

The Officer's Funeral

29

(We Thank Thee, O God, For A Prophet - melody)

Caroline Sheridan Norton

1808-1877

arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

Hark! to the shrill trum-pet call - ing It pierc-eth the soft sum-mer

6
air! Tears from each com - rade are fall - ing, For the wid - ow and or - phan are

10
there! The bay - o - nets earth-ward are turn - ing, And the drums muff-led breath rolls a -

14
round; But he hears not the voice of their mourn-ing, Nor a- wakes to the bu - gle's

18
sound. But he hears not the voice of their mour - ning Nor a- wakes to the bu-gle's sound.

23

Sleep, sol - dier, though man - y re - gret thee, Who stand by thy cold bier to -

27

day. Soon shall the kind - est for - get thee And thy name from the earth pass a -

31

way. The man thou didst love as a broth - er, A friend in thy place we have

35

gained; Thy dog shall keep watch for an oth - er, And thy steed by a stran-ger be

39

reined. Thy dog shall keep watch for an oth - er, And thy steed by a strang-er reined.

44

But though hearts that now mourn_ for thee sad - ly, Soon joy - ous as ev - er shall

48

be. Though thy bright or-phan boy_ may laugh glad - ly. As he sits on some com - rade's kind

52

knee, There is one who shall still pay the du - ty. Of_ tears for the true and the

56

brave, As when first in the bloom of her beau - ty. She_ wept o'er the sol - dier's_

60

grave. As when first in the bloom of her beau - ty She_ wept o'er the sol-dier's grave.