

12 Main St

H P Tompkins

THE
Champion of Freedom.

written by

Miss Eliza L. Hering,

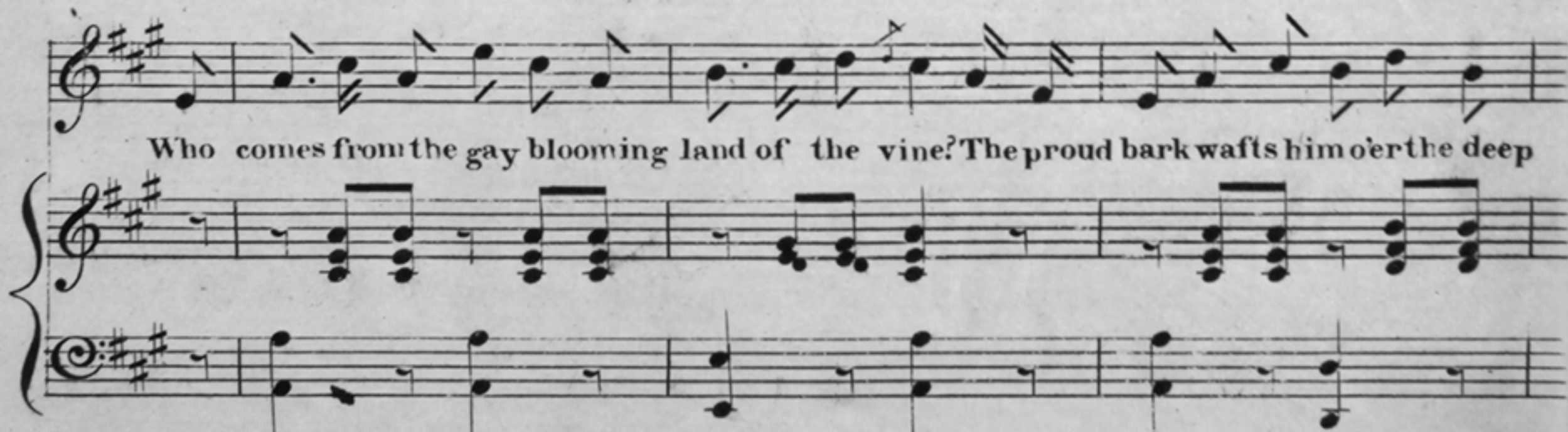
arranged for the Piano Forte

BY
C. MEINEKE,

— the Air —

By D. Judah Esq^r of Richmond.

Baltimore Published by JOHN COLE No. 123 Market Street.



tid; While the stars in our banner bright over him shine, As it

floats in its glory and pride? 'Tis the Hero of days we can

never forget; 'Tis the Champion of Freedom the brave La Fayette.

'Tis the He-ro of days we can ne-ver forget, 'Tis the

Champion of Freedom, the brave La Fayette.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The tempo and meter are not explicitly stated. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is a simple melody that follows the lyrics. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano grand staff. The lyrics are: "tid; While the stars in our banner bright over him shine, As it floats in its glory and pride? 'Tis the Hero of days we can never forget; 'Tis the Champion of Freedom the brave La Fayette. 'Tis the He-ro of days we can ne-ver forget, 'Tis the Champion of Freedom, the brave La Fayette." The score ends with a double bar line.



2

Why pours the loud canon its thundering peal,
 Why stream the gay flags on the gale;
 Why sounds the glad trump, and why glitters the steel,
 As in swiftmess approaches that sail?
 'Tis the proud joy of Freemen exultingly met,
 To welcome their Champion, the brave La Fayette.

3

America's sons, in arms haste to greet
 Him whom virtue and valour have led;
 While her daughters pluck flowers to strew at his feet,
 And with laurels encircle his head—
 Yet when these wreaths fade, unwither'd there yet
 Shall bloom a bright garland for brave La Fayette.

4

The veteran who stood in the fight by his side,
 Though the locks of his youth have grown hoary;
 Now darts the bright glance of a young hero's pride,
 While his bosom again burns with glory—
 And he points to the fields he can never forget,
 Where he battled for freedom, with brave La Fayette.

5

The angel of Freedom, thy dungeon has burst,
 And indignantly shiver'd thy chain;
 And the land that aroused thy young valour at first,
 In rapture, now greets thee again.
 All hail! to the fields which thy best blood once wet!
 Each drop is remember'd—belov'd La Fayette.

6

O! would that the Chieftain, the foremost in fame,
 The friend in adversity tried,
 Could join in the voice of a nation's acclaim,
 With the veterans who press to thy side:
 But the foe none can conquer, the hero has met,
 And his grave now shall drink the warm tear of Fayette.

7

Oh! Freedom, who scoffs at the bright diadem,
 On the monarch's proud temple that glows,
 On her laurels will place the bright tear as a gem,
 And hallow the drop as it flows—
 But long may it be, ere the Hero's regret,
 Shall speak in a tear at the tomb of FAYETTE.