# THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

### 1776 -- FOURTH OF JULY SOUVENIR -- 1892.

THE BRIDGE

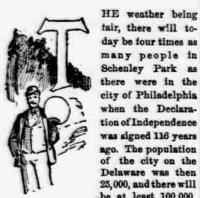


All Previous Celebrations of Independence Day to Be Ontdone.

GRAND PATRIOTIC RALLY.

Two Hundred Thousand Citizens Expected to Attend.

The Programme for the Occasion Outshines Anything Ever Before Attempted-Beauties of Schenley Pointed Out-Fun Provided for the Little Ones-Preparations Made to Carry Visitors-An Outline of the Day's Proceedings-Names of the Orators-The Athletic Events and the Contestants-Gorgeous Fireworks in the Evening.



Delaware was then 25,000, and there will be at least 100,000, and the Mayor expects 200,000, men, women and children-largely children-in the park

on this day of patriotism. This celebration in Schenley Park, to be the third and the greatest of its kind, means a good many things for Pittsburg and its neighborhood. It means, first, an exemplification of the deep-rooted and honest patriotism of Western Pennsylvania. This is shown not only by the great outpouring of the people, but by the ready giving of money by merchants and manufacturers to make the celebration great, where they can see no return except in the satisfaction they receive from beholding a splendid tribute to American independence and American institutions.

Popularizing the Park and Its Beauties It means a popularization, greater year by year, of the great green park which spreads its acres over the rugged hills and glens be yond Oakland. It means for the future a popularization of the magnificent gift of the Scotter American steel king.

It has often been said that when the great free library lifted its gables and towers above the park entrance, its grandeur and location would bring to it only the autocrats of the East End. But these annual

assemblages in the park of the common people, these jollifications for the working man, with his wife and children, will teach the middle and poor classes to go to the park and to love it. It will become a fa-miliar place to them, and the library will seem to them as only a part of the broad do-main where they have a right to roam and to find delight. A Day of Healthful Enjoyment. There are lasting benefits outside of the immediate good which the people will re-ceive to-day. They will to-day secure relaxation from labor and worry, a chance to fill their lungs with the pure air of the fields and forests and their minds with the sweet influences of immediate intercourse with



Arriving at Schenley Park. nature. Near the entrance all is bustle, booths, dust, gunpowder smoke and the cries of caterers; but no visitor will enter the park who will not find the green secluded spots where repose dwells, or the high hilltops where grand vistas ennoble the soul.

Schenely Park will bereafter be dedicated to these annual patriotic celebrations Mayor Gourley took the initiative during the first summer of his administration and was heartily and ably seconded by Chief Bigelow. The celebrations grow year by year. They are already a feature of Pittsburg life. No Mayor will care to drop them. The people will insist upon them, and they will be held while the old flag waves.

### Two Men Who Are Interested.

Chief Bigelow has a keen personal interest in to-day's event. It brings out the people of Pittsburg to see what he has wrought and what he is planning to do for the future. It brings actual contact with and appreciation of the city's expenditures for park improvements, which during a great part of the year appeal to the citizen only by columns of figures in the newspapers and debates in the city councils. One ruddy and sturdy little man, wearing a smile, a blonde mustache and a straw hat, will be likewise in a patriotic and personally will be likewise in a patriotic and personally happy mind to-day This is Jim Mo-Knight, the Superintendent of Schenley Park. Chief Bigelow has planned and Superintendent McKnight has wrought. These level, winding roads, these stretches of lawn, these torest footpaths, these cages of animals are his. He has made them and is still making; unwearied, hopeful; ever planning and urging new comforts and beauties. Why, he has only begun. Jim

gaze at the giddy boys who chase a baseball bounding over the grass. Hard to Tell What They Think. What these sheep will think to-day, when

the cannon and the bands and the gorgeous crowds scare them into the most secluded

SOME POINTS OF INTEREST GROUPED.

