



THE ARCHERS' SONG.

*As sung at the Anniversary of
the*

ROBIN-HOOD ARCHERS

October 1st 1836.

Written, Composed and respectfully dedicated
to the Association by

BARTH. BROWN Esq

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CHORUS.

Then a-way, then away, where the merry men all Contend for the glorious prize; While the

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This system contains the first two lines of the chorus. It features two vocal staves (soprano and alto) and a piano accompaniment consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Then a-way, then away, where the merry men all Contend for the glorious prize; While the".

bugle, the bugle, it echoes The jubilant note to the skies

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Bugle.

This system contains the next two lines of the chorus. It features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bugle, the bugle, it echoes The jubilant note to the skies". A small annotation "Bugle." is written above the piano part in the middle of the system.

This system contains the final line of the chorus, which is purely instrumental for the piano. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music concludes with a double bar line.

2.

The fox, aroused by the cheering,
Is skulking away for his lair;
The bees too hear the careering,
And dart o'er the meadows with fear!
Then away, &c.

3.

There stands the beauteous Target,
With rings of different hue;
Each bowman strives to mark it,
With wary aim and true.
Then away, &c.

4.

The red, white, black and the azure,
As skill directs, are hit;
But the gold, that marks the treasure,
Remains untarnished yet.
Then away, &c.

5.

At length some more lucky fellow
Lets fly a surer dart,
And, lo! the favoured yellow
Is stricken at the heart.
Then away, &c.

6.

With garlands then they crown him
The hero of the day,
And fields and woods resound in
A cheerful roundelay!
Then away, &c.

7.

But now their sport is ceasing,
For, see! the day is gone;
Yet, yet there's no releasing,
Since evening joys come on.
Then away, then away, to the festive board,
To join with the merry men all;
While the bugle, the bugle, it echoes
The jubilant note through the hall!

ML
SP