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BILL AND I.

PICKET SONG,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

FRANK WARDLAW.

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M 1640
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"BILL AND I."

Words and Music
by
FRANK WARDLAW.

MODERATO.

The

moon had just gone down, sir, But the stars lit up the sky; All was

still in tent and town, sir, Not a Re - bel could we spy! It was

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our turn at pick-et, So we march'd in-to the thick-et, To the
mu - sic of the erick-et,..... chirp - - ing nigh,
chirp - - ing nigh, chirp - - ing nigh,
chirp - - ing nigh.

Rit. *pp* *Dim.* *pp* *Ten.* *ped.*

End of Clayton's.

II.

O we kept a sharp look out, sir,
 On Munson frownin' nigh,
 But no Rebel bein' about, sir,
 We sat down there by and by;
 And we watched the brook a brawlin'.
 And counted stars a' fallin',
 Old memories overhaulin',
 Bill and I.

III.

And says he, "Won't it be glorious
 When we fling our muskets by,
 And home again victorious,
 We hear our sweethearts cry
 Welcome back"—A step! Who goes there?
 A shot! By Heaven, the foe's there!
 Bill sat there all composure,
 But not I.

IV.

By the red light of his gun, sir,
 I marked the Rebel spy,
 In an instant it was done, sir,
 I had fired and heard a cry.
 I sprang across the stream, sir,
 O it seems just like a dream, sir,
 The dizzy, dying gleam, sir,
 Of that eye.

V.

A youth—a very boy, sir,
 I saw before me lie;
 Some pretty schoolgirl's toy, sir,
 Had ventured there to die.
 We had hated one another,
 Yet I heard him murmur "Mother,"
 So I stooped and called him "Brother"—
 No reply.

VI.

I crossed the stream once more, sir,
 To see why Bill warn't by—
 He was leanin' as before, sir,
 But a film was o'er his eye.
 I scarce knew what it meant, sir,
 Till a wail broke from our tent, sir,
 As into camp we went, sir,
 Bill and I.

SCANNING TARGET

Civil War Sheet Music

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