TO PERPETUATE
the glory of the brave men of the
19th Illinois.
and their companions in arms who fell at
MURFREESBORO.

"Who'll save the left,"

A Battle Scene.

WORDS BY

R. Tompkins.

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R. Tompkins.

MUSIC BY

GEO. F. ROOT.

CHICAGO.

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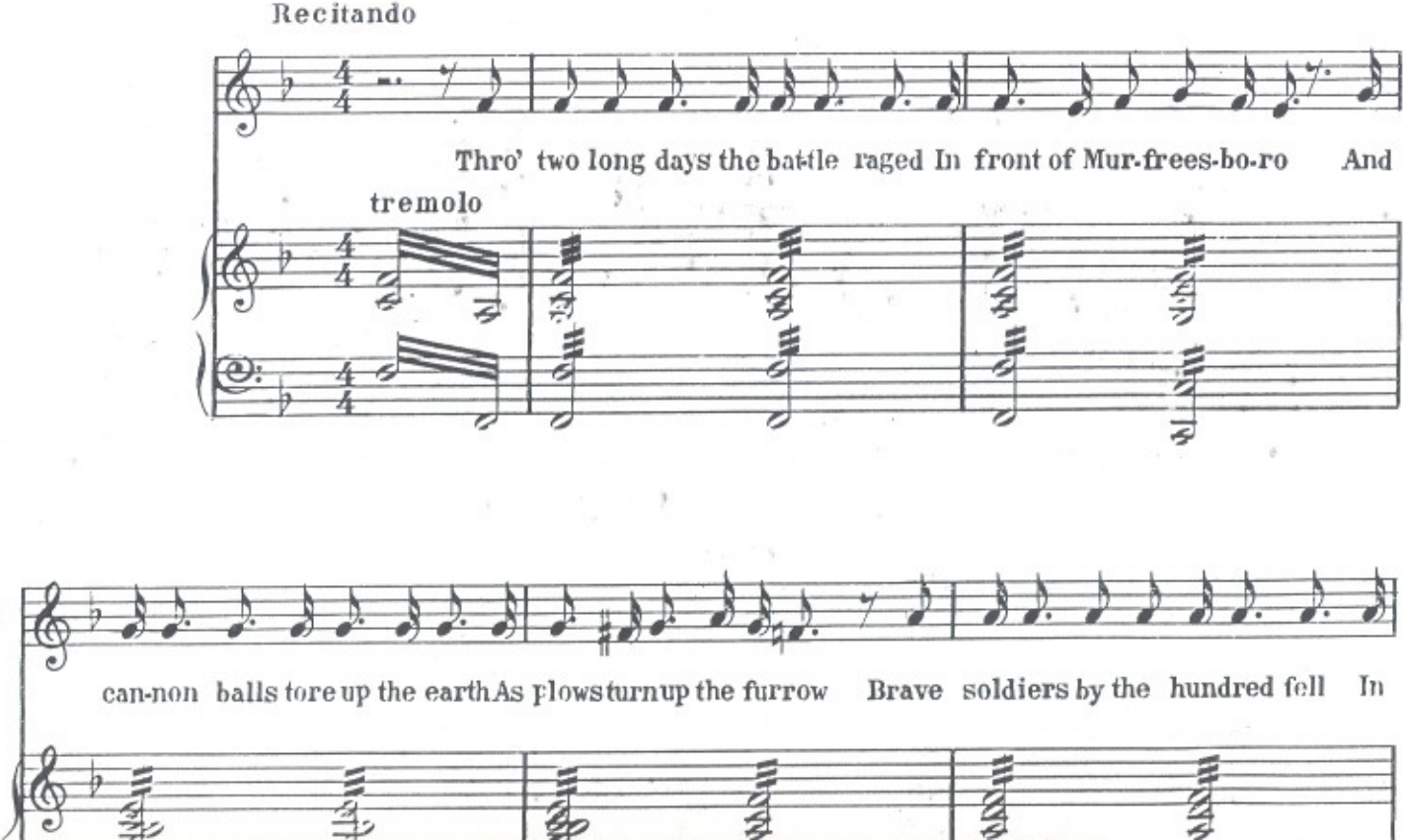
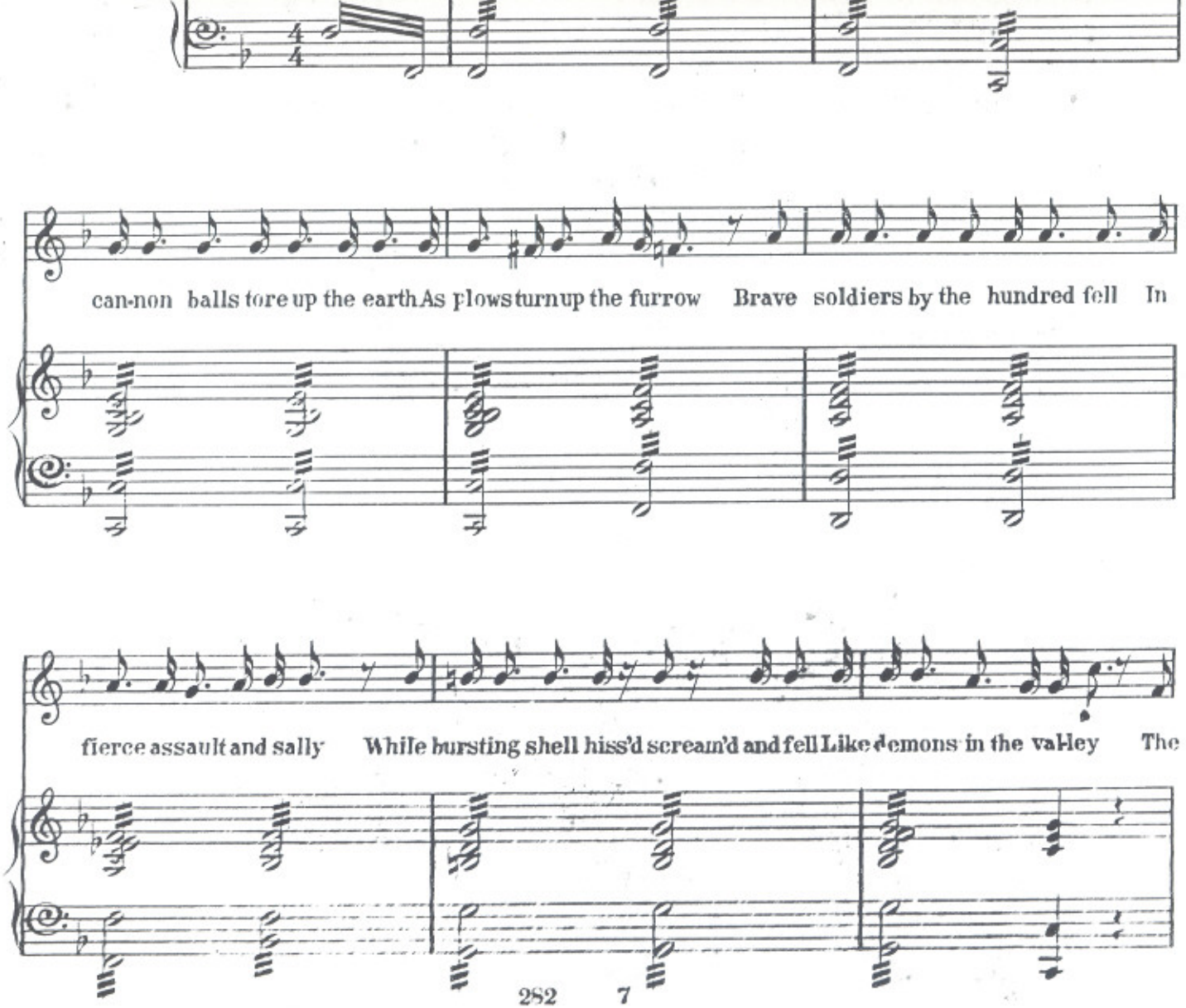
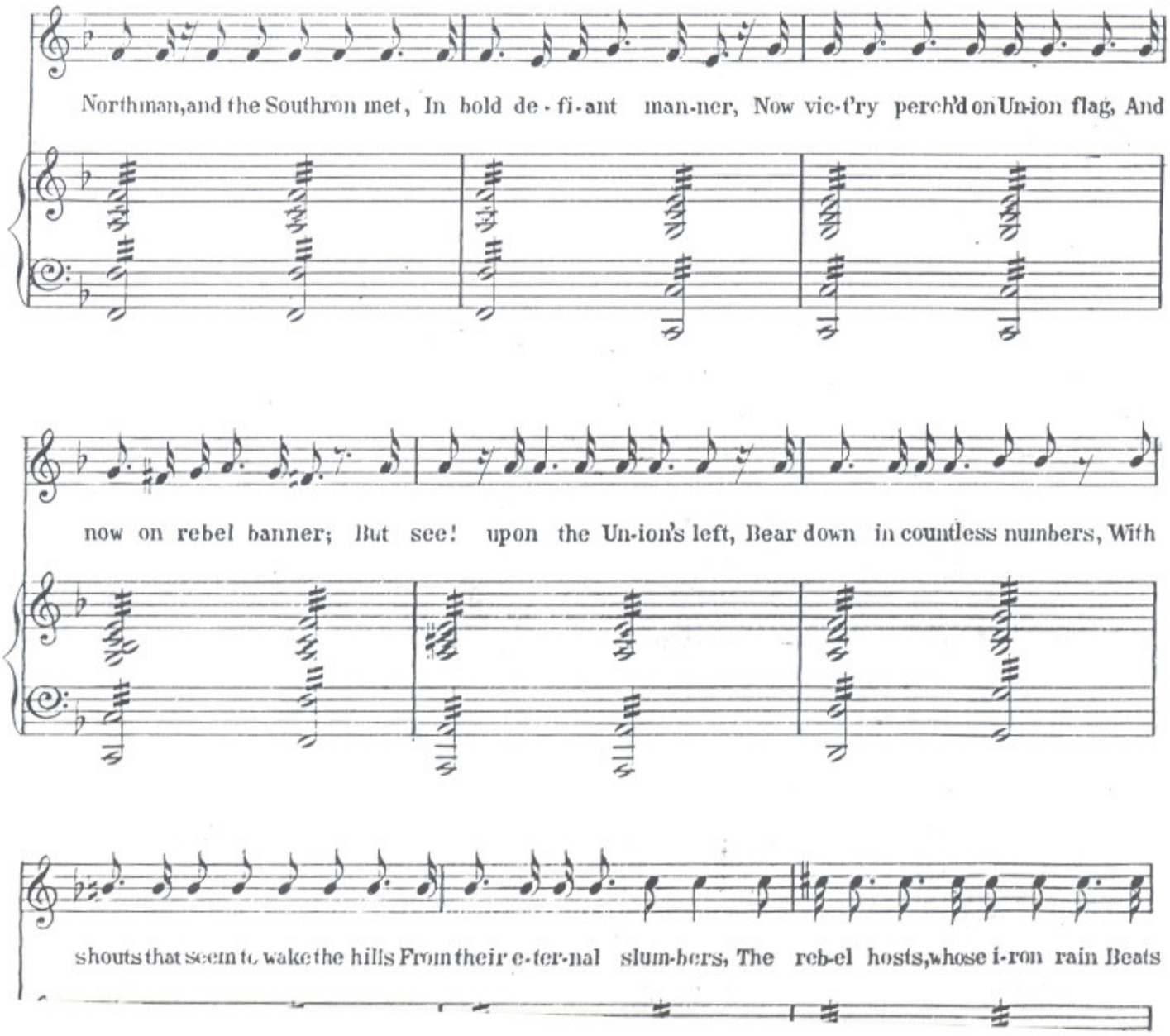
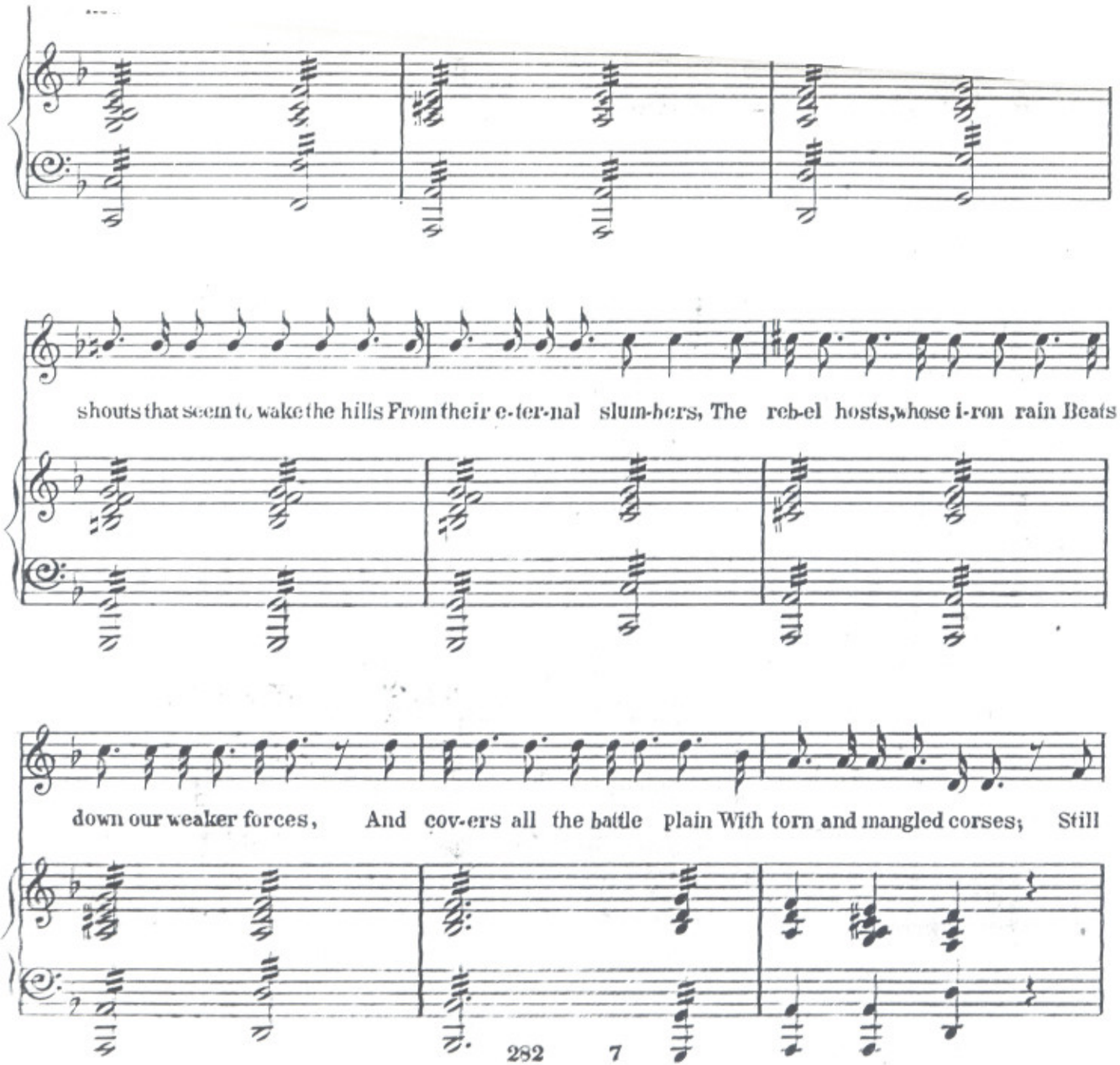
"WHO'LL SAVE THE LEFT?"

