

Salute E. Gardner

TO
James W Goodwin.

of the
1st Regt Conn. Artillery

THE

Picket Guard

SONG &
QUARTETTE

BY

W. H. Goodwin.

Song



Quartette

Boston.

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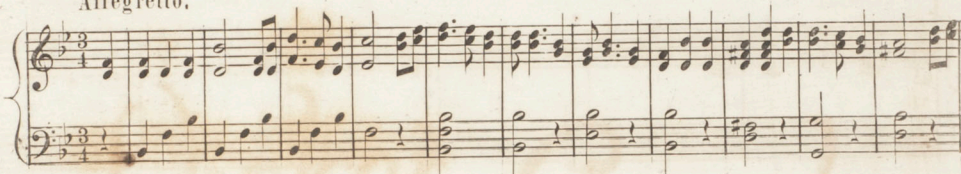
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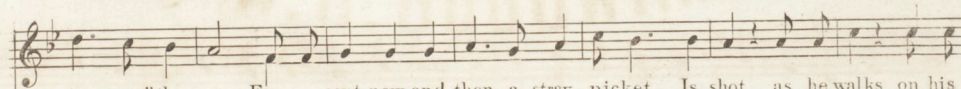
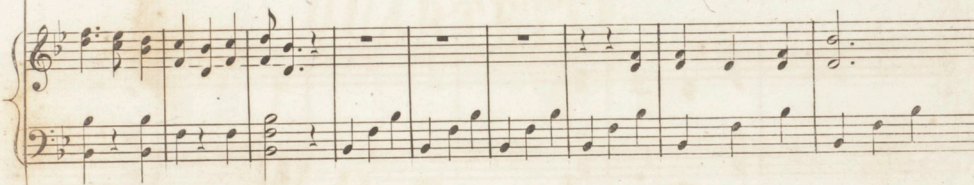
THE PICKET GUARD.

W. H. GOODWIN.

Allegretto.

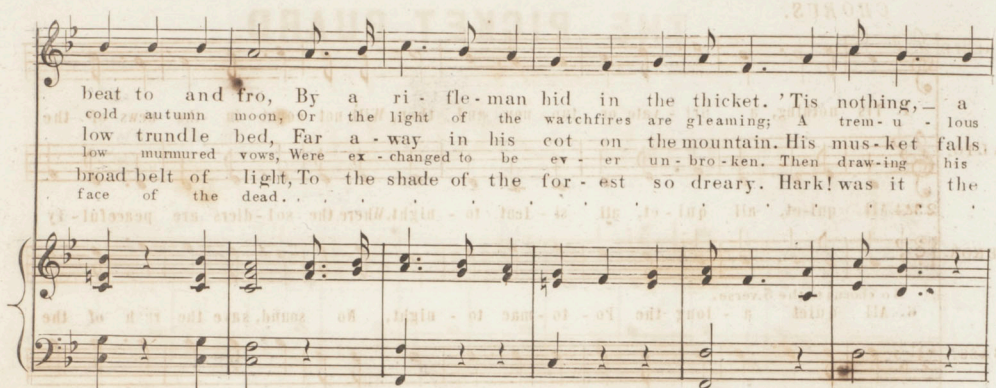


1. All qui - et a - long the "Po -
2. All qui - et a - long the Po -
3. There's on - ly the sound of the
4. The moon seems to shine just as
5. He passes the foun - tain, the
6. All qui - et a - long the Po -

