

St 1159

# OUR SOLDIER

Affectionately & Respectfully inscribed  
TO THE  
Family Comrades, & Friends of the late

## WILLIAM HART MASSEY

SOMETIME ADJUTANT OF THE 65<sup>TH</sup> REGT.  
OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

Words by

Music by

## E.B. Dewing. J.P. Webster.

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CHICAGO

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M 1640

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# OUR SOLDIER.

Words by E. B. DEWING.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the vocal part, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The middle staff is for the right hand of the piano, and the bottom staff is for the left hand of the piano. The vocal part begins with a melodic line, followed by a piano section, and then continues with lyrics. The piano parts provide harmonic support throughout the piece.

1. He left us in the pride of youth, His brave heart full of manly hope; Nor  
 2. He marched o'er traitorously southern fields, The "dark and bloody ground" reviewed; He  
 3. With dauntless soul that winter morn He heard Stone river's loud alarms, And  
 4. With serried ranks undaunted stand Five hundred gainst an army corps; But  
 5. God rules the storm! our ho - ly cause A hard fought field has dearly won; Our

fal - ter'd when the cause of truth, With er - or base must sternly cope. Forth  
 saw the fruit which trea - son yields, And there his fe - alty renewed. His  
 prompt, with nerve of courage born He welcomed there the shock of arms. For  
 now the bra - vest of that band Is strick-en down, all wet with gore: "Leave  
 foe - men fly, and in the pause Of war, we find our dy-ing one. 'Tis

from our midst that summer morn,  
column moved at double quick,  
many a weary hour then  
me," he cries, "nor stop to save;  
hard to part;— dear Will farewell;

With free, firm step and laughing eye; Of  
To music of an hundred guns, On  
**Our Boy** was foremost in the fray; With  
A gallant soldier may not fight— But  
We hear no more thy voice of love, But

half its beauty life seemed shorn,  
Shi-loh, where the air made thick  
flash-ing blade he cheer'd his men,  
use the musket, comrades brave,  
thy good name with ma-gie spell

And dark-ly shadowed our home sky.  
By smoke of battle, wrapt our sons.  
And led them on to win the day.  
Your sabres nobly wield for right.  
Shall haunt us, till we meet a - bove.

And dark-ly shadowed our home sky.  
By smoke of battle, wrapt our sons.  
And led them on to win the day.  
Your sabres nobly wield for right.  
Shall haunt us, till we meet a - bove.

Our Soldier.

**Refrain.** (to be sung only after the last verse.)

*Very slow and impressive.*

*Soprano*

We have laid him to rest, On the earth's si - lent breast, And the

*Alto*

We have laid him to rest, On the earth's si - lent breast, And the

*Tenor*

We have laid him to rest, On the earth's si - lent breast, And the

*Bass*

*Piano/Violin*

night winds still ec - ho his knell;..... Oh! we loved Wil - lie dear; And the

night winds still ec - ho his knell;..... Oh! we loved Wil - lie dear; And the

*Piano/Violin*

Our Soldier.

last wel-ling tear Shall be shed whereour he-ro sleeps well..... sleeps.  
 last wel-ling tear Shall be shed whereour he-ro sleeps well..... He  
 ral - len - tan - do e dimi - mu - en - do,  
 well, sleeps..... well, sleeps..... well.  
 ral - len - tan - do e dimi - mu - en - do. pp  
 sleeps well, He sleeps well, sleeps..... well; He sleeps well.  
 ral - len - tan - do e dimi - mu - en - do. pp  
 Our Soldier.