

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 gusto.

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 lisp-ing tongue 'Tis

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

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

na-tive song!

The musical score is written in G major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are interspersed with the musical notation, with some words appearing on the vocal line and others on the piano accompaniment. The score includes repeat signs and a final double bar line.

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

meanly from his fatherland, 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 again 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!

