

THREE CHEERS FOR OUR

JACK MORGAN!

A Camp Song.

"He swore to free his home,
To burst her chains asunder,
With sound of trump and drum,
And loud Confederate thunder;
And in the darksome night,
By light of homestead burning,
He put the shrinking foe to flight,
Their boasts to wailings turning."

WORDS BY
EUGENE RAYMOND.

MUSIC BY
EMMETT.

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Three Cheers For Our Jack Morgan.

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WORDS BY EUGENE RAYMOND

Allegro

VOICE. Solo Chorus

The snow is in the cloud, And night is gath - ring

PIANO.

Solo Chorus

o'er us, The winds are pi - ping loud, And fan the blaze be -

Solo Chorus

fore us. Then join the jo - vial band, And tune the vo - cal

organ; And with a will, we'll all join in Three cheers for our Jack Morgan.

Detailed description: The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice, indicated by a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It starts with a dynamic of 'Allegro' and includes lyrics for three stanzas. The middle staff is for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It provides harmonic support with chords. The bottom staff is for the chorus, indicated by a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a repeating rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics describe a snowy night with winds and a fire, followed by an invitation to join a jovial band and sing for 'Jack Morgan'.

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CHORUS TO THE END

Gath - er round the camp-fire, Our du - ty has been done; Let's
gath - er round the camp-fire, And have a lit - tle fun; Let's
gath - er round the camp-fire, Our du - ty has been done, 'Twas
done up - on the bat - tle field. Three cheers for our Jack Mor - gan.

Jack Morgan is his name,
The fearless and the lucky;
No dastard foe can tame
The son of old Kentucky.
His heart is with his State,
He fights for Southern freedom;
His men their General's word await,
They'll go where he will lead 'em.
Chorus—Gather round the camp-fire, etc.

He swore to free his home,
To burst her chains asunder,
With sound of trump and drum,
And loud Confederate thunder;
And in the darksome night,
By light of homestead burning,
He'll put the skulking foe to flight,
Their hearts to wailings turning.
Chorus—Gather round the camp-fire, etc.

The dungeon dark and cold
Could not his body prison,
Nor tame a spirit bold
That o'er reverse had risen;
Then sing the song of joy,
Our toast be lovely woman,
And Morgan he's the gallant boy
To plague the hated foeman!

Chorus—Gather round the camp-fire, etc.