

DEDICATED TO THE "GIRLS AT HOME."

# "Sleeping for the Flag"

A Companion Piece to

"BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY."

"And yet—and yet—we cannot forget  
That many brave boys must fall."

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by

**HENRY C. WORK.**

2½

CHICAGO:

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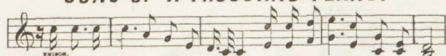
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*Compliments of Bill*



# ROOT & CADY'S LATER PUBLICATIONS.

## "SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS."



"A thousand years!" my own Co-lum-bia! 'Tis the glad day so long foretold!

Solo and Chorus—Illustrated Title. Words and Music by

**HENRY C. WORK.**

In a noble style, depicting the future of our nation in a way that strengthens our hopes, and fills us with new resolves. The Solo is adapted to voices of medium range, and the Chorus to mixed or men's voices, as may be convenient.

**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.*

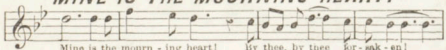
Envious foes, beyond the ocean!  
Little we heed your threaten'ing sneers;  
Little will they—our children's children—  
When you are gone a thousand years. *Chorus.*

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."



Mine is the mourn-ing heart! By thee, by thee for-sak-en!

Duett for Soprano and Tenor—by

**STEPHEN C. FOSTER.**

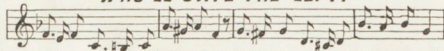
A charming composition of this remarkable melodist. It seems the best of his that we have seen for a long time.

**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 worshipp'd 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."



Over the stream they went, into the fight, Cutting their way on the left and the right

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

**GEO. F. ROOT.**

"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 corpses—  
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.

## "A VESPER SONG FOR OUR VOLUNTEERS' SISTERS."

By R. STEWART TAYLOR.....25 cts.

## "THE OLD HOUSE FAR AWAY."

By H. T. MERRILL.....25 cts.

## "THE DAYS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG."

By HENRY C. WORK.....25 cts.

## "JENNY BROWN AND I."

By R. STEWART TAYLOR.....25 cts.



# SLEEPING FOR THE FLAG.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

No. 22.

Piano Forte.

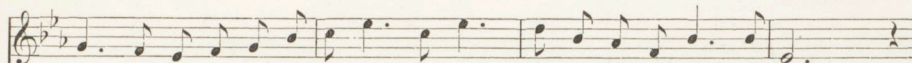
The first system of musical notation for the piano accompaniment. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady accompaniment of chords.

*Rather Slowly.*

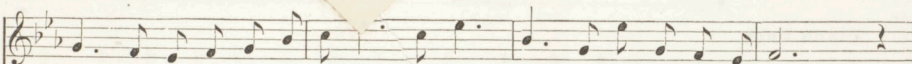
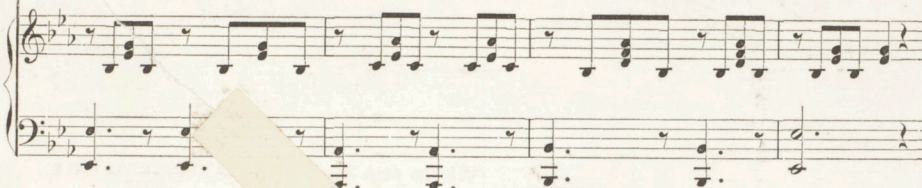
The first line of the vocal melody, written on a single staff with a treble clef. It follows the same key signature and time signature as the piano accompaniment.

1. When our boys come home in tri-umph, broth-er, With the lau-rels they shall gain;
2. You who were the first on du-ty, broth-er, When "to arms" your lead-er cried—
3. You have cross'd the cloud-ed riv-er, broth-er, To the man-sions of the blest,

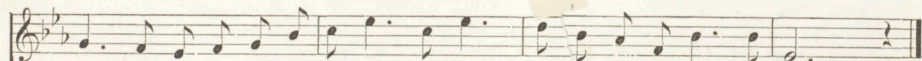
The second system of musical notation, continuing both the piano accompaniment and the vocal melody. The piano part continues with chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal part continues with the lyrics.



When we go to give them welcome, broth-er, We shall look for you in vain.  
 You have left the ranks for - ev - er, broth-er— You have laid your arms a - side.  
 "Where the wick - ed cease from troubling," broth-er, "And the wea - ry are at rest."



We shall wait for your re - turn-ing, broth-er, Though we know it can - not be;  
 From the aw - ful scenes of bat - tle, broth-er, You were set for - ev - er free,  
 Sure - ly we would not re - call you, broth-er, But the tears flow fast and free,



For your comrades left you sleep-ing, broth-er, Un - der-neath a south - ern tree.  
 When your comrades left you sleep-ing, broth-er, Un - der-neath that south - ern tree.  
 When we think of you as sleep-ing, broth-er, Un - der-neath that south - ern tree.





## CHORUS.

*Alto.*  
Sleep - ing to wa - ken In this wea - ry world no more;

*Tenor.*  
Sleep - ing to wa - ken In this wea - ry world no more;

*Bass.*

The musical score for the chorus consists of four staves. The first three staves are for vocal parts: Alto (treble clef), Tenor (treble clef), and Bass (bass clef). The lyrics are written below each staff. The fourth staff is for piano accompaniment, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The vocal parts are marked with a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Sleep - ing for your true-lov'd country, broth-er, Sleep-ing for the flag you bore.

Sleep - ing for your true-lov'd country, broth-er, Sleep-ing for the flag you bore.

This section continues the musical score with four staves. The first three staves are for vocal parts: Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The lyrics are written below each staff. The fourth staff is for piano accompaniment, with a grand staff. The music continues in the same key and time signature. The vocal parts end with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

336-4





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