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Name(s):	Work, Henry C. (Henry Clay) 1832-1884 Work, Henry C. (Henry Clay) 1832-1884
Resource Type:	notated music
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No 990

SEQUEL TO

"KINGDOM COMING."

BABYLON IS FALLEN

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by

HENRY C. WORK.

25939

CHICAGO:

Published by ROOT & CADY, 95 Clark St.

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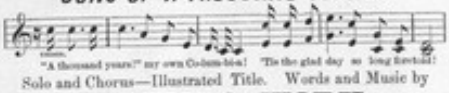
"SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS."



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Price—25 cents.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen!
Fling to the winds you needless fears!
He who unfurl'd your beauteous banner,
Says it shall wave a thousand years!

Chorus—"A thousand years!" my own Columbia!
'Tis the glad day so long foretold!
'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds, one little moment,
Hide the blue sky where morn appears,
When the bright sun, that tints them crimson,
Rises to shine a thousand years? *Chorus.*

Tell the great world these blessed tidings!
Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;
Tell the oppressed of every nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years. *Chorus.*

Envious foes, beyond the ocean!
Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years. *Chorus.*

Rebels at home! go hide your faces—
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;
You could not bind the blessed daylight,
Though you should strive a thousand years. *Chorus.*

Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!
Down to your own degraded spheres!
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
Shortens your lives a thousand years. *Chorus.*

Haste thee along, thou glorious Noonday!
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!
Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons
Each of his days a thousand years. *Chorus.*

"MINE IS THE MOURNING HEART."

Duett for Soprano and Tenor—by

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

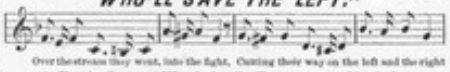
A charming composition of this remarkable melodist. It seems the best of his that we have seen for a long time.

Price—25 cents.

Thou hast roam'd under summer skies,
Whilst I have weather'd the storm—
I have pray'd that the angels fair
Would shield thy pillow from harm.
But thou wert gone! and none this soul
From sadness could awaken—
Mine is the mourning heart,
By thee forsaken!

Thou hast whisper'd, in words of love,
To other ears than mine—
I have yielded to others' charms,
But worshipped only thine.
But ah! dost thou remember, love,
Those sacred vows we've taken?
Mine is the mourning heart, &c.

"WHO'LL SAVE THE LEFT."



A Battle Scene—Words by R. TOMPKINS—Music by

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"To perpetuate the glory of the brave men of the Nineteenth Illinois, and their companions in arms, who fell at Murfreesboro'." This is a vivid description of the brilliant charge of the 19th, in response to Gen. Negley's call of "Who'll save the left?" in that memorable fight. Singers who have energetic voices and good descriptive and declamatory power, will produce great effect with this song.

Price—50 cents.

Through two long days the battle raged
In front of Murfreesboro',
And cannon balls tore up the earth
As plow turns up the furrow—
Brave soldiers by the hundred fell
In fierce assault and sally,
While bursting shell hiss'd, screamed and fell,
Like demons in the valley.
The Northman and the Southron met,
In bold, defiant manner—
Now victory perched on Union flag,
And now on rebel banner.
But see! upon the Union's left,
Bear down in countless numbers,
With shouts that seem to wake the hills
From their eternal slumbers;
The rebel hosts, whose iron rain
Beats down our weaker forces,
And covers all the battle plain
With torn and mangled corses—
Still onward press the rebel hordes
More boldly, fiercer, faster,
But Negley's practiced eye discerns
The swift and dread disaster.
"WHO'LL SAVE THE LEFT?" his voice rang out
Above the roar of battle,
"The Nineteenth!" shouted Colonel Scott,
Amid the musket's rattle;
"The Nineteenth be it—Make the charge!"
Quick as the word was given,
The Nineteenth fell upon the foe
As lightning falls from heaven.

Over the stream they went, into the fight,
Cutting their way on the left and the right,
Unheeding the storm of the shot and the shell,
Unheeding the fate of their comrades who fell—
Onward they sped like the fierce lightning's flash—
Onward they sped with a tornado's crash—
Onward they sped like the bolts of the thunder,
Resistlessly crushing the rebel hosts under;
Till wild in their terror they scattered and fled,
Leaving heaps upon heaps of their dying and dead—
And the shout that went up, with the set of the sun,
Told the charge was triumphant, the great battle won.