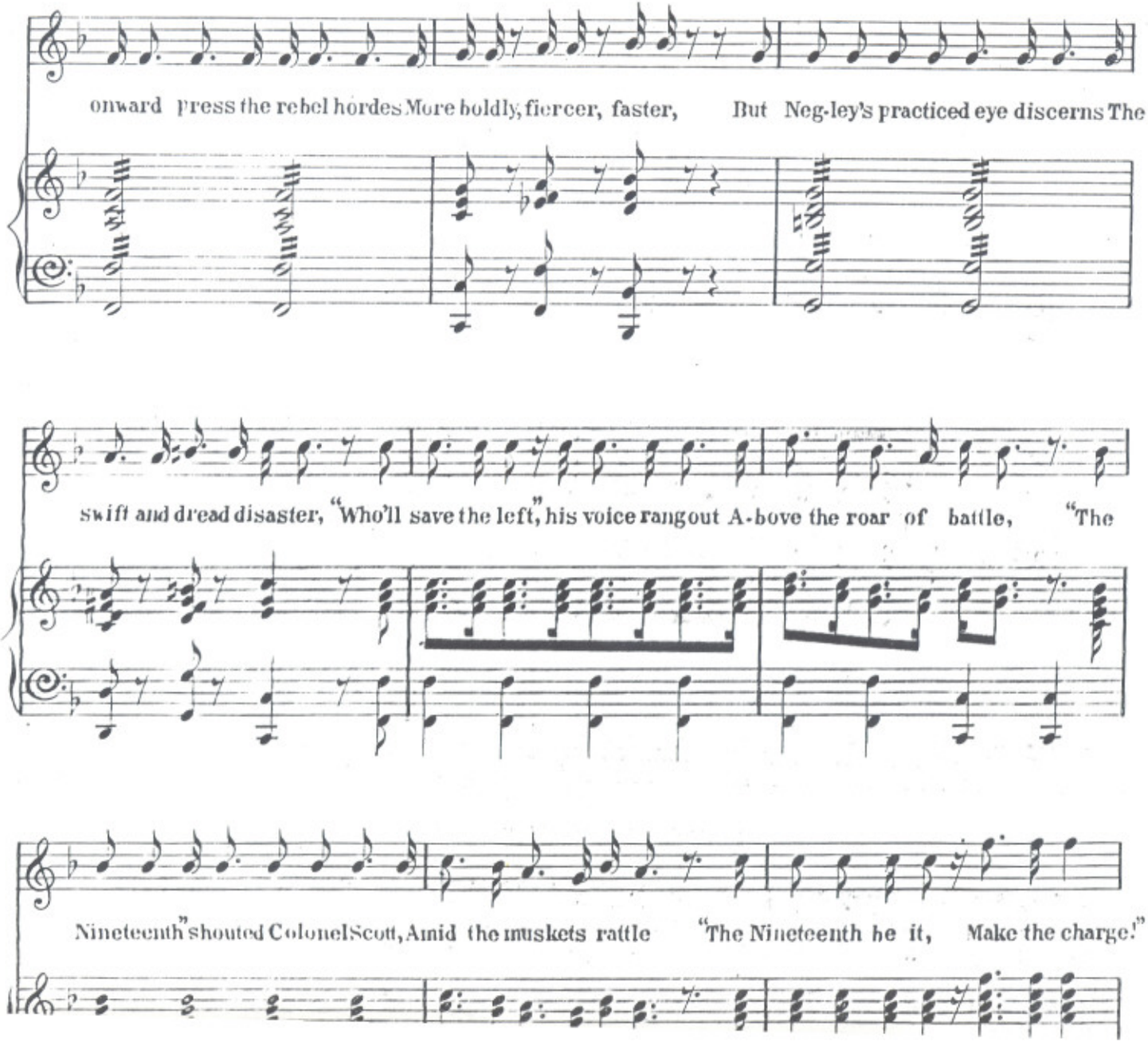
R.T. & G. F. R.

