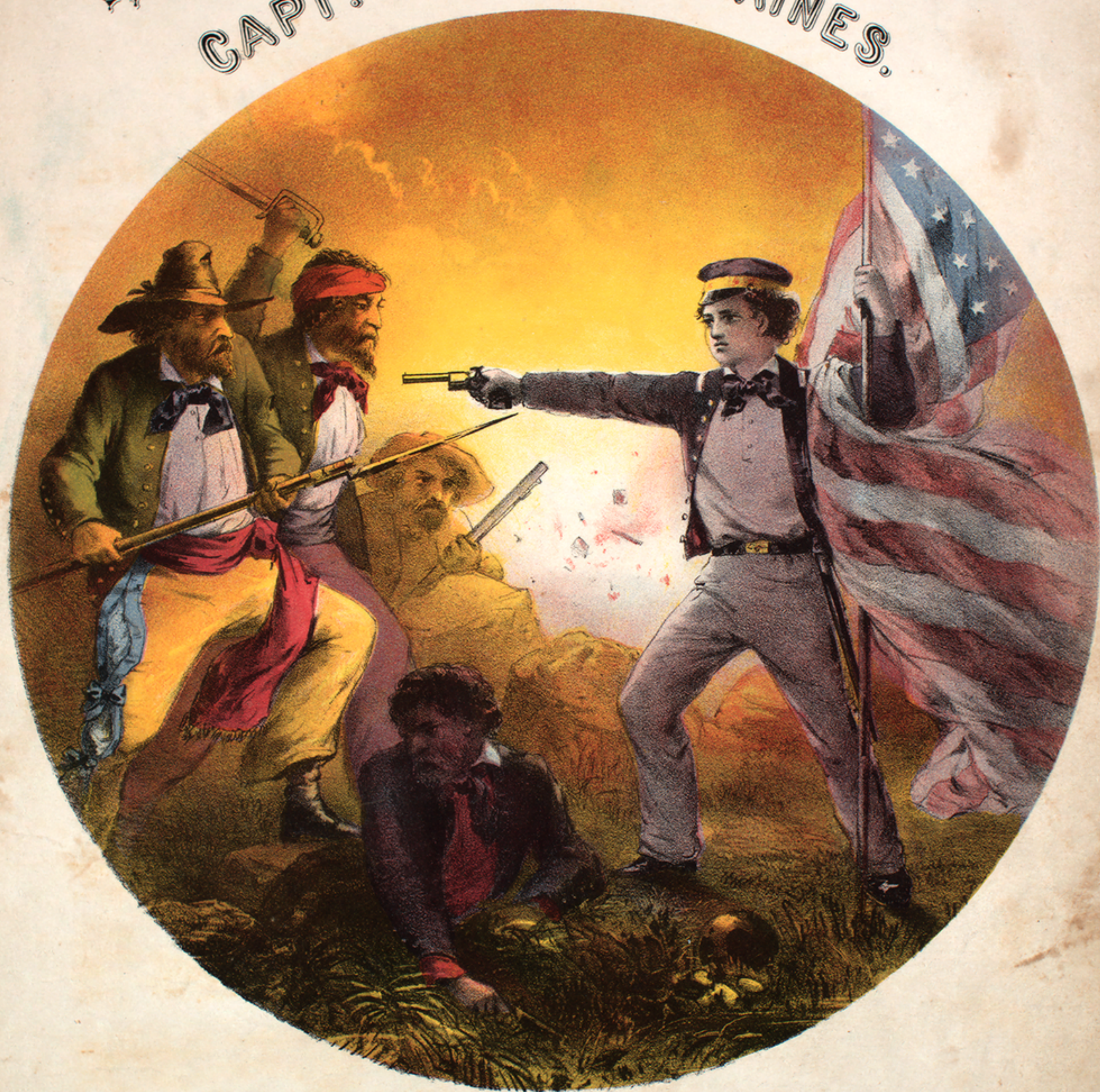


TO THE BOY DEFENDER OF
KENTUCKY'S HONOR,
CAPT. WILLIAM F. GAINES.



