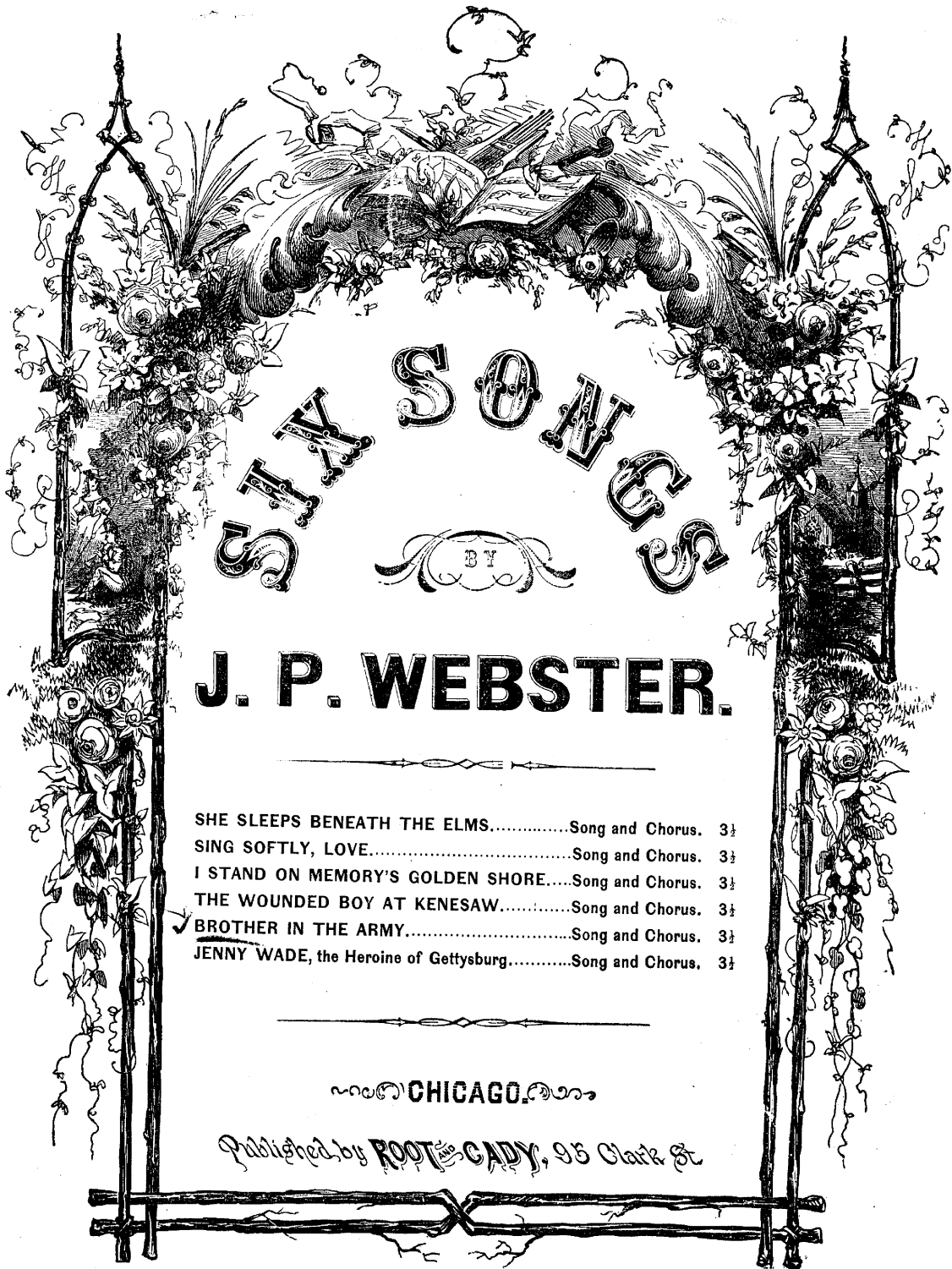


1522



# SIX SONGS

BY

**J. P. WEBSTER.**

- SHE SLEEPS BENEATH THE ELMS.....Song and Chorus. 3½  
SING SOFTLY, LOVE.....Song and Chorus. 3½  
I STAND ON MEMORY'S GOLDEN SHORE.....Song and Chorus. 3½  
THE WOUNDED BOY AT KENESAW.....Song and Chorus. 3½  
✓ BROTHER IN THE ARMY.....Song and Chorus. 3½  
JENNY WADE, the Heroine of Gettysburg.....Song and Chorus. 3½

CHICAGO.

