

SONG OF THE CAMP.

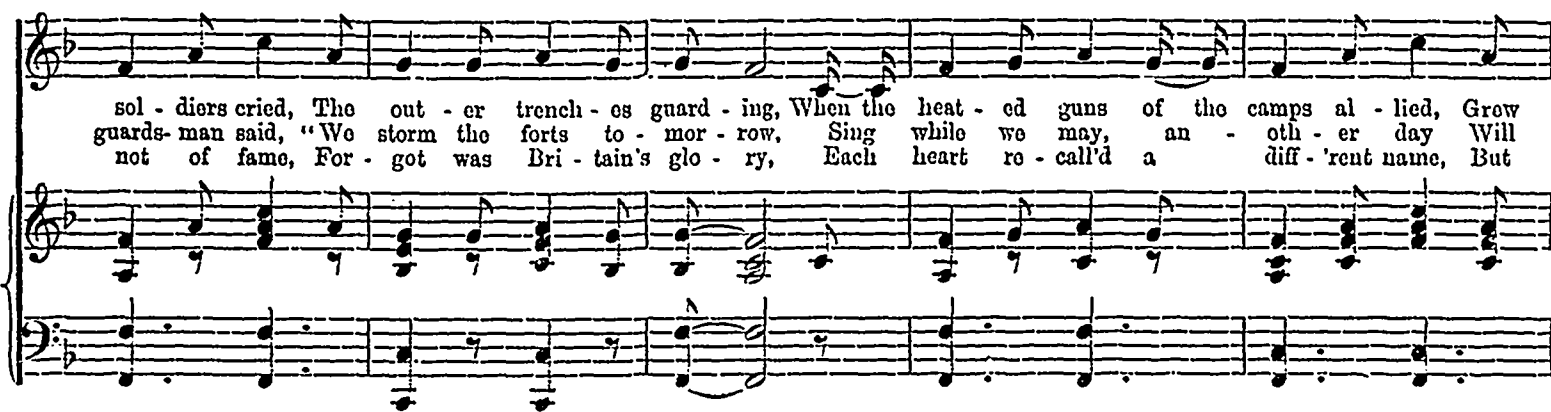
Words by BAYARD TAYLOR.

(An incident of the CRIMEAN WAR.)

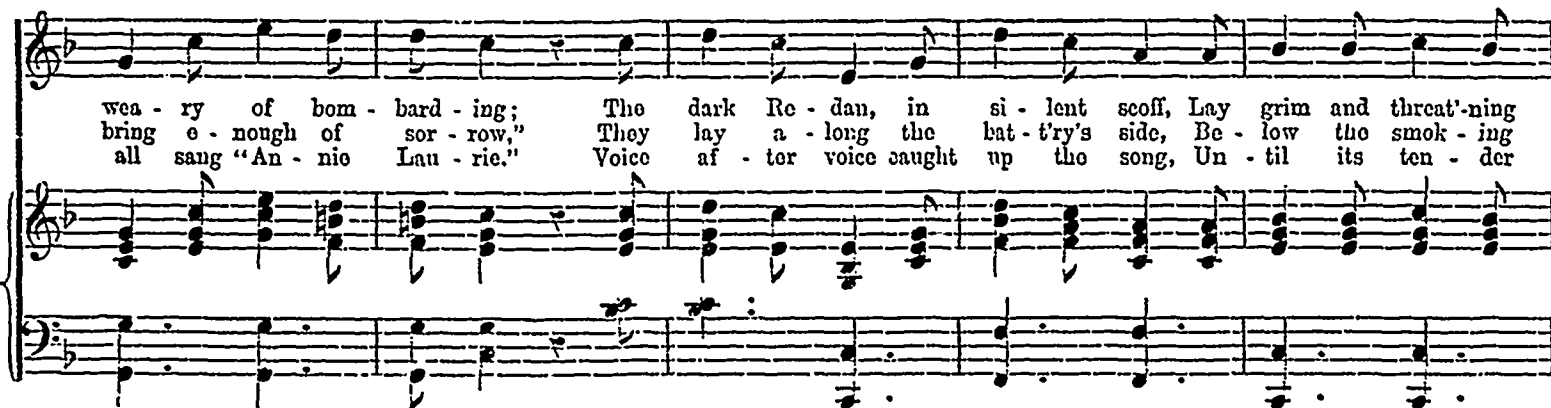
Arr. by HORATIO C. KING.



