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Respectfully dedicated to

MRS SALLY BENNETT.

of Lake Zurich Ill.

THE

Soldier to his mother.

WORDS BY

S. Fillmore Bennett.

MUSIC BY

J. P. WEBSTER.

22

CHICAGO

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# THE SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

Words by S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

Where the tide of death - had drift-ed, And our

braves had fought so well, Now the bat-tle cloud was

lift-ed, And the gen - tle star - light fell; There the

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dar-ling of his mother, Wea-ry, faint-ing, wound-ed

The first system of the musical score, measures 1-4. It features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

lay; At his side a sol-dier brother Knelt to

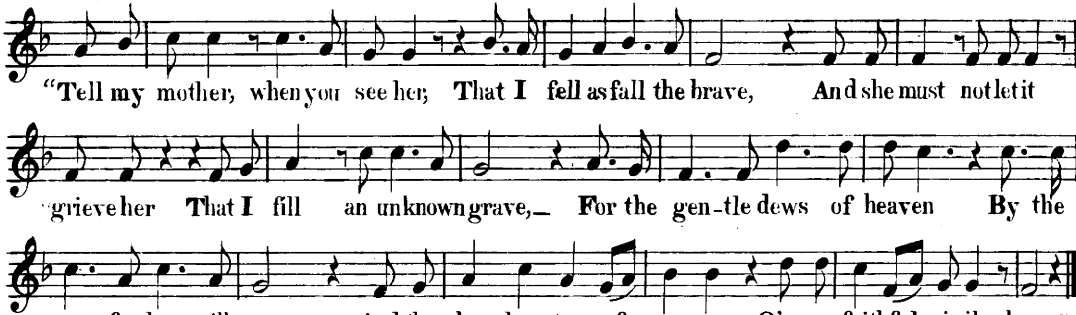
The second system of the musical score, measures 5-8. The vocal line continues with a similar melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

hear what he might say.  
*ad lib:*

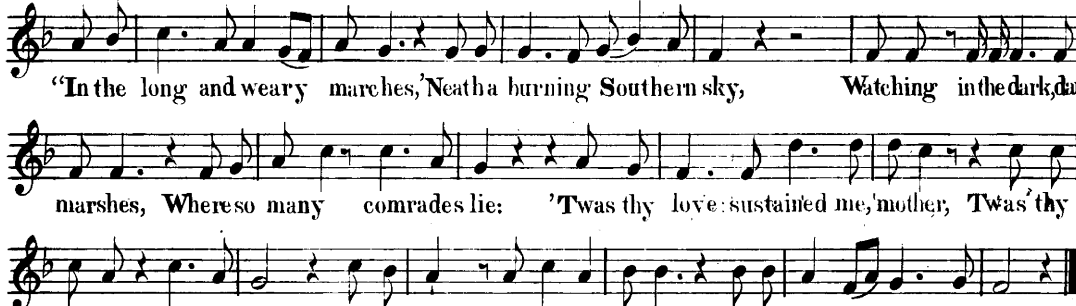
The third system of the musical score, measures 9-12. The vocal line ends with a long note. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *ad lib:* and a section marked *p* (piano). The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

The fourth system of the musical score, measures 13-16. The vocal line is mostly silent, with a final note in the last measure. The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and chords in the left hand, ending with a double bar line.

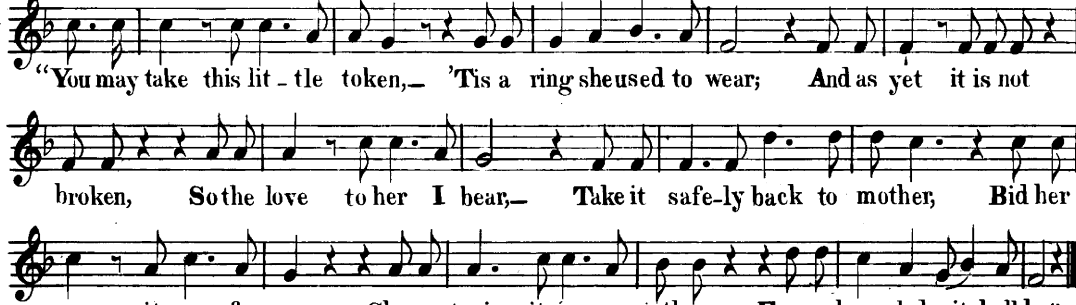
The soldier to his mother.

2<sup>d</sup> VERSE.


"Tell my mother, when you see her, That I fell as fall the brave, And she must not let it  
grieve her That I fill an unknown grave,— For the gen-tle dews of heaven By the  
spot for her will weep, And the ho-ly stars of e-ven O'er me faithful vigils keep."

3<sup>d</sup> VERSE.


"In the long and weary marches, 'Neath a burning Southern sky, Watching in the dark, damp  
marshes, Whereso many comrades lie: 'Twas thy love sustained me, mother, 'Twas thy  
spirit made me brave, And I kissed our dear flag-mother, Pledging life its stars to save."

4<sup>th</sup> VERSE.


"You may take this lit-tle token,— 'Tis a ring she used to wear; And as yet it is not  
broken, So the love to her I bear,— Take it safe-ly back to mother; Bid her  
wear it now for me,— She must prize it as no other, For my love-pledge it shall be."

5<sup>th</sup> VERSE.


"Am I in a hap-py dreaming? Let me grasp again your hand! Is that light the golden  
gleaming Of the bles-sed promis'd land? Are you near me now, my mother?  
On my ear your accents fell,— Kiss your darling boy, dear mother,— I must leave you—fare you well!"

The soldier to his mother.

Pearson.