

Deposited Feb. 21, Page 492  
 & deposited Aug. 4, 1854  
 Recorded Vol. 31, Page 492

W 252

To Henry Ward Beecher

# HO! FOR THE KANSAS PLAINS

Song & Chorus  
 WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY  
**JAS. G. CLARK.**

AUTHOR OF  
*The Old Mountain Tree, Rover's Grave, Exiles Return, Mad Jack the swimming brat.*



Designed by Spoon & Walker Boston

BOSTON  
 Published by OLIVER DITSON Washington St.

J. E. BOULD  
 Philad<sup>a</sup>

ST. GORDON  
 N. York

D. A. TRUAX  
 Cincinnati

C. C. CLAPP & CO  
 Boston

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# HO FOR THE KANSAS PLAINS.

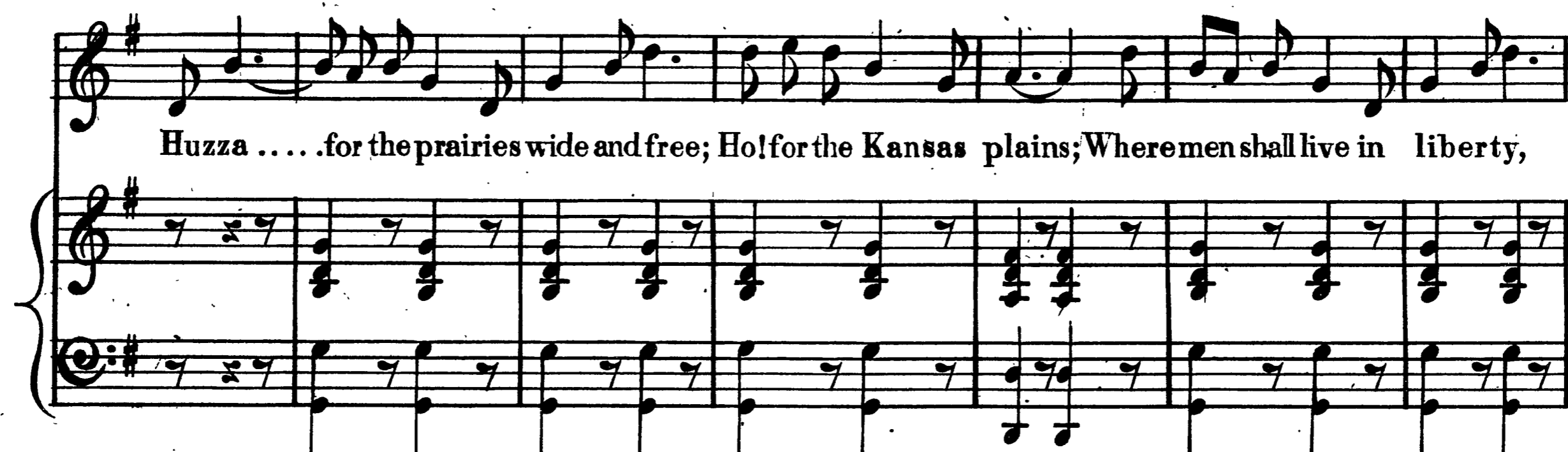
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Poetry and Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

