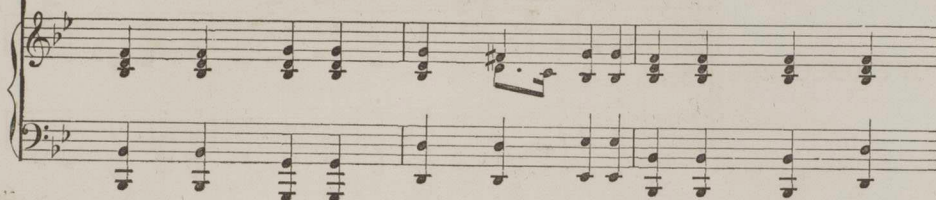
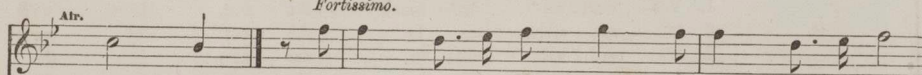


ral-ly from the hill-side, we'll gath-er from the plain, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of
 fill the va-cant ranks with a million free-men more, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of
 tho' they may be poor not a man shall be a slave, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of
 hurl the reb-el crew from the land we love the best, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of

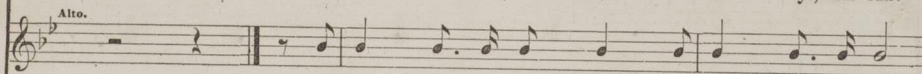


CHORUS.

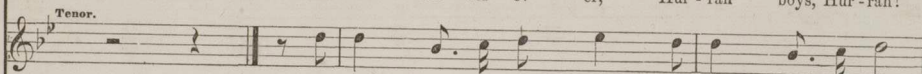
Fortissimo.



Free-dom. The Un-ion for-ev-er, Hur-rah boys, Hur-rah!



The Un-ion for-ev-er, Hur-rah boys, Hur-rah!



The Un-ion for-ev-er, Hur-rah boys, Hur-rah!

