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BINGEN ON THE RHINE

DR

A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION

SUNG BY

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.

at the concerts of the

Hutchinson Family

POETRY BY THE

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Music by

JUDSON I. HUTCHINSON.



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BINGEN ON THE RHINE

-OF-

a Soldier of the Legion

This ballad by the Hon Mrs Norton, is characterized by great beauty and depth of feeling. Bingen is the name of a beautiful town on the southern bank of the Rhine. A German soldier from Bingen in the French army, is dying upon the sand of the Desert. His last words to his comrade are of his Fatherland. His soul pauses on the threshold of Death to wander back to his home on the Rhine. He sees the loved faces that surround him in youth—the cottage of his boyhood, the vineyards laden with the purple vintage, and the blue Rhine rolling swiftly along. He dies—a sacrifice to the inhuman practice of War.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

A Soldier of the Legion, lay dying at Algiers; There was lack of woman's

The first system of the ballad includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "A Soldier of the Legion, lay dying at Algiers; There was lack of woman's". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature.

nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears; But a comrade stood before him, while his

The second system continues the ballad. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears; But a comrade stood before him, while his".

life blood ebb'd a-way, And bent with pity-ing glances to hear what he might say. The

The third system concludes the ballad. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "life blood ebb'd a-way, And bent with pity-ing glances to hear what he might say. The".

4

dying soldier falterd as he took that comrade's hand, And he said, "I never

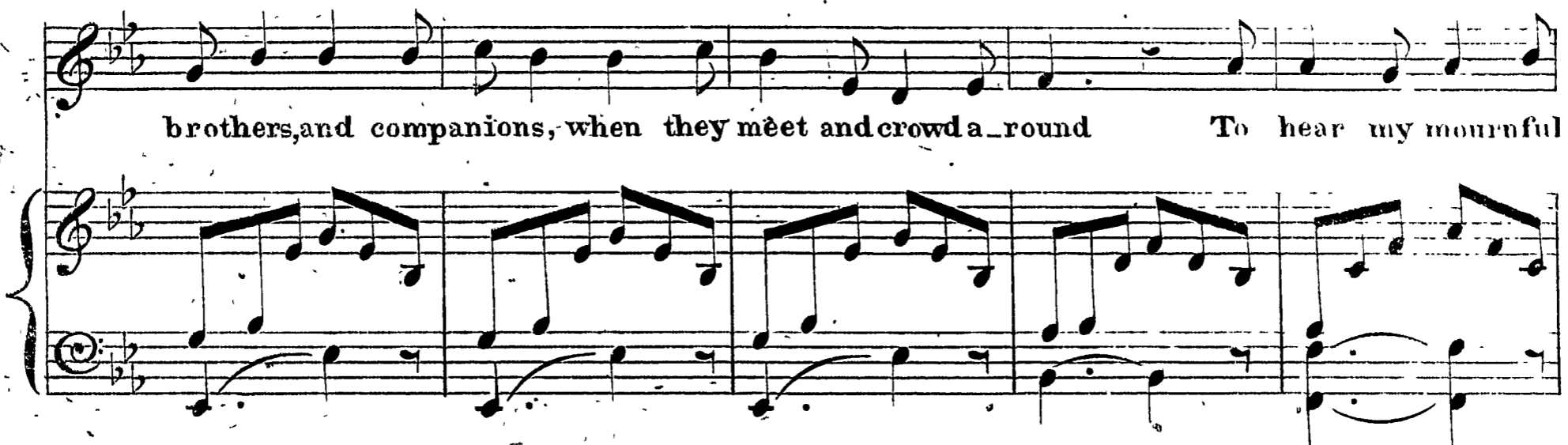
more shall see my own my native land; Take a message and a token to some

