

1. Oft in the stilly night, When slumber's chain hath bound thee,

Fond mem'ry brings the light of other days around me; The

smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken, The

eyes that now shone, now dim'd and gone, The cheerful heart's now broken!

Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,

Sad mem'ry brings the light of oth-er days a - round me.

2
 When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in winter weather,
 I feel like one who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
 And all but me departed.
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

1
 March to the battle field,
 The foe is now before us,
 Each heart is freedom's shield,
 And heaven is smiling o'er us.
 The woes and pains, the galling chains,
 That keep our spirits under,
 In proud disdain, we've broke again,
 And tore each link asunder.
 March to the battle field, &c.

2
 Who for his country brave,
 Would fly from her invader?
 Who, his base life to save,
 Would, traitor-like, degrade her?
 Our hallow'd cause, our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
 We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
 Or die—our rights maintaining!
 March to the battle field, &c.