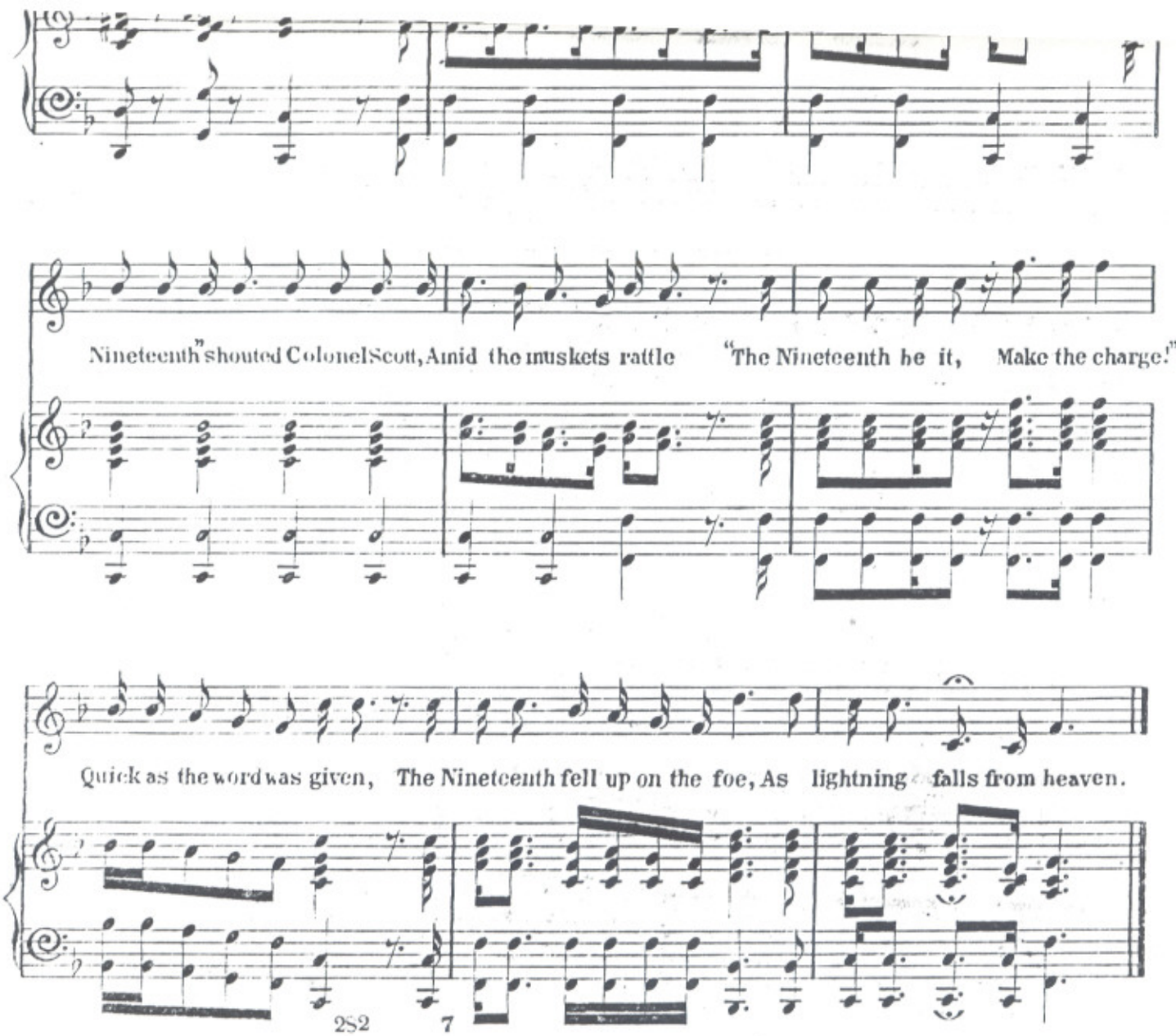



can-non balls tore up the earth As plows turn up the furrow Brave soldiers by the hundred fell In
fierce assault and sally While bursting shell hiss'd scream'd and fell Like demons in the valley The

