1841

Our Native Song

Henry Russell

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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.

NEW YORK

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And 1 Franklin Sq.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1811 by James & Lamson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.
OUR NATIVE SONG!

Composed by Henry Russell.

QUASI CON
SPRITO.

Tempo giusto.

Our native song! our native song! Oh!
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-th'er mu-sic greet our ear With

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

yet o'h! 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 lisping tongue 'Tis

this we love our 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!
The one who bears the felon's brand, With moody brow and darken'd name, Thrust

meanly from his father-land, To languish out a life of shame; Oh!

let him hear some simple strain. Some lay 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 virtue buried long—The

best, the purest in his heart, is weakened by his native song.

Our native song! Our native song! The

theme we sing with lisping tongue—'Tis this we love—our native song!
THIRD VERSE.

Self-exil'd from our place of birth, To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay, The
memory of our own fair earth May chance a while to fade away:

But should some minstrel echo fall, Of chords that breathe Columbia'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 coldly wrong A-
bout the heart that does not glow To hear its own, its native song.

Our native song! Our native song! The

theme we sing with lisping tongue, 'Tis this we love our native song!

G.W. QuidorEng.