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CABINET ORGANS.

CONGRATULATE you on the introduction of a new musical instrument, long wanted, and sure to find its way into every household of taste and refinement.

L. M. GOTSCHALK.

A VERY efficient church organ, brought within a small compass, not easy to get out of order, and sold at a low price.

NEW YORK EXAMINER.

BEST of their class of which we have any knowledge.

MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED EMINENT ORGANISTS.

IN every respect far superior to everything of the kind I have seen, whether in Europe or America.

GEO. WARDHOEVE MORGAN.

NEVER have seen anything of the kind which interested me so much.

GEORGE F. ROBT.

EXCEEDS in my estimation every other instrument of this general class.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

THE favorable testimony of nearly every organist or pianist of note in this country, together with that of certain distinguished foreign authorities, has forestalled our appreciative comments upon the excellence and value of these carefully made instruments.

NEW YORK WORLD.

ONCE hearing them will satisfy the most skeptical that they are just what the church has been waiting for.

NEW YORK OBSERVER.

REALLY very effective and beautiful instruments.

LOWELL MASON.

A RAND accompaniment when the congregation sing.

IRENEUS.

S compared with Melodeons, Harmoniums, &c., the Cabinet Organ is certainly superior in quality and volume of tone, while its power of expression can hardly be too highly praised.

WILLIAM MASON.

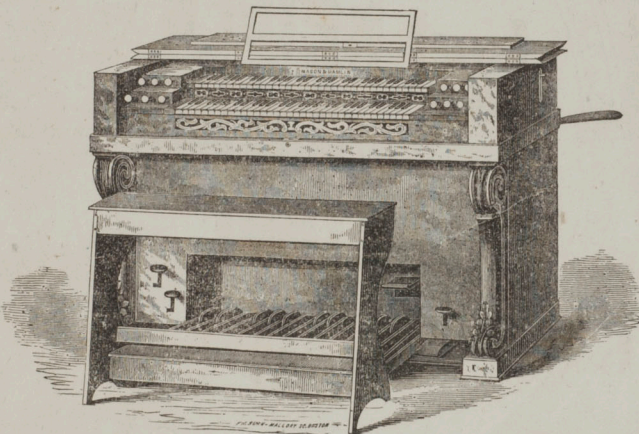
EXT to a church organ, and that a good sized one, the best instrument with which we are acquainted to accompany church song.

NEW YORK MUSICAL REVIEW.

URPASSES everything in this line I have seen, whether French or American.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

Made only by MASON & HAMLIN, Boston.



In plain or elegant Cases, with one to twelve Stops.

PRICES, \$ TO \$

LATE INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

SOPHIA POLKA,.....Wimmerstedt.	25	ST. PAUL WALTZ,.....Vans.	30
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CHICAGO.

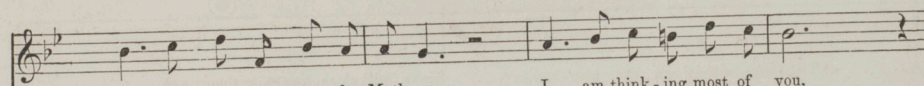
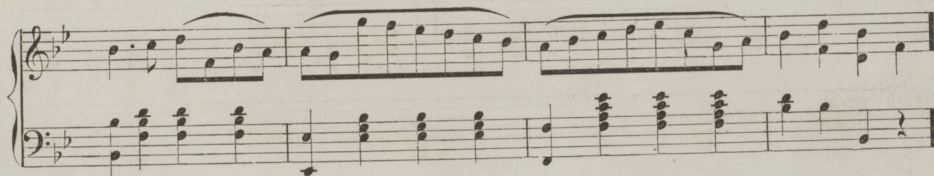
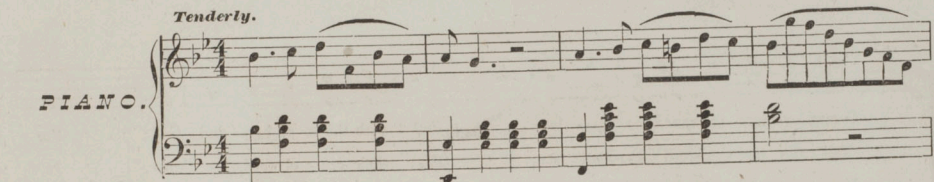
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE NORTH-WEST.

Just Before The Battle, Mother.

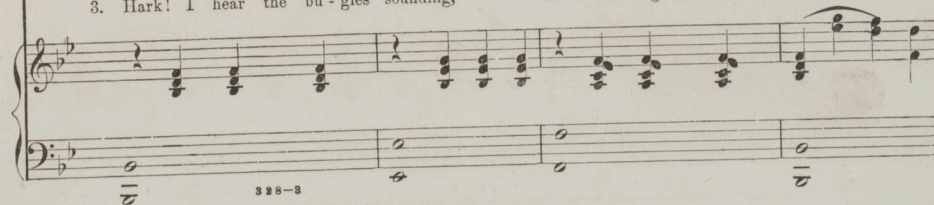
Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Tenderly.

