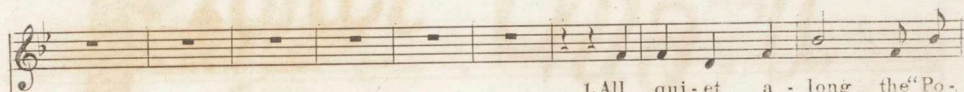
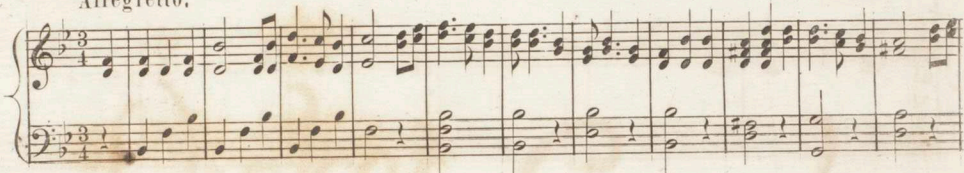


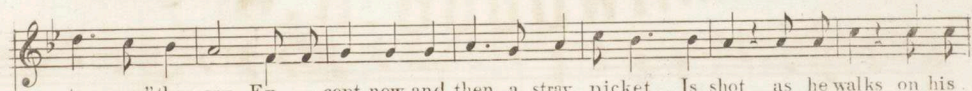
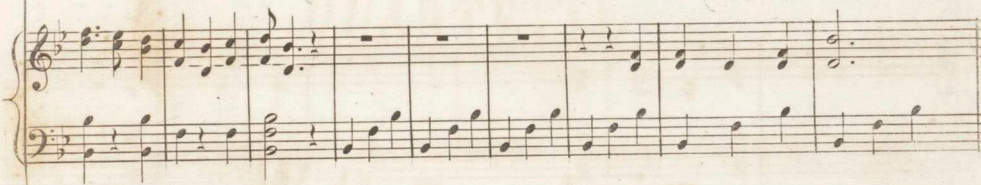
# THE PICKET GUARD.

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

