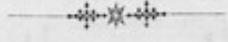


Title:	Corporal's musket
Name(s):	Smith, C. Hatch Heath, Wm. S.
Resource Type:	notated music
Note(s):	Music associated with the Union side
Subject(s):	United States--History--Songs and music Choruses, Secular (Men's voices) with piano War songs--United States Heath, William S., d. 1862--Songs and music Heath, Francis E. (Francis Edward), 1838-1897--Songs and music McClellan, George Brinton, 1826-1885--Songs and music Soldiers--Maine--Songs and music United States--History--Veterans--Songs and music Heath, William S., d. 1862--Portraits Heath, Francis E. (Francis Edward), 1838-1897--Portraits
URL	http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ahas/loc.natlib.ahas.200001984

THE CORPORAL'S MUSKET.



Waterville, Maine. Sept. 1st 1863.

To Maj. Genl. Geo. B. McClellan.
General.

In the mansion house of Asa Redington, Esq, of Waterville, Maine, a Corporal of Washington's Life Guard at Princeton, for near half a century hung an old musket, of which the veteran related the following history: That he bore it at the siege of Yorktown; that when returning north he was sent to the Hospital at West Point, and when discharged from there, too feeble to bear his gun, he hired a fellow soldier to help him carry it to Wilton, N. H., and agreed to pay him therefore a *hard* dollar or the musket; that he worked eight days to earn the dollar to redeem his musket. My husband, Lt. Col. Heath, late of the 5th. Me. Vols, his grandson, used to see the old musket hanging on the wall and listen, when a child, to the story of the veteran. In his diary which has been returned to me from the fatal valley of the Chickahominy, I found the following stanzas in his hand writing, supposed to have been written before Yorktown, which with the accompanying music, is inscribed to you, whom he so much respected, and through you, to the army in which he fell. The brother referred to is Francis E. Heath, then Capt. in the 3d. Maine Vols, now Lt. Col. of the 19th. Maine Vols.

Yours Respectfully

Marie Heath

WORDS BY COL. WM. S. HEATH.

MUSIC BY C. HATCH SMITH.

Allegretto vivace.

45-29



Handwritten numbers and scribbles at the bottom of the page, including '1863' and '1864'.

1. Take down the Corporal's mus - ket, my grand-sire bro't it back From
 2. The rust has slow - ly set - tled, in the years that since have flown Up -

York - town, in the winter, on a long and wea - ry track; Tho'the
 on the good old bar - rel, that once like sil - ver shone; It

biv - ouac was o - ver, and the march and fight were done, Thro'the
 has a quaint and war worn look, the fash - ion of the stock, Per -

mire and snow he bore it, for the soldier lov'd his gun, And he
 - haps, is on - ly equal - led by the fash - ion of the lock; But

4

hung it by his fire - side 'mid the branching pines of Maine, Take
 slumb'ring sparks of seven - ty six, with - in the flint re - main, Take

down the Cor-po-ral's mus - ket, we need it once a - gain.
 down the Cor-po-ral's mus - ket, we need it once a - gain.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

III

The veteran who bore it, with the soldiers measured tread,
 Awaiting the great reveille, is mustered with the dead;
 But above the din of battle, upon this field of yore
 His voice in martial cadence, calls to arms! to arms once more.
 And in this dread and fearful strife, that call is not in vain,
 Take down the Corporal's musket, we need it once again.

IV

To thee and me, my brother, comes down the soldier's gun,
 It tells a tale of mighty deeds, by patriot valor done,
 The hurried march, the daring charge, the onset and the strife
 Of clashing steel, of bursting shell, the stake a nation's life;
 Then seize once more that well tried gun, which idle long has lain,
 Quick, seize the Corporal's musket, 'twill help us once again.

CHORUS.

Tenor. Take down the gun, the good old gun, my grandsire bro't to Maine; Take

Alto.

Treble. Take down the gun, the good old gun, my grandsire bro't to Maine; Take

Bass.

PIANO.

down the Cor-po-ral's mus-ket, 'twill help us once a - - gain.

down the Cor-po-ral's mus-ket, 'twill help us once a - - gain.