

May 10, 1896  
447-17th St.  
Washington  
D.C.

The  
**AVALANCHE** of  
DEATH,  
OR  
The Johnstown Horror  
SING & CHORUS

WORDS BY  
D. F. HUNTON. MUSIC BY  
JOHN T. HILER.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY  
THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO.

CHICAGO

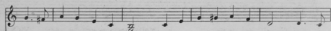
## THE AVALANCHE OF DEATH,

OR

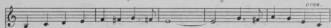
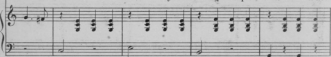
## THE JOHNSTOWN HORROR.

Words by D. F. HENTON.

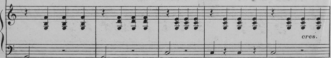
Music by JOHN T. HILER.



When that lake at Con . e . mough,	Burst its banks of mud and straw,	And came
When that jug . ger . naut of death,	Leapt with un . a . bat . ed breath,	Down the
Oh! that car . ni . val of flame	When those help . less vic . tims came,	Cling . ing
Yet that des . o . lat . ed town,	By the del . uge trampled down,	Will not



thundering down the val . ley in its wrath;.....	How the peo . ple held their
val . ley of that rap . id mountain stream;.....	How it tossed and tore in
fast to float . ing wrecks up . on the wave;.....	O, the thousands that were
stop to brood in si . lence o'er her woe;.....	For be . neath her mud and



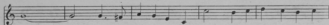
breath When that av a lance of death, Crush'd out eve-ry town and  
 shreds Blocks of buildings, stores and sheds And o'er all that des-o-  
 lost In that midnight ho-to-caust, Where no hu-man hand could  
 dust There are seeds of hope and trust, Which were plant-ed there a

*dim.*

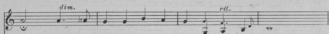
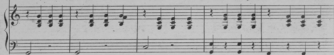
ham-let in its path. O, what sor-row and des-pair, Fill'd the  
 lation reigned su-preme, How those mills and churches grand, Crush'd like  
 rescue, none could save. O, that mothers wild des-pair On the  
 hundred years a-go. There are signs in yon-der skies That this

*p* *cres.*

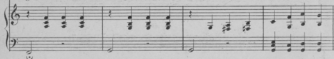
hearts of thou-sands there, When they saw their homes swept down the mountain  
 eggshells in the hand, And were thrown like chaff and straw in-to the  
 burning wreckage there, How she strove to save her dar-ling at the  
 mountain queen will rise Phoenix like, a-bove the ash-es of de-



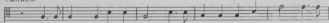
side;..... How they trembled, when they saw In the mad stream's deadly  
flow;..... 'Till the gathering shades of night, O'er that weird and ghastly  
breast;..... But the red flames at the piers All un-moved by woman's  
feet;..... That her des-o-late do-main, Will yet bud and bloom a-



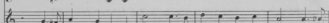
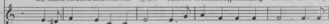
now Men and wo-men struggling vain-ly in the tide,  
sight Closed in slow-ly on that aw-ful scene of woe,  
tears Caught and flung them down to per-ish with the rest.  
gain, And her triumph will be cer-tain and com-plete.



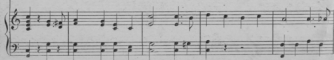
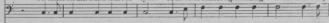
CHORUS.



Oh those strained and tearful eyes! O, those fren-zied, plead-ing cries! How they



Oh those strained and tearful eyes! O, those fren-zied, plead-ing cries! How they



Musical score for the first system. It includes a vocal staff (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "battled there in vain to reach the shore..... O, the faces pale with fright That were". The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Musical score for the second system. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are: "battled there in vain to reach the shore..... O, the faces pale with fright That were". The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

*cres.* *dim.* *p*

sinking out of sight! O, the pray'rs from lips that never pray'd be fore.....

*cres.* *dim.* *p*

sinking out of sight! O, the pray'rs from lips that never pray'd be fore.....

*cres.* *dim.* *p*

sinking out of sight! O, the pray'rs from lips that never pray'd be fore.....