SONGS OF THE

12.

HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

1. Cot where we were born.
2. Go call the Doctor, or Anti-Calomel.
3. Excelsior.
4. Cape Ann.
5. Mother's Bible.
6. Soldier's Funeral.
7. Vesper Song at Sea.
8. Vulture of the Alps.
9. Axes to grind.
10. We're a cutting.
11. We are happy and free.
12. Vell.

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THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL

as Sung at the Concerts of the

Hutchinson Family,

Arranged as a

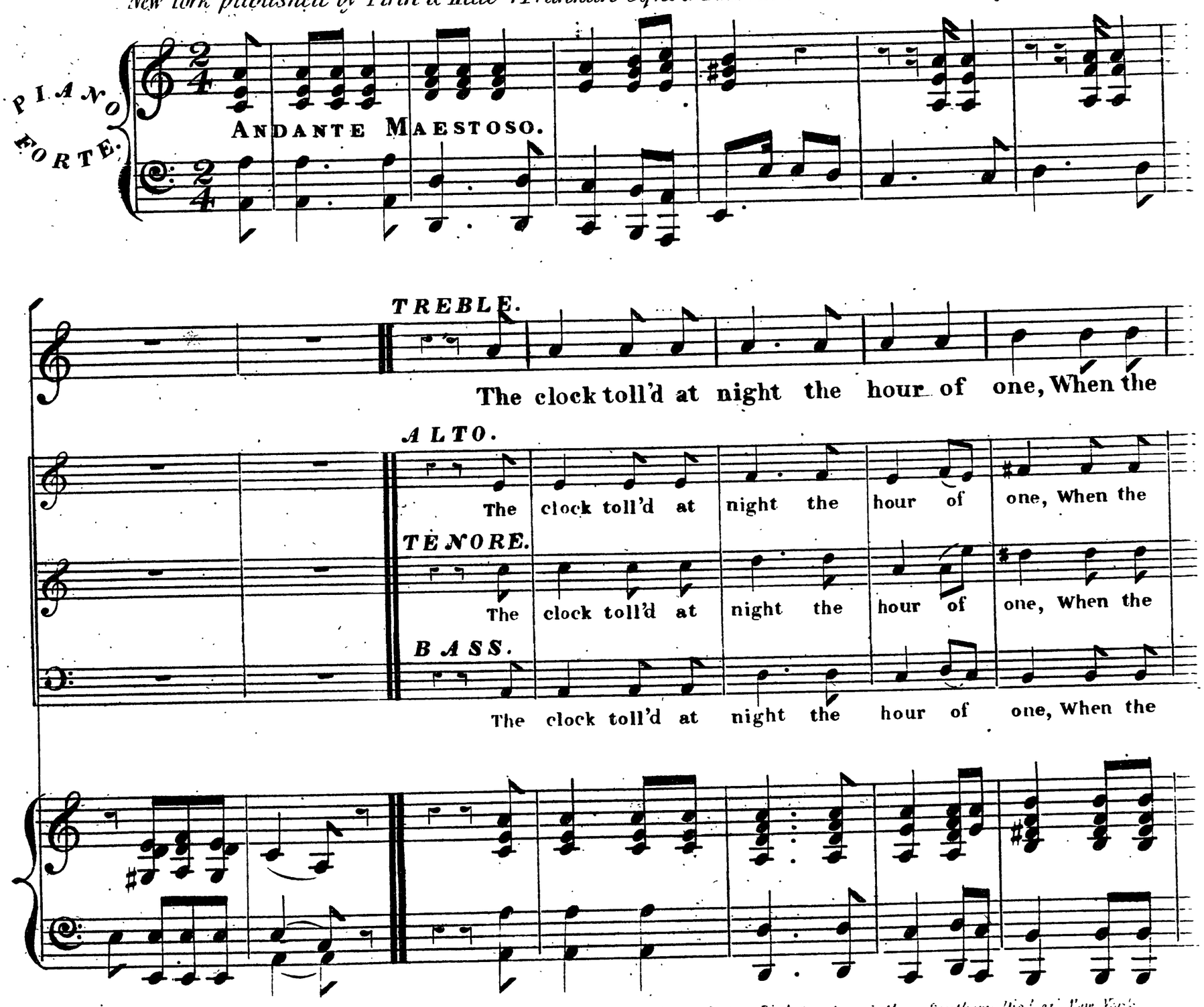
SONG OR QUARTETT

BY

C. W. BEAMES.

Melody by L. Heath. *Harmonized by C. W. Beames*

New York published by Firth & Hall 1 Franklin Sq. & J. L. Hewitt & Co. 239 Broadway.



Entered according to Act of Congress AD. 1844 by Firth & Hall in the Clerks Office of the Dist. Court of the Southern Dist. of New York.

muffled drum was rolling; And the castle bell sent from its towr of stone The

muffled drum was rolling; And the castle bell sent from its tow'r of stone The

muffled drum was rolling; And the castle bell sent from its tow'r of stone The

muffled drum was rolling; And the castle bell sent from its tow'r of stone The

sound of its hea - vy toll - ing. Many a soldier was marching

sound of its hea - vy toll - ing. Many a sol-dier was marching

sound of its hea - - vy toll - ing. Many a sol-dier was marching

sound of its hea - - vy toll - ing. Many a sol-dier was marching

there With - mus - ket and banner trailing And the mu - sic play'd the

