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A COLLECTION OF

Songs and Quartette's

BY

J. DAYTON.

Leader of Band 1st Conn. Art'y, and Author of many popular pieces.

N ^o 1	ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.
- 3	OUR COMRADES GRAVE.
- 5	
- 7	
- 9	
- 11	

2 ^½	N ^o 2 THE DYING VOLUNTEER.
3 ^½	- 4
	- 6
	- 8
	- 10
	- 12

May 16. 1863

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May 16. 1863



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ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

Music Composed by

J. DAYTON.

Adagio.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the piano, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It includes a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) and a tempo marking 'Adagio'. The bottom staff is for the voice, also in a treble clef, one sharp key signature, and common time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score is framed by a decorative border.

1. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mae they say, Ex -
 2. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mae to night, Where the
 3. There's on - ly the sound of the lone sen - try's tread, As he
 4. The moon seems to shine just as bright - ly as then, That
 5. He pass - es the foun - tain the blast - ed pine tree, The
 6. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mae they say, No

- cept now and then a stray pick - et, Is shot as he
 sol - diers lie peace - ful - ly dreaming. Their tents in the

tramps from the rock to the foun - tain. And thinks of the
 night..... the love yet un - spo - ken, Leap'd up to his

foot - step is lag - ging and wea - ry, Yet on - ward he
 sound save the rush of the riv - er, While soft falls the

walks on his beat to and fro, By a rifle - - man hid in the
 rays of the clear autumn morn, Or the light of the watch fire are

two in the low trundle bed, Far a - way in the cot on the
 lips when low mur - mured vows, Were pledg'd to be ev - er un-

goes thro' the broad belt of light, Toward the shade of the for - est so
 dew on the face of the dead, The pick - et's off du - ty for

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thick - et, 'Tis noth - ing a pri - vate or two now and
 gleam - ing, A trem - u - lous sigh as the gen - tle night
 moun - tain, His mus - ket falls slack and his face dark and
 bro - - ken, Then draw - ing his sleeve roughly o - ver his
 drea - ry, 'Shark! was it the night wind that rus - tled the
 ev - er,
 then, Wilt not count in the news of the battle; Not an
 wind. Thro the for - est leaves soft - ly is creeping; While
 grim, Glows gen - tle with mem - o ries tender; As he
 eyes. He dash es off tears that are swelling. And
 leaves. Was it moon - light so won - drous - ly flashing; It

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of - fi - eer lost on - ly one of the men, Moaning out all a -
 stars up a - bove with their glit - ter - ing eyes, Keep guard for the
 ut - ters a prayer for the chil - dren a - sleep, For their moth - er may
 gath - ers his gun clos - er up to his side, As if to keep
 looked like a ri - fle Ha! Ma - ry good bye, And the life blood is
 lone the death rat - tle,
 ar - my is sleep - ing.
 hea - ven de - fend - her,
 down the heart swell - ing.
 eb - bing and flow - ing.