ON TO THE CHARGE!

Inscribed to the memory of.

MAJOR RINGGOLD.

LATE OF THE U.S. LIGHT ARTILLERY, BY

JOHN H. HEWITT.

When the gallant Ringgold received the wound at the Battle of Paty Alto, which deprived the army of one of its brightest ornaments some of his comrades gathered round him, when he exclaimed "Leave me to my fate, there's work for every man to do."

Bufford & Co's Lith. Boston.

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BALTIMORE *Published by* F.D. BENTEEN.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1848 by F.D. Benteen in the clerks office of the District Court of Maryland.

ON TO THE CHARGE!

Inscribed to the Memory of

MAJOR RINGGOLD,

Late of the United States Light Artillery

Andante con moto.

PIANO

p

f

p

Rall:

Moderato marziale.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1846 by F. D. Benteen in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Md.

On to the charge, our bu - gle rang, 'Twas heard above the battle's clang; The

f

gal - lant war-horse paw'd the ground, And neigh'd responsive to the sound; And

while the red-mouth'd can-non spoke, A - - loft amid the cur-ling smoke, Our

mf

conquering ban - ner proudly stream'd, A rain-bow 'mid the storm it seem'd.

p

mf

"On, on," the gal - lant sol - dier cried, As o'er the field of slain he flew, "Our

Dolce.

country marks our deeds with pride, There's work, there's work for ev - 'ry man to do!"

"On, on," the gal - lant sol - dier cried, As o'er the field of slain he flew, "Our

country marks our deeds with pride, There's work, there's work for ev'ry man to do!"

And still the bugle's wind - ing note, Was heard above the din to float; Our

ea - gle scream'd and fann'd away The mist that veil'd the doubtful fray. Death

flash'd from ev - 'ry horse-man's sword, And laugh'd as ev'ry volley roar'd; But

who the mourn-ful tale shall tell, How gallant Ringgold fought and fell?

"On, on," the dy-ing sol-dier cried, As round his sorrowing comrades drew; "O,

Dolce.

stay no lon-ger by my side, There's work, there's work for ev'ry man to do!"

"On, on," the dy-ing sol-dier cried, As round his sorrowing comrades drew; "O

stay no lon-ger by my side, There's work, there's work for ev'ry man to do!"

Webb, Graveur.