

3 - OCT 30
 Copy 1973

Three
 POPULAR SONGS

BY

David A. Warden.

- 1 GENERAL SCOTT AND CORPORAL JOHNSON.
- 2 THE FLAG'S COME BACK TO TENNESSEE.
- 3 THE PICKET'S LAST WATCH.

See F. Swain



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Exp. according to Act of Congress A. D. 1854, by J. E. Gould in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court for En. Dist. of Pa.

THE PICKET'S LAST WATCH.

COMPOSED BY

DAVID A. WARDEN.

Moderato.

With feeling.

1. All quiet a-long the Po-to-mac "they say" "Ex-cept now and then a stray Picket" Is
 Last Ver. All quiet a-long the Po-to-mac to night, No sound save the rush of the ri-ver; While

shot as he walks on his beat to and fro- By a ri-fle-man hid in the thicket, 'Tis
 soft fall the dew on the face of the dead,

Nothing- a private or two, now and then, Will not count in the news of the battle, Not an

Ad lib:

Ent; according to Act of Congress 40 1864, by J. E. Gould in the Clerks Office of the Dist Court for the East 2^d Dist of Pa.

rit. ad lib:

of fi - cer lost - on - ly one of the men, Moaning out all a - lone the death rat - tle.
The Pick - ets off du - ty for ey - er.

rit. ad lib:

2

3

All quiet along the Potomac to night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch fire, are gleaming,
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard for the army is sleeping.

4

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 in the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain
His musket falls slack - his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep -
For their mother - may Heaven defend her!

5

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love, yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips - when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken,
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary!
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves!
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing;
It looks like a rifle - "Ha! Mary, good bye!"
And the life blood is ebbing and plashing.

Scanning Target

Edison Sheet Music

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Title: The picket's last watch

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