crowds scare them into the most secluded nocks along the fence corners, can only be told by some expert in sheep lore, like Ross Bonheur, of France. At the right of the roadway is the arena for the athletic sports in the afternoon. Here is an oval track one-sixth of a mile long, bisected on its longer axis by a track of 120 yards for sprinting. This track has been rolled and beaten until it is almost as hard as asphalt, with just enough spongi-ness in it for fast footsteps. Around the track is an amphitheater of temporary seats where 10,000 people may sit and see the pastimes. pastimes.

pastimes. Only a few rods beyond this track is a signboard by the roadside, saying: "To Panther Hollow." It points to a rugged path which leads to the right, down among the rocks and oak trees, into that famous deep, dark and romantic glen which bears the gruesome name printed on the sign-heard board

Where the Indian Used to Lurk.

Down this deep glen runs a purling brook, which tumbles over mossy stones, dashes down little ensendes and eddies through dark pools among the gnarled roots of oak trees that could tell tales of Shingiss, Ali-quippa and the days before Fort Duquesne. For it was in this glen in those days that

the Indian chiefs held their council fires, and sat far into the night to tell tales of en counter or lay plans for war, while the whip-poor-will called in the dense darkness of the thicket and the panther wailed his doleful cry in the far treetops. Now the glen is a stroll for lovers, or a playground for merry children. Near the foot of this glen is the little

MERAGERIE

Near the foot of this glen is the little lake, a pretty piece of water where row-boats will soon be for hire. It is 100 yards broad and 200 yards long, and is kept in bounds by an old embankment which form-erly did duty for an ice pond. Along its borders are footpaths, and the trees from the hillside lean over its surface and shake their crease leaves at their olive radiations their green leaves at their olive reflections in the water.

### Perfection of Childish Happiness.

The roads that run through the park wind around in broad curves, but a path runs over the hills toward the Zoo, whence thou-sands will to-day take their way. They will pass through fields studded with millions of daisies, whose whiteness fairly obscures the green of the short grass. Here there are no signs to keep off the grass and the children may winder as they needs and fill their signs to keep off the grass and the children may wander as they please and fill their arms with flowers. Yesterday an old man, coming along the path with a companion, said: "Here is happiness to perfection: a, little child among the daisies. The only trouble I can see is that she has more daisies than she can gather." To-day there will be thousands of such pictures of happiness. This pathway leads to Snyder's orchard,

a large grove of old apple trees, with some cherries and peaches. This orchard crowns the highest point in the park, and from is the vista of distant hills, rivers, spires and forests is magnificent. This hill was noted in the olden time as the site of an Indian beacon, whence signals were flashed to other hills beyond both the Allegheny and the Monongaheia. Under the broad apple trees there are forty awings for the little ones, and nearby is a merry-go-round whose operator gives one-fith of his receipts to the fireworks fund. A Little Short on Are.

### A Little Short on Age.

A Little Short on Age. Just below the orchard is an old log eabin, only one-story high, having at one end a great chimney built of flat stones. Formerly there stood at each of the four corners of the house a tall poplar, but one has fallen and disappeared. Its place is partially taken by a large lilao bush. A policeman in gray uniform will tell the questioner, "This is the house where Wash-ington is said to have stopped over night ington is said to have stopped over night on his way from Braddock to Mount Washington. It is 110 years old." To



A Finen and a Dear. make it fit Father Washington's history at least 30 years should be added to its age. Below this cabin is the site of the old Snyder residence, now torn down. In the place where the cellar was there is a good spring. Just across the road is the dove-cote, but the doves are seldom there. The Zoo is just across a wooded hollow, but on both slopes of the hollow the deer have their park, surrounded by a wire fence. Parts of their inclosure are so secluded that they can entirely hide themselves from the visitors' eye, and there, in the cool shade, they lie during the heat of the day. But they are often seen along the upper fence, where they are the pets of the ladies. Among the Monkeys and Bears, Among the Monkeys and Bears,

