

To Vallie from G. T. C.

SONG OF THE

NATIONAL DEFENDERS

POETRY BY

T. BUCHANAN READ Esq.

MUSIC BY

U. N. CONDITIONAL.

21

CINCINNATI.

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SONG OF THE NATIONAL DEFENDERS.

Poetry by T. Buchanan Read.

Alle. con spirito.

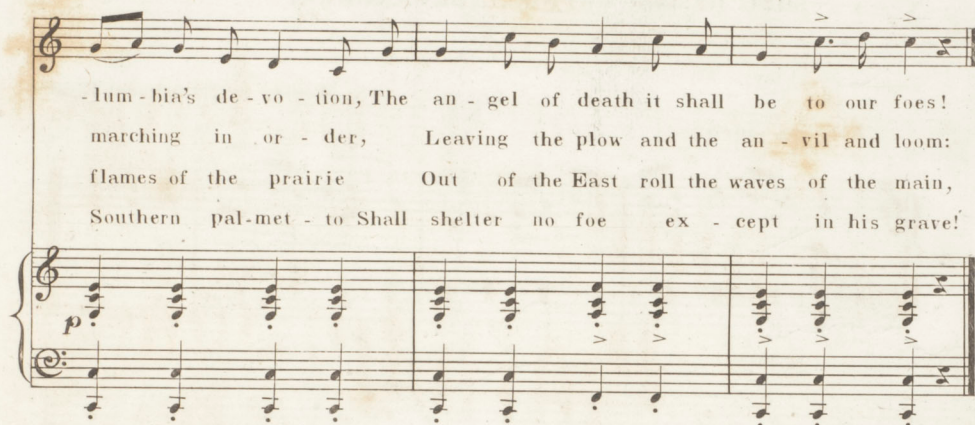
PIANO *p*

1. Our flag on the land and our flag on the o - cean, An
2. Hark to the sound! There's a foe on our bor - der— A
3. Our brave mountain ea - - - gles swoop from their ae - - rie— Our
4. Spite of the sword or as - - sas - - sins sti - - let - to,

p

- an - gel of peace where so - ev - er it goes— No - bly sus - tained by Co -
 foe striding on to the gulf of his doom: Freemen are ris - ing and
 lithe panthers leap from for - est and plain; Out of the West flash the
 While throbs a heart in the breast of the brave, The oak of the North or the

f *p*



- lum-bia's de-vo-tion, The an-gel of death it shall be to our foes!
 marching in or-der, Leaving the plow and the an-vil and loom:
 flames of the prairie Out of the East roll the waves of the main,
 Southern pal-met-to Shall shelter no foe ex-cept in his grave!

Air. CHORUS ad lib.

SOP. *f* 1. True to its na-tive sky, Still shall our Eagle fly, Cast-ing his senti-nel

ALTO *f* 2. Rust dims the harvest sheen Of scythe and of sickle keen, The axe sleeps in peace by the

TEN. *f* 3. Down from their Northern shores, Swift as Niagra pours They march and their tread wakes the

BASS. *f* 4. While the gulf billow breaks, Echoing the Northern lakes And O-ccean replies un-to

PIANO.

Air.

glances a - far; Tho' bear - ing the ol - ive branch, Still in his talons staunch,
tree it would mar, Vete - ran and youth are out, Swelling the battle shout,
earth with its jar, Un - der the Stripes and Stars, Each with the soul of Mars,
O - cean a - far, Yield we no inch of land, While there's a patriot's hand

Air.

Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!