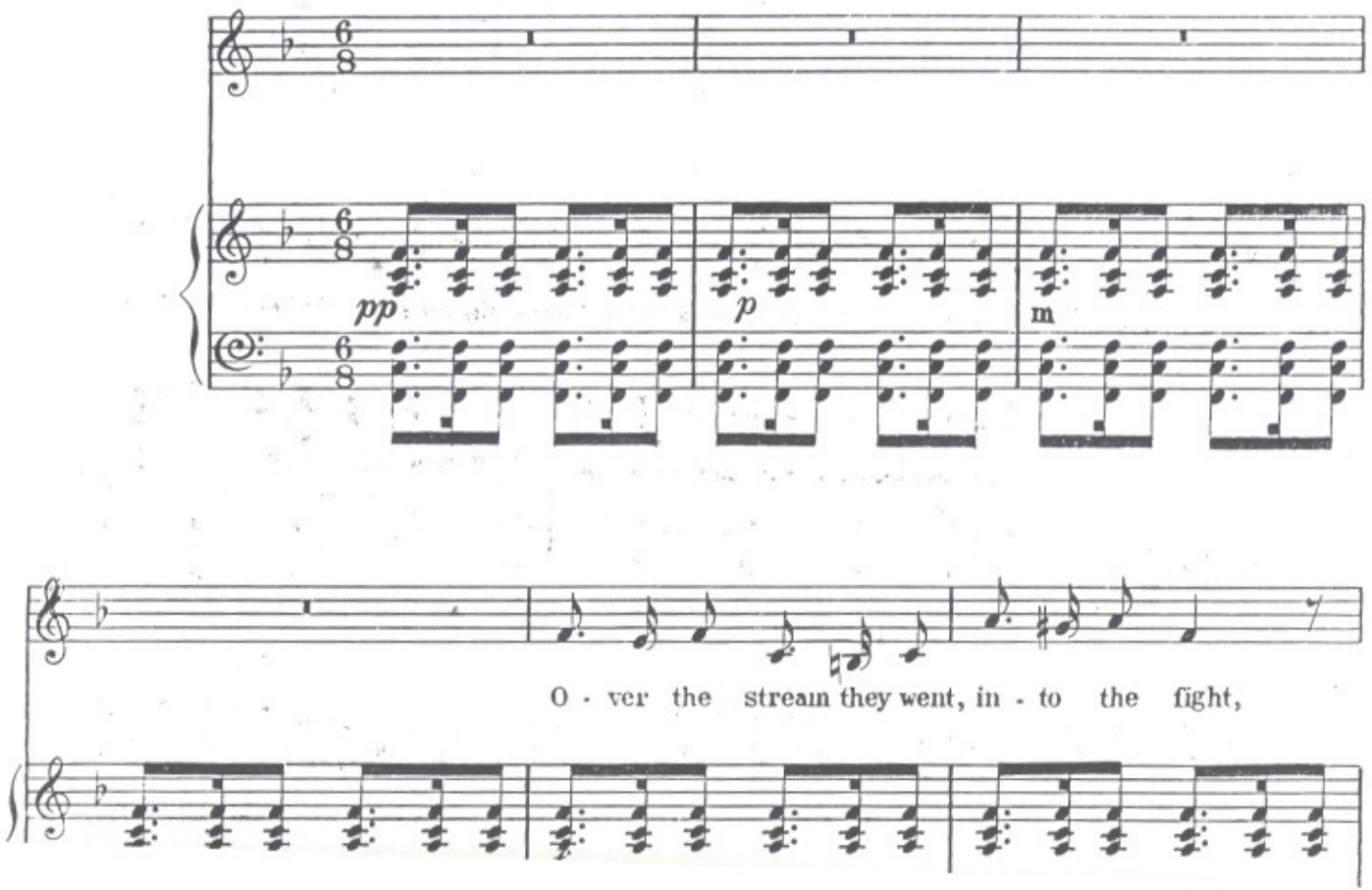

Northman,and the Southron met, In bold de - fi - ant man-ner, Now vic-t'ry perch'd on Un-ion flag, And
now on rebel banner; But see! upon the Un-ion's left, Bear down in countless numbers, With
shouts that seem to wake the hills From their e-ter-nal slum-bers, The reb-el hosts,whose i-ron rain Beats

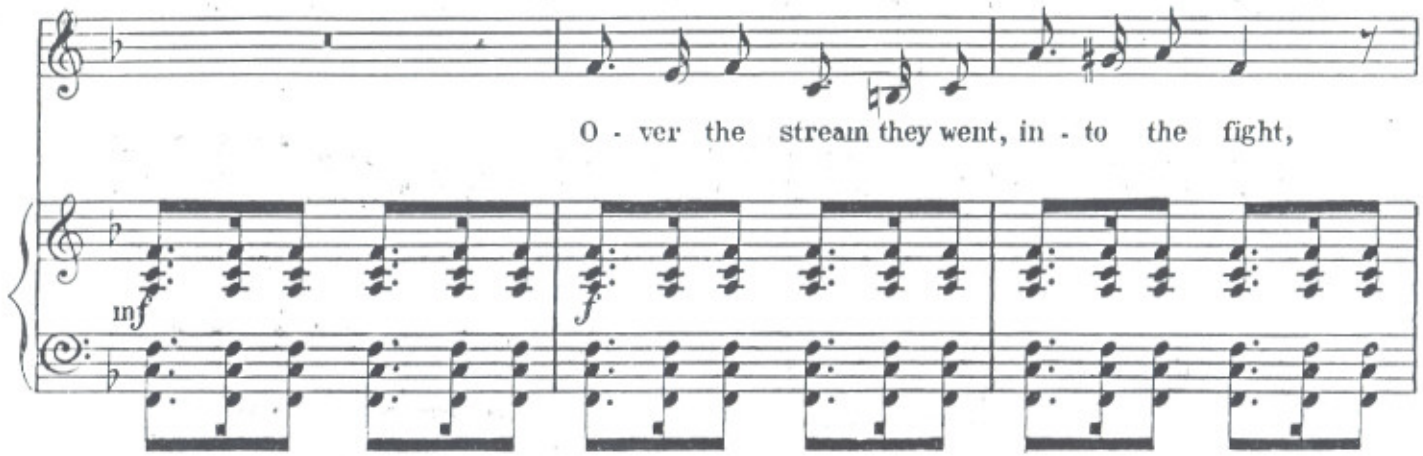

shouts that seem to wake the hills From their e-ter-nal slum-bers, The reb-el hosts, whose i-ron rain Beats
down our weaker forces, And cov-ers all the battle plain With torn and mangled corses; Still

