

A Sound among the Forest Trees.

A new Rousing Song and Chorus,

BY

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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"THERE'S A SOUND AMONG THE FOREST TREES."

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first staff is soprano, the second alto, and the third bass. The fourth staff is soprano, the fifth alto, and the sixth bass. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The vocal parts sing in unison. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords in the bass and harmonic support in the treble. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes.

Maestoso.

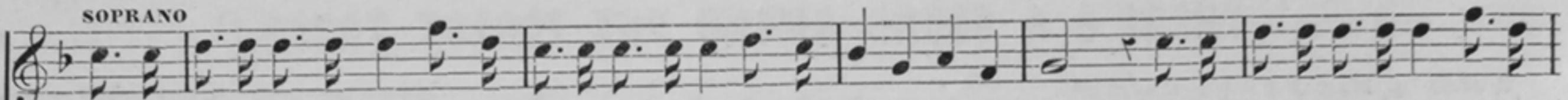
There's a sound a-mong the for-est trees, a -

way, boys, A-way to the bat-tle-field, Hur-rah ! Hear its thunders from the mountain, no de - lay, boys, We'll

gird on the sword and shield. Shall we fal - ter on the threshold of our fame, boys ? The light of the morn ap -

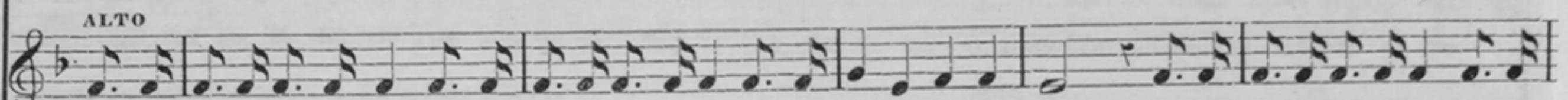
- pears, Hur-rah, Quick to du - ty, "Up and at them," once a - gain, boys, Hur-rah for our Vol - un - teers.

SOPRANO

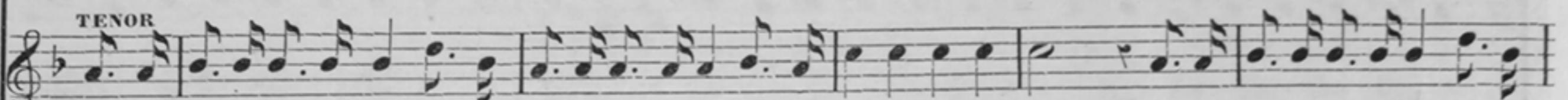


They are coming from the North, they are coming from the West, Where the mighty riv-er flows, From New England's hallowed soil, Where our

ALTO

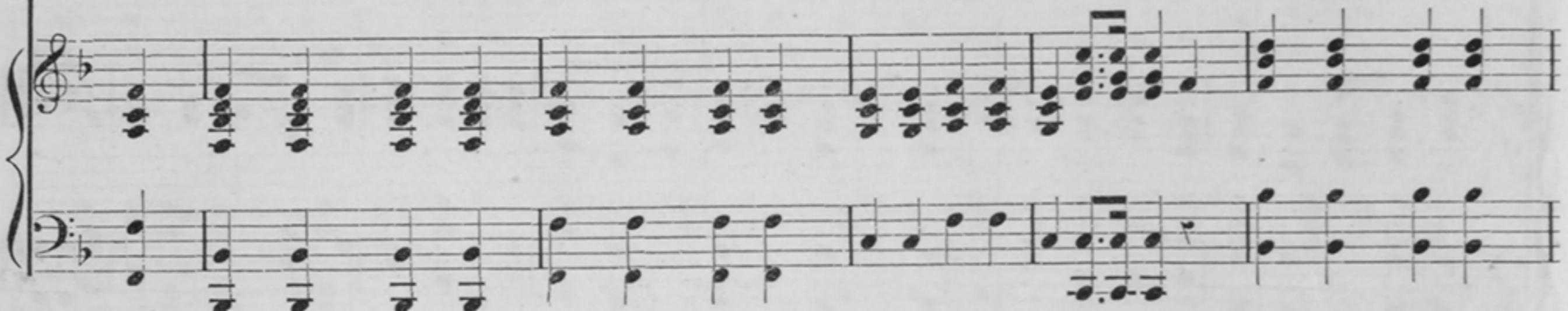


TENOR

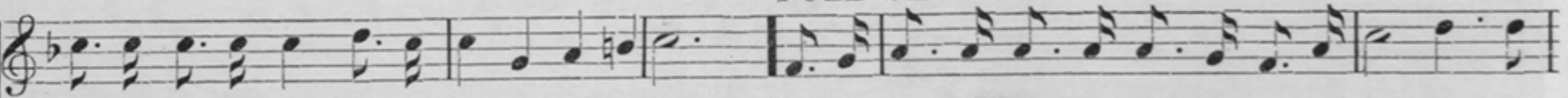


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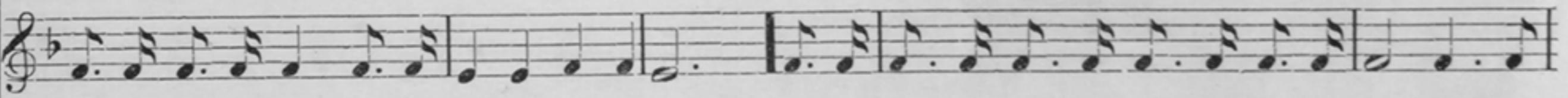
BASS



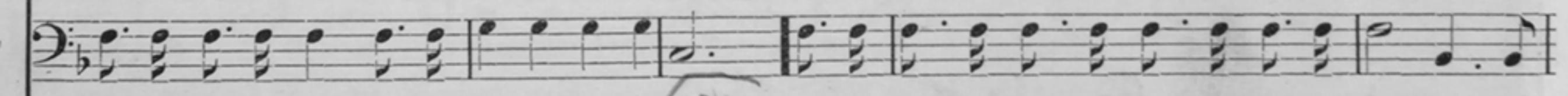
FULL CHORUS.

