
And the storms of sorrow
Overwhelm thy heart,
Rouse 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. Stadler. Sung by Miss A. Boardwell.
Price 25 cents.

Farewell, farewell, my native land,
I leave thee now for aye,
My cheek is blanch'd, my eye is dim,
My locks 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 flashing back
The dazzling fiery beam.
I've clamber'd up the mountain's side
To cull the bright blue bell,
|: I little thought, my native land,
To bid thee then farewell! :|

But I am changed, my native land,
My step once firm and free
Is tottering now and slow, and gone 's
My youthful buoyancy.
Soon will my spirit take its flight
From out its feeble 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 wished for Scotland's trees,
O'er me their arms to wave;
I could have wished o'er me to bloom
The nodding, bright blue-bell,
|: 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. Stadler. Sung by Miss A. Boardwell.
Price 15 cents.

A maiden 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 looked before and looked behind,
For one she wished to see;
When soon as the postman appeared, she ask'd,
Oh! have you a letter for me?

But the postman pass'd without speaking a word,
And sad she seemed to be;
A tear fell down her rosy cheek,
Which plainly proved to me,
That shake of the postman's head had caused
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 looked at the clock again;
As eagerly looked for the well-known form,
And dropped a tear of pain.
And her heart beat fast as he came at last—
For he never smiled, not he;
But answered, Yes, as she gently asked,
Pray, have you a letter for me?

THE HEART TO LOVE.

Composed by E. Stadler. Sung by E. H. Harding.
Price 15 cents.

Though 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 heed the coat he wore
But love the heart below it.

No king or prince, with gartered knee,
Or lord of noble birth,
Could e'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 weal and woe;
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. Music by Emil Stadler.
Sung by J. A. Herman, of Christy's Minstrels.
Price 25 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 dares assert its right,
Its cohorts yet shall learn to dread
The northmen in their 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.

Tho' rebel boats have dared to crave
Dominion o'er the seas,
Our star-speck'd flag alone shall wave
Triumphant in the breeze.
A million patriot swords are drawn,
And scabbards cast aside,
To battle for the Union sworn,
For which our fathers died.
Chorus—To arms, &c.

A stalwart band of freemen bold
Arouse 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 beacon to the world.
Chorus—To arms, &c.

JUDGE NOT A MAN BY HIS CLOTHING.

Arranged by A. Strauß. Sung by Miss H. O. Lalande.
Price 25 cents.

Judge not a man by the coat of his clothing,
Unheeding the life-path that he may pursue;
Or oft you'll admire a heart that needs loathing,
And fail to give honor where honor is due.
The palm may be hard and the fingers stiff-jointed,
The coat may be tattered, the cheek worn with tears,
|: But greater than kings are Labor's anointed,
You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears. :|

Give me the man as a friend and a neighbor,
Who toils 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 broadcloth alone be respected,
And the man be despised who in fustian appears?
|: While the angels in heav'n 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 land!
And that man shall be found 'mid the close ranks of labor,
Be known by the work that his industry rears,
|: And the chieftain whose was shall be dear to his neighbor,
And we'll honor the man whatever he wears. :|

THE WIDOW'S SON.

Composed by E. Stadler. Sung by E. H. Harding.
Price 25 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 doomed to part.
Alas! the signal now is given
For them to separate,
Whose tearful 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,
Breasting 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 flit 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. Stadler.
Sung by Mr. E. Ambrose, of Wood's Minstrels.
Price 25 cents.

'Neath the village oak, sat an old man worn,
Leaning his hand on his trusty staff,
He was silent and sad on that beauteous morn,
Till roused by the sound of a childlike laugh;
He raised his head and smiled, while a tear
Coursed gently down o'er his furrowed cheek,
And the wondering child sought his grief to cheer
As he stroked the hand of that old man meek.

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

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

See the old man's eyes are closed in sleep,
And the visions change in his slumbers 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, 241 HUDSON STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by E. H. Harding, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.