PIANO.



- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, | I am think - ing most of you, |
| 2. Oh I long to see you, Moth - er, | And the lov - ing ones at home, |
| 3. Hark! I hear the bu - gles sounding, | 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight, |



While up - on the field we're watching, With the en - e - my in view—
 But I'll nev - er leave our ban - ner, Till in hon - or I can come.
 Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As he ev - er does the right.

Comrades brave are round me ly - ing, Fill'd with tho'ts of home and God; For
 Tell the trai - tors, all a - round you, That their cru - el words, we know, In
 Hear the "Bat - tle - Cry of Free - dom,"* How it swells up - on the air, Oh,

well they know that on the mor - row, Some will sleep be - neath the sod.
 ev' - ry bat - tle kill our soldiers By the help they give the foe.
 yes we'll ral - ly round the standard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there.

* In some of the divisions of our army the "Battle-Cry" is sung, when going into action, by order of commanding officers.

CHORUS.

b

Alto.
Fare - well, Moth - er, you may nev - er Press me to your heart a - gain; But

Alto.
Fare - wel Moth - er, you may nev - er, you may nev - er, Moth - er, Press me to your heart a - gain; But

Tenor.
Fare - well, Moth - er, you may nev - er, you may nev - er, Moth - er, Press me to your heart a - gain; But

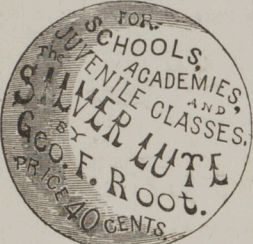
Repeat pp.
O, you'll not for - get me, Moth - er, If I'm number'd with the slain.

ritard.
O, you'll not for - get me, Moth - er, you will not for - get me, If I'm number'd with the slain.

ritard.
O, you'll not for - get me, Moth - er, you will not for - get me If I'm number'd with the slain.

NEW MUSIC:

PUBLISHED BY
ROOT & CADY,
95 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.



Uncle Sam's Funeral.

Song and chorus, by Silex; price 25 cents. Key of A minor. Ranges to E above; sterling loyalty under a serio-comic guise. We can give the first verse, but can give no idea of the ludicrous effects produced by the whistling which follows each.

'Twas but little while ago, that the copperheads were found,
With their great Vandighammer, a hammering around,
And they tried to scare us with their doleful sound,
Hm, hm, hm.

I'm Dying far from those I Love.

Song and chorus, by J. R. Thomas; price 30 cents. Key of E flat. Goes as high as F. Not difficult, but requiring good taste and pure sympathetic voices.

I'm dying far from those I love!
No gentle voice my way to cheer;
How calmly would my breath depart,
If loving ones were only near.
No mother's lips are on my brow,
But strangers watch my lonely bed;
And no one here will shed a tear,
When I am lying cold and dead.

Just After the Battle.

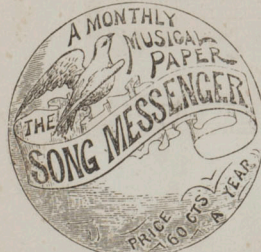
Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of F. Ranges to E above. This song is a continuation of "Just Before the Battle, Mother," by the same author, and is of somewhat similar character.

Still upon the field of battle I am lying Mother dear
With my wounded comrades waiting for the morning to appear;
Oh the first great charge was fearful, and a thousand brave men fell,
Still amid the dreadful carnage, I was safe from shot and shell;
Oh the glorious cheer of triumph, when the fumes turned and fled,
Leaving us the field of battle, strewn with dying and with dead.

I see De Way.

Two choruses with solo intermediate, by Wurzel; price 25 cents. Key of G minor. Goes up to F in chorus, but only to B flat in the solo, which may be taken by a low or alto voice. We would caution all pro-slavery people against singing this song, for we don't think they would like it.

Hail! all hail! I've sworn to do Union army;
Hail! all hail! I've sworn to do.



Brother Tell Me of the Battle.

Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of D. Goes up to E.

Brother, tell me of the battle,
How the soldiers fought and fell;
Tell me of the weary marches,
She who loves will listen well.
Brother, draw these close beside me,
Lay your head upon my breast;
While you're telling of the battle,
Let your forehead forehead rest.

Columbia's Guardian Angels.

Song, refrain and chorus, and full chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Some one says "you may always be sure of something new when you get a song by Mr. Work." This will be found no exception to that rule. Key of G; Very effective and interesting. Goes to G above, and requires five voices in one place to produce its full effects.

The glorious virgins, behold they are coming!
Their heralds are standing 'en now at your door:
Go tell the lone watchers of earth, they are coming
To bless us—let us—frank us to more.

I stand on Memory's golden shore.

Song and quartette, by J. P. Webster; price 30 cents. Key of A flat. Ranges to E flat above. Requires pure and sympathetic tones.

Now in the Ascendant!