At the Zoo the monkeys will to-day enjoy super-abundance of nuts and cakes, and there will be great excitement in monkey land. Among the many curlosities in the cages, the monkeys form the first attraction, and the four black bears the second. But

and the four black bears the second. But there is another greater attraction up in the orchard back of the animal cages. This is Gusky, the youthful elephant, who is growing rapidly to be a burly, big fellow and one of the forest giants. Gusky is tied by a strong rope to a tree, and when he is not eating hay or morsels thrown to him by children he swings his ponderous head incessantly up and down and curls and uncurls his pliant trunk. Many have wondered at this continual motion, and there have been shakings of heads among the wise men who have gone to see him. It the wise men who have gone to see him. It has been said that Gusky is not right in his mind, that he has softening of the brain, or rather paresis, that malady which affects

great men and is absolutely incurable. Hoping for the Best for Baby,

Superintendent McKnight was cautiously approached on this subject. When the

possibility of disease was mentioned to him a cloud of anxiety flitted over his coun-tenance, but he said: "Oh, no; I think not. He has done that ever since he was a baby. They tell make will grow out of it." These points of interest are only the chief. They are a few samples from the great park, but to-day the thousands of boys and girls will find out all the nooks, the rus-



Driving Through the Para

tic seats, the pools of water where they may baths their bare feet, the fruit trees, the flowers and the outlook hills. They will hear the meadow lark sing in the graes, the song sparrow trill on the vine-clad fence, the robin call in the apple tree and the chee-wink sound his little note in the dark un-

GOING TO THE PARK.

The Lines of Travel and Scenes About the Entrance - All Roads Lead to It To-Day - How to Get There Easily and Speedily.

This is a beautiful park in which the people will celebrate to-day. Its 450 acres include natural elements of beauty and grandeur possessed by no other park in the large cities of the land. It is a young park, barely 3 years old; but it is already a site of magnificent views, splendid drives, secluded walks, mossy dells and all that goes to make up a region of natural beauty and

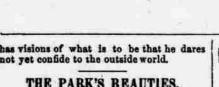
It is easy of access, but all lines of travel will to-day be crowded. Thousands, of



Where Weshington Might Have Stayed.

course, will walk, but many thousands more will go by street railway. The Second ave-

nue electric line will carry people from all along the bank of the Monongahela, by way of Greenfield avenue to the great new iron bridge which spans Four Mile run and admits to the new driveway at the extreme contract corner of the spane Four Mile run southeast corner of the park. This entrance



Romantic Panther Hollow and Its Asso ciations-The Old Washington Cabin

THE JAKE

Park and Gusky.

toon. On it will be seated 1,200 school

tant orchard to tremble with emotion. assemble on the greensward sloping up-ward from the stand. On this lovely hill-side, on other days, peacefully browse a flock of high-bred sheep, Cotswolds and Southdowns, who nibble among the daisies and lift their, heads only now and then to

YANKEE DOODLE.

Father and I went down to camp. Along with Captain Goodwin: And there we saw the men and boys, As thick as hasty pudding.

CHOBUS.

And there was Captain Washington

Upon a slapping stallion, And gwing orders to his men, I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat.

They looked so tarnal finey, I wanted peskily to get To give to my Jemima.



With Its Poplars-The Zoo, the Deer Inside the park one of the first objects to

catch the eye is the grand-stand, at the foot of a green slope which stretches away to a long hilltop on the left. This stand will seat 2,000 people, and is built solidly. Here the Declaration will be read and the patriotic speeches will be made this forechildren, who will sing those grand cho-ruses of the republic which cause the blood to tingle in the veins of every true American. There will also be massed four bands, which will present 120 instruments,

and pour forth music that will fairly cause the leaves on the old apple trees in you dis-The people who wish to see and hear will

## PATRIOTIC SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE'S CHOIR AT SCHENLEY PARK TO-DAY.

### AMERICA.

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee Bweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break The sound prolong The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God our King.

