

The Grand Old **RED BANDANA.**

MUSIC BY PROF. M. C. THAYER.



Words by **HON. E. W. BLAISDELL,** Of Rockford, Ill.

35

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EXPLANATORY.

The sentiment of this song is predicated upon the great and memorable struggle in the United States Senate, between the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads and Allen G. Thurman, on the occasion of the brazen attempt of these monster corporations, to avoid and nullify their obligations to the government, amounting to two hundred millions of dollars. Single handed, and impelled by his own native honesty, "The Brave Old Romam" rushed to the rescue, thundered out his denunciations against this Giant scheme of iniquity, and routed the plotters. The song commemorates this noble achievement, and should be sung over the whole land.

A GREAT CAMPAIGN SONG.

A spirited campaign song, entitled "The Grand Old Red Bandana," written by the Hon. E. W. Blaisdell, of Rockford, Ill., and just published by the National Music Co., of Chicago, for the use of clubs, will be sung by the Columbia Quartette of this city at the great Thurman Barbecue to day. The song is predicated upon that memorable event in the life of the "Old Roman," when he stood so nobly for the rights of the government, as against the wicked attempts of the great Pacific Railroads to annul their obligations, and defraud the government out of about a hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Judge Thurman frustrated the plans of the Jobbers, and drove them howling outside the Senate's doors. This great achievement the song fitly commemorates "In words that burn." Its sentiments and enthusiasm will awaken the echoes in all Democratic hearts. So let the crowd get ready to swing the old Bandana with a will.—*Chicago Herald, Aug. 25th.*

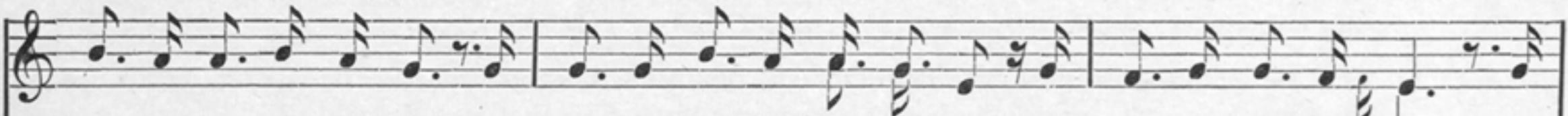
The Grand, Old, Red Bandana.

Words by E. W. BLAISDELL.

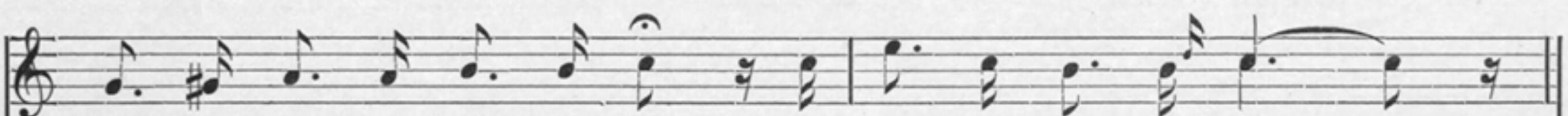
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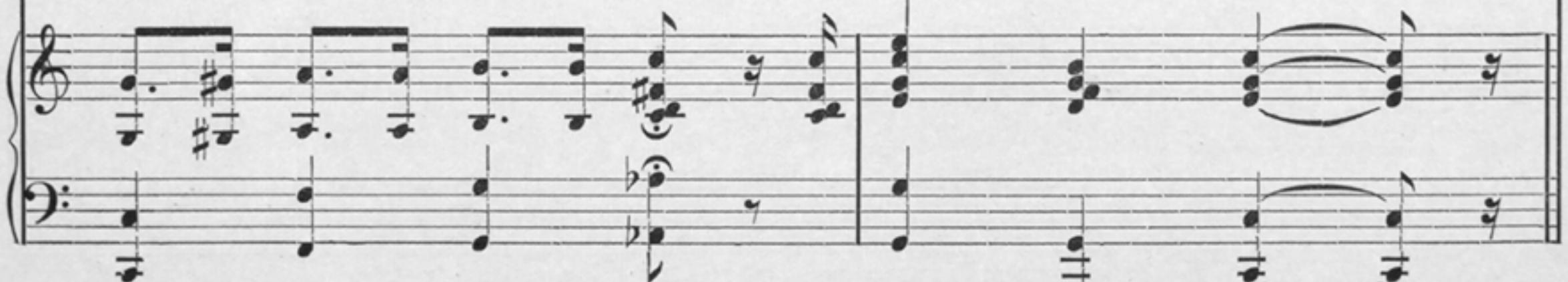
1. When rail-road schemers ruled the land, And few men dare dé mur, man, Who then for Pub lic Right did stand? That
2. When heartless job-bers well had plan'd, To rob the nation's treas-ure, To steal whole states of the peo-ple's land, And
3. Our farm-ers' sons, and poor men's sons, All love to hear the sto-ry, How Thurman sav'd their lands and homes, And



grand old pa triot, Thurman. 'Twas Thurman, of the Buck-eye State, With heart so warm and true; Who share it at their lei-sure, Whose voice, then 'rose in Sen-ate halls, And peal'd in tones of thunder; Whose won im-mor-tal glo-ry. So pass a-long the line the shout, The freeman's bat-tle cry; Shout!



to his coun-try's res-cue came, And crush'd the rav-nous crew.....
gi-ant arm then 'rose a-loft, And riv'd their ranks as-sun-der?
shout! a-loud! aye! shout a-loud! And fling the flag on high.....



Chorus.

1st Tenor.

1. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! for Thur - man, then, With heart so true and warm, As

2d Tenor.

2. Hur - rah! for th' grand Old Ro - man, then, Who brav'd the bood - lers' storm, We'll

1st Bass.

3. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! come on, brave boys, Let's make the bat - tle warm, And

2d Bass.

Accomp.

sure as fate, we'll make him mate, Of our staunch ship, Re - form. Fling

shout! and shout! and shout a - gain, For Thur - man and Re - form. Fling

shout! and shout! and shout a - gain, For Cleve - land and Re - form. March

high! fling high! to the bright - 'ning sky— From Maine to Loui - si - an - a,— Bear
high! fling high! to the bright - 'ning sky— From Maine to Loui - si - an - a,— March
on! march on to vic - to - ry, men, From Maine to Loui - si - an - a,— Bear

on, bear on, to Vic - to - ry! This grand, old, red Ban - dan - a.
on, march on, to Vic - to - ry! This grand, old red Ban - dan - a.
on, right on, to Vic - to - ry!! With th' grand, old, red Ban - dan - n.