



NEW FARMERS' SONG.

Words by Mrs. S. M. Smith.

Music by George F. Root.



THE SHOUT!

Or, The Peoples' Army.



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HEAR! HEAR THE SHOUT!

OR,

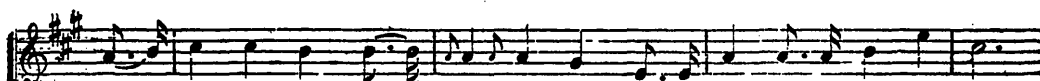
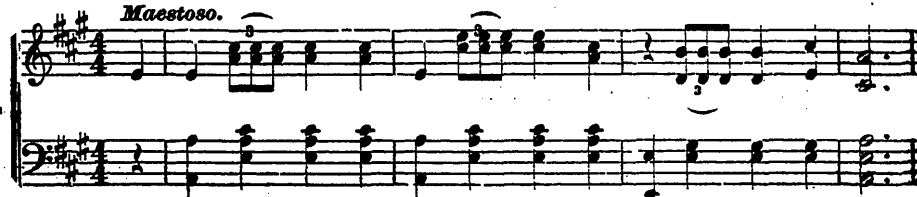
THE PEOPLE'S ARMY.

Words by Mrs. S. M. SMITH.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Maestoso.

Introduction.



1. Not with trum-pet's peal, Nor glit-ter of steel, With no sound of the mar-tial drum;
2. Earth's rud-est waste We have still re-placed, With the wealth of the wav-ing grain,
3. Like the spirit-less slave, We toil and save, To give to their grasp-ing hands
4. Lo! hand in hand, O-ver all the land, A-gain do our ar-mies grow;



From the prai - ries wide, And the green hill side, To - day do our le - gions come;
 And life's best years, With its hopes and fears, Have been spent in the strife in vain;
 The fair - est yield Of our flock and field— Aye, give in the end our lands;
 And the arm that could smite For the slave's birth-right May yet deal for its own a blow;

And man - y a hard won field at - tests The strength of the stur - dy arms,
 For what a - vails, When la - bor fails To gath - er its just re - wards,
 Oh! son of the soil, Bronzed soldier of - toil, For - this did you brave the past,
 Thrice armed they come, Without beat of drum, Or her - ald of war - like notes,

That in bat - tling toil With the stub - born soil, Have wrest - ed these smil - ing farms.
 And the fields we plow, And plant and sow, Are reaped by our rail - way lords?
 In the blood bought home, When peace had come, That the strang - er might dwell at last?
 With the tongue and pen Of un - bought men, And free - men's un - bought votes.

CHORUS.

Hear! hear the shout That to-day rings out From a mil-lion voi-ces clear;

Hear! hear the shout That to-day rings out From a mil-lion voi-ces clear;

Let the would-be kings, And cor-ruption rings, Fate's voice in the peo-ple hear.

Let the would-be kings, And cor-ruption rings, Fate's voice in the peo-ple hear.

HEAR! HEAR THE SHOUT!—24.