

Handwritten signature: J. P. Moore

The EVE of BATTLE, OR, ENGLAND INVADED. A New Song

Set to Music, & most respectfully Inscrub'd (by permission) to the Officers
(and Gentlemen, of the Maidenhead Cavalry by

Z. WYVILL,

Teacher of the Harpsichord & Singing.

Ent^d at St^d Hall

N.B. The Two upper Voices are written in one Line.

Pr. 1/6

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& 76 St James's Street, & Goulding, Knevelt & Co., Dublin.

Likewise to be had of the Author at Maidenhead, & at the Printing Office Reading.

Allegro
Moderato

Sym pia for pia for pia

1st Voice
for tutti ff

Semichorus
for

The hour of Battle now draws nigh the hour of Battle now draws nigh We swear to
the 'hour of Battle now draws nigh We swear to
conquer or to die we swear to conquer or to die The hour of Battle now draws nigh We
conquer or to die we swear to conquer or to die now draws nigh
swear to conquer or to die We swear to conquer or to die.
We swear to conquer or to die We swear to conquer or to die.

Haste quick a - - way thou slow pac'd Night, To - mor - rows

dawn begins the fight Haste quick a - - way thou slow pac'd Night Tomorrows

dawn begins the fight, To - - morrows dawn be - - gins the fight.

Brothers draw th avenging sword Death or Freedom be the word Death or Freedom be the

Full Chorus Allegro Con Spirito

word Freedom be the - word Brothers draw th avenging sword Brothers draw th avenging

Death or Freedom be the word Brothers draw th avenging sword Brothers draw th avenging

sword Death or Freedom be the word Death or Freedom be the word.

sword Death or Freedom be the word Death or Freedom be the word.

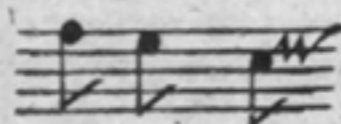
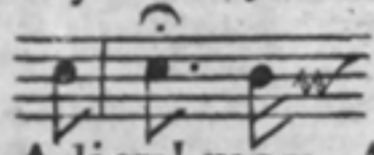
First Soldier Solo

Andante

Did ye not leave when forc'd to part some treasure precious to the
heart, and feel ye not your bosoms swell whene'er ye think of that farewell, and
feel ye not your bosoms swell whene'er ye think of that farewell. Repeat the last Chorus
Brothers draw &c.

2^d Soldier
Solo

My Lucy said no longer stay, Thy Country calls thee haste away,



Adieu! may Angels round thee hover, No Slave shall ever be my lover.



Adieu! may Angels round thee hover, No Slave shall ever be my lover.

Repeat the Chorus
Brothers draw &c.3^d Soldier
Solo

My Grandsire cried "I cannot go, But thou my Son shall face the foe,

I need not say dear Boy be brave, No Briton sure would live a slave.

Brothers draw &c

4th Soldier
SoloMy Wife whose glowing looks exprest, What Patriot ardour warmd her breast,
Said in the Battle think of me; These helpless babes they shall be free.Let the TRIO follow
immediately

Box 12
No. 99

4

TRIO Andante staccato

1st Voice

Shades of Heroes gone inspire us, Children Wives and

2^d Voice

Shades of Heroes gone inspire us, Children Wives and

Harpsichord

Basso and
Bass Voice

Shades of Heroes gone inspire us Children Wives and

Country fire us, Freedom loves this hallow'd ground,

Country fire us, Freedom loves this hallow'd ground,

Country fire us, Freedom loves this hallow'd ground,

Hark Hark Hark

Freedom bids the Trumpet sound, Freedom bids the Trumpet sound Hark

Freedom bids the Trumpet sound Freedom bids the Trumpet sound Hark

Freedom bids the Trumpet sound.

Freedom bids the Trumpet sound.

Brothers draw &c

Freedom bids the Trumpet sound.