THE DEATH OF WARREN.

Written by EPES SARGENT Esq. Music by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

On the day of the memorable engagement at Bunker Hill, Gen. Joseph Warren, then in the prime of life, joined the American ranks as a volunteer. "Tell me where I can be useful," said he, addressing General Putnam. "Go to the redoubt," was the reply, "you will there be covered." "I came not to be covered," returned Warren; "tell me where I shall be in the most danger; tell me where the action will be hottest." At the meeting of the Committee of Safety previous to the battle, his friends earnestly strove to dissuade him from exposing his person. "I know there is danger," said Warren, "but who does not think it sweet to die for his country?" When Col. Prescott gave the order to retreat, Warren's desperate courage forbade him to obey. He lingered the last in the redoubt, and was slowly and reluctantly retreating, when a British officer called out to him to surrender. Warren proudly turned his face to the foe, received a fatal shot in the forehead, and fell dead in the trenches.

AGITATO CON ENERGICO.

N. B. This song was written expressly for Mr. Dempster by Mr. Sargent.
Trumpet Solo.

When the war-cry of liberty rang through the land, To arms sprang our
fathers, the foe to withstand. On old Bunker Hill their entrenchments they rear, When the army is joined by a young volunteer. "Tempt not death!" cried his friends; but he bade them good-bye, saying—"Oh! it is sweet for our country to die," saying—"Oh! it is sweet for our country to die."
The tempest of battle now rages and swells, Mid the thunder of cannon, the pealing of bells: And a light not of battle illumines yonder spire—Scene of woe—Scene of woe, 'tis Charlestown on fire! The young volunteer heedeth
not the sad cry, But murmurs, 'tis sweet for our country to die!" "'tis sweet Oh! 'tis sweet for our country to die!"

With trumpets and banners the foe draweth near; A volley of musketry checks their career! With the
dead and the dying the hill-side is strown, And the shout through our

Moderato.

line is, "the day is our own." "Not yet," cries the young volunteer, "do they

fly! Stand firm! stand firm! 'tis sweet Oh! 'tis sweet for our

country to die! 'Tis sweet oh! 'tis sweet for our country to
die!

Agitato

Now our powder is spent—and they rally again;

"Retreat!" says our chief, "since unarmed we remain."

But the young volunteer lingers yet on the field, Reluctant to fly and disdaining to yield.

A shot!
Adagio con molto.

ah! he falls! but his life's latest sigh is, "tis sweet, oh! 'tis sweet for our country to die!"

con anima.

country to die!"

And thus Warren fell! happy death! noble fall! To perish for country at Liberty's call! Should the
flag of invasion profane ever more
The blue of our seas, or the

green of our shore, May the hearts of our people re-echo that cry, "Tis

sweet, oh 'tis sweet for our country to die! 'Tis sweet, oh 'tis sweet for our

country to die!"