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Our Native Song

Henry Russell

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

OUR NATIVE SONG,

A NATIONAL REFRAIN

as Sung with great applause by

Mr. H. Russell,

AT HIS PUBLIC CONCERTS,

THE MUSIC

COMPOSED, ADAPTED, ARRANGED, & MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

The People of the United States.

by

HENRY RUSSELL.

Pr. 50 Cts nett

NEW YORK

Published by FIRTH HALL & POND 239 Broadway.

And 1 Franklin Sq.

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OUR NATIVE SONG!

Composed by Henry Russell.

QUASI CON SPIRITO.

Tempo giusto.

8va

8va

Our na-tive song! our na-tive song! Oh!

Loco.

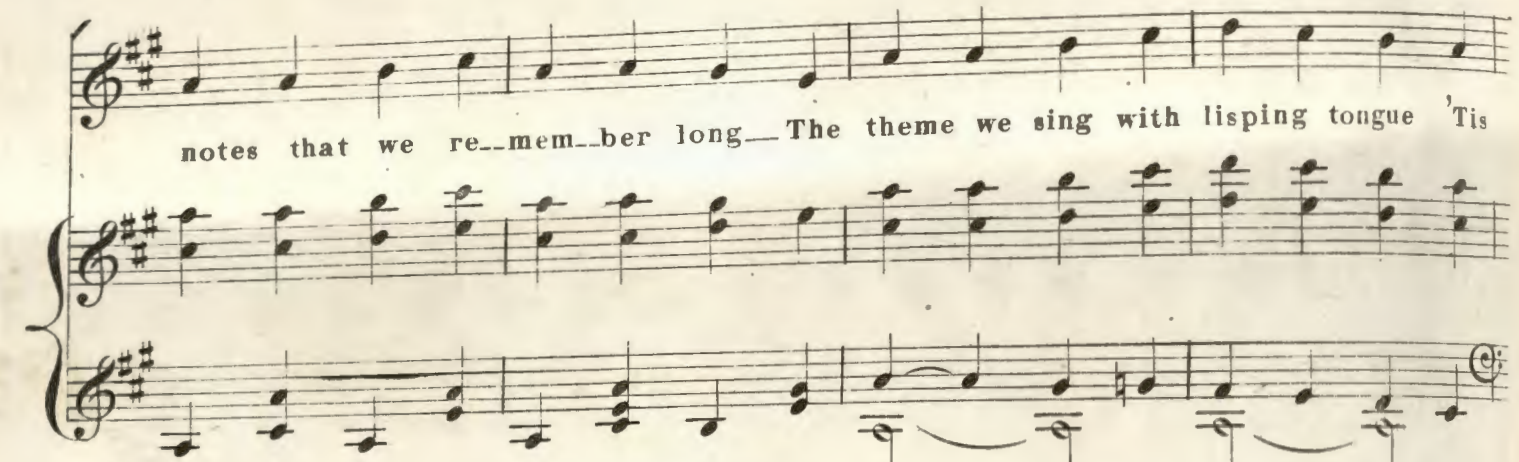
where is he who loves it not? The spell it holds is deep and strong, Wher-

