

The Sword Of Bunker Hill

William Ross Wallace,
1819-1881

Bernard Covert, ca.1805
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

He lay up-on his dy-ing bed; His eye was grow-ing

This system contains measures 1 through 5 of the piece. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line. The lyrics are: 'He lay up-on his dy-ing bed; His eye was grow-ing'.

dim, When with a fee - ble voice he called His weep-ing son to

This system contains measures 6 through 9. The melody continues with a descending line. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. The lyrics are: 'dim, When with a fee - ble voice he called His weep-ing son to'.

him; "Weep not my boy." the vet-'ran said, "I bow to Heav-en's high

This system contains measures 10 through 13. The melody has a slight upward inflection. The piano accompaniment continues. The lyrics are: 'him; "Weep not my boy." the vet-'ran said, "I bow to Heav-en's high'.

will, But quick-ly from yon ant-lers bring The sword of Bun-ker

This system contains measures 14 through 17. The melody is more active with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues. The lyrics are: 'will, But quick-ly from yon ant-lers bring The sword of Bun-ker'.

Hill; But quick-ly from yon ant-lers bring The sword of Bun-ker Hill.

This system contains measures 18 through 21, ending the piece. The melody concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment continues. The lyrics are: 'Hill; But quick-ly from yon ant-lers bring The sword of Bun-ker Hill.'

23

The sword was brought, the sol-dier's eye Lit with a sud-den

28

45

"Twas on that dread im-mor-tal day, I dared the Brit-ain's

50

band, A cap-tain raised this blade on me I tore it from his

54

hand: And while the glo - ri - ous bat-tle raged, It light - ened free-dom's

58

will For boy, the God of free-dom bless'd The sword of Bun-ker

62

Hill, For boy, the God of free-dom bless'd The Sword of Bun-ker Hill.

67

"Oh keep the sword!" his ac-cents broke, A smile and he was

72

dead. His wrin-kled hand still grasped the blade Up on that dy - ing

76

bed. The son re-mains, the sword re-mains, It's glo - ry grow-ing

80

still, And man-y mil - lions bless the sire, And sword of Bun-ker

84

Hill; And man-y mil - lions bless the sire And sword of Bun-ker Hill.