

*Mary
pettini*

DAISY DEANE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music mostly by

LIEUT. T. F. WINTHROP, AND JAMES R. MURRAY,

19th Regiment,

14th Regiment,

Massachusetts Volunteers.

None knew thee but to love thee thou dear one of my heart,
Oh, thy memory is ever fresh and green;
Though the sweet buds may wither, and fond hearts be broken,
Still I'll love thee my darling Daisy Deane.

21

CHICAGO:

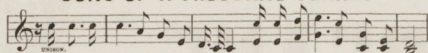
PUBLISHED BY ROOT & Cady,

95 CLARK STREET.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Root & Cady, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern Dist. of Ill.

ROOT & CADY'S LATER PUBLICATIONS.

"SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS."



"A thousand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-a! '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?

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.*

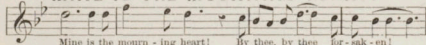
Envious foes, beyond the ocean!
Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years. *Chorus.*

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.

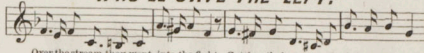
A charming composition of this remarkable melodist. It seems the best of his that we have seen for a long time.

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."

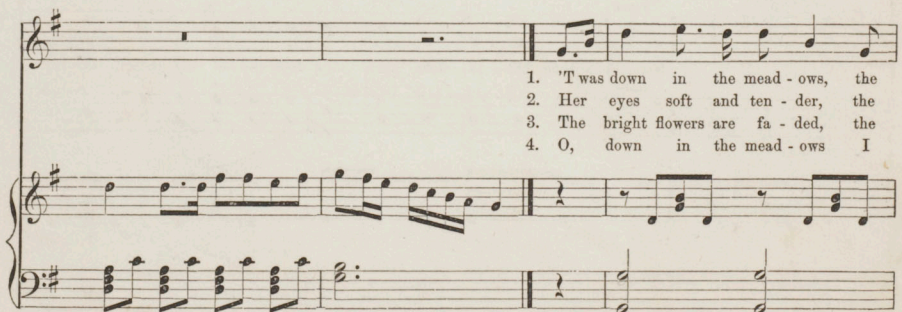
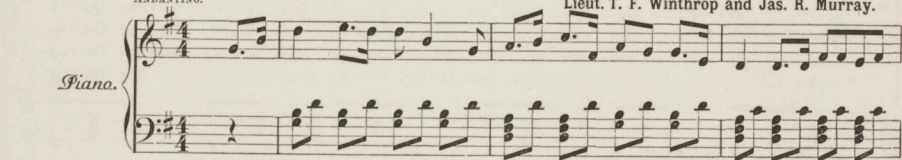
By R. STEWART TAYLOR.....25 cts.

DAISY DEANE.

ANDANTINO.

Lieut. T. F. Winthrop and Jas. R. Murray.

Piano.



1. 'Twas down in the mead - ows, the
2. Her eyes soft and ten - der, the
3. The bright flowers are fa - ded, the
4. O, down in the mead - ows I

vio - lets were blow - ing, And the spring - time grass was fresh and green ; And the
 vio - lets out - vie - ing, And a fair - er form was nev - er seen— With her
 young grass has fall - en, And a dark cloud hov - ers o'er the scene : For the
 still love to wan - der, Where the young grass grew so fresh and green ; But the

birds by the brooklet their sweet songs were singing When I first met my dar - ling Dai - sy
 brown silk - en tress - es, her cheek like the ro - ses, There was none like my dar - ling Dai - sy
 death an - gel took her, and left me in sor - row For my lost one, my dar - ling Dai - sy
 bright gold - en vis - ions of springtime have fa - ded With the flowers, and my dar - ling Dai - sy

CHORUS. Repeat after last verse pp.

Deane. *Alr.* None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart, O thy
 Alto. None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart, O thy
 Tenor. None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart, O thy
 Base. None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart, O thy

325-4

mem - 'ry is ev - er fresh and green, Tho' the sweet buds may with - er and

mem - 'ry is ev - er fresh and green, Tho' the sweet buds may with - er and

mem - 'ry is ev - er fresh and green, Tho' the sweet buds may with - er and

ev - er fresh and green, the sweet

fond hearts be bro - ken, Still I'll love thee my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

fond hearts be bro - ken, Still I'll love thee my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

fond hearts be bro - ken, Still I'll love thee my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