e'er we go, what--e'er our lot, Let o--ther mu--sic greet our ear With

thrill...ing fire or dul...cet tone; We speak to praise, we pause to hear, But

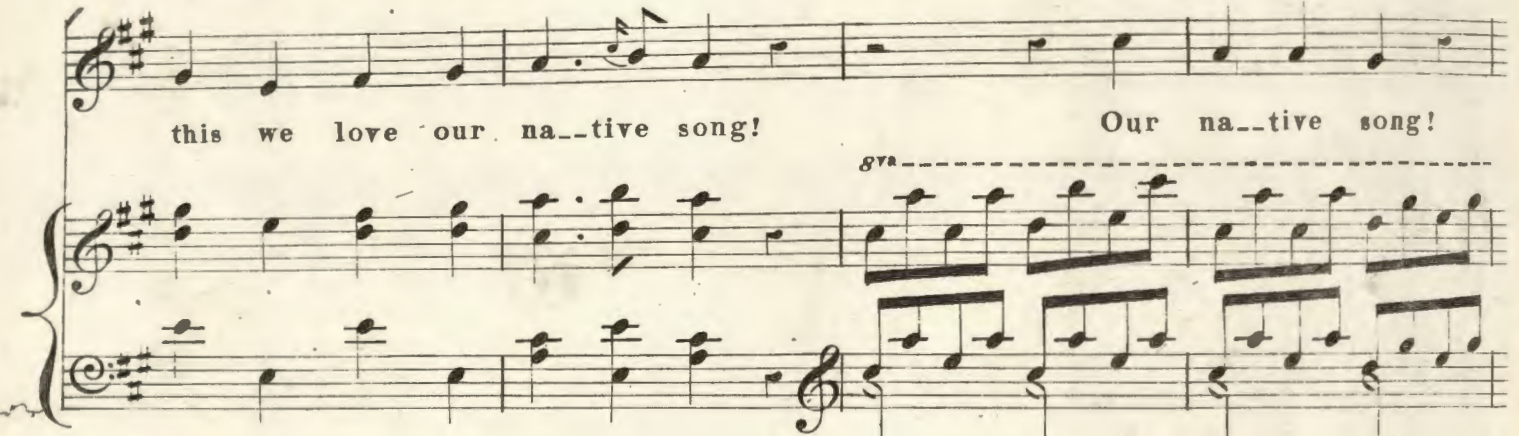
yet__oh! yet__'tis not our own! The An...them chant, the Ballad wild, The

notes that we re-mem-ber long—The theme we sing with lisp-ing tongue 'Tis



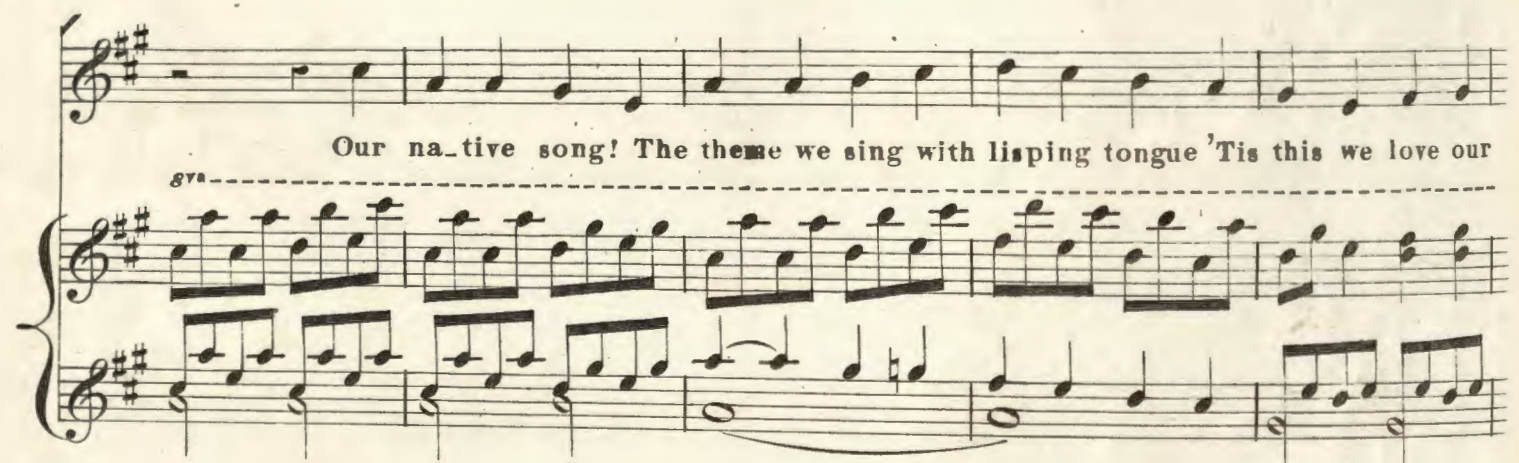
this we love our na-tive song! Our na-tive song!

