



MUSICAL OTELLO.
THE
MUSICAL AVIV

OR

Favorite Gems of that Popular Southern Composer,

JOHN H. BEWICK.

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. Rock Me to Sleep, Mother. | 5. The Young Volunteer. |
| 2. I Will Meet Thee. | 6. The Unknown Dead. |
| 3. You Are Going to the Wars, Willie Boy. | 7. Dixie, the Land of King Cotton. |
| 4. The Stonewall Quickstep. | 8. The Soldier's Farewell. |

Dixie, the Land of King Cotton.

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DIXIE, THE LAND OF KING COTTON:

From the Highly Successful Military Operetta,

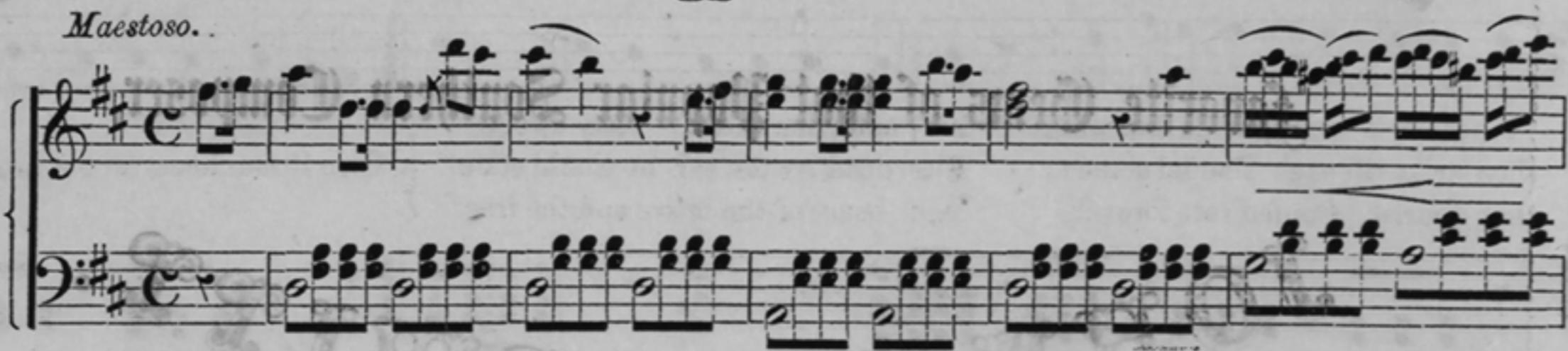
“THE VIVANDIERE.”

Words by Capt. HUGHES, of Vicksburg.

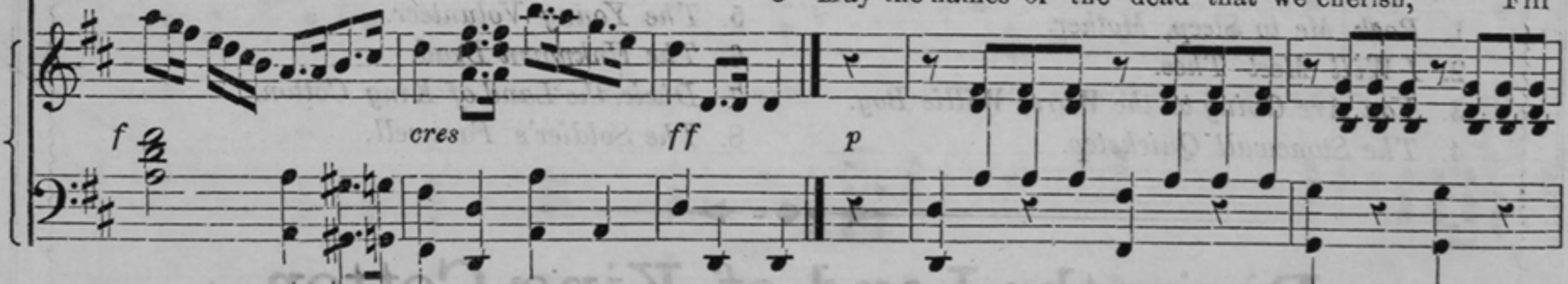
Music by JOHN H. HEWITT,

Maestoso.