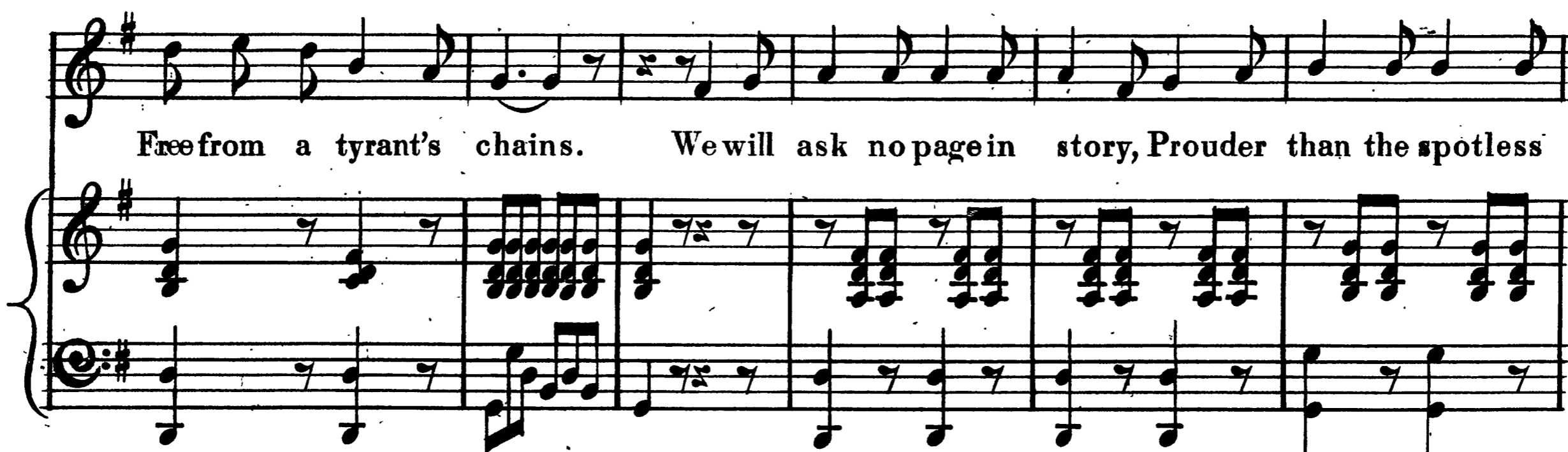
*Allegretto.*



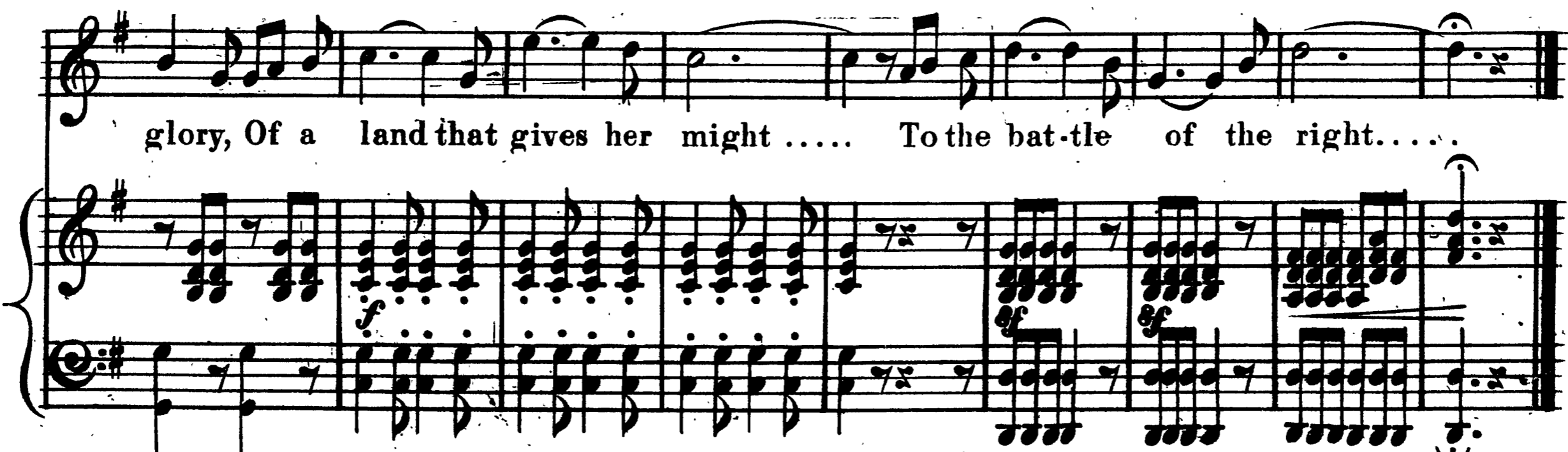
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



Huzza .... for the prairies wide and free; Ho! for the Kansas plains; Where men shall live in liberty,



Free from a tyrant's chains. We will ask no page in story, Prouder than the spotless



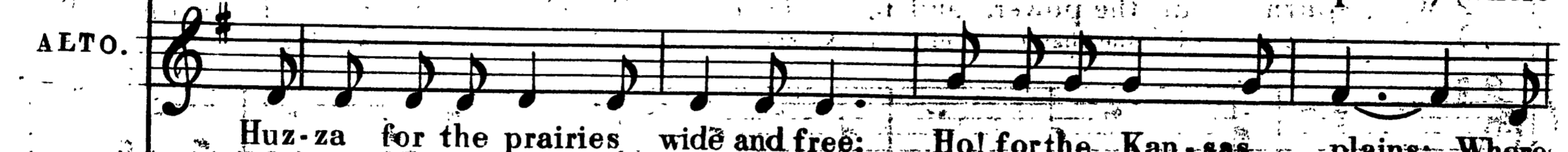
glory, Of a land that gives her might ..... To the battle of the right.....



