Title:	Blue bird is singing on the hill, or The Volunteers grave
Name(s):	Higgins, H. M. Winchell, T. J.
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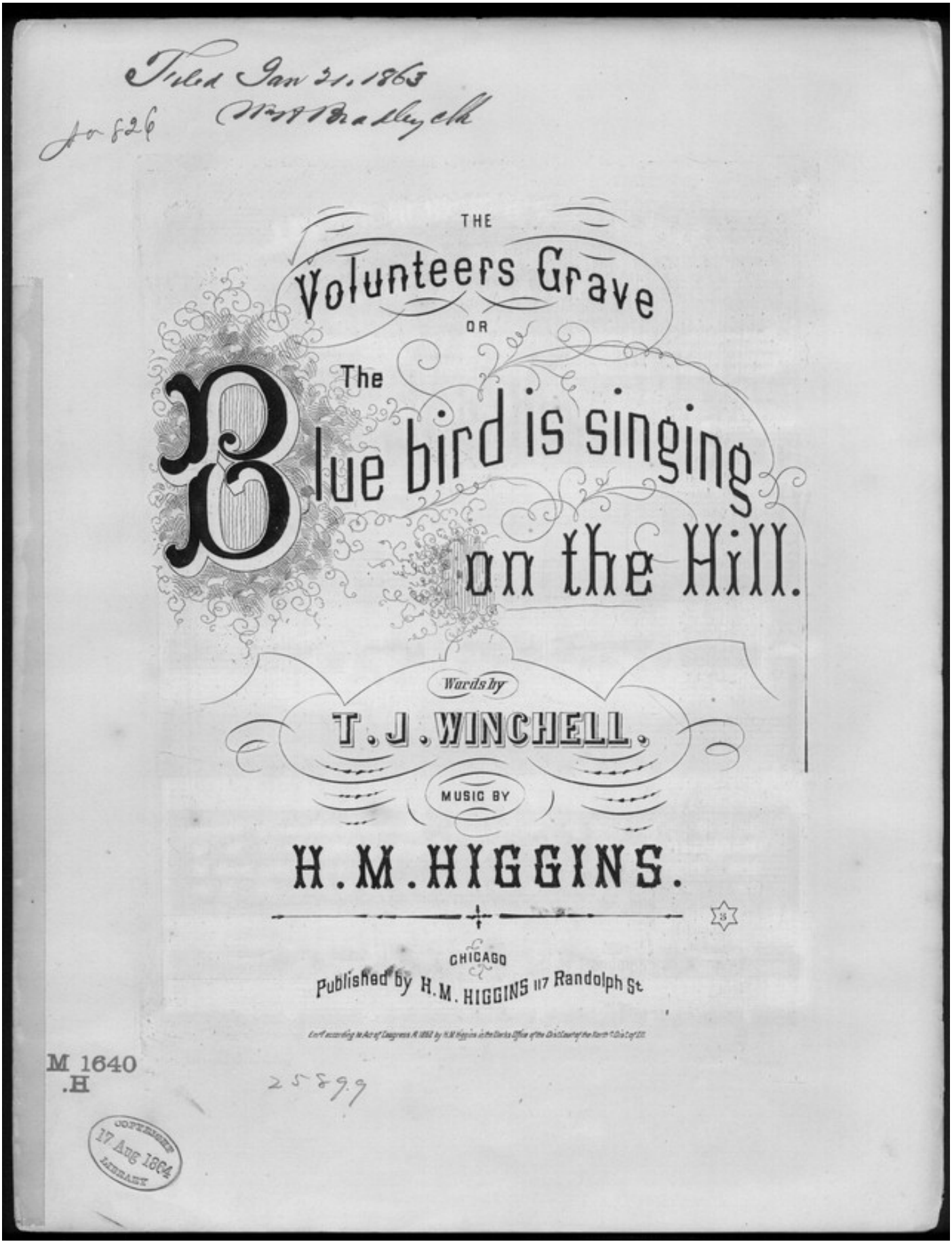

Filed Jan 21, 1863
West Bradley Clk
for 826

THE
Volunteers Grave
OR
The
Blue bird is singing
on the Hill.

Words by
T. J. WINCHELL.

MUSIC BY
H. M. HIGGINS.

CHICAGO
Published by H. M. HIGGINS 117 Randolph St.

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BLUE BIRD IS SINGING ON THE HILL.

or

THE VOLUNTEERS GRAVE.

The following verses were merely a rough sketch or report of a scene witnessed by me on the morning of the 26th of February last (1862) at about sunrise while waiting for the cars at a depot in the southern part of Ohio. I was invited to visit the grave of a volunteer who was wounded in a skirmish, and returned home to die. The scenes were about such as I attempted to describe them, only more so.

Poor as the article may be, I have no time to make the verse worse by altering it.

Respectfully,
T. J. WINCHELL.

Words by T. J. WINCHELL. Music by H. M. HIGGINS.

Andante, sostenuto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p *poco rit.*

1. The sun - rise is light - ing up the sha - dows,..... The warm earth the ear - ly blossoms
2. The Partridge in the for - est is a drumming,..... Keeping time with the ev - er bu - sy
3. Oh plant on my grave some little flow - ers,..... These were the dying words of
4. Poor lone one, oh! do not a - larm her,..... As she kneels o'er the bo - som of her

swell; The dew-drops are sparkling in the mea-dows,..... And the
mill; The honey bee is on the wing a humming,..... And the
Will; And come in the ear-ly morning hours,.....When the
Will, Who is sleeping like a Warrior in his ar-mor,.....Where the

blue bird is singing on the hill. The green grass the furrowed field is
blue bird is singing on the hill. There are tear droppins from the wea-ry
blue bird is singing on the hill. O'er the fresh mound a ti-ny flower is
blue bird is singing on the hill. Oh Willie he was gen-tle, brave and

belt-ing, And forth gushes many a sparkling rill;..... For the
heart-ed, That are hastening the eye-lids to fill;..... O'er the
creep-ing, Its frail cup a wid-ow's tears do fill;..... For the
wa-ry, The re-bel foe his bo-dy could but kill;..... More

rit.

Blue bird is singing on the hill.

silv'-ry crusted stream is melting,..... And the blue bird is singing on the hill.
new grave of him from whom she parted, Where the blue bird is singing on the hill.
pale one is often seen a weeping, Where the blue bird is singing on the hill.
blythe is his spirit now, and ai - ry,..... Than the blue bird that's singing on the hill.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

1. The green grass the furrowed field is belt - ing, And

Alto.

2. There are tear droppings from the wea - ry heart - ed, That are

Tenor.

3. O'er the fresh mound a ti - ny flower is creep - ing, Its

Bass.

4. Oh Willie he was gen-tle, brave and wa - ry, The

PIANO.

rall. a tempo.

forth gushes many a sparkling rill;..... For the silvery crusted stream is

rall.

haste-ning the eye - - lids to fill;..... O'er the new grave of him from whom she

frail cup a widow's tears do fill; For the pale one is often seen a

rebel foe his body could but kill; More blythe is his spirit now, and

melting,..... And the blue bird is singing on the hill.

parted,..... Where the blue bird is singing on the hill.

weeping,..... Where the blue bird is singing on the hill.

ai - ry,..... Than the blue bird that's singing on the hill.