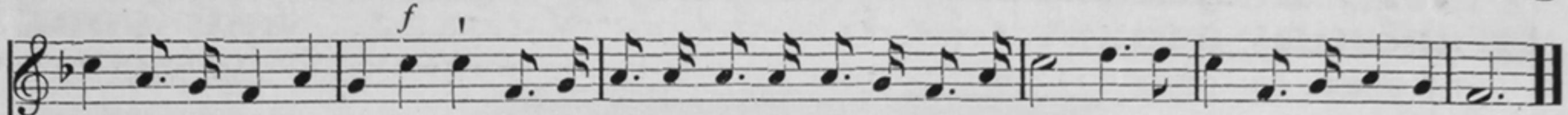


Pil-grim Fathers rest, And the Star of Free-dom rolls. There's a sound a - mong the for - est trees, a - way, boys, A -

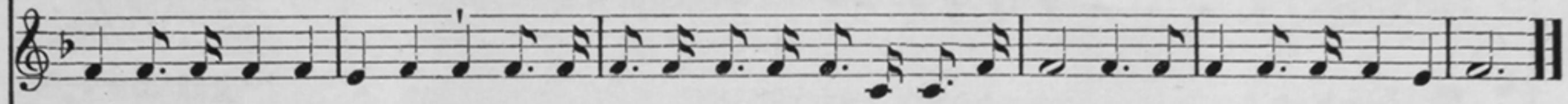


Pil-grim Fathers rest, And the Star of Free-dom rolls. There's a sound a - mong the for - est trees, a - way, boys, A -

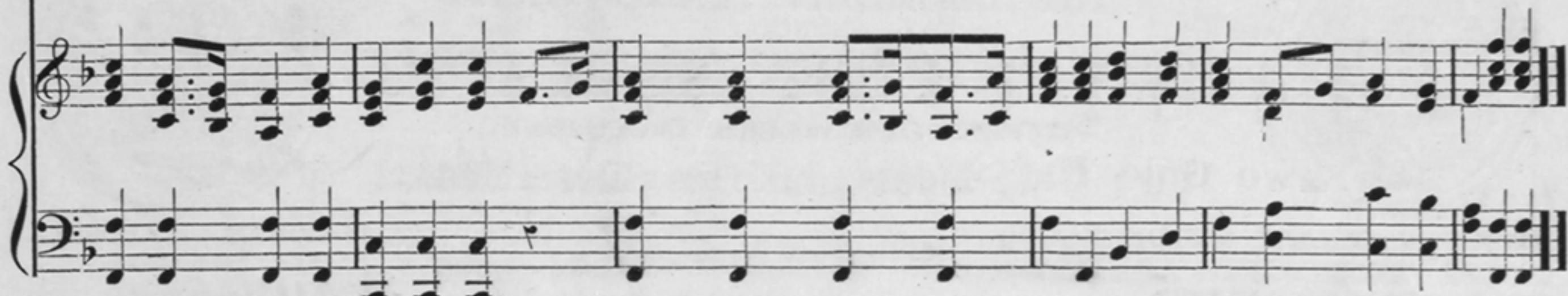
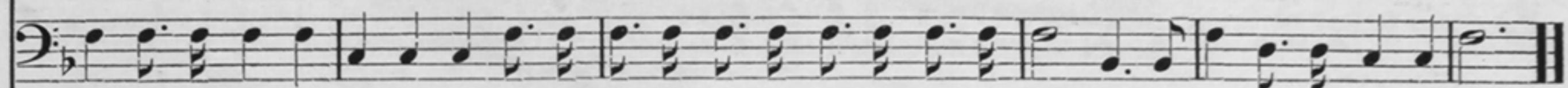




- way to the bat - tle field, Hur-rah! Quick to du - ty, "Up and at them," once a - gain, boys, Hur-rah for our Vol - un - teers.



- way to the bat - tle field, Hur-rah! Quick to du - ty, "Up and at them," once a - gain, boys, Hur-rah for our Vol - un - teers.



2.

With the standard of our Union waving o'er us,
We'll shout as we march along, Hurrah!
Like the vet'rans of the past who fought before us,
Our hearts shall be true and strong.
To the struggle, noble Heroes! let us never
Be false to our sword or shield, Hurrah!
To the Union let us boldly stand forever,
And conquer, but never yield.
Let the traitor foe advance, and the cannon loudly roar,
With a peal as wild and shrill, Hurrah!
In the cause of Truth and Right we will brave him as before,
For our souls are dauntless still.
; CHORUS.—There's a sound among the forest trees, &c.

3.

There's an angel form above us gently twining
A wreath for the conqueror's brow—
Through the cloud of war a beacon light is shining—
Away to the conflict now !
For the spirit of departed years returning,
Cries on to the battle-field, Hurrah!
And the patriot fire in every heart is burning:
We'll conquer, but never yield.
Then our banner to the breeze, we shall triumph, never fear,
And our bark ride proudly still, Hurrah!
Like the noble sires who bled for the gem we hold so dear,
On the field of Bunker Hill.
CHORUS.—There's a sound among the forest trees, &c.