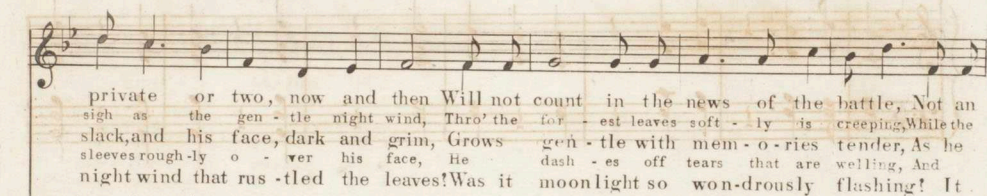

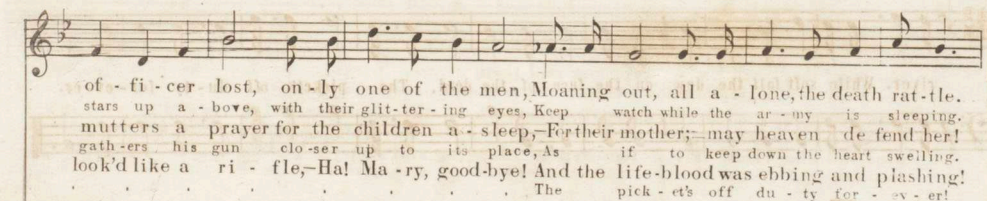


beat to and fro, By a ri - fle - man hid in the thicket. 'Tis nothing, — a
cold, autumn moon, Or the light of the watchfires are gleaming; A trem - u - lous
low trundle bed, Far a - way in his cot on the mountain. His mus - ket falls,
low murmured vows, Were ex - changed to be ev - er un - bro - ken. 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 - bore, with their glit - ter - ing eyes, Keep watch while the ar - my is sleeping.
mutter 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!

