

# Oh! Mount Thy Bright and Gallant Steed

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*con bravura*

5

9

## Oh! Mount Thy Bright and Gallant Steed

13

B $\flat$  B $\flat$

Oh! mount thy bright and gal - lant steed, My  
Oh! raise on high thy ban - ner bright, The

17

F B $\flat$  B $\flat$

war - rior boy, the foe is near; Greece calls thee in the  
cres - cent waves up - on the air; Up rise thy broth - ers

20

B $\flat$  F B $\flat$

time of need; Then why in - glo - rious tar - ry here?  
in their might, Oh! war - rior boy why tar - ry here?

23

F B $\flat$  C

Say, can I love thee half so well, As when oft to the bat - tle  
Fame bids thee fix thy snow - y plume, And mount thy char - ger for the

26

F F B $\flat$

cry, \_\_\_\_\_ How proud I saw thy bos - om swell, Or  
fray. \_\_\_\_\_ Love twines thee flow'rs of fair - y bloom, But

29

C F B $\flat$

marked the flash - ing of thine eye \_\_\_\_\_ *ad lib.* Oh! mount thy bright and  
none like those in glo - ry's bay. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh! raise on high thy

## Oh! Mount Thy Bright and Gallant Steed

32

B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$

gal - lant steed, My war - rior boy, the foe is near;  
ban - ner bright, The cres - cent waves up - on the air;

35

B $\flat$  B $\flat$  F7

Greece calls thee in the time of need, Then why in - glo - rious tar - ry  
Up rise thy broth - er's in their might, Oh! war - rior boy why tar - ry

38

B $\flat$

here?  
here?