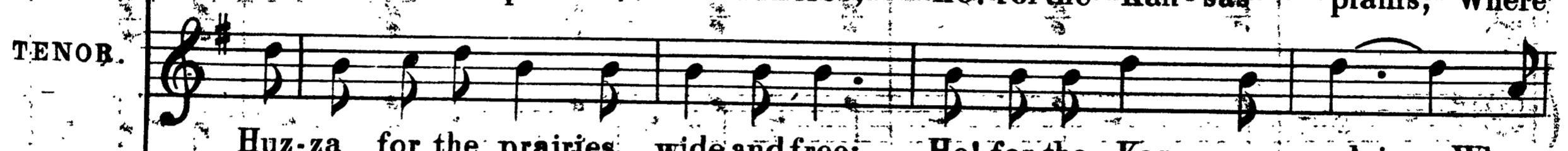
CHORUS

AIR. 

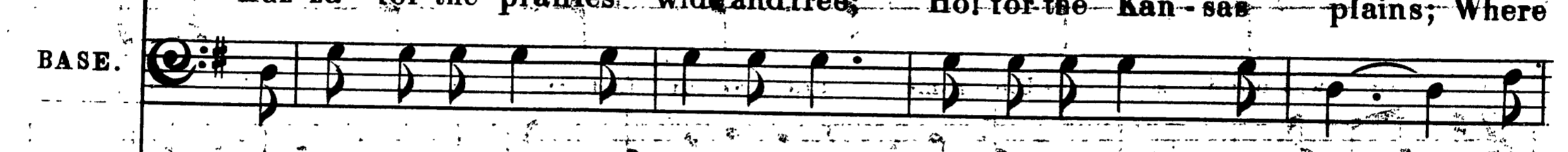
Huz-za for the prairies wide and free; Ho! for the Kan-sas plains; Where


AUTO. 

Huz-za for the prairies wide and free; Ho! for the Kan-sas plains; Where

TENOR. 

Huz-za for the prairies wide and free; Ho! for the Kan-sas plains; Where

BASE. 





men shall live in lib-er-ty; Free from a ty-rant's chains.



men shall live in lib-er-ty; Free from a ty-rant's chains.



men shall live in lib-er-ty; Free from a ty-rant's chains.





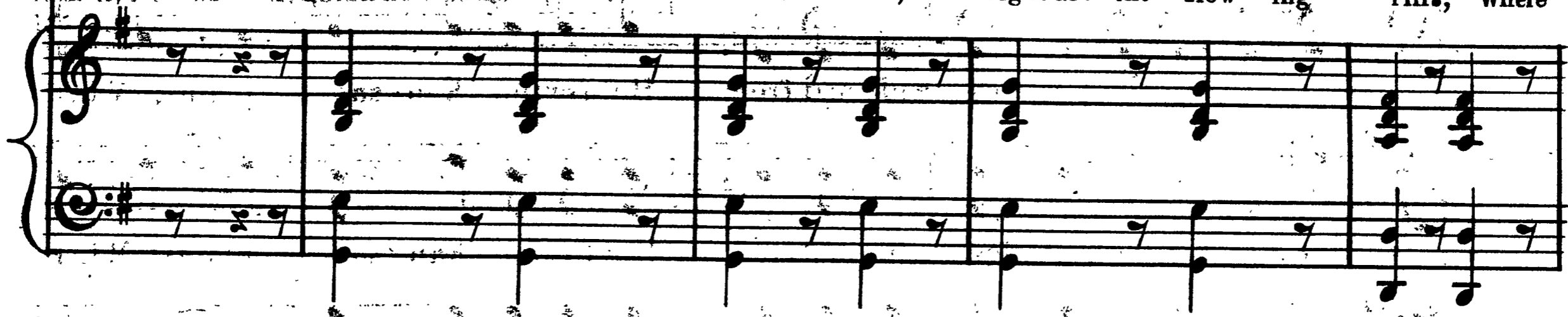




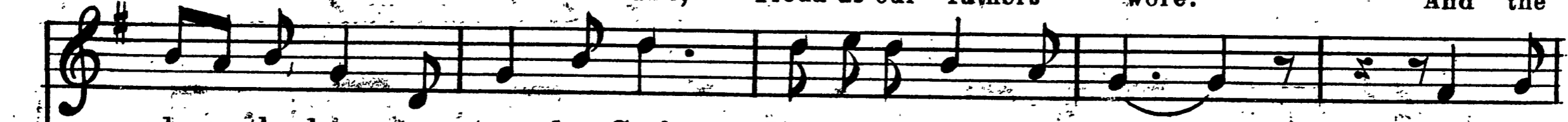
4. Tho' far from the soil of Pilgrim fame, On the At-lan-tic shore, Here



