



A
Sound among
The
Forest Trees.

A new Rallying Song and Chorus,

BY

WM. B. BRADBURY.

2 1/2

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“THERE'S A SOUND AMONG THE FOREST TREES.”

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

Maestoso.

The first system of the score features a vocal line in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time and includes a *Maestoso* marking. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "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

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "way, boys, A-way to the bat-tle-field, Hur-rah! Hear its thunders from the mountain, no de-lay, boys, We'll". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

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

The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "gird on the sword and shield. Shall we fal-ter on the threshold of our fame, boys? The light of the morn ap -". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

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

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics "- pears, Hur-rah, Quick to du-ty, "Up and at them," once a-gain, boys, Hur-rah for our Vol-un-teers." The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

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

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

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.