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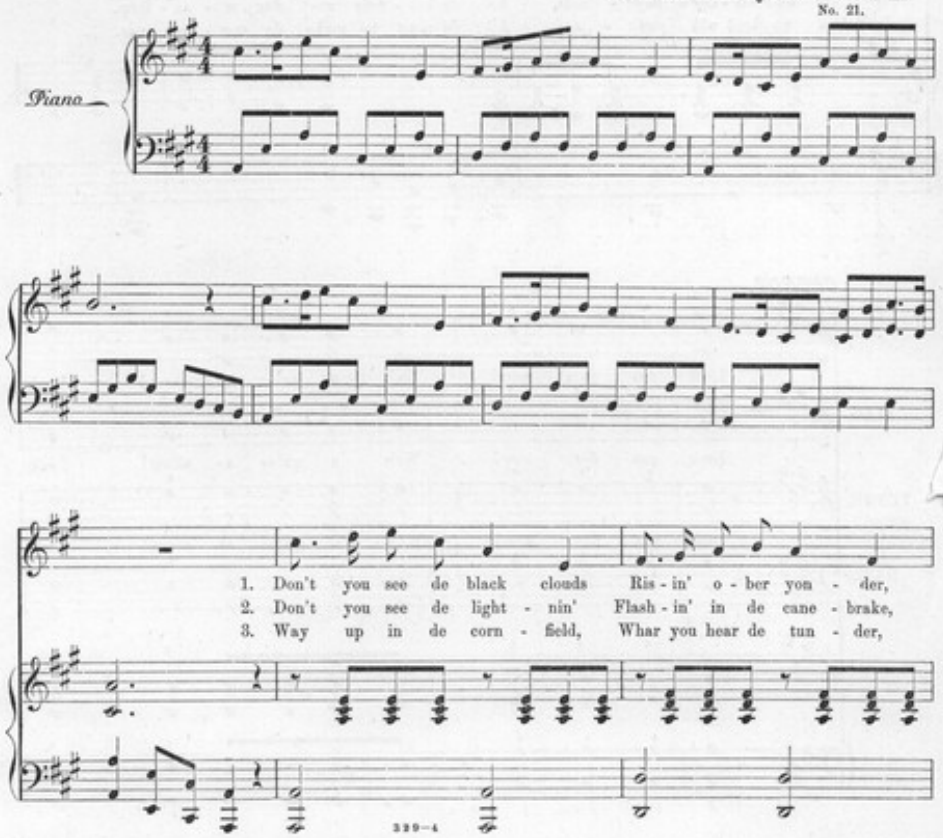
BABYLON IS FALLEN!

Sequel to "Kingdom Coming."

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

No. 21.



Whar de Mas - sa's ole plan - ta - tion am?
Like as if we gwine to hab a storm?
Dat is our ole for - ty - pounder gun;

Neb - ber you be fright - ened—
No! you is mis - ta - ken—
When de shells are miss - in',

Dem is on - ly dar - keys, Come to jine and fight for Un - cle Sam.
'Tis de dar - key's bay - 'nets, An' de but - tons on dar u - ni - form.
Den we load wid punk - ins, All de same to make de cow - ards run.

CHORUS.

AIR. Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot! Look

ALTO. Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot! Look

TENOR. Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot! Look

BASE.

out dar— don't you un - der - stand? Bab - y - lon is fall - en!

out dar— don't you un - der - stand? Bab - y - lon is fall - en!

out dar— don't you un - der - stand? Oh, don't you know dat Bab - y - lon is fall - en!

Repeat the Chorus somewhat softly.