Published by ROOT & CUDY, 93 Clark St.

Entered according to Act of Congress, 1864-5, by Root & Cudy, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.



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M 540

*Filed Jan 16 1865*  
*Wm. H. K.*

# BROTHER IN THE ARMY.

*to Mrs. Callie Dyche of Indianapolis Ind.,—*

"In passing through one of the Wards of the Hospital for the Insane, we were introduced by the Superintendent to a new patient, opposite her name in the table of the Report showing the causes of insanity was found, "Brother in the Army." She is a young lady of about twenty years of age, and proved to be quite rational upon all subjects but one the war. The Doctor asked her to sing for us, and taking up her Guitar, she improvised a plaintive song, with a chorus of wild and impassioned eloquence."

J. P. WEBSTER.

With Expression

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano. It begins with a short instrumental introduction. The first system of music is followed by four verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands. The lyrics are as follows:

1. To a beau-ti-ful spot on the Tip-pe-ca-noe, My
2. Twenty sum-mers a-go I was born in that cot, And
3. In the long win-ter nights, brother Hen-ry and I, Would
4. But the lights have gone out in that beau-ti-ful cot, And

The second system of music continues the piano accompaniment. The third system of music is followed by two more verses of lyrics:

spi-rit is wan-der-ing now; I see the blue hills re-  
 there in my child-hood I played. I drank from the spring that  
 list to the moan of the pines, And list to the tales our  
 all the sweet flow-ers are dead. The spring has gone dry, and

The fourth system of music concludes the piano accompaniment.

pos - ing in peace, And nes - tled a - mong them my home. A  
 gur - gles a - long. Thro' arch - ways of wil - low and fern. The  
 grand-mother told, Of he - roes who went to the wars. In  
 birds sing no more In the crab - ap - ple tree by the porch; For

crab - ap - ple shades the spa - cious old porch, Whose  
 wood - bine I trained to clam - ber the walls, In  
 sum - mer we climbed the weath - er - worn cliffs To  
 moth - er soon died when broth - er went off To

pil - lars with i - vy were crowned. In days that are gone, in  
 ma - ny an hour of May, When I was a girl, a  
 look at the riv - er be - low And sweet was the mu - sic of  
 bat - tle, and I was sent here. Oh, brother! come to me, and

years that are past, When I was a dwell - er at home.  
 light - hearted girl, And lived with my broth - er at home.  
 wa - - ters and birds, For broth - er and I were at home.  
 let us go back, To dwell in our cot - tage at home.

## RECITATIVO.

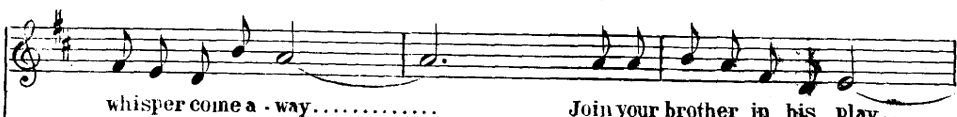
Oh, the wild bu - gle sounds loudly at noon and at mid - night,  
 On, the loud tramp of an ar - my with mu - sic and ban - ners,  
 Oh! the loud roar of can - non a - wakes me from sleep - ing  
 Hark! hear the bat - tle - cry - see how the wound - ed fall bleed - ing;

