

✓
THE DYING TROOPMASTER

*Written, Composed and
respectfully Inscribed to his*

FRIEND AND

CLASSMATE

Col. Dixon S. Miles, U.S.A.

by

JOHN H. HEWITT.

25¢ net

NEW YORK.

Published by WILLIAM HALL & SON, 239 Broadway.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1850, by Wm. Hall & Son, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

THE DYING TRUMPETER.

J. H. HEWITT.

ANDANTE
 MARZIALE.

p *Dim.* *f*

mf *Dim.* *Cres.*

The din of the bat-tle was o'er, And the moon shed her sil-ve-ry ray, When a-

lone on the Bra-vo's dark shore, A poor wounded trumpeter lay; He gazed on the flag of his

pride, As its stars rivall'd those in the skies; "Still waves it in tri-umph!" he

Con Energia.

Lento.

cried, While the death-mist was diming his eyes. Hark! hark! 'tis the

pp

bu - gle I hear, How mournful the mu - sic to me! I'll e-cho the call with a

strain more dear, The trumpet of vic - to - ry! The trumpet of vic-to-ry!

SECOND VERSE.

He

sigh'd for the home of his youth, While the pur-ple stream ran from his side — For the

maid who had pligh-ted her troth, And soon would have been his young bride; Her name was in every

breath, And wild beat the pulse of his heart; His last charge was sounded! and death, With a

Lento.

Con Energia.

vic-tor's grim laugh threw his dart. Hark! hark! the last

bu - gle is heard, And low droops the flag of the free — An e - cho is heard to the

screaming bird, 'Tis the trumpet of Vic-to-ry! 'Tis the trumpet of Vic - to -

ry!