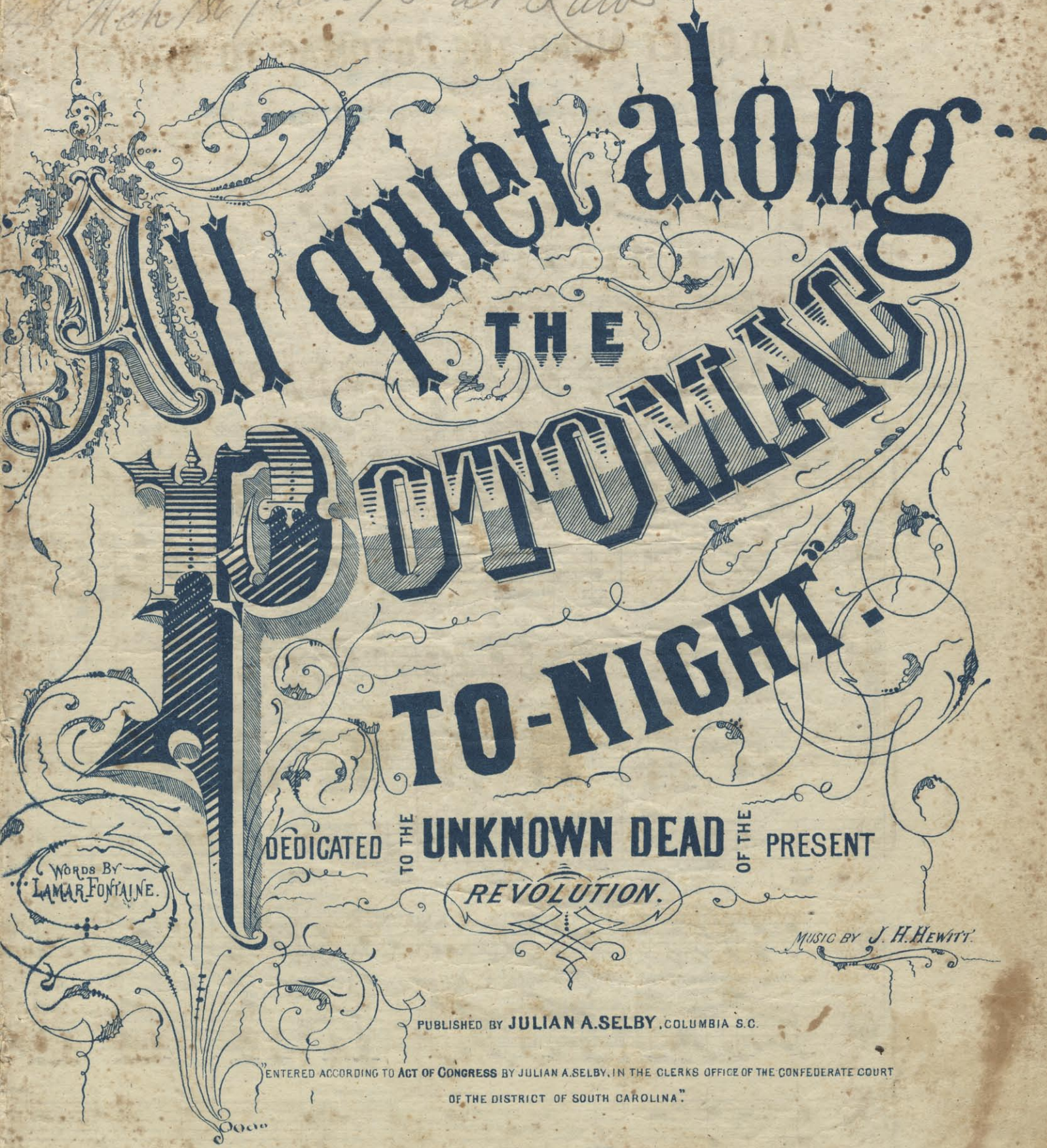


*J. R. Edwards & S. S. Edwards
Attys. at Law*



Keep quiet along... THE BOATWALK TO-NIGHT.

DEDICATED TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD OF THE PRESENT
REVOLUTION.

WORDS BY
LAMAR FONTAINE.

MUSIC BY J. H. HEWITT.

PUBLISHED BY JULIAN A. SELBY, COLUMBIA S.C.

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OF THE DISTRICT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO NIGHT."

Words by Lamar Fontaine

Music by J. H. Hewitt.

MODERATO

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked MODERATO.

First vocal line: "quiet along the Po to mac to night. Except here and there a stray picket." The melody is in G major, 6/8 time, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and a moving line in the right hand. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a circled '3'.

Second vocal line: "shot, as he walks on his beat to, and fro. By a rifleman hid in the thick of 'Tis". The melody continues in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand, marked with a circled '3'.

Third vocal line: "nothing, a private or two now and then. Will not count in the news of the battle. Not an". The melody is in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand, marked with a circled '3'.

of i-er last, only one of the men-Moaning out all alone the death rattle. All

qui-et a-long the Po-to-mac to-night.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
And the light of the camp fires are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Thro' the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
And their mother—"may Heaven defend her."

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off the tears that are welling;
And gathers his gun close up to his breast,
As if to keep down the heart's swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
And his footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, thro' the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustles the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle! "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And his life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
"The Picket's" off duty forever.

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then—
That night, when the love yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmur'd vow-
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.