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Name(s):	Coyle, H.
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THE
PICKET GUARD
 MUSIC BY
H. COYLE
 & RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
B. M. Greene
 AND HIS COMRADES
 OF THE 49TH REGIMENT. P.V.



Philadelphia LEE & WALKER 722 Chestnut St.



M 1640
C

"THE PICKET GUARD."

SONG.

MUSIC BY

H. COYLE.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

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

The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves below.

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

The vocal line continues on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves below.

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Is shot on his beat as he walks to and fro, By a ri - fleman
 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 pri - vate 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 - ories tender, As he

Of - fi - cer lost, on - ly one of the men Moaning 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 chil - dren a - sleep - For their mother - may Heaven de -

- rattle.....
- sleeping.....
- fend her.....

For last four lines go to *.

4

5

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,	He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
That night when the love yet unspoken	The footstep is lagging and weary;
Leaped up to his lips—when low murmured vows	Yet onward he goes thro' the broad belt of light,
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.	Toward the shades of the forest so dreary
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,	Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
He dashes off tears that are welling,	Was it moon-light so wondrously flashing?
And gathers his gun closer to its place,	It looked like a rifle—Ha! MARY, good-by!
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.	And the life-blood is ebbing 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!