

# 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 picket's off du - ty for - ev - er.