

Music & Words 1.50

*TO PERPETUATE
the glory of the brave men of the
—= 19th Illinois. =—
and their companions in arms who fell at
MURFREESBORO.*

"Who'll save the left,"

A Battle Scene.

WORDS BY

R. Tompkins.

MUSIC BY

GEO. F. ROOT.



CHICAGO.

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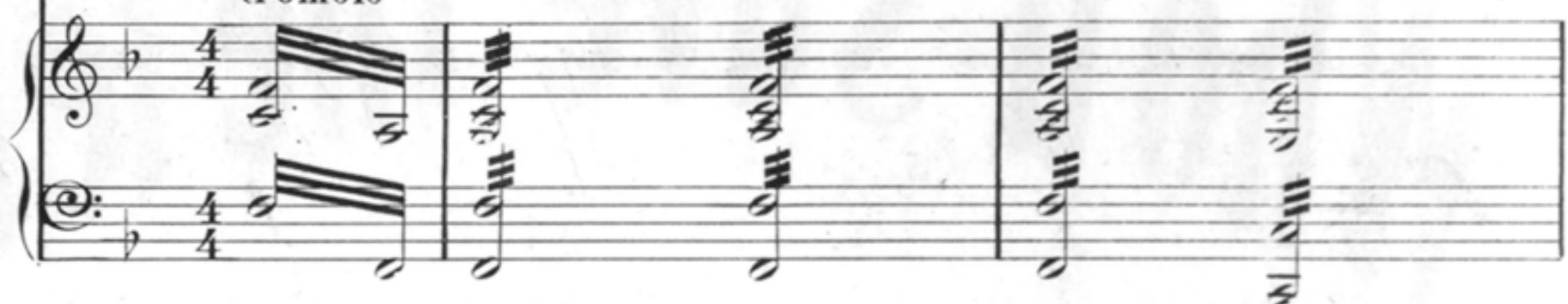
"W H O ' L L S A V E T H E L E F T ? "

R.T. & G.F.R.

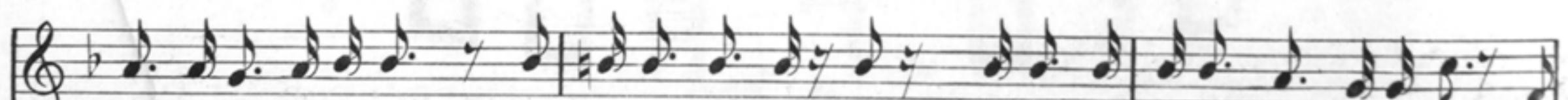
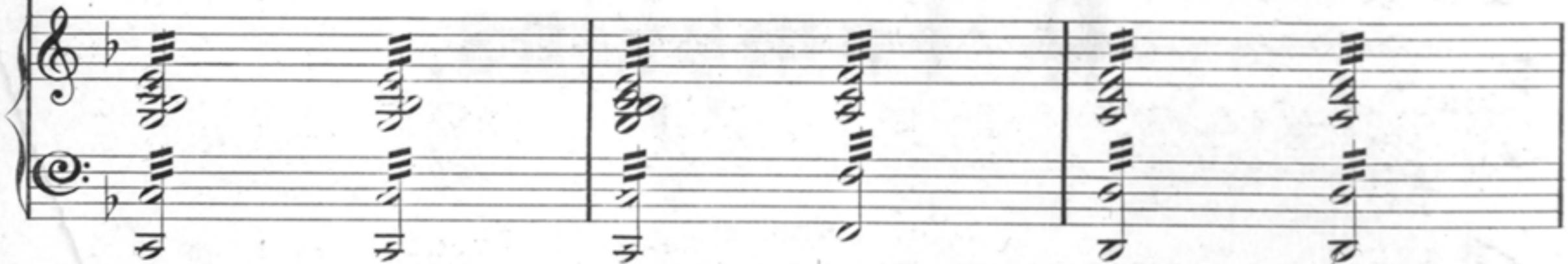
Recitando



