

TO GEN. W. L. WHITTAKER.

THE OLD SERGEANT

"A HERO OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN"



A BEAUTIFUL SONG

BY

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AUTHOR OF "DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH" "WE MAY NEVER MEET AGAIN" ETC.

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T · H · E · O · L · D · S · E · R · G · E · A · N · T :

BY WILL. S. HAYS.

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2. "Up - ward and" on - ward the Of - fi - cers

1. Grim visaged war stalk'd thro' val - ley and

shouted, Fel - low'd by men who were wil - ling and brave, Pres - sing the

mountain, Foe face to foe met in bat - tle ar - ray, Hush'd for a

foe who were ut - ter - ly rout - ed, Know - ing our flag must in triumph yet wave.

time was the song of the fountain, Clouds were revealing the bright face of day.

♯ "On, Comrades, on, nev-er shrink from your du-ty, Rai-ly a-gain 'round the

On moved the ar-my 'mid musket-ry's rattle, How the earth trembled as

old tat-ter'd flag, See!" Cried the Ser-geant, "it waves in its beau-ty, Charge

nev-er be-fore, The voi-ces of wounded, that fell in the battle, Died

once a-gain, on that trait-or-ous ser-geant!"

with the echoes, of Cannons loud roar.

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"I'll take the flag, Come, my braves, now Surround it,"
 Loud, deep, and long did the mad Cannon's roar,
 The Sergeant took lead, and they rallied around it,
 Whilst showers of bullets around them did pour.
 On, On moved the braves the Old Sergeant still bearing
 The flag of his Country so tatter'd and worn,
 But he stagger'd and fell; for a ball came unsparing
 Still he held up the flag which was gallantly borne.

The Old Sergeant rais'd from the spot he was lying,
 And shouted "my brave boys, go on in the fight,
 And never mind me, - take the flag - I am dying"
 Then lay down to rest 'neath the cover of night.
 The battle is over and thousands are weeping,
 For those who were killed - Oh! Illustrious Braves!
 Who now in their cold rocky graves, calm are sleeping,
 Whose names are as monuments over their graves.

5th Verse.

The old Sergeant sleeps in his grave on the mountain, 'Tis

pp

Tremolo.

close to the Sum - mit where brave - ly he fell.

Piu mosso.

But he hears not the murm'ring song of the

foun - - tain, That play - - ful - - ly wan - - ders a -

way, Yet sigh - ing, "all is well."

Ah! when the trumpet of time makes the earth tremble And

Tremolo.

all the earth's ar - - my must rise and pre - pare.

The right and wrong 'round the

Ad libitum.
Throne must assem - ble The Gal - iant old Sergeant will surely be there.

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