LITH. OF ENDICOTT & CO. 59 BEEKMAN ST. N.Y.
WORDS BY
HENRY T. STANTON ESQ.

MUSIC BY
EDWARD O. EATON.

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THE BOY DEFENDER OF KENTUCKY'S HONOR.



At the Battle of Buena Vista, Sergeant William F. Gaines, then a boy of sixteen years of age, greatly distinguished himself; twice rescuing from the Mexicans, the Colors of the Second Regiment Kentucky Infantry. For his gallant conduct the Legislature presented the young hero with a magnificent Sword, and unanimously passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That we tender the thanks and gratitude of the people of Kentucky to Sergeant William F. Gaines, the Boy Defender of the glorious Banner of Kentucky, in the sanguinary Battle of Buena Vista.

Words by HENRY T. STANTON.

Music by EDWARD O. EATON.

MARZIA.

The musical score is written for piano and features a treble and bass clef. The tempo is marked 'MARZIA.' and the dynamics include 'mf' and 'f'. The piece consists of two systems of music. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The bass line is characterized by frequent triplet patterns, while the treble line features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes with some rests. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

I. He left the green hills 'neath his na-tive sun gleam-ing, He
 II. Aye, no - bly he bore the bright em - blem a-bove him, And
 III. Un - sheath'd was his sword, and his ban-ner still streaming, Where

bade friends and kin - dred a sol - dier's a - dieu, While the
 vow'd in his spir - it to shield it or die; With
 foe - men their num - bers pour'd down on the plain, Where

Star - span - gled Ban - ner a bove him was stream-ing, And
 hon - or to guide him, and wo - man to love him, He
 wild - ly the War - God, in red - blood was gloat - ing, And

ev' . ry lov'd be . ing was swept from his view; On his
 rush'd with his silk . en flag stream . ing on high! He
 ev' . ry green spot had its dark . clot . ted stain; Oh!

high, no . ble brow, no sha . dow was sleep . ing, Not for
 rush'd with it on . ward where can . non's deep knell . ing, And
 then where the mad . dest of bat . tle was ra ging, And

Cres cen

friends, nor for kin . dred a tear was he weep . ing, In
 mus . ket . ry's rat . tle, their thou . sands were fell . ing, Where the
 sol diers with wild . ness the com . bat was wa . ging, Oh!

do. *ff* *fff*

thought of his coun - try, a - lone his heart steep - ing, As -
 tide of des - truc - tion in crim - son was swell - ing, And
 then his bright steel with the foe was en - ga - ging, And

no - bly to fight in her bat - tles he flew! As
 wild - ly the death - shout of com - rades came by. And
 hot - ly they press'd him to yield, but in vain. And

no - bly to fight in her bat - tles he flew!
 wild - ly the death - shout of com - rades came by.
 hot - ly they press'd him to yield, but in vain.

IV

When twice in the struggle his comrades were bending,
 And foe-men rush'd mad on the Flag of the West,
 Then, then, the proud boy the fair gift was defending,
 And death with his stroke sunk deep in each breast;
 Again the bright banner untainted was waving,
 Again the young heart the dark foeman was braving,
 And ere the mad contest had ceas'd its wild raving,
 The Boy had twice shielded the Flag of the West.

V

That night, when his comrades lay wounded and sleeping,
 Pale, weary, and worn by the battle's rude fray;
 He stood, while his flag in the night breeze was leaping,
 And guarded its glory, with pride till the day;
 And then the lov'd banner, his heart was enfolding,
 And honor, each moment his spirit was moulding,
 As silent he stood, in the midnight beholding
 The Ladies' fair tribute, with breezes at play.

VI

As back to the home of his childhood in gladness,
 He treads the green hills, with a manly step now.
 The friends that he left in mourning and sadness,
 With tears of delight greet the hero, I trow.
 Kentucky, his State, wraps her praises around him;
 Her sons in their tributes of honor have bound ^{him;}
 Her daughters with smiles of approval have crown'd ^{him,}
 And left their green wreath, for aye on his brow.

Clayton.