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1898

## My Sweetheart Went Down With The Maine

Bert Morgan

*Composer*

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EVERYBODY'S SWEET SONG.

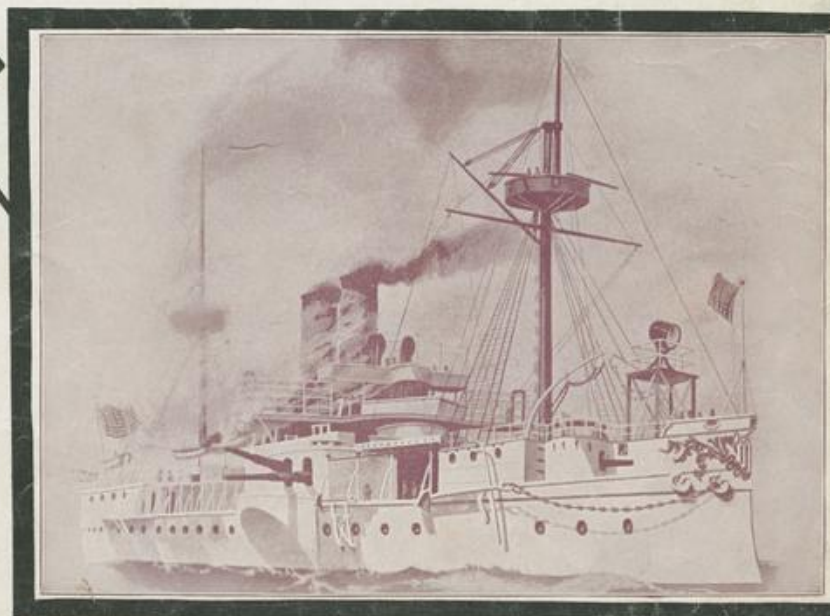


# MY SWEETHEART WENT DOWN WITH THE MAINE.

WORDS  
AND  
MUSIC  
BY  
BERT  
MORGAN.



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PUBLISHED BY  
THE MORGAN MUSIC COMPANY  
MACOMB, ILLINOIS.

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"Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

NOTE.—At 9:40 p. m., February 15, 1898, the United States Battle Ship Maine, anchored at Havana, Cuba, was "blown up" and sunk, carrying down 266 Officers, Sailors and Marines doing service in Uncle Sam's Navy. One of these unfortunates, who now lies buried in Havana in an unknown grave, was the betrothed of Miss Frances N——, of ———, Illinois, the 30th of May having been decided upon for the wedding day, and to her (and with her permission) I respectfully dedicate this song.—B. M.

# My Sweetheart Went Down With The Maine.

*Moderato.*

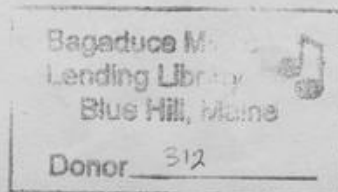
Words and Music by BERT MORGAN.



*Con espressione ad lib.*



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We had loved and wait - ed, he had named the day..... And  
 Peace-ful - ly he slum - bered, in his ham - mock bed.....  
 Peace-ful - ly he slumbers still, 'neath a tor - rid sun..... And

we had pledged to wed each oth - er, in the month of May..... And  
 While the stars with glow - ing beau - ty, ben - e - dic - tions said.....  
 through all time, 'twill bleed for him, this heart, this heart he won..... And

we had pledged to wed each oth - er, in the month of May.....  
 While the stars with glow - ing beau - ty, ben - e - dic - tions said.....  
 through all time 'twill bleed for him, this heart, this heart he won.....

*rit.* *tempo.*

Out on the high seas he sailed, un - der the "Red White and Blue,"  
 Then came a death dealing crash, wrecking the ves - sel in twain,  
 Rouse ye, my coun-try-men, rouse, let not his death be in vain,

Faith-ful to coun-try and home, Faith-ful to cap-tain and crew  
 Down went my sweet-heart to death, Down went our gal-lant ship Maine.  
 Strike down the cow-ard - ly fiends Who slaughtered the crew of the Maine.

## CHORUS.

1.-2. Once I had a sweet - heart, no-ble, brave and true  
 3. Once I had a sweet - heart, no-ble, brave and true

Fear-less as the sun - rise, gen-tle as the dew.....  
 Fear-less as the sun - rise, gen-tle as the dew.....

We had loved and wait - ed, he had named the day,..... And  
 Now he fills an unknown grave 'neath a tor - rid sun,..... And

we had pledged to wed each oth - er, in the month of May.....  
 through all time 'twill bleed for him, this heart, this heart he won.....

D. S.



Dedicated to the Cause of "God and Humanity."

## CUBA LAND.

BY BERT MORGAN, \* \* \* MACOMB, ILLINOIS.

TUNE—"Maryland, My Maryland." Key of G.

The tyrant horde now on thy soil,  
Cuba-land, O Cuba-land!  
Have fattened on thy grief and toil,  
Cuba-land, O Cuba-land!  
Oppression e'er has been thy lot,  
The victim of Monarchial plot,  
But struggle on, yea, falter not,  
Cuba-land, O Cuba-land!

Almighty God looks down on thee,  
Cuba-land, O Cuba-land!  
His mercy soon shall set thee free,  
Cuba-land, O Cuba-land!  
America, with gun and sword,  
United waits the Chieftain's word  
To put to route the Spanish horde  
That desolates poor Cuba-land!

The flag of Spain shall cease to wave,  
O'er Cuba-land, poor Cuba-land!  
The Stars and Stripes thy sons shall save,  
Cuba-land, O Cuba-land!  
Not all thy tears shall be in vain,  
Not all thy blood shall famine drain;  
The shot that sunk the gallant "Maine"  
Broke the bonds of Cuba-land!

The voice of Gen'ral Fitzhugh Lee,  
In Cuba-land, brave Cuba-land!  
The world has heard from sea to sea,  
O Cuba-land, brave Cuba-land!  
"By the ship of state I'll stand will I,  
Until the clouds, the clouds roll by!"  
And e'en the Gods, the Gods on high  
His praises sing, O Cuba-land!

March 15, 1898.

## Follow the Lead of "Old Glory."

BY BERT MORGAN, MACOMB, ILL.

TUNE—"Marching Through Georgia." (Key of B-flat.)

Come! ye Sons of Liberty, ye lovers of the right;  
Buckle on your armor and be ready for the fight!  
Trouble for your Uncle Sam is brewing day and night!  
Follow the lead of "Old Glory!"

CHORUS—(For 1st, 2d and 3d verses.)

To arms! to arms! Now sound the life and drum;  
Fall in! fall in! this duty must be done;  
March! march to victory, this battle shall be won,  
Under the lead of "Old Glory!"

Come! ye mothers of the brave, ye fathers of the true!  
Help your sons get ready for the Chieftain's call is due;  
Bid them God-speed on their way, their hearts with hope  
imbue,  
Under the lead of "Old Glory!"

Stop the wheels of commerce now—the shops, the mills,  
the plow,—  
Waste no energy for pelf, lest treason stain thy brow;  
Uncle Sam will care for you, if you to duty bow,  
Under the lead of "Old Glory."

Come! ye boys who wore the blue, ye boys who wore the  
gray,  
What a Godly sight 'twill be to see you lead the way!  
All the flags of Europe could not make you lose the day,  
Under the lead of "Old Glory!"

CHORUS—(For last verse.)

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Blues and Grays are one!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The battle shall be won!  
The boys in blue, the boys in gray, with cannon,  
sword and gun,  
Follow the lead of "Old Glory!"

March 21, 1898.