Wm. B. Bradbury, with a world-wide reputation, abundance of capital, years of experience in the business, and commanding the most skillful workmen, commenced about two years ago the manufacture of pianos by himself. Such facilities, united with his well known ambition to excel, gave promise of success, which his lately perfected New Scale Piano has already more than realized. The numerous

FIRST PREMIUMS

he has taken over all competitors, the testimony of the best pianists, and our own judgment, after carefully comparing them with the best of other makers, compel us to announce the

BRADBURY PIANOS

NOW IN THE ASCENDANT! For years to come we believe they will be the favorites with those who want THE BEST. If any doubt this let them examine and satisfy themselves.

We are Exclusive Agents for Chicago and vicinity, and retail them at New York prices, thus saving the purchaser freight and risk of transportation.

We are Wholesale Agents for the Northwest, and furnish them to Dealers at Factory Wholesale Prices, adding only the freight from New York to Chicago. Price Lists sent to any Address Free of Charge.

Both Mr. Bradbury and ourselves warrant these pianos for five years, and guarantee satisfaction.
(Geo. F. Root.)
(E. T. Root.)
(C. M. Cady.)

"Come Home, Father."

Words and music by Henry C. Work. Price 25 cents. A plaintive song, complete and effective for one voice, although there is unusually fine chorus accompanying it, to please those who prefer it in that shape.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop.

As soon as your day's work was done,
Our last has gone out—our house is all dark—
And mother's lone watching since too,
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.

Bury the Brave where they Fall.
Song and quartette, by Lieut. H. L. Frisbie; price 30 cents. Key of A flat (four flats). Ranges to E flat above, and in the chorus, to A flat below, and requires impressive tones and enunciation.

Then sleep on, soft be thy repose,
And green be the turf on thy breast;
The glorious stars of our banner shall watch
Over the graves where our heroes rest.

She Sleeps beneath the Elms.

Song and chorus, by J. P. Webster; price 30 cents. Key of A (three sharps). Ranges to E above; movement *andante sostenuto*, and requires pure and sympathetic tones. The accompaniment occasionally touches the relative minor.

My darling sleeps beneath the lofty elms,
Where song-birds warble in their leafy homes.

Washington and Lincoln.

Song and chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Key of E. Medium range. An excellent piece of for the coming campaign, as well as for concert room or parlor.

"Come all ye people, O come let us tell
The story of Washington and Lincoln!
History's pages can never excel,
The story of Washington and Lincoln."

Vicksburg is Taken, Boys.

Song and chorus, by E. W. Hicks; price 25 cents. Key of C. Song goes to E above; chorus to G. Very spirited—a first rate song for all patriotic occasions. It was printed in the "Song Messenger" soon after the capture of Vicksburg, and has been so much called for that we have been obliged to issue it in sheet form.

Hurrah! boys, hurrah! shout glory and sing,
For the traitors look sadly forsaken!
Our glorious old Eagle is yet on the wing,
And Vicksburg is taken, boys, taken.

Little Alice.

A ballad, by J. M. Hubbard; price 25 cents. Key of F. Going only to D above. Sweet and elegant.

Happy loving little Alice,
With her soft and sunny curls,
In the cottage or the palace,
She is still the queen of girls.



Corporal Schnapps.

Song and chorus, by HENRY C. WORK; price 30 cents. Key of D (two sharps). Ranges to E above. Serio-comic, and requires good descriptive powers, in voice, pronunciation, and manner.

Mine heart is broken into little bits,
I tell you, friend, what for!
Mine sweetheart-heart, you cool patriotic kirk,
She drives me off with der war.
I fight for her der parties of flag—
I schtrikes so grave as I can;
Put now long time she six remembers me,
And does mit another man.

Chorus—Ah! mine fraulein!
You ish so sorry unkind!
You coes mit Hans to Zhermany to live,
And leaves poor Schnapps behind!

All Hail to Ulysses.

Song and chorus in honor of General Grant, by Chas. Haynes; price 30 cents. With lithograph portrait title, 50 cents. Key of B flat. Ranges to F above. Bold movement, and requires trumpet tones.

All hail to Ulysses, the patriot's friend—
The hero of battles renowned;
He has won the bright laurel,
His garland he wears;
And his name thro' the world we will sound.

Just before the Battle, Mother.

Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of D. Tender and beautiful.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view;
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Fill'd with thoughts of home and God,
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Sleeping for the Flag.

Song and chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Touching and tender, of deep interest to those whose brothers are resting on the battle field.

When our boys come home in triumph, brother,
With the laurels they shall gain;
When we go to give them welcome, brother,
We shall look for you in vain.
We shall wait for your returning, brother,
Though we know it cannot be;
For your comrades left you sleeping, brother,
Underneath a southern tree.

Music sent to any address, post-paid, upon receipt of the marked price.



Ah, He Kissed Me when He left Me.

Song and chorus, by Lillia Dowling. Key of E flat. Ranges to E flat above. Beautiful rhythmic movement, and plaintive and touching in the melody.

Ah he kissed me when he left me,
And his parting words remain
Treasured deep within my bosom,
"Dearest, we shall meet again."