

G Major. Charles Wolfe, 1817.

William Hauser, except the first part of the air, 1848 (arr. D. L. Hunter).

1. Not a drum beat was heard, not a fu - ne - ral note, As his corse to the ram - part we hur - ried;
 Not a sol - dier dis - charg - ed his last fare-well shot O'er the grave where our he - ro we bur - ied.

2. No use - less cof - fin en - clos - ed his breast, Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a war - ri - or tak - ing his rest With his mar - ti - al cloak a - round him.

We bur - ied him a - lone in the mid - dle of the night, The sods with our bay - o - nets turn - ing,
 Both few and short were the pray - ers that we said; We spoke not a word of sor - row;

By the strug - gl - ing moon - beam's mist - y light And the lan - tern dim - ly burn - ing.
 But we stead - fast - ly gaz'd on the face that was dead, And we bit - ter - ly thought of the mor - row.