

# Brother and the Fallen Dragoon

Words by  
Charles Dawson Shanly

In this fearful struggle between North and South  
there are hundreds of cases in which fathers are  
arrayed against sons, and brothers against brothers.

Music by  
Joseph P. Webster

*Allegretto mosso*

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-5. The piece is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern.

Musical notation for the second system, measures 6-9. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody is mostly rests, with a single note in measure 9. The word "Now" is written below the melody in measure 9. The accompaniment continues with eighth notes.

Musical notation for the third system, measures 10-13. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody includes the lyrics: "Ri - fle - man, shoot me a rare fan - cy shot And straight at the heart of that". The accompaniment features chords labeled E, A, B, E, E, A. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes.

13

prowl - ing vi - dette; Ring me a ball in that glit - ter - ing spot That so

E B E A B7 E

16

shines on his breast like a bright am - u - let!" "Ah, Cap - tain! here goes like a

A E B7 E C#m

19

fine - ly drawn bead, There's mu - sic a - round when my bar - rel's in tune!" Then

G# C#m F#7/A# B F#7 B B7

22

crack went the ri - fle the mes - sen - ger sped, And dead from his horse fell the

E A E B E A

25

rang - ing dra - goon.

B *ad lib.* E

30

Now Ri - fle - man, steal thru the bush - es and snatch From your vic - tim some trin - ket to

E B E E A

34

hand - sel first blood, A but - ton, a loop, or that lu - mi - nous patch, That

34

E B7 E B7 E

37

gleams in the moon like a bril - liant dia - mond stud.

37

A E B7 E *pp*

40

40

(8va)

44

Oh! Cap-tain! I

49

stag-gered and sunk on my track, When I gazed on the face of the fall-en vi-

55

dette, For he looked so like you as he lay on his back, That my heart\_ rose up-

61

- on me and mas - ters me yet. But I snatched off the trin-ket, this

61

Em B7 Em G D

67

lock-et of gold, An inch from the cen-ter— my lead broke its way, Scarce graz - ing the

67

D G G G G D7/F# A/E D G

74

pic-ture, so fair to be-hold, Of a beau - ti - ful la - dy in brid - al ar - ray. Of a

74

G G D G C D7 G

81

beau - ti - ful la - dy in brid - al ar - ray.

*mf* Bugle Call

86

Ha!

*p* *pp*

89

Ri - fle - man, fling me the lock - et! 'tis she, My broth - er's young bride, and the

E A B E E A

92

fall - en dra-oon Was her hus-band! hush! sol-dier, 'twas heav - en's de-cree; We must

92

E B7 E A E A

95

bur-y him there, by the light of the moon!

Bugle Call

f

95

E B B7 E

99

But, hark! the far bu-gles their

99

*ff* *p* *pp* C#m



102

warn - ings u - nite; War is a vir - tue, and weak - ness a sin; There's a

102

G# C#m F#7/A# B F#7 B B7

105

lurk - ing and lop - ing a - round us to - night; Load a - gain, Ri - fle - man;

105

E A B E E A

108

keep your hand in!

108

B B7 E E E/G# B7 E E