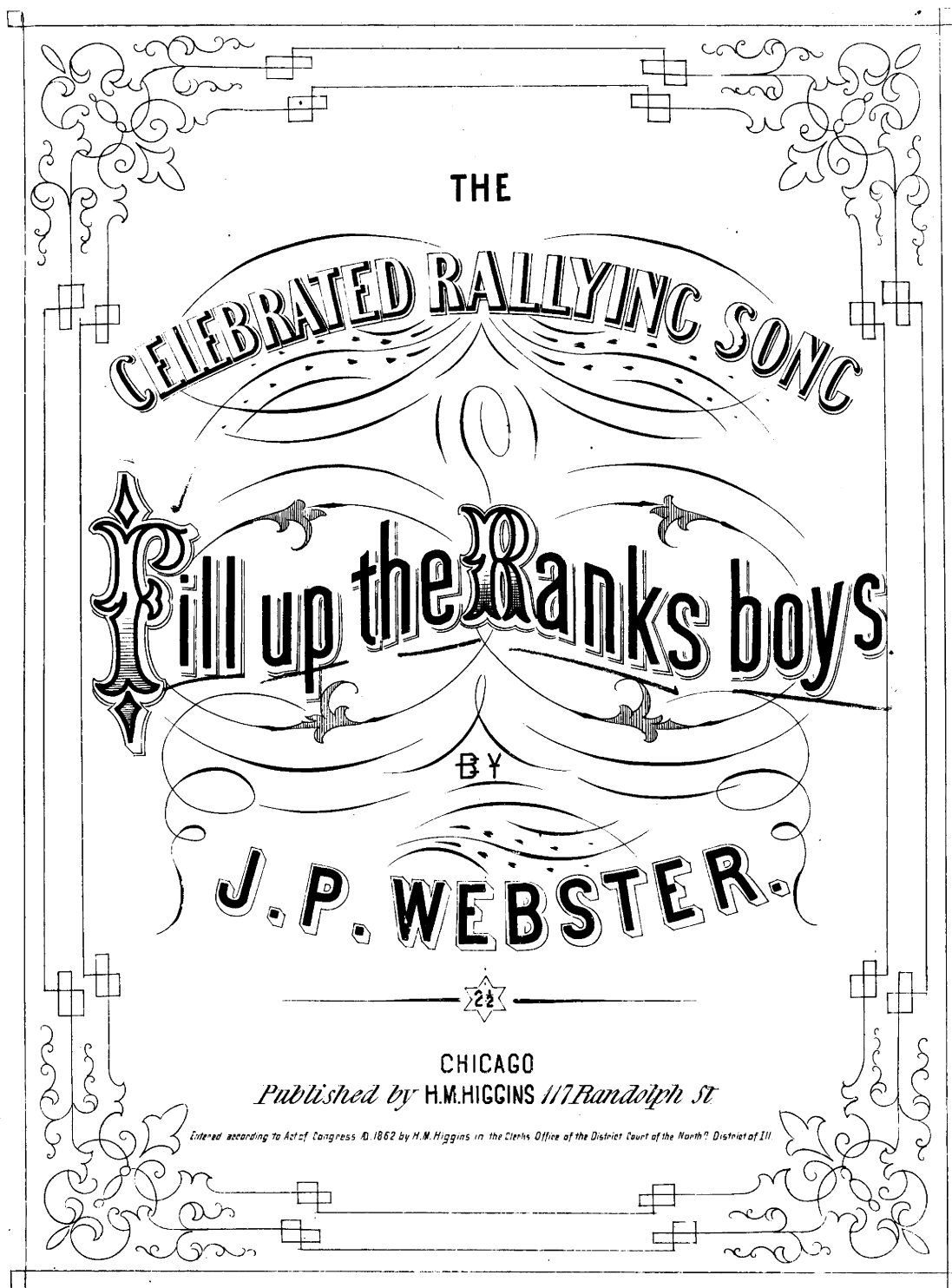


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Filed Jan 21 1863
Wm A Bradley clk



25-910



3

The Celebrated Rallying Song

FILL UP THE RANKS BOYS.

Words by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

MARZIALE, sost: e con Spirito.



1. Listen, young he-roes! your country is calling! Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
2. You whom the fathers made free and defended, Stain not the scroll that em-bla-zons their fame!
3. Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping! Wait not till Hon-or lies wrapp'd in his pall!
4. Break from the arms that would fond-ly caress you! Hark! 'tis the bu-gle blast! sa-bres are drawn!



Now, while the foremost are fight-ing and falling, Fill up the ranks that have o-pen'd for you!
 You whose fair he-ri-tage spotless descended, Leave not your children a birthright of shame!
 Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping—"Off for the wars!" is e-nough for them all.
 Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you, Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!



Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1862 by H.M. Higgins, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern District of Illinois.

CHORUS.

Air.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

PIANO.

Ral - ly brave hearts, for the great soul of WASH - ING - TON

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Calls on his child - ren our coun - try to save; Ral - ly bold hearts, for the

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Fill up the ranks boys.

spi - rit of WASHING - TON, Waits but to lead on to glo - ry the brave!

spi - rit of WASHING - TON, Waits but to lead on to glo - ry the brave!

5

Never or now! cries the blood of a nation
 Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;
 Now is the day and the hour of salvation—
 Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

6

Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon
 Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
 Never or now! flaps the shell blasted pennon
 O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

7

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
 Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,
 From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying
 Pleading in vain for a handful of earth;

8

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
 Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,
 Comes the loud summons; too long you have slumbered,
 Hear the last Angel-trump— Never or Now!

Fill up the ranks boys.

Pearson.