

# The Battle Cry of Freedom

CHORUS  
*Fortissimo*

The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur - rah boys, Hur - rah! Down with the trai - tor,

Up with the star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,

Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

## The Dying Volunteer

From the "New Orleans Times"

A. E. A. MUSE

1. Come moth - er, dear moth - er, oh! come to me now; My soul wings its flight, I would  
2. Thou'lt hear, dearest moth - er, a - las! not from me, I hunt - ed the foe thro' green

see thee once more, A-gain I would feel thy dear hand on my brow One mo-ment on val-ley and crag, For stamped on my brain were the last words from thee, "Tho' life be the

earth, ere the strug-gle is o'er. Ere life's pulse is stilled, and the cold chill of for-felt, be true to thy flag!" Those words nerved my arm when I struck the bold

death Creeps o'er my heart I would see thee once more. Fond words of fare-well with my blow For my country, my flag, For glo-ry, for thee. But now all is o-ver, I've

ver-y last breath I'd whis-per to thee from e-ter-ni-ty's shore. done with earth's foe, For hea-ven's bright por-tals are op'-ning to me.