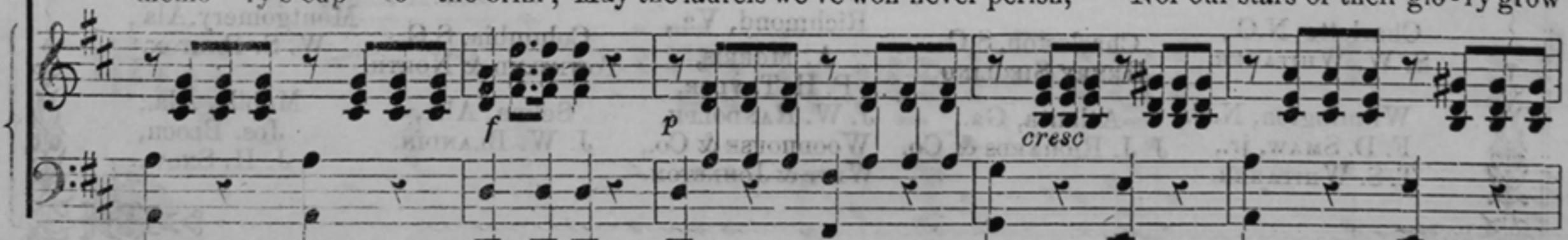
PIANO.



Verse 1—Oh, Dix - ie! the land of King Cotton, The
2—When Lib - er - ty sounds her war rattle, De-
3—May the names of the dead that we cherish, Fill

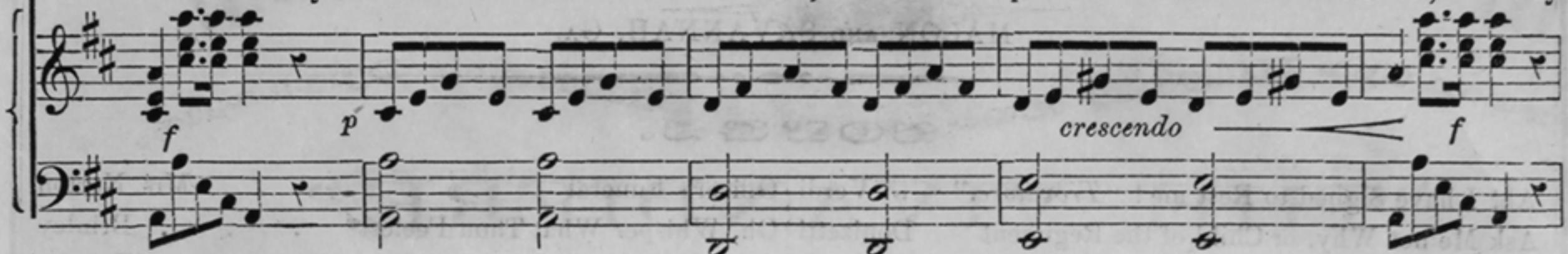


home of the brave and the free; A na-tion by Freedom begotten, The ter - ror of des - pots to
manding her right and her due; The first land that rallies to battle Is Dix - ie, the home of the
memo - ry's cup to the brim; May the laurels we've won never perish, Nor our stars of their glo - ry grow

