

TO
MISS MARY DAVIS

Of Augusta, Ga.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

MUSIC

Composed for the Piano by

JOHN H. HEWITT.

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BY

J. C. SCHREINER & SON,

AND

SCHREINER & HEWITT, AUGUSTA, GA.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Music by J. H. HEWITT.

Andantino con Espressione.

PIANO

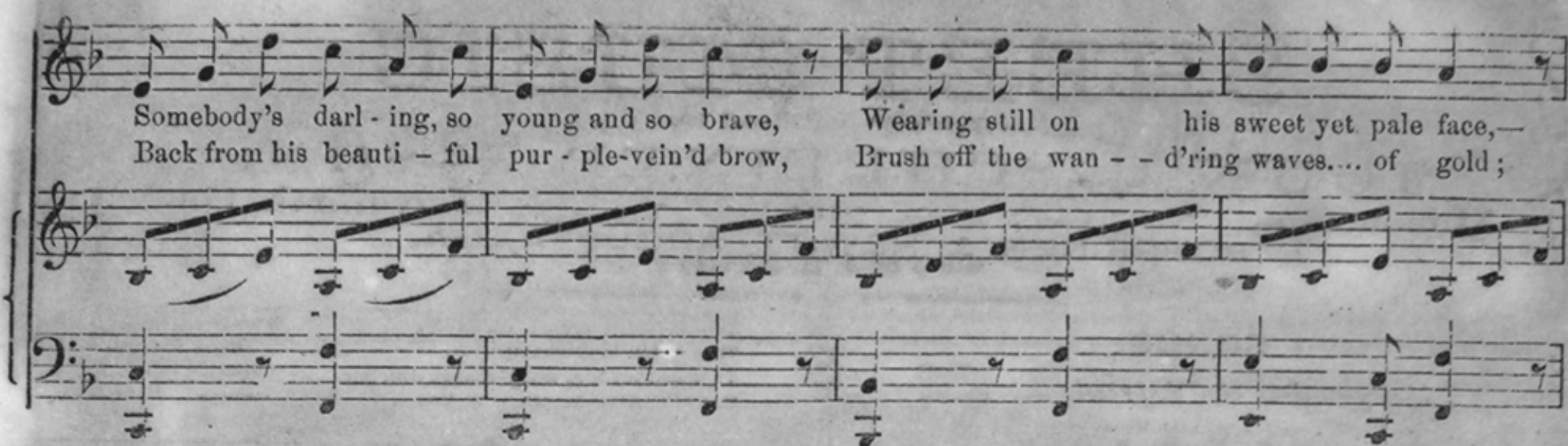
V. 1.—In - to the ward of the clean whitewash'd hall, Where the dead slept and the dy - ing lay;
2.—Mat - ted and damp are his tres - ses of gold, Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;

p

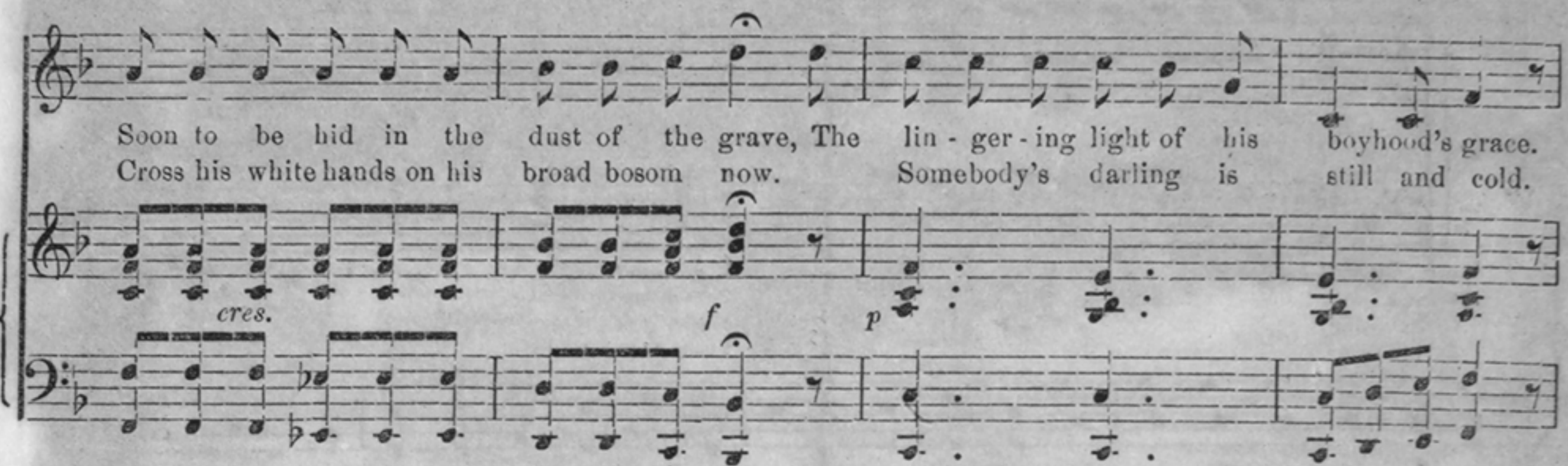
Wounded by bay - o - nets, sabres and balls, Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Pale are the lips of most del - i - cate mould, Somebody's darling is dy - ing now.