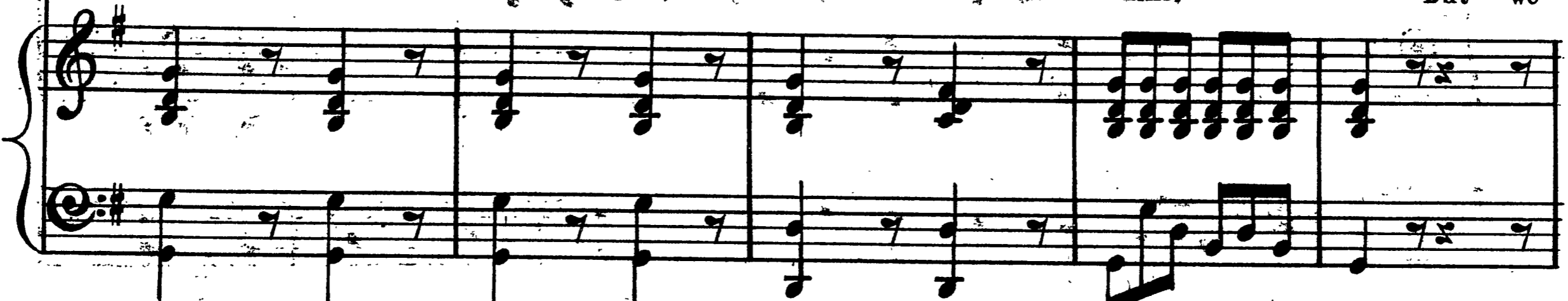
2. We spurn at the power, and break the rod, Wreaking in guilt and crime; We  
3. O sweet is the charm of rock and tree; Bright are the flow-ing hills, Where



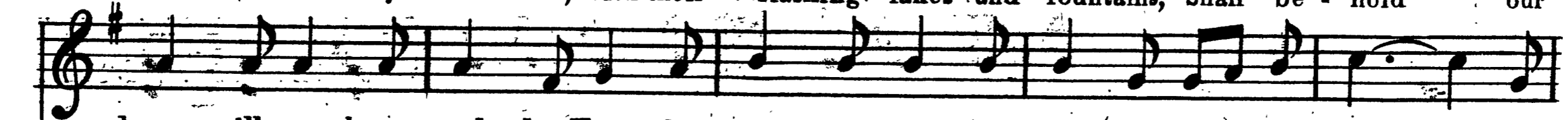
we will build a no-ble name, Proud as our fathers wore. And the



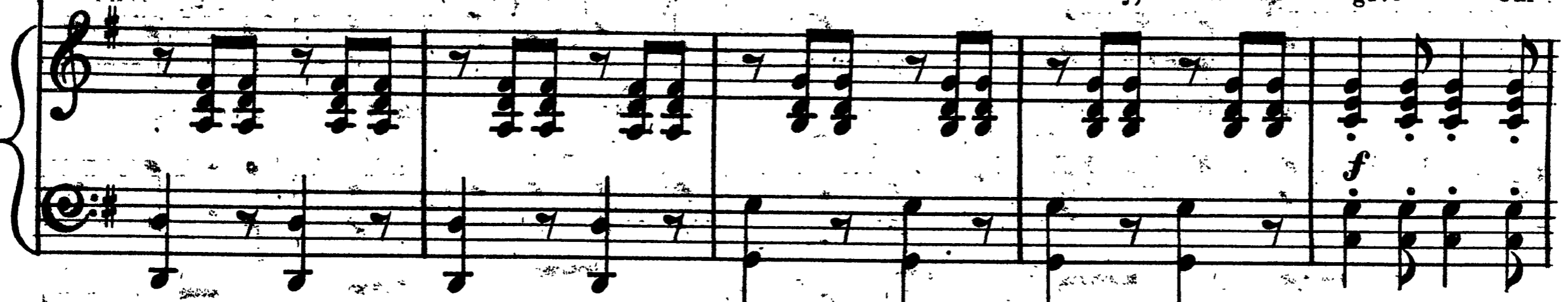
bow the knee to none but God, Maker, and King of time: And the  
we have roam'd in youthful glee, O-ver the east-ern hills; But we



far off Rock-y mountains, With their flashing lakes and fountains, Shall be-hold our



brave will round us - ral - ly, From the mountain and the valley, Till the skies with  
turn from all their beau-ty, To the call of truth and du - ty, And we give our



glo - ry bring, . . . . . While the world shall hear us sing . . . . .



free - dom ring, . . . . . And the world shall hear us sing . . . . .  
chain - less might, . . . . . To the bat - tle of the right . . . . .

