BINGEN ON THE RHINE

a Song

As Sung by

MISS JULIA NORTHAL

COMPOSED & RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Miss Mary C. Potts

By

H.S. SARONI.

BOSTON
Published by G.P. REED 17 Tremont Row.
BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

Words by the Hon: Mrs Norton. Composed by H.S. Saroni.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D.1847 by G.P. Reed in the Clerk Office of dist. C. of Mass.
dying in Algiers

There was lack of woman's

nursing

There was dearth of woman's tears

But a

comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away.

And bent with pitying glances, to
hear what he might say.
The dying soldier fell. As he took that comrade's hand and he said I never more shall see my own my native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine. For I was born at Bingen on the Rhine. For I was born at Bingen.
Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground;
That we fought the battle bravely and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And amidst the dead and dying were some grown old in scars—
The death wound on their gallant breast, the last of many wars;
But some were young and suddenly, beheld life's noon decline,
And one had come from Bingen, from Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard
I let them take—what e'er they would—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry too fond for idle scorning—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart maketh sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her—the last night of my life—for ere the morn be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard or seemed to hear
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear,
And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill
That echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remember'd walk.
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine.

His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody corpses strewn,
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!