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THE DYING SOLDIER.

WORDS SELECTED FROM THE
FLAG OF OUR UNION.

QUARTETTE.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY
NATHAN BARKER.

SOPRANO *1st* We found him at the close of day..... On the

ALTO

TENOR *2nd* Where is the name I hop'd to win..... The

BASS

PIANO *p*

FORTE.

field of bat-tle ly-ing On the green-sward steep'd with hu-man

name I hop'd to wear? From yon-der field of reek-ing

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blood....., Where lay the dead and dying; Where man had slain his
slain....., Death taints the dark-en'd air; Its breath is res-ting
bro-ther man, And broken blades were gleam-ing; And the
on my heart, Its seal up-on my brow..... And the

tide of life from ma -- ny a wound, Was swiftly darkly

glo - rious dream of a sol - diers life Are rude - ly broken

streaming And the tide of life from ma - ny a wound.... Was

now And the glo - rious dream of a sol - diers life..... Are

swift_ly, dark_ly streaming.

rude_ly bro_ken now.

3
 There's many a one who'll watch for me,
 But their watch will be in vain;
 And the smile that welcomed my coming once,
 I may never meet again.
 The hopes that thrilled my beating heart
 In by-gone days, are o'er;
 And I only long to clasp the form
 Of my early loved once more.

4
 There's darkness gathering o'er me now,
 And faintness o'er my heart;
 Yet my mother's blessing sheds its light
 Around as I depart.
 His tones in stillness died away,
 And we only heard the sound
 Of the summer night-wind's gentle breath,
 As it softly murmured round.

5
 We laid him down in silence there,
 By the quiet stream to rest,
 Where the weeping willow mournfully
 Drooped downward to its breast;
 And stands alone, to mark the place
 Where rests the true and brave;
 Where a soldier breathed his last on earth,
 And found a strangers grave.