



It is not on the battle field.

Rawlings, T. A. (Thomas A.), 1775-; Bayly, Thomas Haynes,
1797-1839

London, UK: Goulding & D'Almaine, 20 Soho Square, 1823

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IT IS NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD,

BALLAD,

Sung by

Mr. Sapio

MR BRAHAM, & MR MILLAR,

at the

Concerts, Festivals &c.

The Poetry by

Thomas H. Bayly Esq.

THE

Symphonies & Accompaniments

by

T. A. RAWLINGS.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Pr. 2s

LONDON

Published by Goulding & D'Almaine.

20, SOHO SQUARE.

Manufacturers of Cabinet, Harmonic & Square Piano Fortes,
where an elegant assortment for Sale or Hire may be seen.

IT IS NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

I

It is not on the Battle field
That I would wish to die;
It is not on a broken shield
I'd breathe my latest sigh:
And though a Soldier knows not how
To dread a Soldier's doom;
I ask no laurel for my brow,
No trophy for my tomb.

II

It is not that I scorn the wreath
A Soldier proudly wears,
It is not that I fear the death
A Soldier proudly dares:
When slaughter'd comrades round me lie,
I'd be the last to yield;
But yet I would not wish to die
Upon the Battle field.

III

When faint and bleeding in the fray,
Oh! still let me retain
Enough of life to crawl away
To this sweet vale again:
For like the wounded weary dove
That flutters to its nest;
I fain would reach my own dear Love
And die upon her breast.

It is not on the Battle Field.

VOCE.

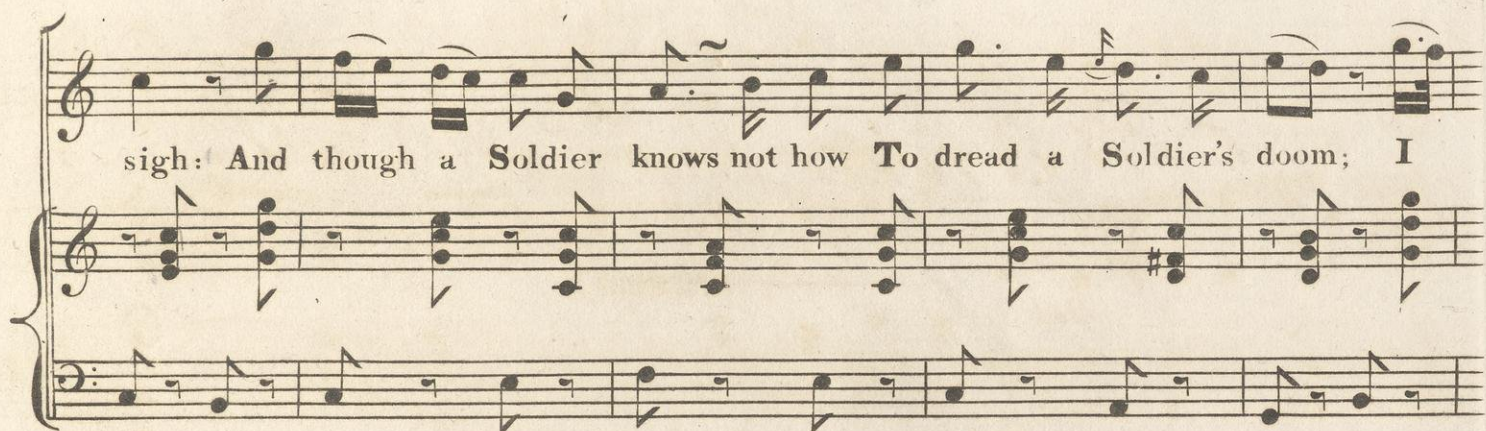
Andantino.