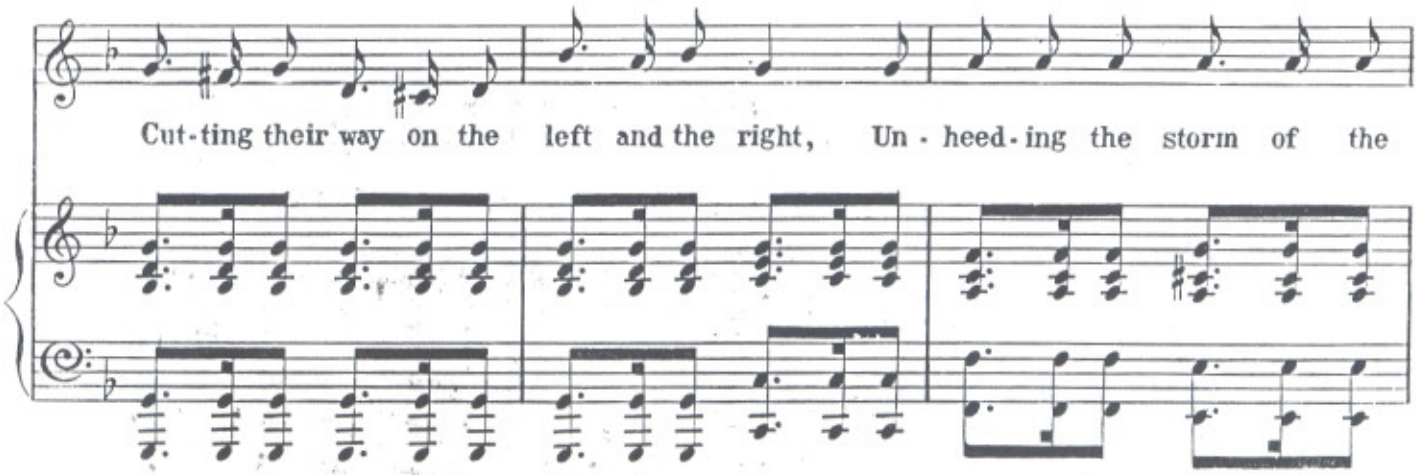

onward press the rebel hordes More boldly, fiercer, faster, But Neg-ley's practiced eye discerns The
swift and dread disaster, "Who'll save the left," his voice rang out A-bove the roar of battle, "The
Nineteenth" shouted Colonel Scott, Amid the muskets rattle "The Nineteenth be it, Make the charge!"

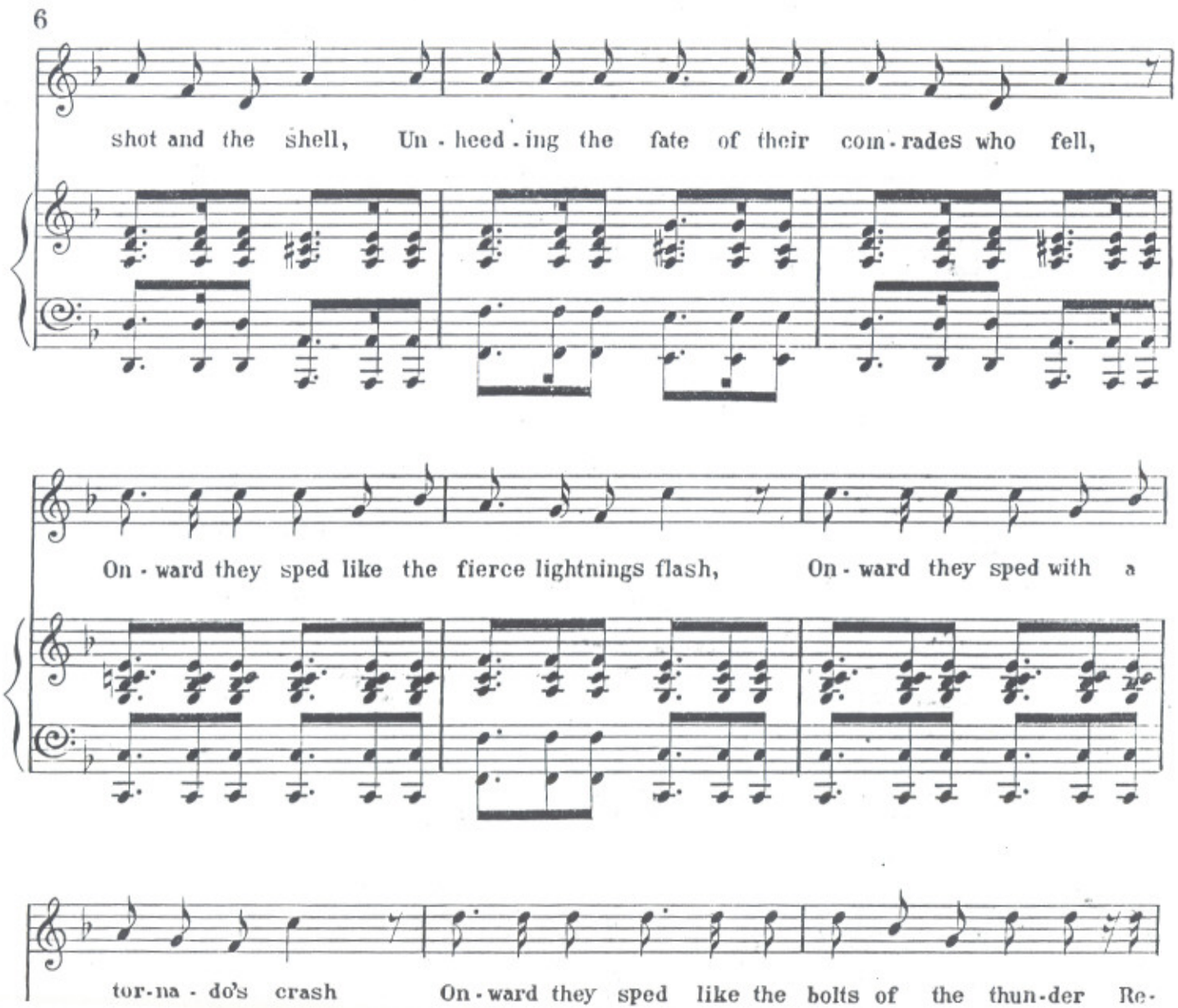

Nineteenth" shouted Colonel Scott, Amid the muskets rattle "The Nineteenth be it, Make the charge!"
Quick as the word was given, The Nineteenth fell up on the foe, As lightning falls from heaven.