there With mus - ket and banner trailing And the mu - sic play'd the

there With mus - ket and banner trailing And the mu - sic play'd the

there With mus - ket and banner trailing And the mu - sic play'd the

fune - ral air That mingles with grief and wail - - - ing And the music

fune - - ral air That min-gles with grief and wail - - - -ing And the music

fune - - ral air That min-gles with grief and wail - - - - ing And the music

fune - - ral air That min-gles with grief and wail - - - - ing And the music

play'd the fune - ral air, That mingles with grief and wail - ing.

play'd the fune - - ral air, That mingles with grief and wail - - ing.

play'd the fune - - ral air, That mingles with grief and wail - - ing.

play'd the fune - - ral air, That mingles with grief and wail - - ing.

They bore him a-

They bore him a-

They bore him a-

They bore him a-

-long in his coffin, proud As when he rode in his glory; And many a

long in his coffin, proud As when he rode in his glory; And many a

long in his coffin, proud As when he rode in his glory; And many a

long in his coffin, proud As when he rode in his glory; And many a

sigh on his sa-ble shroud, Told his high and mar-tial sto-ry. They march'd to the

sigh on his sa-ble shroud, Told his high and mar-tial sto-ry. They march'd to the

sigh on his sa-ble shroud, Told his high and mar-tial sto-ry. They march'd to the

sigh on his sa-ble shroud, Told his high and mar-tial sto-ry. They march'd to the