### HAIL! COLUMBIA.

Hail! Columbia, happy land, Hail! ye heroes, heaven born hand, Who tonght and bled in freedom's cause Who fought and bled in freedom's cause And when the storm of war was gone, Futorid the near our wallow won Enjoy'd the peace our valor won, Let Independence be our boast, Ever mindful what it cost, Ever grateful for the price, Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS. Firmly united let us be, Rallying round our Liberty, As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore Let no rude foe with impious hand, Invade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toll and blood the well-earn'd prize, While offering peace sincere and just, In heav'n we place a manly trust, That truth and justice will prevail, And every scheme of bondage fail. And every scheme of bondage CHOBUS

Sound, sound the trump of fame, Let Washington's great name Bing thro' the world with loud applause, Eing thro' the world with loud applause, Let every elime to freedom dear, Listen with a joyful ear. With equal skill, with Godlike pow'r He scorens in the faarful hour He governs in the fearful hour, Of horrid war or guides with case, The happier times of honest peace.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

O say can you see by the dawn's early light What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight'

what so produly we han d at the twingit's last gleaming: Whose siripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gal-lantly streaming:

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs burst

ing in air. Gave proof thro' the night that our Flag was still there.

### CHORUS.

O say does the Star Spangl'd Banner yet wave, O'er the Land of the Free and the home of brave. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deen.

where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes: What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-

As it fitfally blows, half conceals, half dis-

closes; Now catches the gleam of the morning's first

beam, In full giory reflect'd, now shines in the Stream CHORUS.

'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, Oh! long may

It wave, O'er the Land of the Free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when Freedom shall stand Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation; desolation; Blest with victry and peace, may the Heav'n rescu'd land, Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation; And conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our motto-"In God is Our Trust." wonth of June these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped and accoutered from his neighbor, and the whole present-ing such a spectacle as was never equaled, unless by the celebrated regiment of merry Jack Falstaff. Their outre appearance fur-nished great amusement to the British offi-cers. One Dr. Shamburg, an English sur-geon, composed the tune of "Yankee Doo-dle," and armanged it to words, which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and the tune has come down to this day. The original words, which we take from Farmer and Moore's "Historial Collections," published in 1800, we have not, however, met with before in many years. As far back as 1600 this tune is found as "Bucy Locket Lost Her Pocket." CHORUS. And the Star Spangl'd Banner, in triumph shall wave, O'er the Land of the Free, and the home of the Brave. RED, WHITE AND BLUE. O Columbia ! the gem of the ocean O Columbia 1 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 tyranny 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 tyrnany tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue. When war winged its wide desolation,

Yankee Doodle, doodle-do, Yankee Doodle And threatened the land to deform, The ark then of freedom's foundation, dandy, Mind the music and the step, and with your guns be handy. Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle Los ars then of freedom's foundation, Columbia, rode safe through the storm; With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white and blue. CHORUS. dandy; Yankee Doodle, ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle dandy. Then bright wreaths of laurel bring hither,

Then bright wreaths of laurel bring hither, Let none dare their honor assai; May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the star of their glory grow pale; May the service united ne'er sever, But still to her colors prove true, The army and navy forever ! Three cheers for the red, white and blue. CHORUS:

HAIL! HAPPY DAY! (Chorus). And there they had a swamping gun, As big as a log of maple, On a deuced little cart, A load for father's cattle. BENEDICT. CHORUS.

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And every time they fired it off It took a horn of powder: It made a noise like father's gun, Only a nation louder. Hail! hail happy day! Hail sweet morning ray Bright sun that gildeth a nation's glory! ow with joyful cry, Raise we our banner high Long may it wave o'er the wise and the free CHOBUS I went as near to it myself

CHORUS.

free And the young this day with loud rejoicing, Shall the deeds of the ancient time pro-As Jacob's underpinin', And father went as near again-I thought the deuce was in him. CHOBUS.

ciaim. When heav'n smiled the contest blessing And a nation gained a name-Haili Mark each bearing high, Gleameth each fearless eye: Freedom hath sealed us, And wisdom hath And there I see a little keg. Its beads were made of leather, They beat upon't with little sticks, To call the folks together.

crowned us; Here in gloom shall lower, Never a tyrant's power, Free in all ages our land shall be, ar land (Our land forever free) Our land

And there they'd fife away like fun, And play on corn-stalk fiddles, And some had ribbons red as blood, All bound around their middles. (Repeat) Forever free-Our land (Our land for-ever free) Our land Forever free-(shall be) Shall be forever free (Repeat)

The troopers, too, would gallop up And five right in our faces: It scared me almost half to death To see them run such races.

