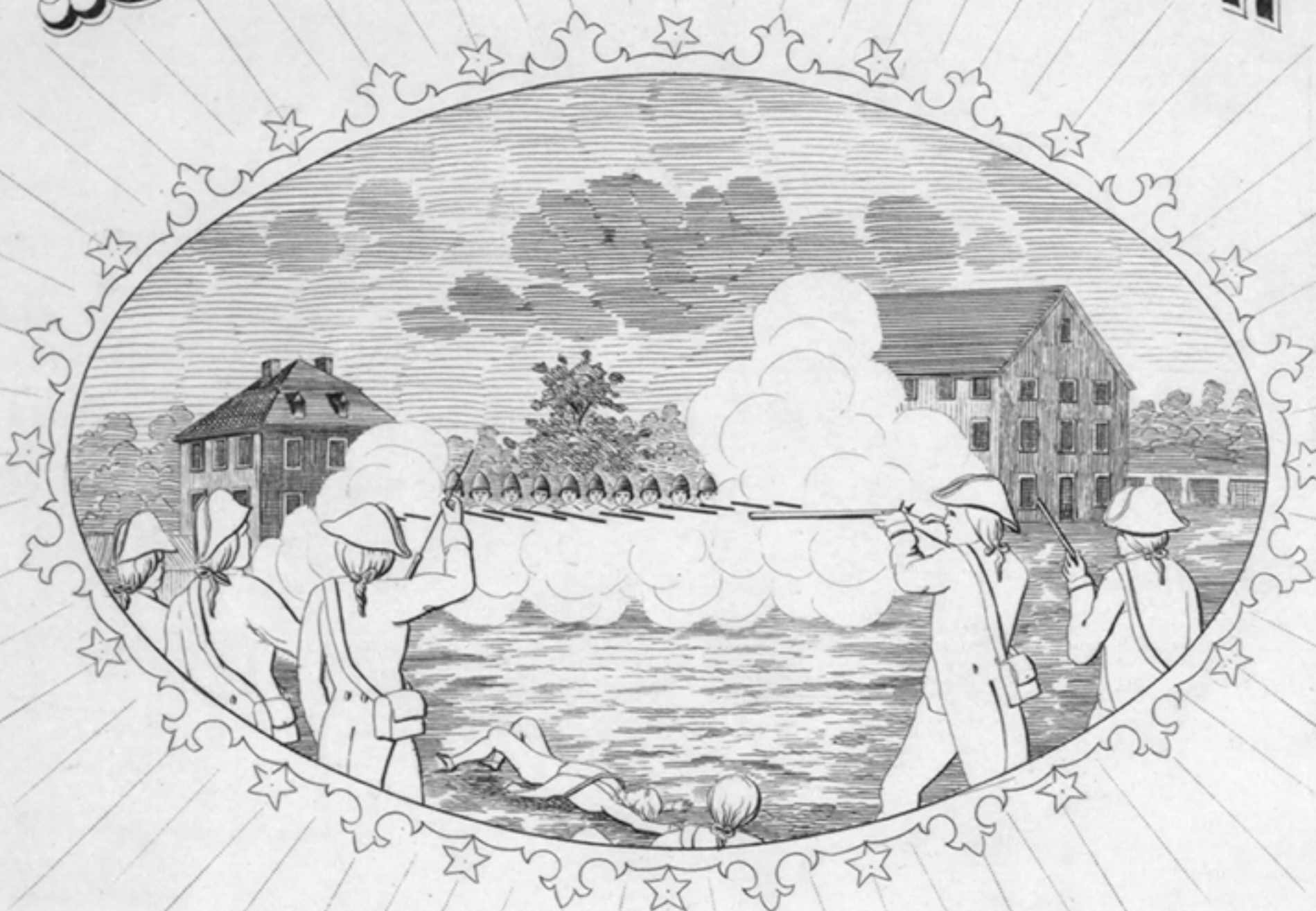


Battle of Lexington



Poetry by

O. W. HOLMES,

Music by

L. HEATH.

AUTHOR OF

"Grave of Bonaparte," "Snow Storm," "Softly, peacefully lay her to rest, &c."

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BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

L. HEATH.

MODERATO.



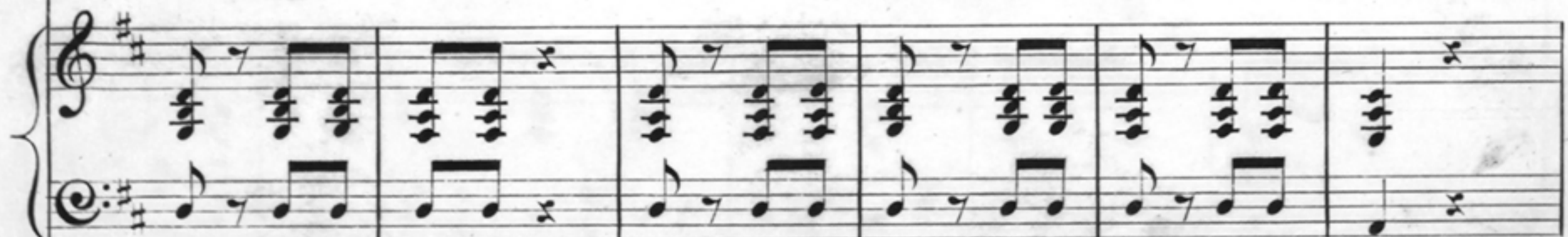
2^d v. On the smooth green where the

1st v. Slow-ly the mist o'er the



fresh leaf is springing, Calm-ly the first-born of glo-ry have met,

meadow was creeping, Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,



Hark! the death vol - ley a - round them is ringing! Look! with their life blood the
marcato.
 When from his couch, while his children were sleeping, Rose the bold rebel, and

young grass is wet! Faint is the fee-ble breath, Mur-mur-ing low in death,
p dolce.
 shouldered his gun, Wav-ing her golden veil O-ver the silent dale,

"Tell to our sons how their fath-ers have died;" Nerve-less the i-ron hand,
 Blithe look'd the morning on cot-tage and spire; Hush'd was his parting sigh,

Raised for its native land, Lies by the weapon that gleams by his side.
 While from his noble eye Flash'd the last sparkle of lib-er-ty's fire.



3.

Over the hill sides the wild knell is tolling,
 From the far hamlets the yeomanry come;
 As through the storm-clouds the thunder burst rolling,
 Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
 Fast on the soldiers path— Darken the waves of wrath, y
 Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
 Red glares the muskets flash, Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
 Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

4.

Gaily the plume of the horseman was dancing,
 Never to shadow his cold brow again;
 Proudly at morning the war steed was prancing
 Reeking and panting he droops on the rein,
 Pale is the lip of scorn, Voiceless the trumpet horn, y
 Torn is the silken fring'd red cross on high;
 Many a belted breast, Low on the turf shall rest,
 Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

5.

Snow girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
 Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving
 Reel'd with the echo's that rode on the gale;
 Far as the tempest thrills, Over the darken'd hills,
 Far as the sunshine streams over the plain
 Roused by the tyrant band, Wake all the mighty land,
 Girded for battle from mountain to main.

6.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest!
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying,
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from her nest. x
 Borne on her northern pine Long o'er the foaming brine
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
 Heaven keep her ever free, Wide as o'er land and sea
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.