

Authorized Edition

Warden's *Magazine*

SONGS, DUETTS & C.

- 0 HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL
- 1 GENERAL SCOTT AND CORPORAL JOHNSON. *Bavard Taylor.* ★ 15
- 2 THE FLAG'S COME BACK TO TENNESSEE
- 3 WE ARE COMING FATHER ABRAHAM
- 4 SONG OF THE OLD CLOCK. *Dickens*
- 5 GENERAL SIEGEL'S CAMP SONG.
- 6 BY THE SAD POTOMAC SHORE.
- 7 MEET ME AT THE THRONE OF GRACE. *Chant for Four Voices*
- 8 SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING. *Duett*
- 9 THE PICKETS LAST WATCH
- 10 O WHAT A WORLD THIS MIGHT BE
- 11 MOTHER IS THE BATTLE OVER?
- 12 MY MOTHER.
- 13 DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME. *Everest, Engr. 6th & Arch*

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BY THE SAD POTOMAC SHORE.

Com. by D. A. Warden.

Andante non troppo.

2. Full de-ter-mined on the cross-ing, And each man his knap-sack toss-ing,

1. Down a-long the sad Po-to-mac, Fearful, tur-bid, grand Po-to-mac,

O'er his shoulder, star-ted for-ward, Towards the dread Po-to-mac shore. Once beyond the

Bold-ly marched the men of bat-tle, While the flaunting flags they bore. Marched they on-ward

mad-den'd ri-ver, Where tall pop-lars bend and quiv-er, And where noth-ing

cheer-ful bound-ing, While the woods their steps re-sound-ing, Hopes of vic-tory-

could de-li-ver, It was something to de-lore. With the frienzied stream be-

glor-ious vic-tory- On the sad Po-to-mac shore, Do you won-der why they

con dolore.

marcato.

recit.

- hind them, And the en - e - my be - fore, This was death And noth - ing more. 3

hoped thus, On the wild Po - to - mac shore! Hoped for vic - tory - Noth - ing more.

con moto.

3

Colonel, o'er that swelling water,
Why thus lead your men to slaughter,
Where the hand of death is waiting
Your stern edict to ignore
Surely the untutored stranger,
Could at once have seen the danger
That awaited your brave army,
On the south Potomac shore.
There was no retreat behind you,
And a strenghten'd foe before,
This was death - which all deplore.

4

But you fought them with your number,
While your braves in death now slumber
Many of them were left lying -
Dying with the arms they bore,
Surely this was sorely trying,
With brave men around you dying,
With no arm to lend you succor,
But to die there in their gore.
Still there fate was yours brave Colonel,
On that wild Potomac shore,
And we prize thee, still the more.

5

Now beside those turbid waters,
Sit there - Fathers - others - Daughters
Watching - waiting for some loved one,
With their hearts bereaved and sore.
Where the waters, foaming - hissing,
Plainly speak your boy is missing,
O! how terrible that word is
To those watchers by the shore.
So they turn their eyes so tearful,
And gaze toward the southern shore,
There is void - and nothing more.

By the sea.

Porter.