

TO MISS ANNIE CANNON.
Louisville. Ky.

Summer Boy of Shiloh.

A BEAUTIFUL

BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

Will S. Hays.

(Author of "I'm looking for him home" &c.)



Piano.

Guitar.



LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Lithograph



Plain

T · H · E · D · R · U · M · M · E · R · B · O · Y ·

by

WILL. S. HAYS.

Introduction.

Moderato. *Andante.*

p *pp*

On Shi-loh's dark and bloody ground, The dead and wounded lay;

p *f*

mongst them was a drummer boy, Who beat the drum that day.

wounded soldier held him up— His drum was by his side; He

clasp'd his hands, then rais'd his eyes, And prayed before he died. He

clasp'd his hands, then rais'd his eyes, And prayed before he died. *gva*

2. Look down upon the battle

field, Oh, Thou our Heavenly Friend! Have mer - cy on our sinful

souls!" The soldier's cried - "A - men!" For gathered 'round a

little group, Each brave men knelt and cried; They list' - ned

to the drum - mer boy, Who prayed be - fore he died, They

list' - - ned to the drummer boy, Who prayed be - fore he

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Drummer Boy'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings including *f* (forte) and *pp* (pianissimo). The score ends with a double bar line.

3

“Oh, Mother,” said the dying boy,
 “Look down from heaven on me,
 Receive me to thy fond embrace –
 Oh, take me home to thee.
 I’ve loved my country as my God;
 To serve them both I’ve tried,”
 ||: He smiled, shook hands – death seized the boy
 Who prayed before he died. :||

4

Each soldier wept, then, like a child –
 Stout hearts were they, and brave;
 The flag his winding – sheet – God’s Book
 The key unto his grave.
 They wrote upon a simple board
 These words; This is a guide
 ||: To those who’d mourn the drummer boy
 Who prayed before he died. :||

5

Ye angels ’round the Throne of Grace,
 Look down upon the braves,
 Who fought and died on Shiloh’s plain,
 Now slumb’ring in their graves!
 How many homes made desolate –
 How many hearts have sighed –
 ||: How many, like that drummer boy,
 Who prayed before they died! :||