

CHAUTAQUA ASSEMBLY.

Songs for Grand Army Day, August 25, 1888.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Hark! how here we see the glory of the coming of the Lord,
 He's tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
 are stored,
 He has harnessed the furies of His terrible swift
 sword,
 (His truth is marching on)
 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
 camps,
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening shadows and
 damps,
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps,
 (His truth is marching on)
 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished robes of steel,
 As ye deal with my consengers, so with you my grace
 shall deal,
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His
 heel,
 Since God is marching on.

He has roused the world to arms, and shall never call
 again,
 He is sitting up the hearts of men before His judgment
 seat,
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be quick, my
 feet,
 Our God is marching on.
 In the bosom of the Illice Christ was born across the
 sea,
 With a glory in His birth that transfigures you and me,
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 (His truth is marching on)

Old Folks at Home.

Way down upon de Swarwood ribber,
 Way down upon de Swarwood ribber,
 Dere's wha my heart is turning eber,
 Dere's wha de old folks stay,
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home,
 (Chorus)
 All de world a-hum and a-dum,
 Huz where I roam,
 Oh darkey, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All around de little farm I wander'd,
 When I was young,
 Den many happy days I squander'd,
 Many de wogs I sung,
 When I was playing wid my brudder,
 Happy was I,
 Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
 Dere let me live and die. — Chorus
 One little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love,
 Still sady to my men by a miles,
 No matter where I rove,
 When will I see tis face a-shining,
 All round de comb in de hair,
 When will I hear de banjo humming,
 Down in my good old home. — Chorus

When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

When Johnny comes marching home again,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
 The ladies they will all turn out,
 And we'll feel gay when Johnny comes marching home,
 The old church bells will peal with joy,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 To welcome home our darling boy,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The village lads and lassies say,
 With flowers they will strew the way,
 And we'll all feel gay, etc., etc.
 Get ready for the Jubilee,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 We'll give the hero three times three,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The laurel wreath is ready now,
 To place upon his loyal brow,
 And we'll all feel gay, etc., etc.
 Let love and friendship on that day,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Their choicest treasures then display,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 And let each one perform some part,
 To fill with joy the war-torn heart,
 And we'll all feel gay, etc., etc.

The Star-Spangled Banner

1. Oh! say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
2. 'Tis the star-spangled banner that we see waving
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
3. And the star-spangled banner in triumph we wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
4. And the star-spangled banner in triumph we wave
While the land of the free, is the home of the brave.

Columbia the Gem of the Ocean

FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee,
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

CHORUS

When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make heroes assemble.

When the winds of war's insurrection
And the clouds of war's indignation,
The stars and stripes of the American nation,
Columbia rode safely through the storm,
With her garlands of victory around her,
When she proudly bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The flag of the red, white and blue — Chorus

The wine cup, the beer cup, bring hither,
And fill 'em up to the brim.

May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
And to their colors prove true!

The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

The Battle-cry of Freedom.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS

Oh! Union, Union, Hurrah, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star.

When we rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

And we'll rally the recent ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom — Chorus

And we'll rally to our numbers the loyal true and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

And when there's any poor man's man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom — Chorus

So we'll rally round the red, white and blue,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom — Chorus

And we'll rally the recent ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom — Chorus

Camp, Camp, Camp

(CHORUS)

Camp, Camp, Camp, we're marching

Camp, Camp, Camp, we're marching

Camp, Camp, Camp, we're marching

Camp, Camp, Camp, we're marching

Camp, Camp, Camp, we're marching

Camp, Camp, Camp, we're marching

Here, the good old Yankee boys, we'll sing brother song,
Sing the old Yankee boys, we'll sing brother song,
Sing the old Yankee boys, we'll sing brother song,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free,
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled with our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia — Chorus

Yes, and there was Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they hadn't seen for years,
Hardly could they be resisted from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia — Chorus

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"

So the saucy rebel said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia — Chorus

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred in the main,
Treason had before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia — Chorus