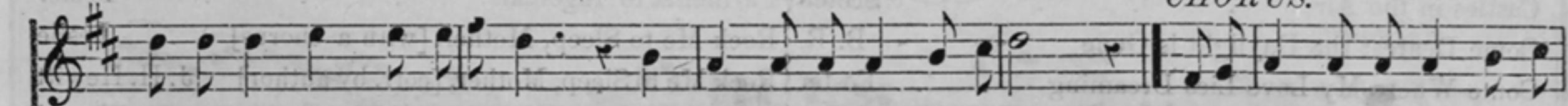




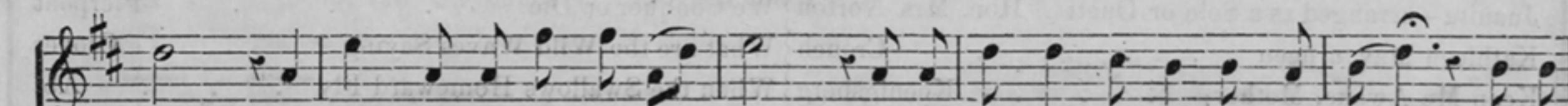
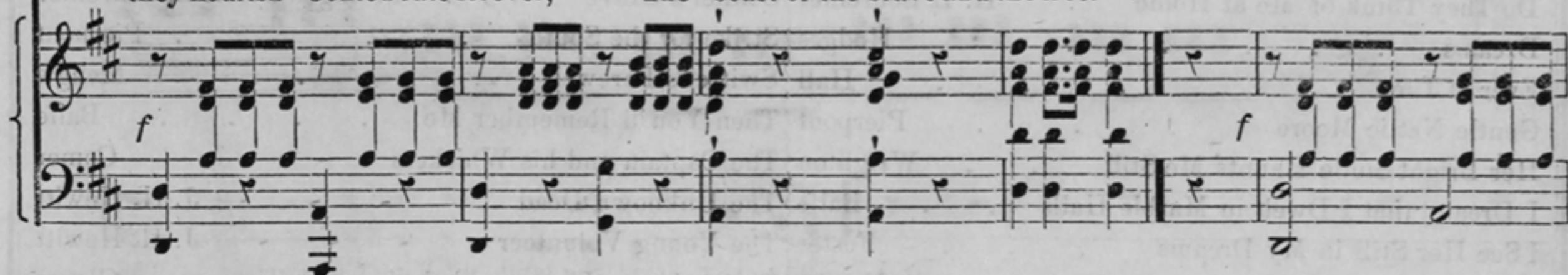
be. Wherev - er thy banner is streaming, Base ty - ranny quails at thy feet; And
true. Thick as leaves of the forest in sum - mer, Her brave sons will rise on each plain; And
dim. May the States of the South never sev - er, But compan - ions of Free - dom e'er be; May



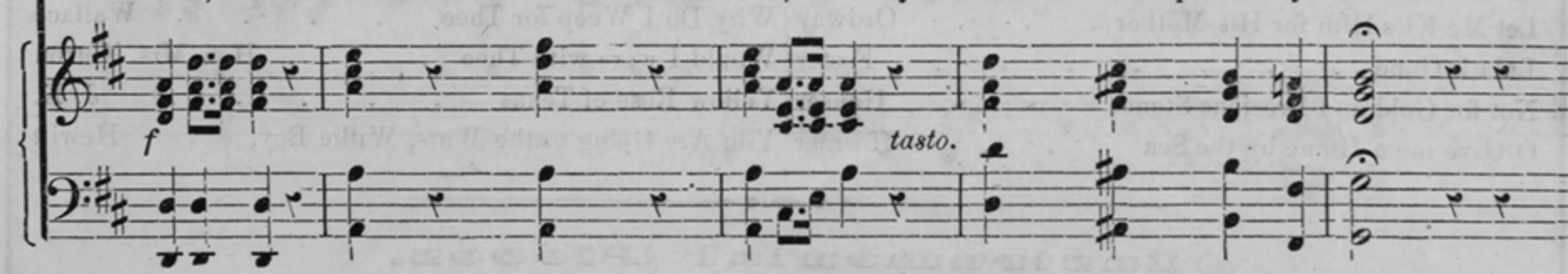
CHORUS.



Liber - ty's sunlight is beaming In splendor of ma - jesty sweet.
then strike till each Vandal comer Lies dead on the soil he would stain. } Then three cheers for our army so
they flourish Confed'rate forever, The boast of the brave and the free.



true, Three cheers for our Pres - i - dent too; May our banner triumphant - ly wave Over



Dixie, the land of the brave!

