

Title:	Pickett guard
Name(s):	Coyle, H. Winner, Sep.
Resource Type:	notated music
Note(s):	Music associated with the Union side
Subject(s):	United States--History--Songs and music Patriotic music--United States Songs with piano United States. Army. Pennsylvania Infantry Regiment, 49th (1861-1865)--Songs and music Potomac River Valley--History, Military--Songs and music Green, B. M. (Benson M.)--Songs and music
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24429

No. 462
Deposited Sept. 26th. 1863
Lee & Walker
Proprietors.

THE

PICKET GUARD

MUSIC BY

H. COYLE

& RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

B. M. Greene

AND HIS COMRADES
OF THE 49TH REGIMENT. P.V.

Piano  *Guitar* 

Philadelphia LEE & WALKER 722 Chestnut St.

M 1640
.C



"THE PICKET GUARD!"

SONG.

BY H. COYLE.

Arr: for Guitar

By Sep. Winner.



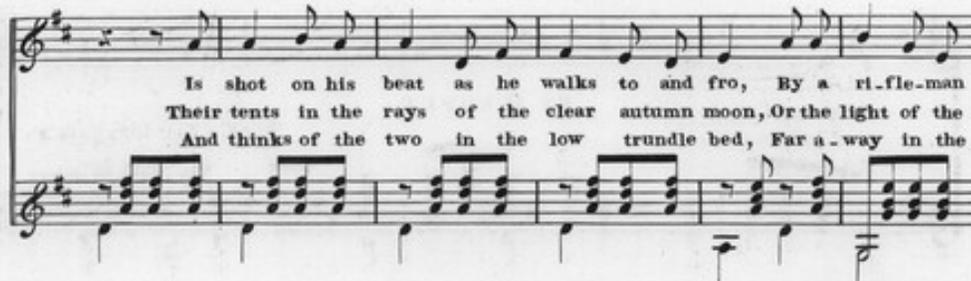
GUITAR

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

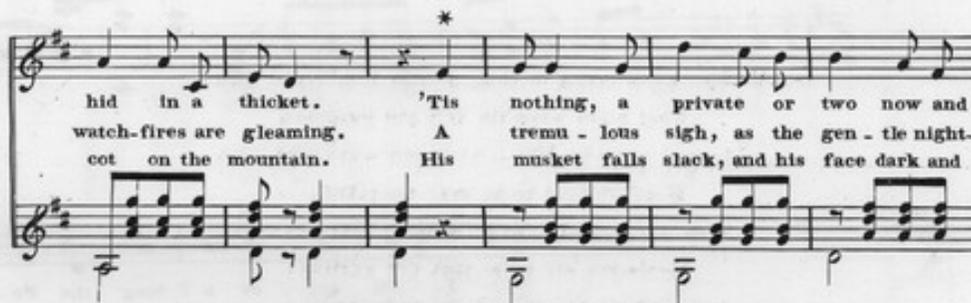
- to - mac they say, Ex - - cept now and then a stray Picket;
 - to mac to - night, Where the sol - diers lay peace - ful - ly dreaming,
 lone sen - try's tread, As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,

8905. 3.

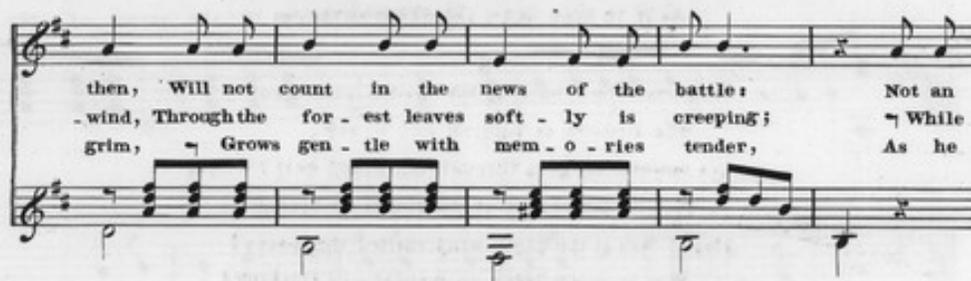
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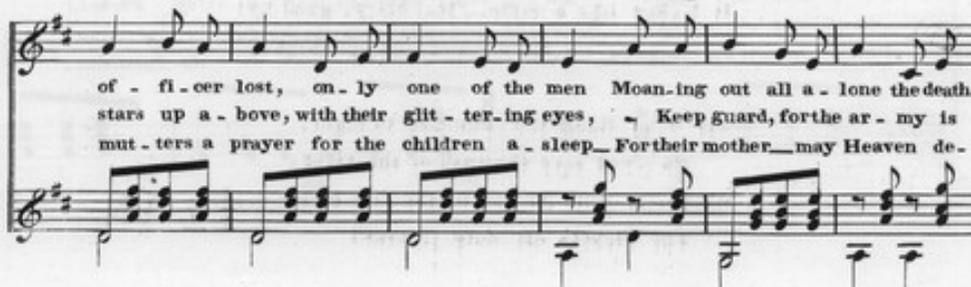
Is shot on his beat as he walks to and fro, By a ri- fle-man
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon, Or the light of the
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed, Far a- way in the



hid in a thicket. * 'Tis nothing, a private or two now and
watch-fires are gleaming. A tremu- lous sigh, as the gen- tle night-
cot on the mountain. His musket falls slack, and his face dark and



then, Will not count in the news of the battle: Not an
-wind, Through the for- est leaves soft- ly is creeping; While
grim, Grows gen- tle with mem- o- ries tender, As he



of- fi- cer lost, on- ly one of the men Moan- ing out all a- lone the death-
stars up a- bove, with their glit- ter- ing eyes, Keep guard, for the ar- my is
mut- ters a prayer for the children a- sleep_ For their mother_ may Heaven de-

- rat-tle.....
 sleeping.....
 - fend her!.....

For last four lines go to *.

4

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
 That night when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips — when low murmured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
 And gathers his gun closer to its place,
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

5

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
 The footstep is lagging and weary;
 Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
 Hark! was it the night-wind rustled the leaves?
 Was it moon-light so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle — Ha! Mary, good-by!
 And the life-blood ibbing and ,plashing.

6

All quiet along the Potomac to night,
 No sound save the rush of the river;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
 The Picket's off duty forever!