Number 1527

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

May, 1965

Lincoln Song Sheets

The Civil War was a singing war and literally thousands of song sheets were widely distributed throughout the Northern States during the conflict. The usual song sheet measured 8" x 5" and carried at the top a colored illustration, and sometimes more than one illustration. Song sheets were lithographed and printed on one side in colored ink. The largest quantities were distributed by Charles Magnus, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York, with a branch office at 520 7th Street, Washington, D.C. Advertisements reveal that the Magnus firm had for sale some 500 illustrated ballads.

While quite a number of song sheets bear no imprint, some of the publishers of this type of Civil War ephemera were:

> Horace Partridge 27 Hanover Street Boston, Mass.

E. F. Rollins 117 Hanover Street Boston, Mass.

H. De Marson 54 Chatham Street New York, N. Y.

H. J. Wehman 50 Chatham Street New York, N. Y.

A. W. Auner Philadelphia, Pa.

James D. Gay Philadelphia, Pa.

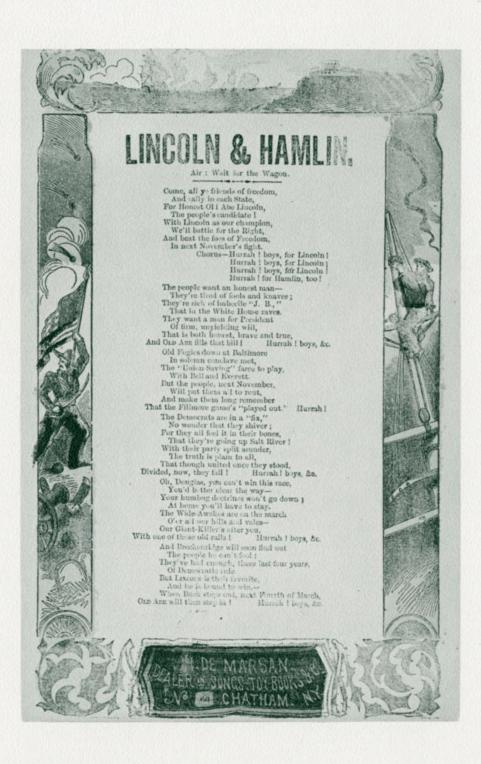
Johnson Song Publisher 7 North Tenth Street Philadelphia, Pa.

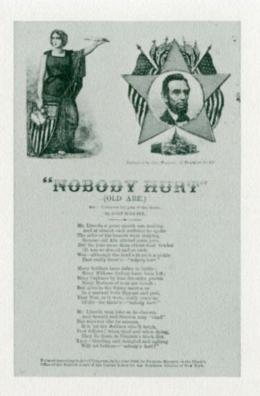
J. Magee 316 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

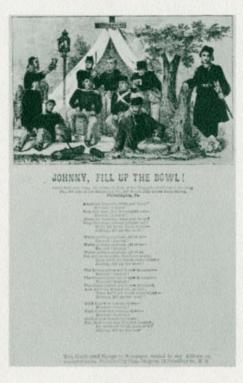
Mason & Company 58 North 6th Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Sep. Winner's Music Store 933 Spring Garden Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Theodore B. Stayner 22 Wickenden Street Providence, R. I.







The Lincoln Library-Museum of the Lincoln National Life Foundation has acquired a sizeable collection of Civil War song sheets; however, our efforts have been directed primarily toward the building of a collection of Lincoln song sheets. Our total count is sixty-two different items. In making such a collection any item that mentions the Lincoln name (given or surname) or any song sheet that mentions the President by implication is considered eligible for inclusion. An alphabetical list of the titles follows; how ever, we do not wish to infer that the Foundation's collection is complete:

1. Abraham Lincoln

2. A Hundred Years Hence 3. (Variant of No. 2) 4. A Nation Mourns Her Martyr'd Son

5. A Patriotic Song

6. Booth Is Dead

7. Campaign Song 8. Campaign Song — O' What's The Matter

9. Cotton Is King

10. Death and Burial of Abraham Lincoln

11. General Grant's Boys 12. Give Us Back Our Old Commander

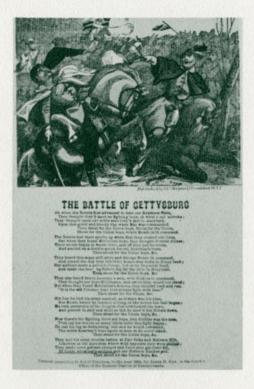
13. God Save The President!14. Good Morning Master Lincoln!15. He's Gone To the Arms of Abraham

16. (Variant of No. 15)

17. Hold On Abraham!18. How Are You Green-Backs?

19. Hurrah for Abraham Lincoln 20. Hymn

OLD UNION WACON. *But Entered Balleds Supposted and printed by CRARLES MAGNES, No. 12 Frankfact Super, New York Bratch Office, No. 220 24, St., Wookingston, D. O.