Hail! hail! happy day, Swift the glad-d'ning Uncle Sam came there to change ray! Darts over mountain and wide rolling Some pancakes and some onions For 'lasses cakes to carry home To give his wife and young ones. river, Firm in youthful might, God will guard CHO

Firm in youthful might, God will guard our right, Vanquish invaders and shelter the free; For we know the gift our inthers left us, And will sing to freedom's holy flame, And its spiendor e'er increasing, Shall secure enduring fame, yes! Hail: hall: happy day! Hall sweet morn-ing ray! But I can't tell you half I see, They keep up such a smother; Be I took my hat off, made a bow, And scampered home to mother. CRORUS.

ing ray! Burning in brightness from ocean to INDEPENDENCE DAY.

so down the course of time, Far may thy Air: "Champagne Charlie." giory shine, Fair land of freedom, forever endure, Shall be (Shall be forever free), Shall be The year is full of days that mark, Our country's growing fame, Since sailing o'er the waters dark, Our fathers hither came. Yet, from new fields of glorious war, We turn our eyes away, Shall be (Shall be forever (Repeat) Forever free (Shall be, shall be forever free) Shall be Forever free (Shall be) Shall be forever free. (Repeat).

And saze through gath'ring years, afar, On Freedom's natal day.

Origin of Yankee Doodle-In the summer CHORUS OHORUS. Ring a merry peal of bells, While the roar of cannon swells; Fing the banners to the morning breeze, Float the streamers o'er the land and seas; Spread the red, and white and blue All the happy nation through, Shouting, with a votee of glee, boys, A song of Independence Day. of 1775 the British arm, under command of Abercrombie, lay encamped on the east bank of the Hudson river a little south of the City of Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militia from the Eastern States previous to marching on Ticonderoga. During the month of June these raw levies poured into

Our country's annals gleam and burn, That tell her storied age. Today wich loving band we turn Her noblest, early page. No day in all our nation's life So grand as this shall be; When, facing death, and pain and strife, They wrote: "All men are free." CHORUS.

And though, with grand heroic names, Our hearts are full to-day, Not one a higher tribute claims, Than those who led the way! We honor that devoted band, Of tried and truest worth— Charles Carroll of the Southern lend— Charles Carroll, of the Southern land-John Hancock, of the North CHORUS.

Bring gariands of the fairest flow'rs, W reathe high the arches green, Let gladness fill the flying hours, And glory glid the scene. Let all the air resound with mirth, And songs of happy cheer; And crown the nation's day of birth, The best of all the year. CHORUS.

### FLAG OF THE FREE.

Nobly our flag flutters o'er us to-day, Emblem of peace, pledge of liberty's sway, Its foes shall tremble and shrink in dismay, If e'r insuited it be. Our Stripes and Stars loved and honored by

all. Shall float forever where freedom may call, It still shall be the flag of the free, Emblem of sweet liberty.

Here we will gather its cause to defend, Let patriots rally, and wise counsels lend, It still shall be the flag of the free Emblem of sweet liberty.

With it in beauty no flag can compare, All nations honor our banner so fair, If to insuit it a traitor should dare, Crushed to the earth let him be. Freedom and progress our watchword

day. When duty calls us who dares disobey, Honor to thee, thou fiag of the free, Emblem of sweet liberty.

### CHORUS.

Ever united this fair land shall be. Our flag shall conquer on land or on sea, Evry opposer shall soon bend the knee, God speed the dariing old flag. No North, no South, no New England, no

West, One country always, the greatest, the best; Long may it wave, the poor and oppressed, Bless thee, thou flag of the free.

### CHORUS.

SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS. MUSIC, H. C. WORK.