distant friends of mine; For... I was born at Bingin, fair Bingin, on the

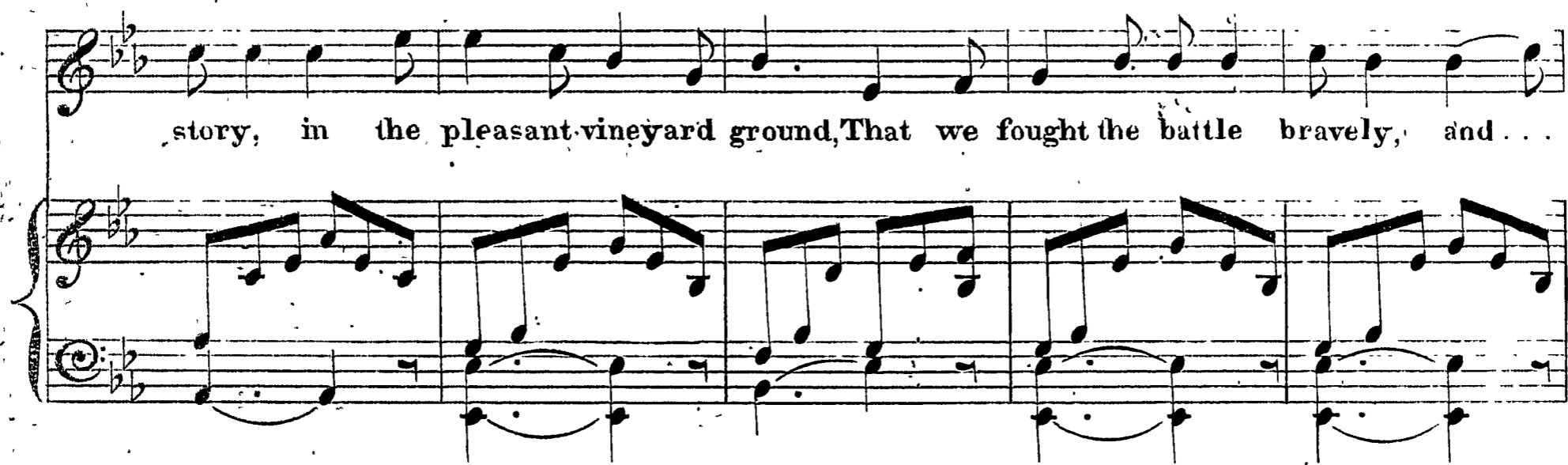
ritard.

Rhine?" Tell my

Cres. Dim. rit.



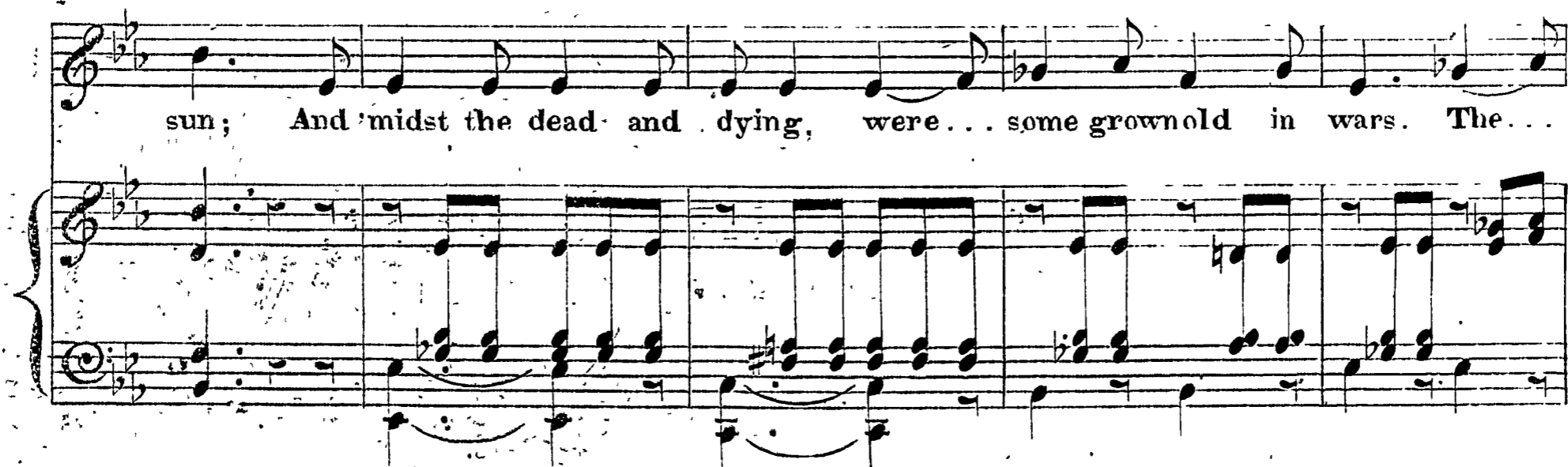
brothers, and companions, when they meet and crowd a round To hear my mournful



story, in the pleasant vineyard ground, That we fought the battle bravely, and...



when the day was done, Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting



sun; And 'midst the dead and dying, were... some grown old in wars. The...

death-wound on their gallant-breasts, the last of many scars; But some were young and

sudden-ly be held life's morn-de-cline, And one had come from Bingin, from

Bin-gin on the Rhine. Bin-gin, Bin-gin, oh

ritard.
Bingin on the Rhine!

Cres. Dim. rit.

2

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in scars—
The death wound on their gallant breast, the last of many wars,
But some were young and suddenly, beheld life's noon decline,
And one had come from Bingen, from Bingen on the Rhine.

3

Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard
I let them take what e'er they would but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.

4

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

5

There's another not a sister in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry too fond for idle scorning—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—for ere the morn be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

6

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along I heard or seemed to hear
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear,
And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill
That echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk.
And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine.

7

His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody corpses strewn.
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!