mezz: *

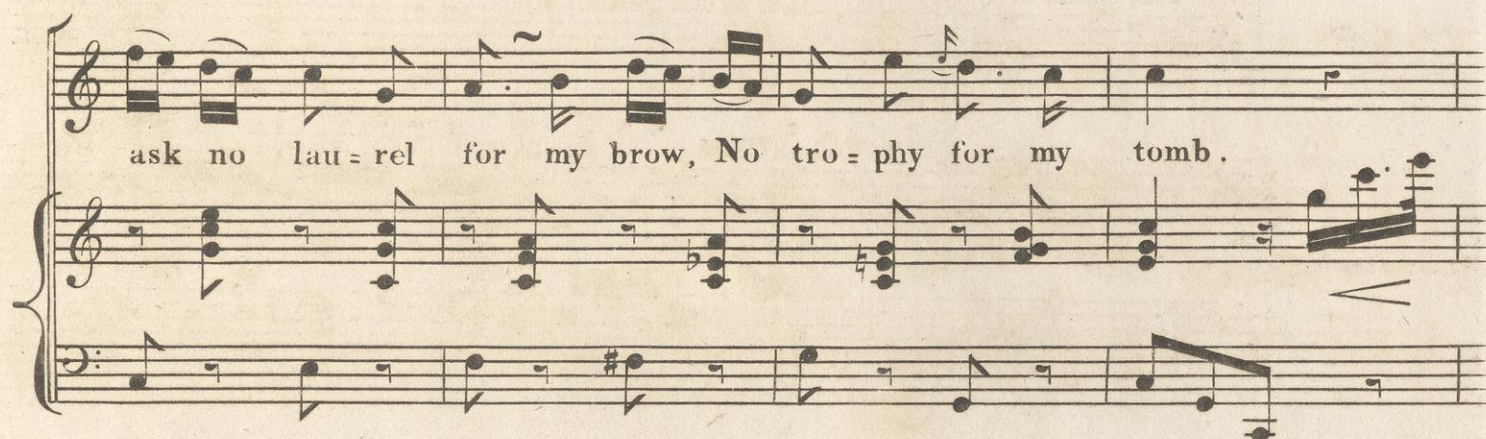
Ped:

It is not on the Bat-tle field That

I would wish to die; It is not on a broken shield I'd breathe my latest



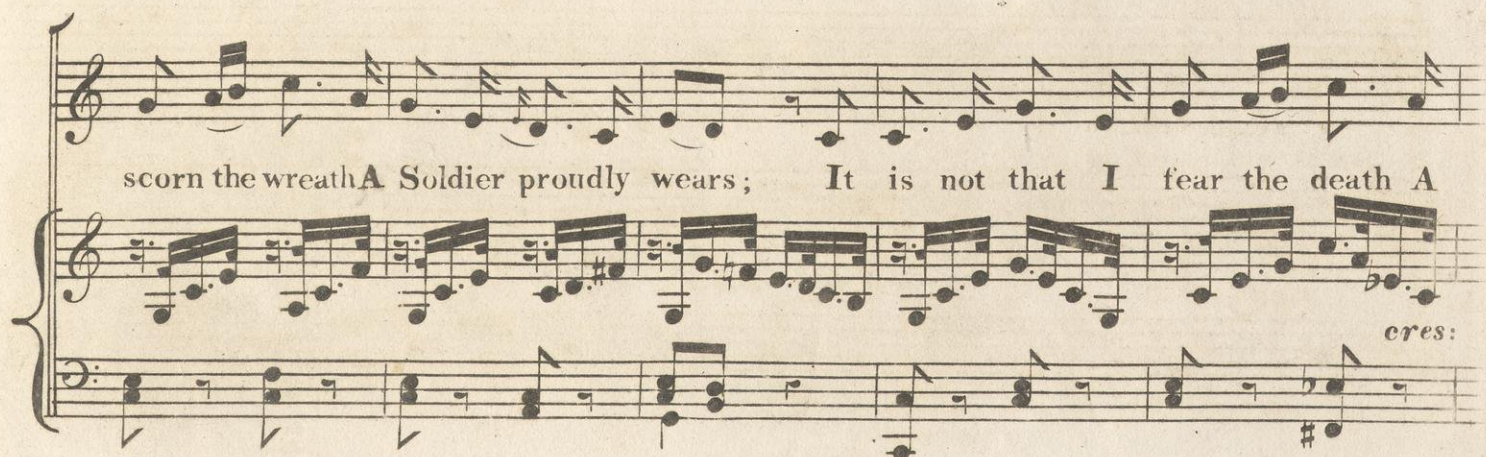
sigh: And though a Soldier knows not how To dread a Soldier's doom; I



ask no lau=rel for my brow, No tro=phy for my tomb.



Piu moto, e Animato.
It is not that I
f *Sempre colla voce*



scorn the wreath A Soldier proudly wears; It is not that I fear the death A
cres:

It is not on &c.

lento e molto dol:

Soldier proudly dares When slaughter'd comrades round me lie, I'd

Ped *p*

con Anima *lento e molto dol:*

be the last to yield; But yet I would not wish to die Up==

f *p* *f*

con Anima.

= on the Battle field. *alla Marcia* When

pp

Larghetto e piangèvole

faint and bleeding in the fray Oh! still let me re=tain, E=nough of life to

It is not on &c.

crawl a-way To this sweet vale a-gain: For like the woun-ded

wea-ry dove, That flutters to its nest; I fain would reach my

rall al Fine

colla voce al Fine

own dear Love, And die upon her breast. *molto dol*

It is not on &c.

pp

Soft Ped:

ten: