

To Will S. Hays.

Author of Evangeline

THE

DYING SOLDIER

OR

Mother come & see me ere I die

Restlessly his blue eye wandered
Over each one standing by,
But he sadly murmured, "Mother,
Come and see me ere I die!"
Oh, mother, come, for I am dying,
And my head throbs so with pain!
Come and bring sweet sister with you,
She will make me well again.

Composed by

GEO. A. RUSSELL.

Author of COMRADES I AM DYING & C.

PIANO.



GUITAR.

ROCHESTER

Published by JOS. P. SHAW *110 State St.*

New York.
W. A. FOND & CO.

Philad.
LEE & WALKER.

Chicago.
ROD & CADDY.

Entered according to Act of Congress 1864 by Jos. P. Shaw in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the N. W. Dist. of N. Y.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

OR

MOTHER COME AND SEE ME ERE I DIE.

COMPOSED BY GEO: A. RUSSELL.

Tenderly.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff in each system is a vocal line, which is mostly empty, indicating that the lyrics are to be sung over the accompaniment. The middle and bottom staves are for piano accompaniment. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a piano introduction. The second system continues the accompaniment. The music is characterized by a gentle, flowing melody in the piano parts, with a steady bass line.

He was young, for years scarce twenty, O'er his sun - ny head had
 Rest - less - ly his blue eye wandered O - ver each one stan - ding
 There they smooth'd the sun - ny ringlets, Off the brow so soft and

flown, Yet, a - way from home and loved ones, He was
 by, But he sad - ly mur - mured, "moth - er, Come and
 fair; Pressed the lids down o'er the blue orbs, And then

dy - ing all a - lone, Strangers smoothed his dy - ing
 see me ere I die! Oh! moth - er come I'm
 left him sleep - ing there, Where the south - ern balm - - y

pil - low, Wiped the death - damp from his brow, But a
 dy - ing, And my head throbs so with pain! Come and
 bees - es, With the gen - tle flower - ets toy: When the

gen - tle moth - ers memory Lingered round the sol - dier now.
 bring sweet sis - ter with you, She will make me well a - gain.
 stars look down at midnight - Angels guard the sol - dier boy.