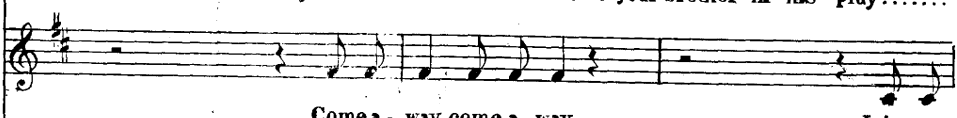
## CHORUS

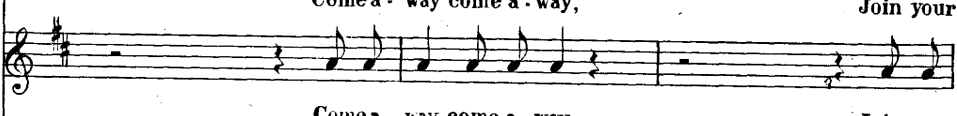
Piercing my soul and rending my heart-strings a - sun - der. Still they  
 Fills the whole earth and startles the na - tions that slum - ber.  
 Oh in my dreams I hear sa - bre and mus - ket - ry rat - tle.  
 Lo! in the smoke of bat - tle my brother is dy - ing.

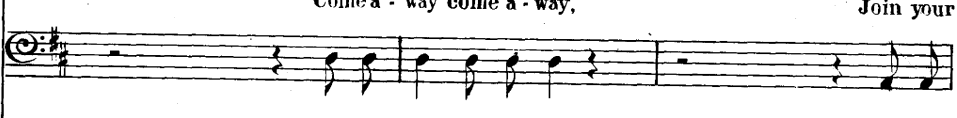
CHORUS.


5

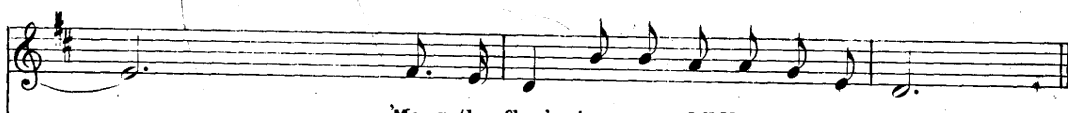
AIR.   
whisper come a-way..... Join your brother in his play.....

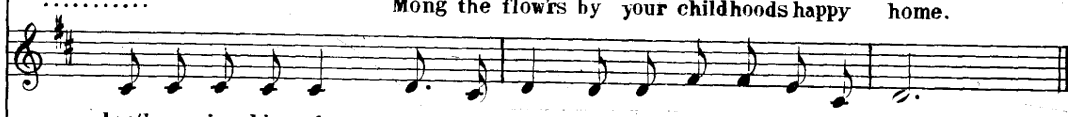
ALTO.   
Come a-way come a-way, Join your

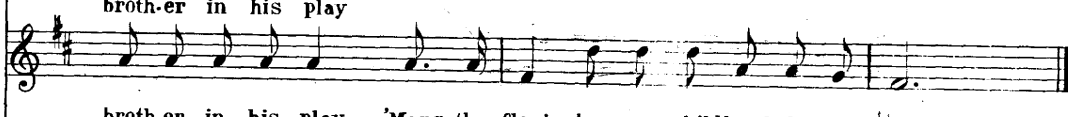
TENOR.   
Come a-way come a-way, Join your

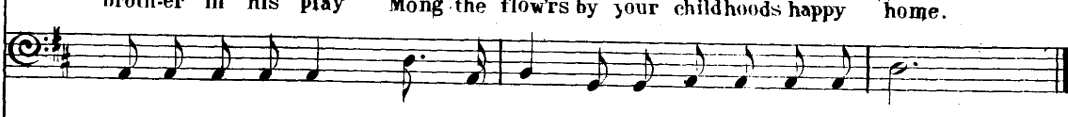
BASE.   
Come a-way come a-way, Join your

PIANO. 

  
..... Mong the flow'rs by your childhoods happy home.

  
broth-er in his play

  
broth-er in his play

  
Mong the flow'rs by your childhoods happy home.