mf

dim.



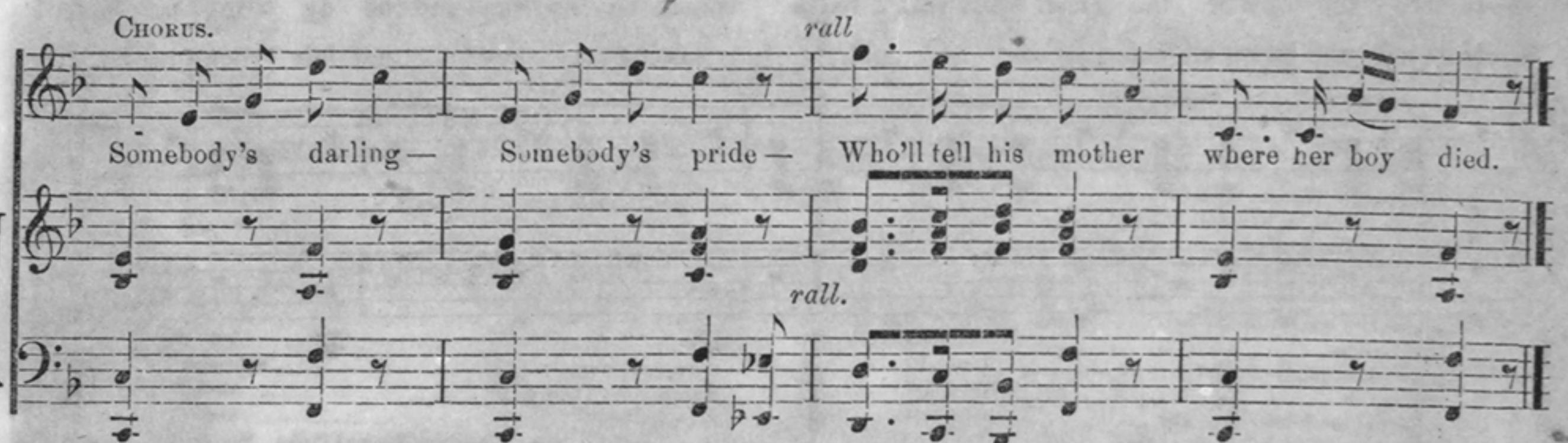
Somebody's darl - ing, so young and so brave, Wearing still on his sweet yet pale face,—
Back from his beauti - ful pur - ple-vein'd brow, Brush off the wan - - d'ring waves... of gold;



Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave, The lin - ger - ing light of his boyhood's grace.
Cross his white hands on his broad bosom now. Somebody's darling is still and cold.

cres. *f* *p*

CHORUS. *rall*



Somebody's darling— Somebody's pride— Who'll tell his mother where her boy died.

rall.



f

3.— Give him a kiss, but for Somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer for him, soft and low;
One little curl from its golden mates take,
Somebody's pride they were once, you know;
Somebody's warm hand has oft rested there,
Was it a mother's, so soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister, so fair,
Ever been bath'd in their waves of light?
Somebody's darling, &c.

4.— Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her breast;
Yet, there he lies with his blue eyes so dim,
And purple, child-like lips half a-part.
Tenderly bury the fair unknown dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab over his head,
Somebody's darling is slumbering here.
Somebody's darling, &c.