21. Hymn For The National Funeral

22. Illinois

23. In Memoriam
24. Johnny Fill Up The Bowl
25. (Variant of No. 24)
26. (Variant of No. 24 and 25)

27. Keystone Brigade

28. Kingdom Coming 29. Lee's Surrender Or The

Yankee Doodle Dandy For The Times

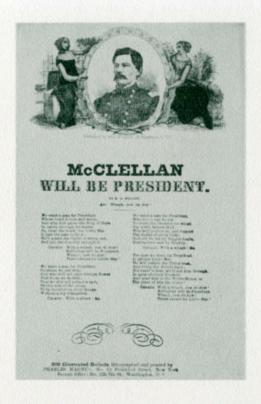
30. Lincoln And Hamlin
31. Lincoln Lies Sleeping
32. (Variant of No. 31)
33. Lincoln, The Pride of The

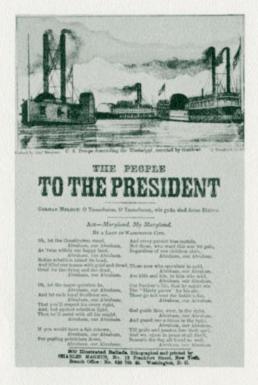
Nation 34. McClellan Will Be President

35. Nobody Hurt

36. Old Abe, The Railsplitter









37. Old Union Wagon 38. Oh 'Tis Abraham Lincoln

39. (Variant of No. 38) 40. President Lincoln's Favorite Poem

41. (Variant of No. 40) 42. Song on The Death of President Abraham Lincoln

43. (Variant of No. 42)
44. The Battle of Gettysburg
45. The Captain Of The Provost
46. The Colored Volunteers

47. The Contraband's Adventures 48. No title (The Lord was on our side, . . .)

49. The Nation Is Weeping 50. (Variant of No. 49) 51. (Variant of No. 49 and 50) 52. (Variant of No. 49, 50 and 51)

52. (Variant of No. 49, 53. The Nation Mourns

54. (Variant of No. 53)55. The People To The President

56. The Rally
57. The Republican Flag
58. The Song of All Songs
59. (Variant of No. 58)
60. There's A Fine Ship on the Ocean

61. To Whom It May Concern

62. Wide Awake

The titles of these song sheets reveal that many were of a humorous nature as well as sad. Such topics as presidential election campaigns, politics, Civil War, military affairs, slav-ery and Lincoln's death and funeral prompted the people to sing as never before in our history. Of course, not all of the Lincoln song sheets were

pro-Lincoln - some were definitely anti-Lincoln.

The purpose of the song sheet was of course to promote group singing. Seldom does a song sheet contain bars of music; instead the tune or air is given, such as "Old Dan Tucker," "America," "Wait for the Wagon," "Whack, row de dow," 'Annie Laurie" etc. Such publications could be purchased in quantities in the 1860s at chased in quantities in the 1860s, at a very low cost. Sheet music was rela-tively high in Civil War days, and the cost would have been prohibitive if purchased in quantities.

The collector today will find Lincoln song sheets selling at a premium with catalogue prices ranging from \$5 to \$25; and even at such figures few are found available for sale.



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A PATRIOTIC

SONG.

BY

REV. BENJAMIN DANFORTH,

PROVIDENCE, B. I.



The following was composed by seeing a vision of the army encampment at Washington. I then saw a great grey Eagle come flying from the north-west near to where I stood. He then turned and flow toward the South, and alighted on the top of a tree, folded his wings, east a look over the fields as if to view the country: then turning, opened his wings, (his feathers appeared to have been washed with gold,) and flow near to where I stood, then vanished out of my sight. My impression was that the eagle togant to represent President Lincoln.

In eighteen hundred sixty-one, A rebel war we could not shun; In South Car'llin, Moultrie's Fort, The cannons made their first report.

