

OUR NATIVE SONG.

A NATIONAL REFRAIN

as Sung with great applause by

Mr. H. Russell.

AT HIS PUBLIC CONCERTS,

THE MUSIC

COMPOSED, ADAPTED, ARRANGED, & MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

The People of the United States.

by

HENRY RUSSELL.

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OUR NATIVE SONG!

Composed by Henry Russell.

QUASI CON

SPIRITO.

Tempo giusto.

Our na-tive song! our na-tive song! Oh!

Loco.

where is he who loves it not? The spell it holds is deep and strong, Where-

e'er we go, what--e'er our lot, Let o--ther mu--sic greet our ear With

thrill--ing fire or dul--cet tone; We speak to praise, we pause to hear, But

yet--oh! yet--'tis not our own! The An--them chant, the Ballad wild, The

notes that we re-mem-ber long—The theme we sing with lisping tongue 'Tis

this we love our na-tive song! Our na-tive song!

Our na-tive song! The theme we sing with lisping tongue 'Tis this we love our

na-tive song!

The one who bears the felon's brand, With moody brow and darkend name, Thrust

meanly from his father-land, To languish out a life of shame; Oh!

let him hear some simple strain—Some lay his mother taught her boy—He'll

feel the charm, and dream a-gain Of home, of innocence, and joy! The

sigh will burst, the drops will start, And all of vir--tue buried long— The

best, the pu--rest in his heart, Is weaken'd by his na--tive song.

Our na--tive song! Our na--tive song! The

theme we sing with lisping tongue— 'Tis this we love— our na--tive song!



THIRD VERSE.

Self-exil'd from our place of birth, To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay, The
 mem'-ry of our own fair earth May chance a-while to fade a-way: But
 should some minstrel e-cho fall, Of chords that breathe Co-lumbia's fame, Our
 souls will burn, our spirits yearn, True to the land we love and claim. The
 high! the low! in weal or woe, Be sure there's something cold-ly wrong A-
 bout the heart that does not glow To hear its own, its na-tive song.
 Our na-tive song! Our na-tive song! The
 theme we sing with lisping tongue, 'Tis this we love our native song!