

<b>Title:</b>	All quiet along the Potomac to-night
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# ALL QUIET

## ALONG THE

# POTOMAC

## TO-NIGHT.

Words by Saml. Fortson  
Music by J. H. Hewitt

BALTIMORE:

G.

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"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT?"

MODERATO.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The first system begins with the tempo marking 'MODERATO.' and the vocal line starts with the word 'All'. The second system contains the lyrics 'qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac to - night,' Ex - cept here and there a stray picket Is'. The third system contains the lyrics 'shot as he walks on his beat to and fro, By a ri - fleman hid in the thicket; 'Tis'. The score concludes with a double bar line.

4

noth-ing a pri-vate or two now and then, Will not count in the news of the bat-tle, Not an  
of-fi-er lost! on-ly one of the men Moaning out all a-lone the death rattle. "All  
qui-et a-long..... the Po-to-mac to-night!"

## 2

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"  
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,  
 And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,  
 And the light of the camp fires are gleaming;  
 There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,  
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
 And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed  
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.

## 3

His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,  
 Grows gentle with memories tender,  
 As he mutters a pray'r for the children asleep,  
 And their mother—"May heaven defend her!"  
 The moon seems to shine as brightly as then—  
 That night, when the love yet unspoken  
 Leap'd up to his lips, and when low murmur'd vows  
 Were pledg'd, to be ever unbroken.

## 4

Then drawing his sleeve roughly o'er his eyes,  
 He dashes off the tears that are welling,  
 And gathers his gun close up to his breast,  
 As if to keep down the heart's swelling;  
 He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,  
 And his footstep is lagging and weary,  
 Yet onward he goes, thro' the broad belt of light,  
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

## 5

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustles the leaves!  
 Was it the moonlight so wond'rously flashing?  
 It look'd like a rifle! "Ha, Mary good bye!"  
 And his life-blood is ebbing and plashing.  
 "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 for ever.

Clayton