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Our soldier.

Chicago: H. M. Higgins (117 Randolph St.), 1863

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OUR SOLDIER

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

WILLIAM HART MASSEY

SOMETIME ADJUTANT OF THE 65th Regt.
OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

Words by

Music by

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

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CHICAGO
Published by H. M. HIGGINS 117 Randolph St.

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OUR SOLDIER.

Words by E. B. DEWING.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time, key of D major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

The vocal line begins with a rest for two measures, followed by a melodic phrase in D major, 4/4 time.

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

The piano accompaniment for the first part of the song features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line of chords in the left hand.

The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase in D major, 4/4 time.

fal-ter'd when the cause of truth, With er-ror base must sternly cope. Forth
 saw the fruit which trea-son yields, And there his fe-al-ty 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

The piano accompaniment for the second part of the song continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment and bass line.

from our midst that sum-mer morn, With free, firm step and laughing eye; Of
 column moved at dou-ble quick, To mu-sic of an hundred guns, On
 many a wea-ry hour then Our Boy was foremost in the fray; With
 me," he cries, "nor stop to save; A fall-en soldier may not fight— But
 hard to part;— dear Will farewell; We hear no more thy voice of love, But

half its beau-ty life seemed shorn, And dark-ly shadowed our home sky. Of
 Shi-loh, where the air made thick By smoke of battle, wrapt our sons. On
 flash-ing blade he cheer'd his men, And led them on to win the day. With
 use the mus-ket, comrades brave, Your sa-bres nobly wield for right. But
 thy good name with ma-gic spell Shall haunt us, till we meet a-bove. But

half its beau-ty life seemed shorn, And dark-ly shadowed our home sky.
 Shi-loh, where the air made thick By smoke of bat-tle, wrapt our sons.
 flash-ing blade he cheer'd his men, And led them on to win the day.
 use the mus-ket, comrades brave, Your sa-bres no-bly wield for right?
 thy good name with ma-gic spell Shall haunt us, till we meet a-bove.

Our Soldier.

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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.

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

Bass.

PIANO.

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

Our Soldier.