

W. A. HIGHT'S
BOOKS
AND
BOOKSELLERS
PITTON, CAN.

UP WITH THE STANDARD

A Patriotic Song

Written, Composed & Respecially dedicated

TO THE

13TH BATTALION

R. C. V. M.

BY

William F. Orquhart.

Lawson, N.Y.

TORONTO.

A & S. Nordheimer

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UP WITH THE STANDARD.

By WILLIAM T. URQUHART.

Tempo di marcia.

The piano introduction consists of three measures. The right hand has whole rests. The left hand begins with a forte (f) dynamic, playing a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass clef and chords in the treble clef.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Up with the standard! brave free men surround it! Up with the standard! a ha - lo of glo - ry". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Wave it in triumph o'er the land and the sea! Up with the standard! bright Clings 'round the flay that our fa - thers un-furl'd; Link'd with all names that are". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a rhythmic eighth-note pattern.

mem'ries have crown'd it And gemm'd it with glo - ries where e'er it may be!
 fa - mous in glo - ry Ban - ner of Free - dom the hope of the world!

Fe - ni - ans may rave and fan - at - ics may blus - ter Black clouds and storms may o'er
 Curs'd be the trai - tor, who sworn to up - hold thee, Shall base - ly be - tray the

shad - ow the sky, Heav'n's blessing rests on the flag of the Islands, Be -
 pride of the land, Honoured be they who faith - ful - ly hold - ly, To

neath it we'll live, and, if need be, we'll die! Be - neath it we'll live, and, if
 guard thee from in - sult have tak - en their stand. To guard thee from in - sult have

need be will die.
ta - ken there stand.

3^d VERSE.

Up with the standard! bright pearls of the ocean
 Nor earth's richest jewels can with it compare;
 Up with the standard! the wildest commotion
 Can never our love from that proud symbol tare... *tear*
 Nursling of warfare! thou child of the battle
 Baptised in the blood of our patriot sires,
 We'll bear thee aloft 'mid the cannon's loud rattle,
 And death to each dastard who 'gainst thee conspires!