

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

Poetry and Music by

The Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

Not too Slow.

PIANO

1st. Ver..... Hark! to the shrill trumpet call - ing, It pierceth the soft summer air!
 2d. Ver..... Sleep Soldier! tho'ma - ny re - gret thee, Who stand by thy cold bier to - day;
 3d..... But tho' hearts that now mourn for thee sad - ly, Soon joyous as ev - er shall be,

Soon,
Tho' thy

Tears from each com - rade are fall - ing, For the wid - ow and or - phan are there!
 soon shall the kind - est for - get thee, And thy name from the earth pass a - way -
 bright or -phan boy may laugh glad - ly - As he sits on some comrade's kind knee.

The
The
There is

bay - a - nets earth-wards are tur - ning, And the drum muf - fled breath rolls a
 man thou didst love as a broth - er, A friend in thy place will have
 ONE who shall still pay thee du - ty, Of tears for the true and the

round, But he hears not the voice of their mourning, Nor a -
 gain'd - Thy Dog shall keep watch for a - no - ther, And thy
 brave, As when first in the bloom of her beau - ty, She....

wakes to the bu - gle's sound..... But he hears not the voice of their mourning, Nor a -
 Steed by a stran - ger be rein'd..... Thy Dog shall keep watch for a - no - ther, And thy
 wept o'er the sol - dier's grave. As when first in the bloom of her beau - ty, She

rall.
 -wakes to the bugle's sound.
 Steed by a stranger rein'd.
 wept o'er the soldier's grave.