

To the Ladies of Savannah, Georgia.

THE

Soldier's Grave.

As Sung, with Unbounded Applause, by

Miss Laura, of the "Queen Sisters!"

Music Adapted by

HERMANN L. SCHREINER.

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THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Words by D. OTTOLENGUI.

Arranged by H. L. SCHREINER.

Andante con Espressione.

PIANO. *pp*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante con Espressione'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is marked 'pp' (pianissimo). The piano introduction concludes with a key signature change to D-flat major (two flats) and a dynamic shift to 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The vocal melody then enters, marked 'p' (piano). The lyrics are: 'Oh! stranger, tread lightly, 't is ho - ly ground here, In death's cold embrace the soldier sleepeth here. On the red field of battle my brave comrade died, And his'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal lines, providing a steady harmonic foundation.

Oh! stranger, tread lightly, 't is ho - ly ground here, In death's cold embrace the

soldier sleepeth here. On the red field of battle my brave comrade died, And his

Entered according to Law, in the Office of the Clerk of the Confederate Court for the Southern District of Georgia.

ralento. *a tempo.*

last smile I caught as I knelt by his side. Yes, his lips wore a smile, and he

fear'd not to die, And his ear caught the shout as it rose to the sky — "The

vict'ry is ours!" his com - rade cried, "Thank God!" said the sol - dier, as

smil - ing he died.

p *p* *mf* *p*

2d VER.

With hearts full of grief we stood round his bier,
 And each soldier's eye was moist with a tear;
 And with sad, solemn step we marched to his grave,
 And o'er our brave brother our flag we did wave.
 Yes, slowly and sadly, we waved a farewell,
 Tho' his spirit already in heavenly realms did dwell;
 But his body we tearfully lowered 'neath there,
 And the heart of the soldier did send forth a prayer.

3d VER.

May God help his mother the sad blow to bear,
 May God help the widow of him who lies 'neath here;
 May He guard the orphans whose little hearts grieve,
 That thus no more a father's fond kiss shall receive.
 Then stranger, tread lightly, 't is holy ground here,
 In death's cold embrace, the soldier sleepeth there;
 'Tis the grave of the hero, 'neath the grass-covered sod,
 His spirit's in Heaven, at home with its God.