

Rest! Warrior. Rest!

A BALLAD

Sung with great Applause by

MR. KEENE

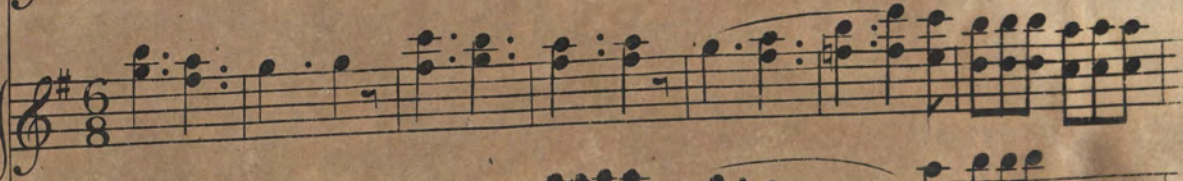
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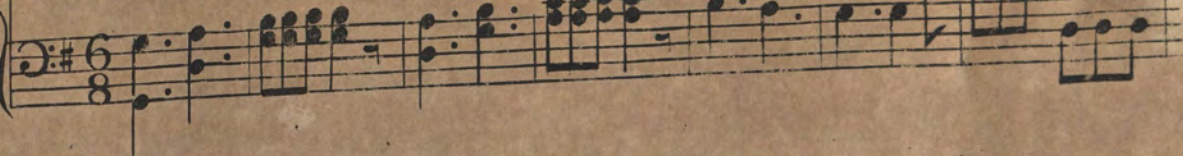
M. KELLY.

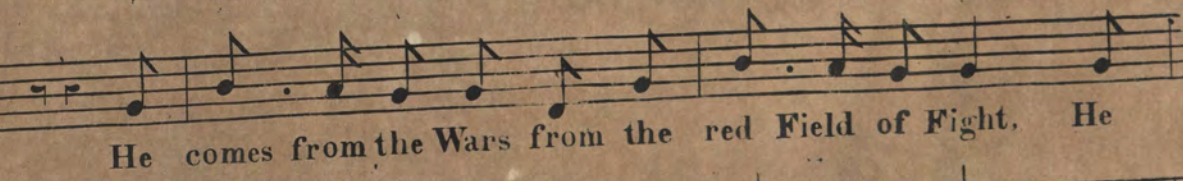
Pr. 25^{cts}

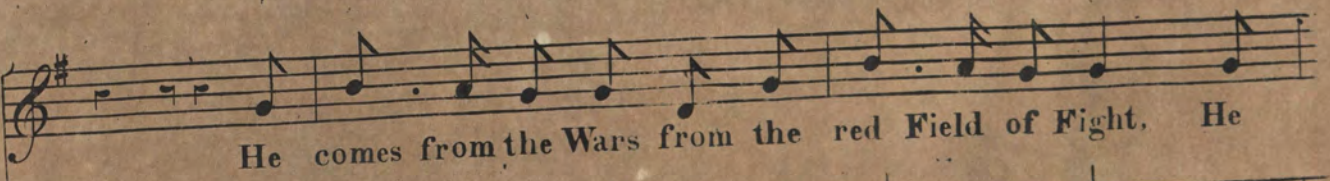
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VOCE. 

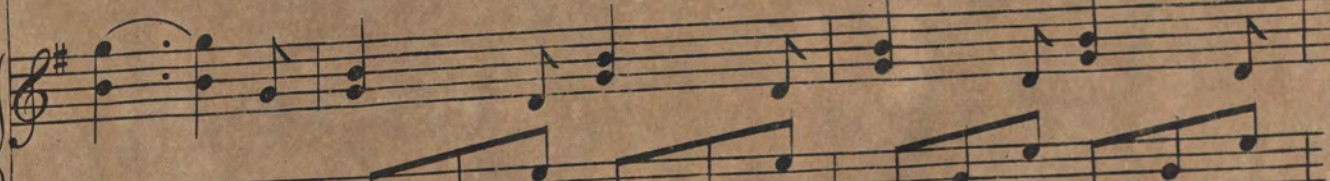
PIANO 

ARGHETTO 

FORTE. 



He comes from the Wars from the red Field of Fight. He





comes thro' the Storm and the darkness of night, For rest and for refuge now

fain to implore, The Warrior bends low at the Cot-ta-ger's door.

Pale Pale Pale is his cheek theres a gash on his brow His

locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow. And the fire of his heart shoots by

Rest Warrior Rest. 8.

fits from his eye like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die.

Rest! Warrior Rest Rest Warrior Rest.

2

Sunk in silence and sleep in the Cottagers bed,
Oblivion shall visit the war weary head;
Perchance he may dream but the vision shall tell,
Of his Lady Love's bower and her latest farewell,
Oft his thought on the pinions of fancy shall roam,
And in slumber revisit his Love and his Home,
Where the eyes of affection with tenderness gleam,
Ah! who would awake from so blissful a dream;

Rest! Warrior Rest.