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

Published by Firth Hall & Pond 239 Broadway.

And 1 Franklin Sq.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1841 by Firth & Pond in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.
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
Our native song! The theme we sing with lisping tongue 'Tis this we love our native song!

Our native song! The theme we sing with lisping tongue 'Tis this we love our native song!
The one who bears the felon's brand, With moody brow and darken'd name, Thrust
mean'rely 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 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 lisp ing tongue, 'Tis this we love our native song!

G.W. Quaker Erg'