

McKinley



OUR HERO



NOW AT REST

WORDS & MUSIC

By JOSEPH L. HAIN



Mc KINLEY, OUR HERO NOW AT REST.

Words and Music by
JOSEPH L. HAIN.

Expressivo.

1. It was in the cit - y of Buf - fa - lo, At the Pan A - mer - i - can
2. He was born a hum - ble la - bor - er, But died a rul - er

Fair true Where thou - sands roamed the won - der - ful sights to see And
No Em - per - ors Queens or Kings ruled great - er lands There

our no - ble Pres - i - dent of A - mer - i - ca was there With his
was no man a - bler For fear he nev - er knew And

wife with whom he, al - ways longed to be. Oh!
for his count rys hon - or he did stand. And to

lit - tle did he think that a cow - ard could ex - ist Who would
think that one so no - ble that ev - ry bod - y loved Should be

try to harm the no - blest of all, But the bul - lets cru - el dart, Hath
tak - en by a cow - ards cru - el deed, But his soul rests a - bove, His

sad - dened ev - ry heart and brought tears to the eyes of one and all
mem - o - ry we love, And hope that him in heav - en some day to meet.

CHORUS.

1 But his name will ev-er live, In the
2 So with tear-ful eyes and pain, We

hearts of ev-ry one, Though his bod-y now lies mold'-ring in the
think of him a-gain, Our no-ble chief-tain a-roam-ing with the

grave, And ev' - ry true A - mer - i - can, Both
Blest, And sad is our hearts Since

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Blest, And sad is our hearts Since

young, old, great and small, Sing prais-es to Mc - Kin - ley bold and brave
from us he did part Mc - Kin - ley our he - ro now at rest

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