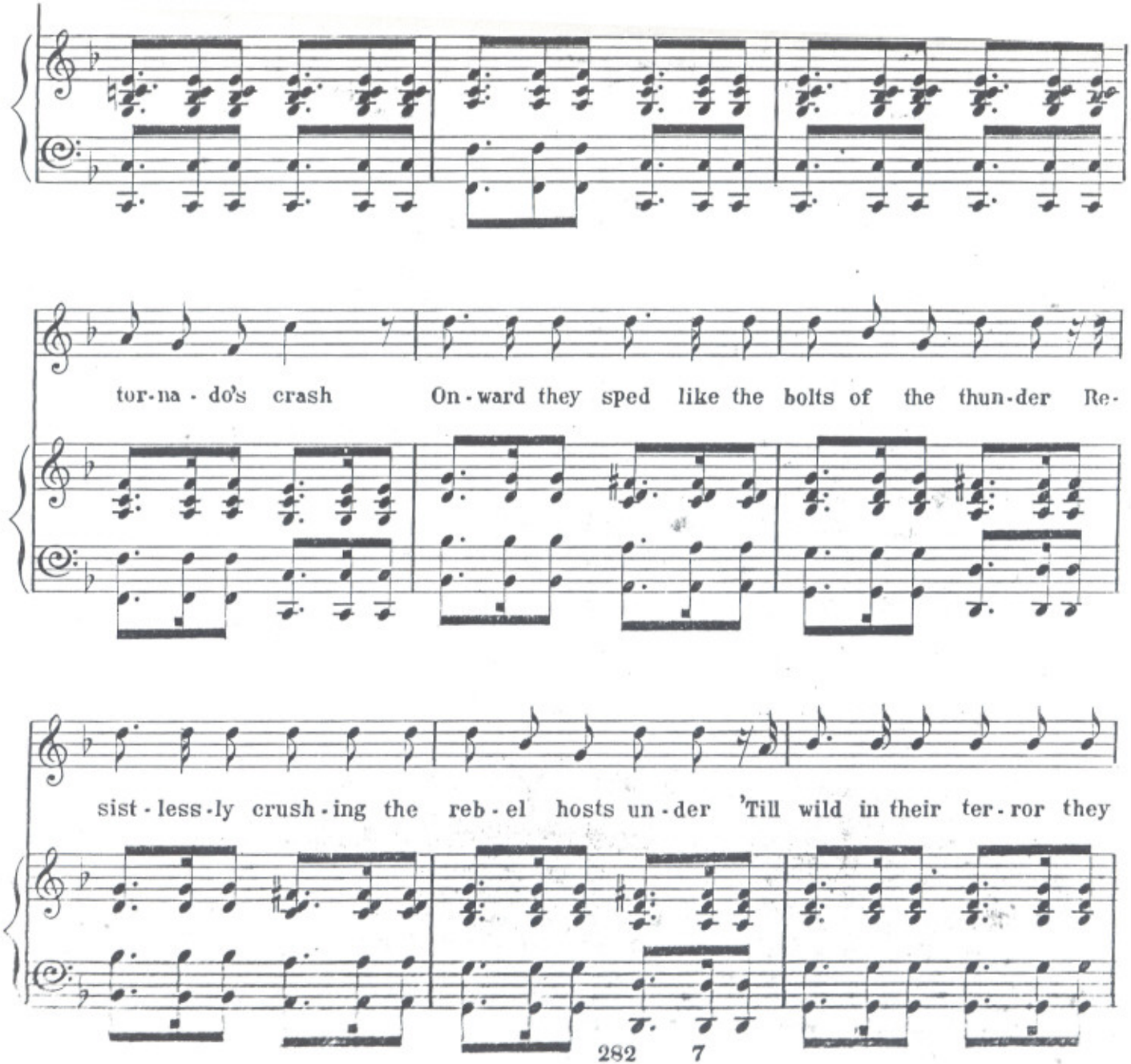
Con Fuoco



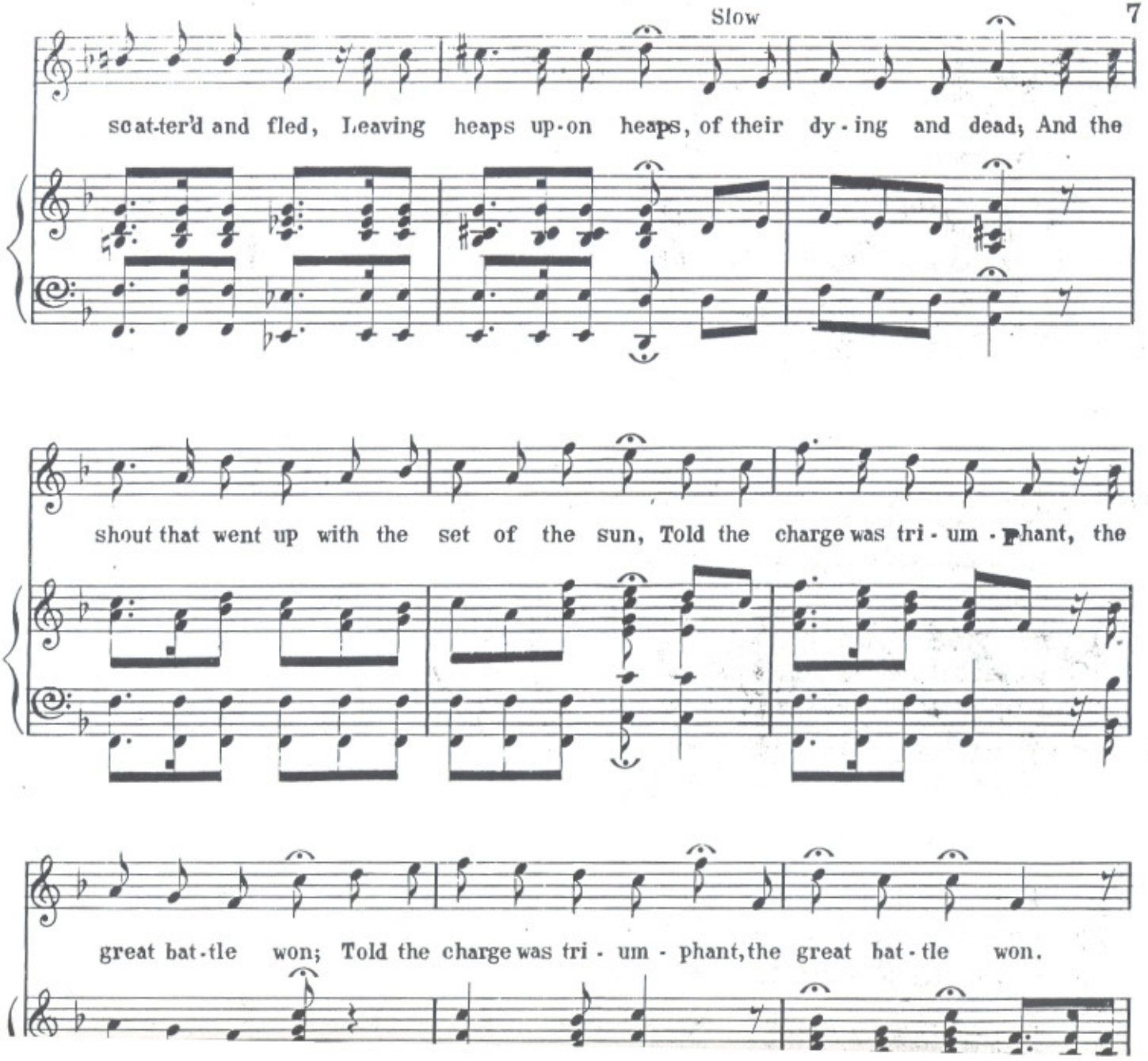

O - ver the stream they went, in - to the fight,
inf
f

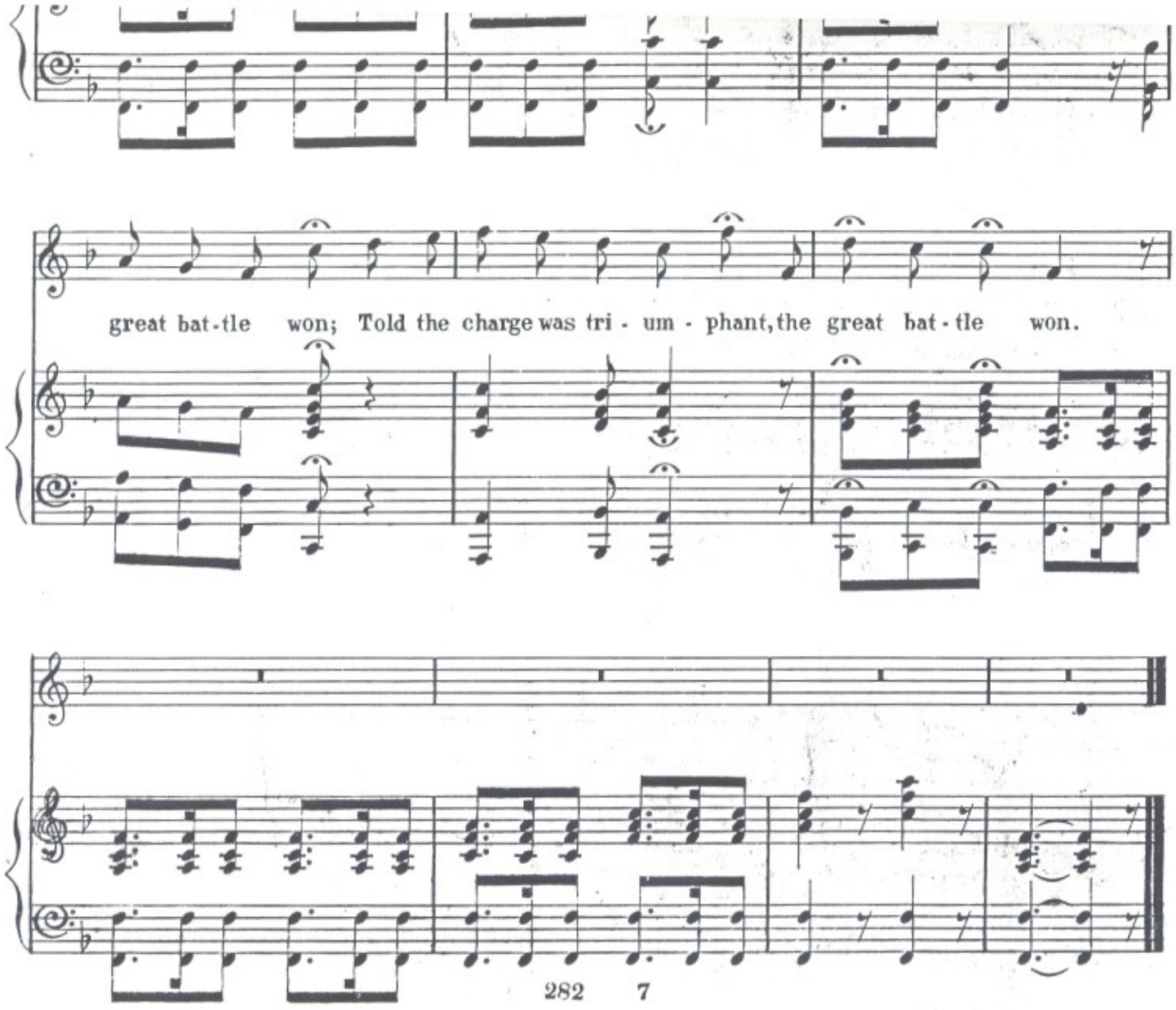

Cut-ting their way on the left and the right, Un - heed - ing the storm of the


shot and the shell, Un - heed - ing the fate of their com - rades who fell,
On - ward they sped like the fierce lightnings flash, On - ward they sped with a
tor - na - do's crash On - ward they sped like the bolts of the thun - der Re -


tor-na-do's crash On-ward they sped like the bolts of the thun-der Re-
sist-less-ly crush-ing the reb-el hosts un-der 'Till wild in their ter-ror they

Slow


scat-ter'd and fled, Leaving heaps up-on heaps, of their dy-ing and dead; And the
shout that went up with the set of the sun, Told the charge was tri-um-phant, the
great bat-tle won; Told the charge was tri-um-phant, the great bat-tle won.


great bat-tle won; Told the charge was tri - um - phant, the great bat-tle won.