

me, When mer - ry rang the vil - lage bell— My
stay: My Coun - try calls to Arms, to Arms! The

heart was full of joy and glee; I did not dream that one short
foe ad - vance in fierce ar - ray! The vi - sion's past— I feel that

Sempre Legato.

year Would crush the hopes that soar'd so high! Oh,
now For Coun - try I can on - ly sigh, Oh,

Ritard.

Con Molto Espressione. *Ritard.*
Moth - er, dear, draw near to me, Dear Mother, I've come home to die.
Moth - er, dear, draw near to me, Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

Ritard. *Colla Voce.*

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F. S. & C.