A thousand years my own Columbia Tis the plad day so long foretold; Tis the glad morn whose early twilight Washington saw in times of old.

These are the times that try true courage, Never give place to doubt or lear: Why should you doubt—the bow of promis Surely will stand a thousand years.

A thous

### COLUMBIA. BLEST LAND!

Columbia, beloved land, Lotumbia, beloved land, I turn my eyes to see The source of all the blessings grand, Thou hast in store for me. Tuen over the years I backward gaze, Following fast and far, Until I reach the early days Of our own Columbia dear.

### CHORITS

Long ago the warrior slumbered— Our country's father slept. Long, among the angels numbered, They the hero soul have kept. But the children's children love him, Then carry me back and let me see Whence was the source and flow Of Freedom's stream that rose for me, In the hundred years ago. And his name revers, So where willows wave above him, Sweetly still his knell you hear. CHORUS.

# Columbia, I see her stand Columbia, I see her stand Upon those distant heights, The Sword of Justice in her hand, Her cause, a Nation's rights, Then, over the years of toil and strife, Back where her glories are, I see the price that bought the life Of our own Columbia dear.

e fame so pure, so fair, so white, our own Columbia dear.

GIA.

while we were marching thro' Georgia.

CHORUS.

CHORDS.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Sail, ob, ships, across the billows And bear the story far, How he sleeps beneath the willows— "First in peace and first in war." Tell, while sweet adieus are swelling, Till you come again, He within the hearts is dwelling, Of his loving countrymen. Columbia, I see her wave The banner of the free— The Stars and Stripes above the breeze Who died 4or you and me! Then, over the years where shines a-new Many a gleamy star We'll cheer the red, the white, the blue Of our own Columbia dear. CHORUS.

### FOR ALL AND FOREVER.

Patriotic Quartet or Chorus. Patriotic Quartee or Chorus. Float proudly, O beautiful banner, to-day, Let each star shine forth with a new, brighter ray, For now you are true to yourself and the world; And all men are free where your stripes are unfurled; And we know that the "Star-spangled" Ban-ner" shall be, For all and forever, the flag of the free. Columbia, so rich art thou In all thy gloried Past, Thy sons and daughters pledge thee now, Its fame shall ever last. Then, over the years in onward flight, Never a stain shall mar The fame so pure, so fair, so white Your folds have been cleansed both by blood Your folds have been cleansed both by blood and by fire, You've draped for the grave son, brother and sire; Their lives they gave freely to save you from shame; Float proadly, O banner, they died not in vain! And we know that the "Star-spangled Ban-ner" shall be, For all and forever, the flag of the free! MARCHING THROUGH GEOR-Bring the good old bugie, boys! we'll sing Sing it with a spirit that will start the world Droop a moment in sadness, where thickly Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand are spread The green curtained tents, which have shel-tered our dead; They sleep from the homes of their kindred afar, They died that your beauty should miss not

VIVA L'AMERICA, HOME OF

THE FREE.

Noble Republic, happiest of lands, Foremost of nations, Columbia stands, Freedom's proud bauner floats in the skies, Where shouts of Liberty dally arise. "United we stand, divided we fall," "Union forever," freedom to all!

CHOBUS.

Throughout the world our motto shall be, Viva L'America, home of the free; Throu-hout the world our motto shall be, Viva L'America, home of the free!

Should ever traitor rise in the land, Cursed be his homestead, withered his hand, Shame be his memory, scorn be his lot, Exile his heritage, his name a blot! "United we stand, divided we fall," Granting a home and freedom to all; CHORUS.

To all her heroes, Justice and Fame, To all her focs, a traitor's foul name; Our "Stripes and Stars" still proudly shall

Wave, wave, Emblem of Liberty, flag of the brave! "United we stand, divided we fall," Gladly we'll die at our country's call. CHORUS.