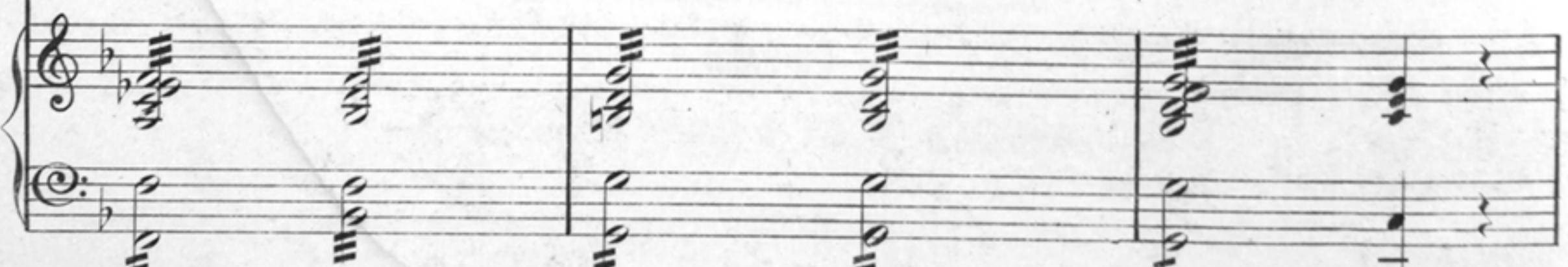
Thro' two long days the battle raged In front of Mur-frees-bo-ro And
tremolo

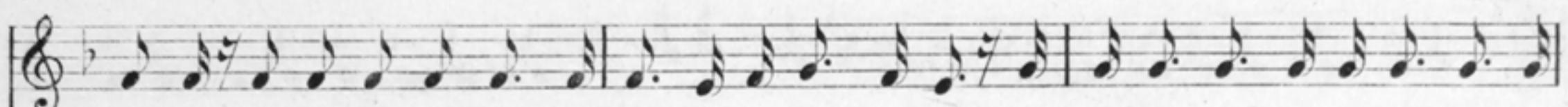


can-non balls tore up the earth As plow turn up the furrow Brave soldiers by the hundred fell In



fierce assault and sally While bursting shell hiss'd scream'd and fell Like demons in the valley The