One thing to me is sure enough, That Anderson is the right stuff, And his first shot he made it tell, His soldiers done their duty well.

Ah! in this battle none will tell How many at Fort Moultrie fell; But one thing fills us with surprise, That telegraphs will tell such lies.

Then Abraham from Illiness, Sent cut a trumpet sounding voice; In times of danger he alacues, All calls the Nation to their arms.

Our sons and daughters hear the call, With gun and sword, powder and ball; They onward murch with bayonets bright, And with their lea lers take delight.

Tacre's Rhoda, she's a little State, She has one son, we think him great; One Gov'nor Sprague—O, let his name Be carelled in history's book of fame.

When this excitement first began, Our Gov'nor Sprague, took cars and ran; Laid down his all in a good cause, To help sustain his country's laws.

The old Bay State—noble and true, Led on by one Gov'tor Andrew; Their mighty men of wealth and power, Assisted in this trying hour.

There's great New York, she's turned out well, One leader of the Zounves fell; She's left a mighty host behind, Her soldiers those of the right kind.

Ohio and that Illinois, Our brother States will all rejoice, When such a mighty host they send, Our country's honor to defend.

This country, what a mighty host Of noble men along the count; From Minesota, down in Maine, Unitedly we still shall reign.

The Northern States united are, They neither sons or money spare; Husband leaves wife and children too, That he may soldiers duty do.

Now, if the South would like to see Their States in full prosperity; Let them return with smiling face,' And they will find a warm embrace.

There is one sound which strikes my ear, The death knell of a volunteer; Who in his last expiring breath All half the Stars and Stripes, he saith.

Luther C. Ladd, still sound his name, No soldier can have greater fame; It pains my heart to think he fell, He loved his native country well.

In Baltimore his blood was shed, It stained the earth a crimson red; His voice still crieth from the ground, O, mark the man, I hear the sound.

Virginia's soil shall it be said! That Ellsworth's blood has made it red! Ah, yes we say, truly we tell He served his mative country well.

Colonel Ellsworth, a noble son, The rebels flag he downward run; A song of praise to him we'll give, And let his name forever live.

When Father Lincoln heard his fate, The loss of Ellaworth was so great, He turned aside and veil'd his face, To find a quiet weeping place.

There's Brownell too, made well his shot, And killed the assusem on the spot; That robel Jackson, what a knave, Has gone to fill a traiters grave.

Poor Davis, he has been deceived, The Northern Tories he believed; And Beauregard, who served him well, At Sunter's battle fired his shell.

Alas, those noble rons out South, Heed not the voice from Lincoln's mouth; They vainly think if they rebel That all things yet will turn out well.

These rebel sous, O, let them live, Let us be Godlike and forgive, And when their folly is made plain, Receive them in our arms again.

Now when these subjects lend an ear, And demagogues are struck with fear; 'Tis then this rebel war shall cease And Soldier's Joy will be release.

And then our wives will read this song, And will be happy all day long; Yes, then our children we shall see, And toss the baby on the knee. (3)

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I have three sons enlisted too, That they may soldier's duty do, May they their rations never lack, Or have a shot hole in their back.

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If I am wanted I will run, Take sword and pistel, fife and gun; Will stand on duty all the day, And in the night will watch and pray.

Amos and Stephen, they are right, With gun and sword ready to fight; And if the Gov'nor gives the call, May take my daughter, wife and all.

I have one son named La Fayette, That will not fice though focs should meet; And Samuel too, will do his part, He never had a coward's heart.

Can christians offer up their sons! To go to war with swords and guns! Yes, 'tis their duty when assail'd, By rebels who ought to be jail'd.

The cagle out of the northwest, Is on the wing—stops not to rest; Now to the South he takes his flight And on the palm tree soon will light.

Our President from Illinois, Let all the sens now hear his voice; Soon he will light on the palm tree And reunite America—hurrah—

There is one Hero, General Scott, He makes those Southen rebels trot, Throw down their knapsacks and their gun, It makes as haugh to see them run.

There's many Generals in the field, And soldiers strict obedience yield, And O, how noble is the sight, When soldiers for their country fight.

The White House, Oh, that glorious scat, Where mighty Statesmen often meet, Where noblemen—men of renown, Will ever keep rebellion down.

May God give wisdom to direct, President Lincoln well protect, The council of this nation save, That none may fill a traitor's grave.