Should ever traitor rise in the land,

### "Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee! Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!" So we same the chorus from Atlanta to the a star: And thro'out ev'ry land, over mountain and

sea, While we were marching through Georgia. yea, You should ever be halled as the flag of the How the darkeys shouted when they heard Shine on, ye bright stars, from your field of

true blue, The word and the boast of your country are The word and the boast of your country in the true: Fling wide your broad stripes o'er the land or the wave, For never sgain can they float o'er a slave: And we know that the 'Star-spangled Ban-

How the darkeys should when they heard the joyful sound! How the turkeys gobbled which our com-missary jound! How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground, While we were marching thro' Georgia. CHORUS

ner" shall be, For all and torever, the dag of the free!

Ves, and there were Union men who wept with joyfni tears. When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years; Hardly could they be restrained from break-ing forth in cheers. While we were marching thro' Georgia.

CHORUS. So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train, Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main; Treason fied before us, for resistance was in

MT. VERNON BELLS.

"Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground."

CHORUS. "Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!" So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a hand-some boast Had they not forgot, alss! to reckon with the

CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, desponding freemen Soi for your guide a star appears; Forward ye braves! the daylight's breaking, And it will shine a thousand years. While we were marching thro' Georgia.

CHORDS.

While we were marching thro' Georgia.

CHORUS. A thousand years, my own Columbia, etc.

Bol this bright star in glory riding, High in the heavens, each beart it obsers: Join the glad shout, swell out the chorns Jublice lasts a thousand years.

Where Potomac's stream is flowing Virginia's border through; Where the white sailed ships are going. Sailing to the ocean blue; Hushed the sound of mirth and singing-Silent, everyonesand years my own Columbia, etc.

### While the solemn bells are ringing, By the tomb of Washington.

Tolling and knelling, With a sad, sweet sound; O'er the wave the tones are swelling, By Mt. Vernon's sacred ground.

### MY UNCLE SAM.

There was a young man, and his name was Uncle Sam, He lived 'round here long ago. And his brave deeds it is singing I am, For he did them for me, you know.

CHOBUSI Then tell all the glory of his name Sing all the story of his fame, You'll find no man like my Uncle Sam, Tho' you search the world for the sam

There was an old man and his name was George the King, He sent his fleet o'er the sea. But Uncle Sam bravely told him this thing, He would pay him no tax on tea.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

CHORDS.

CHORUS.

CHORES.

CHORUS.

They had a big fight, and the battle it was long, But Uncle Sam won the day. And George the King tho' his army was

strong. Uncle Sam drove them all away.

And now Uncle Sam, old, a century grown, Bids all the world come and see, How Freedom's flag in its beauty is thrown O'er his broad land of Liberty!

AMERICAN HYMN.

Speed our Republic, O, Father on High, Lead us in pathways of justice and right Rulers as well as the ruled, "one and all," Girdle with virtue—the armor of might

Hail! three times hail-to our country and

Hall: three times hall-to our country and flag: Hall: three times hall-to our country and

Hail! three times hall-to our country and

Foremost in battle for Freedom to stand, We rush to arms when aroused by its call, Still as of yore, when George Washington

led, Thunders our war cry: We conquer or fall!

Faithful and honest to friend and to be-

Willing to die in humanity's cause-Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r. While we contend for our Union and lawa

tise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair Western world! Fling from thy beak our dear banner of

o'd-Show that it still is for Freedom unfurl'dl

UNFURL THE GLORIOUS

BANNER.

Unfurl the glorious banner, let it sway upon the breeze, The emblem of our country's pride on land and on the seas; The emblem of our liberty borne proudly in

The hope of every freeman, the gleaming Stripes and Stars! The hope of every freeman, the gleaming Stripes and Stars!

Then unfuri the glorious banner out upon the welcoming air. Read the vecord of the olden time upon its radiance therei In the battle it shall lead us and the banner

A beacon light to glory, and a guide to vio-

tory. A beacon light to glory and a guide to vie-tory.

The giorious band of patriots who gave the flag its birth. Have writ with steel in history the record of their worth; From East to West, from sea to sea, from pole to tropic sun. Will eyes grow Dright and hearts throb high at name of Washington. Cuouta.