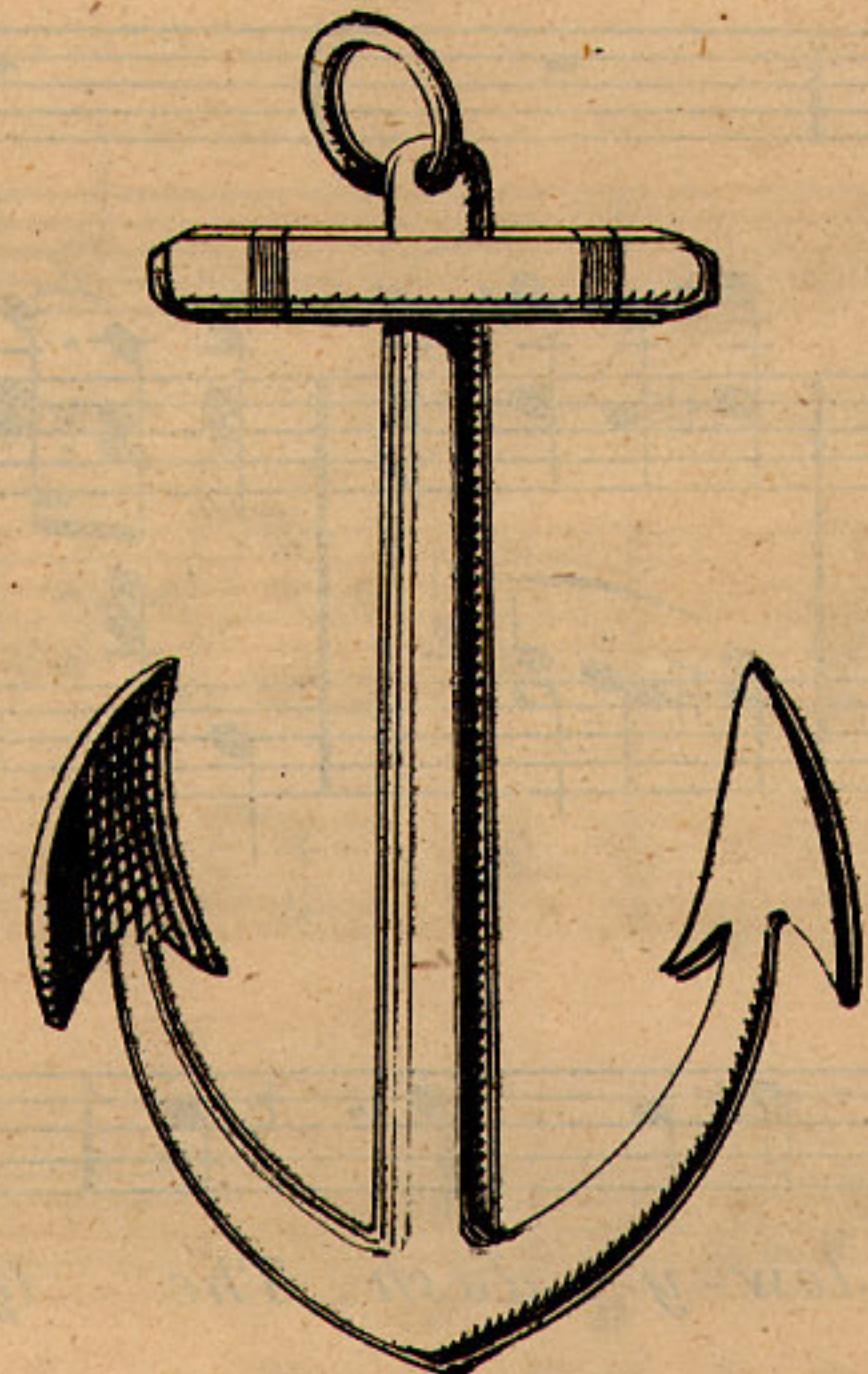


To the
MARYLAND SOCIETY, RICHMOND, VA.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.



POETRY BY

JAS. R. RANDALL, ESQ.

MUSIC BY

EDWARD EAGLETON.

AUGUSTA, GA

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THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

E. D. EATON.

Voice.

PIANO.

Tempo di marcia.

mf

By

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a rest followed by a melodic line. The bottom staff is for the piano, featuring a rhythmic pattern with eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature is one sharp. The piano part includes dynamics 'mf' and 'p'.

blue Pa - - taps co's bil - low-y dash The ty - rant's war - shout

The musical score continues with two staves. The top staff shows the vocal line continuing with a melodic line. The bottom staff shows the piano part with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature remains one sharp.

comes, A - long with the cymbals' fit-ful clash, And the growl of his sullen

f

mf

The musical score continues with two staves. The top staff shows the vocal line continuing with a melodic line. The bottom staff shows the piano part with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature remains one sharp.

A musical score for a piano-vocal piece. The music is in common time and G major. The vocal part is in soprano range, and the piano part includes both treble and bass staves.

The lyrics are as follows:

drums; We hear it we heed it, with vengeful thrills, And we
shall not forgive or for- get - There's faith in the streams, There's hope in the hills, There's
life in the old land yet! There's faith in the streams, There's hope in the hills, There's
life in the old land yet!

2.

Minions! we sleep, but we are not dead,
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred;
We crouch'tis to wellcome the triumph tread
Of the peerless Beauregard;
Then woe to your vile, polluting horde,
When the Southern braves are met.
There's faith in the victor's stainless sword,
There's life in the old Land yet!

4.

Our women have hung their harps away,
And they scowl on your brutal bands,
While the nimble poignard dares the day
In their dear, defiant hands;
They will strip their tresses to string our bows,
Ere the Northern sun is set;
There's faith in their unrelenting woes—
There's life in the old Land yet!

3.

Bigots! ye quell not the valiant mind
With the clank of an iron chain—
The spirit of freedom sings in the wind
O'er Merryman, Thomas and Kane;
And we, though we smite not, are not thralls—
We are piling a gory debt,
While down by McClellan's dungeon walls
There's life in the old Land yet!

5.

There's life, though it throbeth in silent veins,
'Tis vocal without noise,
It gushed o'er Manassas's solemn plains
From the blood of the Maryland boys;
That blood shall cry aloud, and rise
With an everlasting threat,
By the death of the brave, by the God in the skies,
There's life in the old Land yet!