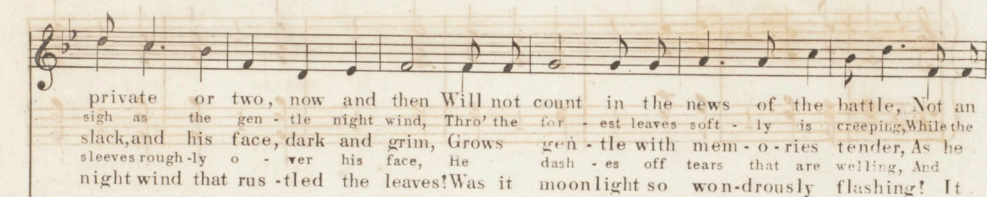


to - mac," they say, Ex - cept now and then, a stray picket Is shot as he walks on his
to - mac, to - night, Where the sol - diers lie peaceful - ly dreaming, Their tents in the rays of the
lone sentry's tread, As he tramps from the rock to the fountain, And thinks of the two in the
brightly as then, That night when the love yet un - spoken, Leap'd up to his lips, when
blas - ted pine tree, His foot - step is lagging and weary, Yet on - ward he goes thro' the
to - mac to - night, No sound, - save the rush of the river. While soft - falls the dew on the

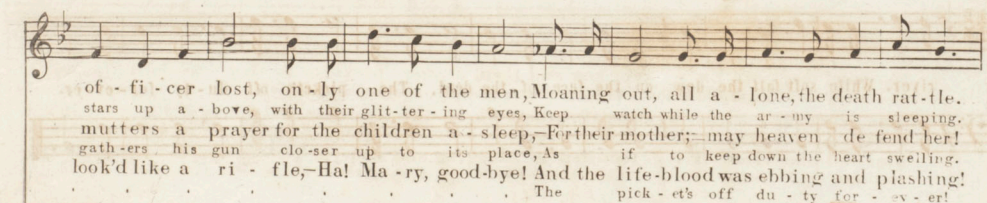




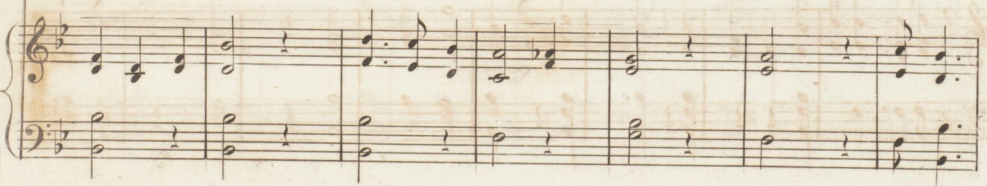
beat to and fro, By a ri - fle - man hid in the thicket. 'Tis nothing, — a
cold, autumn moon, Or the light of the watchfires are gleaming; A trem - u - lous
low trundle bed, Far a - way in his cot on the mountain. His mus - ket falls,
low murmured vows, Were ex - changed to be ev - er un - bro - ken. Then draw - ing his
broad belt of light, To the shade of the for - est so dreary. Hark! was it the
face of the dead.



private or two, now and then Will not count in the news of the battle, Not an
sigh as the gen - tle night wind, Thro' the for - est leaves soft - ly is creeping, While the
slack, and his face, dark and grim, Grows gen - tle with mem - o - ries tender, As he
sleeves rough - ly o - ver his face, He dash - es off tears that are welling, And
night wind that rus - tled the leaves! Was it moonlight so won - drously flashing! It

of - fi - cer lost, on - ly one of the men, Moaning out, all a - lone, the death rat - tle.
stars up a - bove, with their glit - ter - ing eyes, Keep watch while the ar - my is sleeping.
mutters a prayer for the children a - sleep, For their mother; may heaven de fend her!
gath - ers his gun clo - ser up to its place, As if to keep down the heart swelling.
look'd like a ri - fle, Ha! Ma - ry, good - bye! And the life - blood was ebbing and plashing!
The pick - ets off du - ty for - ev - er!



CHORUS.

5

TREBLE

1. 'Tis nothing, a pri - vate or two, now and then, Will not count in the news of the

ALTO.

2. 3. 4. All qui-et, all qui-et, all si-lent to - night, Where the sol-diers are peaceful-ly

TENOR.

No chorus to the 5. verse.

BASS.

6. All quiet a - long the Po - to - mac to - night, No sound, save the rush of the

rall.

battle Not an of - fi - cer lost, on - ly one of the men. Moaning out, all a - lone, the death rattle.

dreaming. And their tents in the ray of the clear autumn moon, Or the light of the watchfires are gleaming.

river. While soft fall the dew on the face of the dead. The pickets off du - ty for - ev - er.