gva



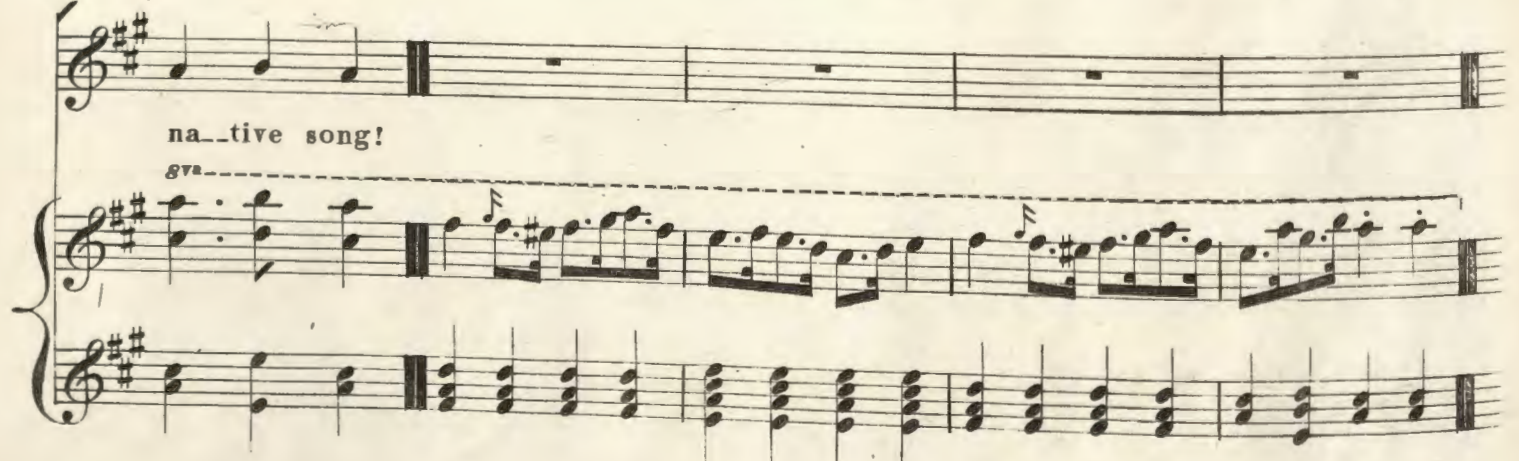
Our na-tive song! The theme we sing with lisp-ing tongue 'Tis this we love our

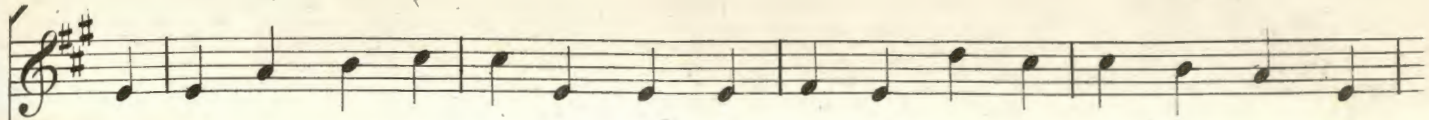
gva



na-tive song!

gva

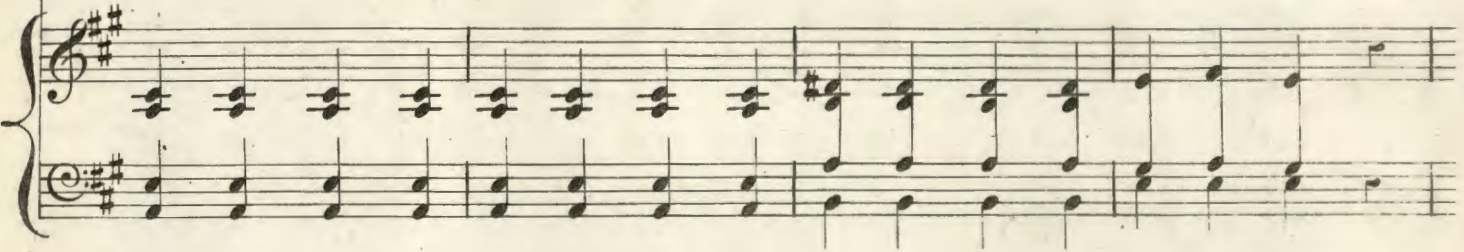




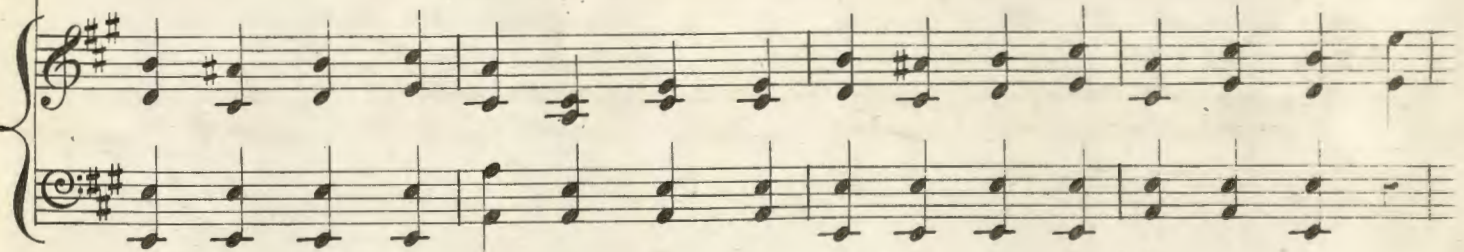
The one who bears the felon's brand, With moody brow and darkend name, Thrust



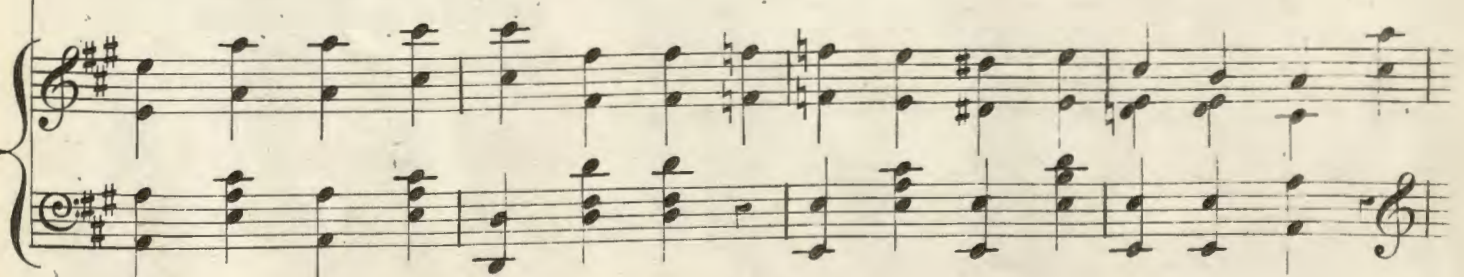
meanly from his fatherland, To languish out a life of shame; Oh!



let him hear some simple strain—Some say his mother taught her boy—He'll



feel the charm, and dream again Of home, of innocence, and joy! The



sigh will burst, the drops will start, And all of vir-tue buried long— The

best, the pu--rest in his heart, Is waken'd by his na--tive song.

Our na--tive song! Our na--tive song! The

theme we sing with lisping tongue— 'Tis this we love— our na--tive song!

THIRD VERSE.

Self-exil'd from our place of birth, To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay, The
 mem'ry of our own fair earth May chance a-while to fade a-way: But
 should some minstrel e-cho fall, Of chords that breathe Co-lumbia's fame, Our
 souls will burn, our spirits yearn, True to the land we love and claim. The
 high! the low! in weal or woe, Be sure there's something cold-ly wrong A-
 bout the heart that does not glow To hear its own, Its na-tive song.
 Our na-tive song! Our na-tive song! The
 theme we sing with lisping tongue, 'Tis this we love our native song!