beat of the hol - low drum, With slow and measurd sadness, And there

beat of the hol low drum, With slow and measur'd sadness, And there

beat of the hol low drum, With slow and measur'd sadness, And there

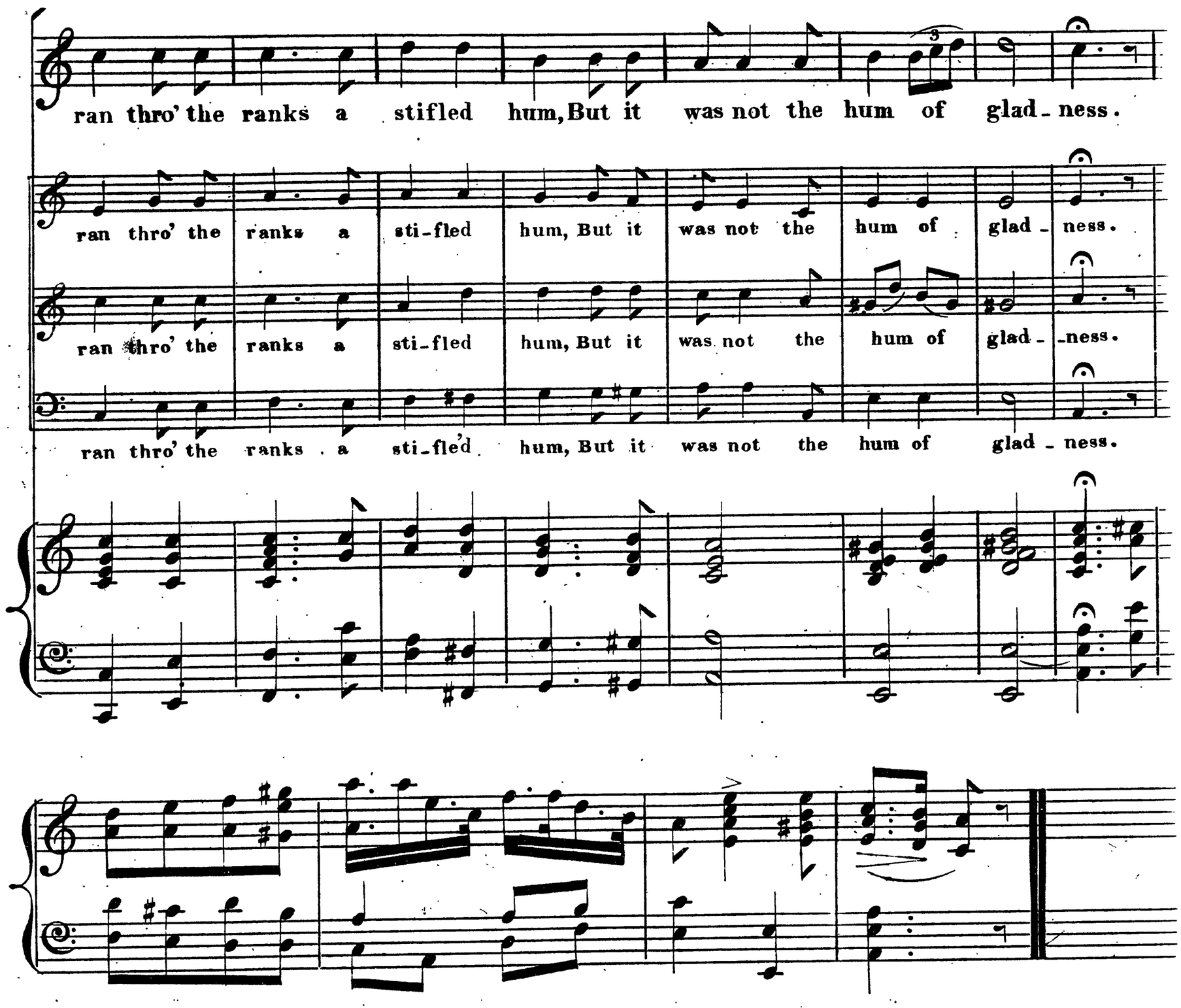
beat of the hol low drum, With slow and measur'd sadness, And there

ran thro' the ranks a sti - fled hum, But it was not the hum of gladness. And there

ran thro the ranks a sti fled hum, But it was not the hum of gladness. And there

ran thro the ranks a sti fled hum, But it was not the hum of gladness. And there

ran thro the ranks a sti fled hum, But it was not the hum of gladness. And there



3

They bore him along to the battle ground,
Where his life for his home was given;
Then they stood in solemn stillness round,
And consign'd his soul to heaven.
They fired o'er his grave the farewell shot,
And the cannon answer'd louder:
Then they thought of the battle when wild and hot,
And their hearts felt sterner and prouder.

4

With quicker step and lighter breath,
And banner spread and flying;
They had marched that day to the field of death,
And their thoughts were on ought but dying.
Slowly now to his honered grave,
Where he fell with a patriots bravery,
They bore the youth who had died to save
His country and home from slavery.