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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OUR NATIVE SONG!

Composed by Henry Russell.

QUASI CONSPRITO.

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 other music greet our ear With

thrilling 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
Our native song! The theme we sing with lisping tongue 'Tis this we love our native song!

notes that we remember long.
brow, and darken'd name, Thrust

meanely from his fatherland, 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 a way: 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. Quater Egg.