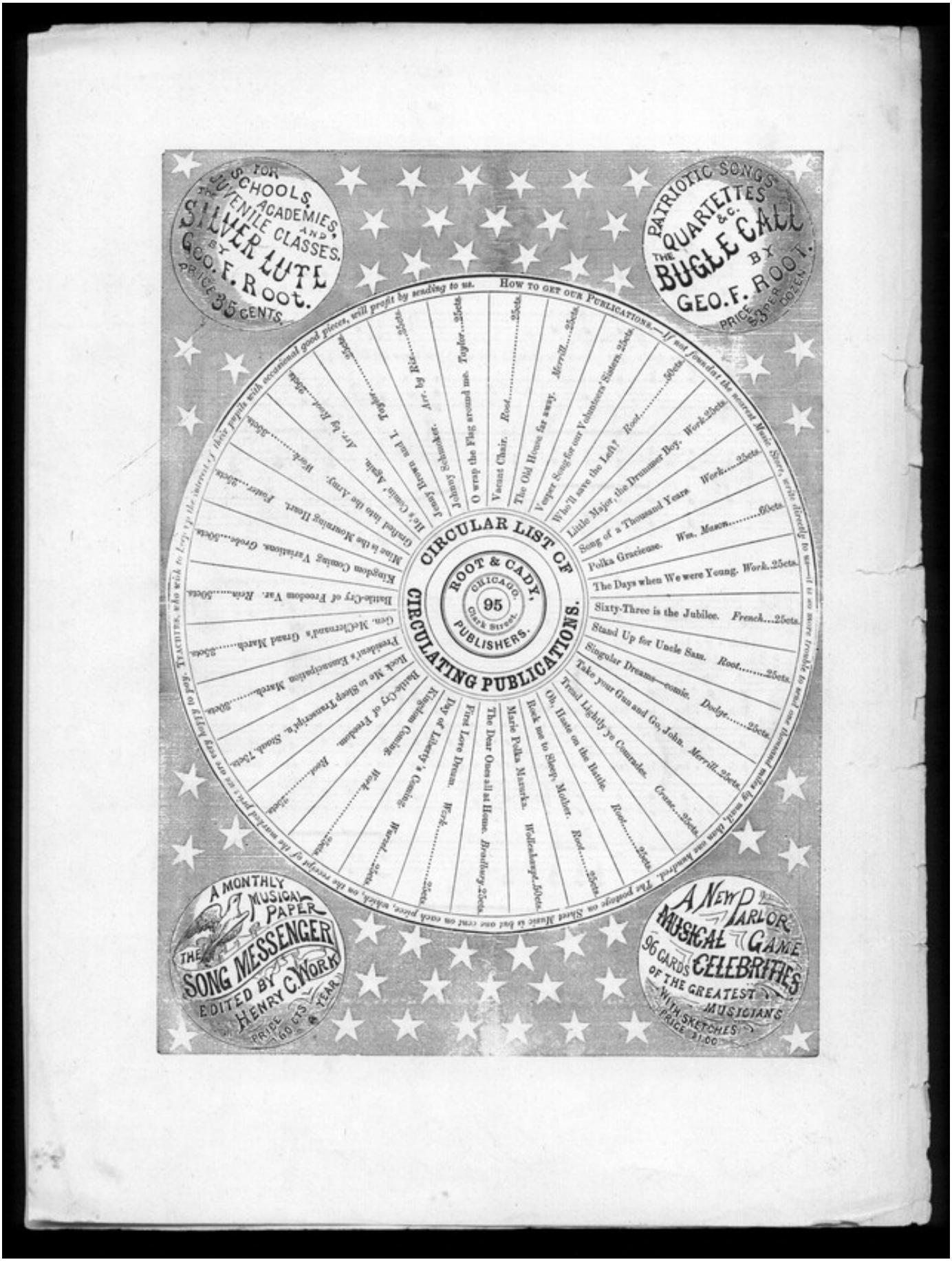
Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land.

Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land.

Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land.

4. Massa was de Kernel
In de rebel army,
Ebber sence he went an' run away;
But his lubly darkeys,
Dey has been a watchin',
An' dey také him pris'ner tudder day.
Chorus—Look out dar, &c.

5. We will be de massa,
He will be de sarvant—
Try him how he like it for a spell;
So we crack de Butt'nuts,
So we take de Kernel,
So de cannon carry back de shell.
Chorus—Look our dar, &c.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