

We are coming father Abraham

OR

Three Hundred Thousand more.

Inscribed to our

VOLUNTEERS.

BY

A. B. IRVING.

CHICAGO

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WE ARE COMING FATHER ABRAHAM.

OR

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

Words from N.Y. EVENING POST.

Music by I.B. IRVING.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

The vocal and piano accompaniment section contains four lines of music. The first line is the piano accompaniment. The second line is the vocal melody with the lyrics: "3. If you look all up our val-leys, where the grow-ing harvests shine, You may". The third line is the vocal melody with the lyrics: "2. If you look across the hill tops that now meet the northern sky, Long". The fourth line is the vocal melody with the lyrics: "1. We are coming Father A - braham, three hundred thousand more, From". The fifth line is the vocal melody with the lyrics: "4. You have call'd us, and we're com-ing, by Richmond's bloody tide, To". The piano accompaniment continues throughout these lines.

see our sturdy far-mer-boys fast form-ing in - to line; And children at their mother's knees are
 moving lines of ri - sing dust your wis - ion may descry; And now the wind, an - ir - stant tears the
Mississippi's winding stream, & from New England's shore; We leave our ploughs & workshops, our
 lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers bones be - side; Or from foul treason's savage grasp to

pulling at the weeds, And learning how to reap and sow, a - gainst their country's needs; And a
 cloud - y veil a - side, And floats a - loft our spangled flag in glo - ry and in pride; And
 wives and children dear, With heart's too full for utterance, with but a silent tear; We
 wrench the murderous blade, And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to pa - rade. Six

We are coming Father Abraham.

farewell groupstands weeping at ev'-ry cottage door— We are coming, Father A-braham, three
 bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour— We are coming, Father A-braham, three
 dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before— We are coming, Father A-braham, three
 hundred thousand loy-al men and true have gone before— We are coming, Father A-braham, three

Chorus.

hun-dred thousand more! We are coming, coming, coming, We are
 hun-dred thousand more! We are coming, coming, coming, We are
 hundred thousand more! We are coming, coming, coming, We are
 hun-dred thousand more! We are coming, coming, coming, We are

We are coming Father Abraham.

com-ing, coming, com-ing, We are coming Fath-er A - braham, three

com-ing, coming, com-ing, We are coming Fath-er A - braham, three

com-ing, coming, com-ing, We are coming Fath-er A - braham, three

com-ing, coming, com-ing, We are coming Fath-er A - braham, three

hundred thousand more.

hundred thousand more.

hundred thousand more.

hundred thousand more.

We are coming Father Abraham.

Pearson.