

ritard.

hap - py and calm, and bright. Gath - er - ing round our
shel - ter them from the storm. Rest - ing on gras - sy
fath - ers be - fore them bore. Though the great tear - drops
sis - ters must pray at home. Oh! the dread field of

fire - side, Tho' it be sum - mer time, We sit and talk of
couch - es, Pil - low'd on hillocks damp; Of martial fare, how
start - ed, This was our part - ing trust: "God bless you boys! we'll
bat - tle! Soon to be strewn with graves! If brothers fall, then

ritard.

brothers abroad, For - get - ting the mid - night chime.
lit - tle we know, Till brothers are in the camp.
welcome you home, When reb - els are in the dust,"
bury them where Our ban - ner in tri - umph waves.

ritard.