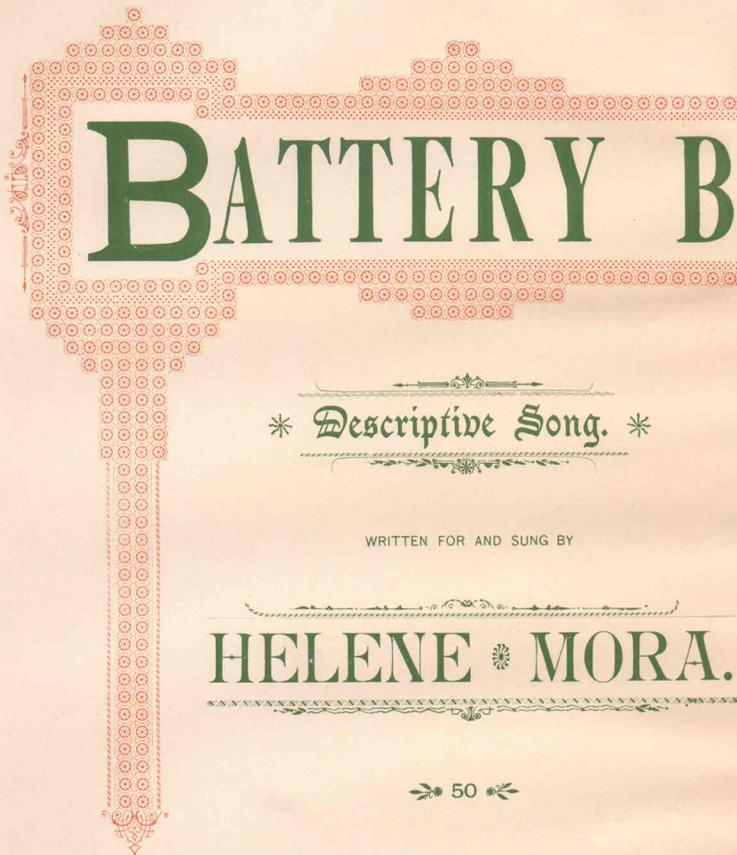


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BATTERY B

* Descriptive Song. *

WRITTEN FOR AND SUNG BY

HELENE MORA.

50

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BATTERY "B."

Words by J.P. HARRINGTON.

Music by ORLANDO POWELL.

Allegretto con moto.

(Bugle Call.)

Allegretto.

Moderato.

1. Tho' now a vet - 'ran old and gray, It glads my heart to tell A
 2. Your name? "My name? I'm Ti - ny Tot, From Bat - 'ry "B!" she said. "My
 3. "Dood bye," she said, with grave sa - lute; Then with three hearty cheers, We

tale of ba - by in - no - cence, 'Mid din of shot and shell. 'Twas
pa - rents? nev - er had none, sir! Ex - cept - ing Un - cle Ned! Ned,
saw her safe - ly thro' our lines, And watch'd her thro' our tears; For the

years a - go, when North and South Met on Co - lum - bia's shore, When
he's the 'gun - ner,' he's gived me A love - ly drum to play! And
rough - est there a - mongst us, Felt his tongue grow parch'd and dry, And,

bro - thers broke all kin - dred ties, And met in civ - il war! A
Ned says, when I grow up big, I'll lead the men some day! But the
well - it was a wind - y day, The dust got in his eye! Next

group of us sat smok-ing In the camp at close of day; And
men's all runn'd their bac-ca out, And don't know what to do; They
day the "work of hell" be-gan, And mis-siles rent the air; Men

where South Moun-tain tower'd a-loft, The foe's en-camp-ment lay; When,
look'd so glum I thought I'd come And beg a bit o' you!?" Aye,
met and fought in dead-ly fray, 'Mid brass and can-non's blare!..... Our

sud-den as a flash, A hit-tle maid dawn'd on our view! Where
aye, my lass, we gruff-ly cried, Tho' scant-y was our store, Then
Colonel rubb'd and rubb'd his glass, And mar-vell'd much to see No

are you from? "From o - ver there! I've come to say 'How do you?'"
 kiss'd the pret - ty ba - by face And brimm'd her a - pron o'er!
 shell nor shot near Ti - ny Tot, Fell in camp Bat - t'ry "B!"

REFRAIN.

'Twas on - ly the voice of a Ti - ny Tot, Stray'd from the camp of the

foe, But back like a dream it took us to The days of

long a-go!..... For the voice of the babe had touch'd the chords, Of

bro-therhood's brok-en ties,..... And ma-ny a rough hand dash'd a-

-way, The tears from a sol-dier's eyes!..... 'Twas eyes!.....

D.S.

(After last verse only.)

f *ff* *ff*

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