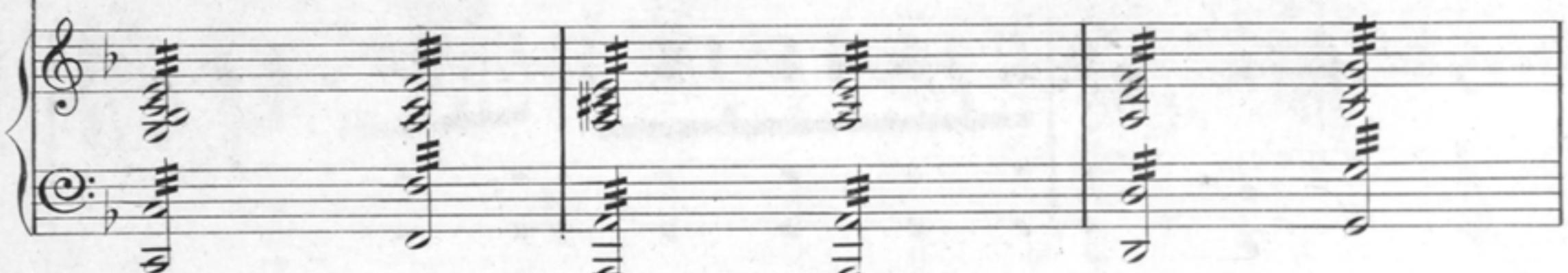




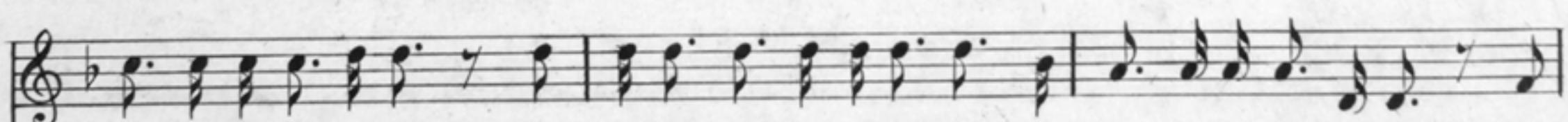
Northman, and the Southron met, In bold de-fiant man-ner, Now vic'try perch'd on Union flag, And



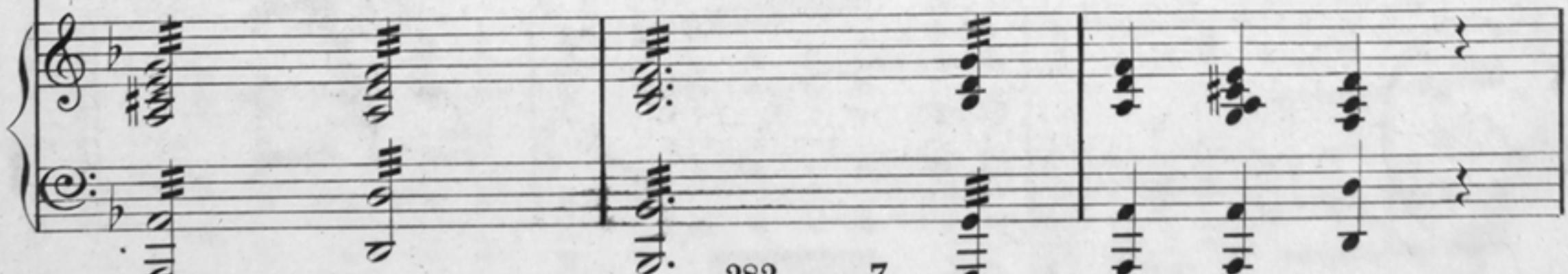
now on rebel banner; But see! upon the Un-ion's left, Bear down in countless numbers, With



shouts that seem to wake the hills From their e-ter-nal slum-bers, The reb-el hosts, whose i-ron rain Beats



down our weaker forces, And cov-vers all the battle plain With torn and mangled corses; Still





onward press the rebel hordes More boldly, fiercer, faster, But Neg-ley's practiced eye discerns The

swift and dread disaster, "Who'll save the left," his voice rang out A-bove the roar of battle, "The



Nineteenth" shouted Colonel Scott, Amid the muskets rattle "The Nineteenth be it, Make the charge!"



Quick as the word was given, The Nineteenth fell up on the foe, As lightning falls from heaven.

Con Fuoco

O - ver the stream they went, in - to the fight,

Cut-ting their way on the left and the right, Un - heed-ing the storm of the



shot and the shell, Un - heed - ing the fate of their com - rades who fell,



On - ward they sped like the fierce lightnings flash, On - ward they sped with a



tor-na - do's crash On - ward they sped like the bolts of the thun - der Re-



sist - less - ly crush - ing the reb - el hosts un - der 'Till wild in their ter - ror they

Slow

scatter'd and fled, Leaving heaps up-on heaps, of their dy-ing and dead; And the

A musical score for three voices (Treble, Bass, and Cello) in common time. The key signature is one sharp. The vocal parts sing eighth-note patterns, while the bass and cello provide harmonic support with sixteenth-note patterns.

shout that went up with the set of the sun, Told the charge was tri - um - phant, the

A musical score for three voices (Treble, Bass, and Cello) in common time. The key signature is one sharp. The vocal parts sing eighth-note patterns, while the bass and cello provide harmonic support with sixteenth-note patterns.

great bat-tle won; Told the charge was tri - um - phant, the great bat - tle won.

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