

# Brother In the Army

Words by  
Young Woman in  
a Mental Hospital

Music by  
Joseph P. Webster

Moderato  
*espressivo*



6

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

The first system of the song includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Chord symbols D, D, and A7 are indicated above the piano staff.

9

spir - it is wan - der - ing now; I  
there in my child - hood I played. I  
list to the moan of the pines, And  
all the sweet flow - ers are dead. The

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same accompaniment pattern. Chord symbols D and A7 are indicated above the piano staff.

11

see the blue hills re - pos - ing in peace, And nes - tled a - mong them my  
 drank from the spring that gur - gles a - long, Thru arch - ways of wil - low and  
 list to the tales our grand - moth - er told, Of he - roes who went to the  
 spring has gone dry, and birds sing no more In the crab - ap - ple tree by the

Chords: D, D, A7, D, A7

14

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

Chords: D, G, D

17

pil - lars with i - vy were crowned. In days that are gone, in  
 man - y 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, broth - er! come to me, and

Chords: A, E7, A, A7, D

20

years that are past, When I was a dwell - er at home.  
light - heart - ed 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.

D A7 D A7 D

Recitativo

23

Oh, the wild bu - gle sounds loud - ly 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;

Dm A

25

Pierc - ing my soul and rend - ing my heart - strings a - sun - der.  
Fills the whole earth and star - tles 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 broth - er is dy - ing.

A Dm Dm A

## Chorus

27

Still they whis-per come a - way Join your broth-er in his play

Come a - way come a - way, Join your

Come a - way come a - way, Join your

A7 D D A7

31

'Mong the flow'rs by your child-hood's hap - py home.

broth - er in his play

broth - er in his play 'Mong the flow'rs by your child-hood's hap - py home.

A D A G A7 D