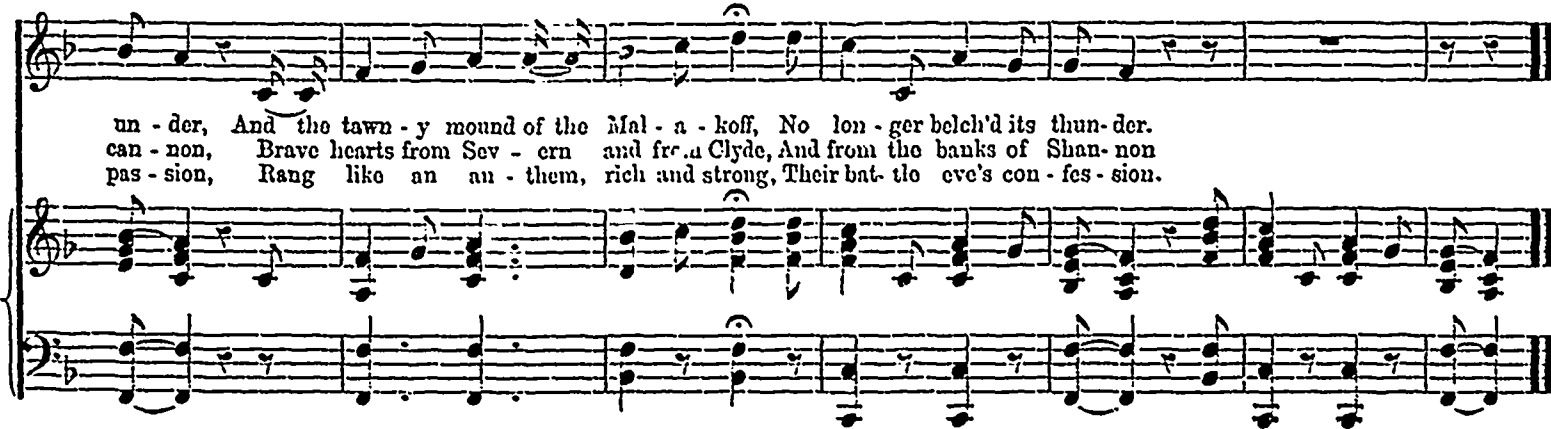
1. "Givo us a song," the
2. There was a pause! A
3. They sang of love and



sol - diers cried, The out - er trench - es guard - ing, When the heat - ed guns of the camps al - lied, Grow
guards - man said, "We storm the forts to - mor - row, Sing while we may, an - oth - er day Will
not of fame, For - got was Bri - tain's glo - ry, Each heart re - call'd a diff - 'rent name, But



wea - ry of bom - bard - ing; The dark Re - dan, in si - lent scoff, Lay grim and threat'ning
bring e - nough of sor - row," They lay a - long the bat - t'ry's side, Be - low the smok - ing
all sang "An - nie Lau - rie." Voice af - ter voice sought up the song, Un - til its ten - der



un - der, And the tawn - y mound of the Mal - a - koff, No lon - ger belch'd its thun - der.
can - non, Brave hearts from Sev - ern and fr - a Clyde, And from the banks of Shan - non
pas - sion, Rang like an an - them, rich and strong, Their bat - tle eve's con - fes - sion.

4.
Dear girl, her name he dar'd not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek,
Wa 'd out the stains of powder.
Beyond the dark'ning ocean burn'd,
The bloody sunset's embers;
While the Crimean valleys learn'd
How English love remembers.

5.
And once again a fire of hell,
Rain'd on the Russian quarters,
And scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars;
And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a stranger, dumb and gory;
And English Mary weep for him,
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

6
To last half of Music.
Sleep, soldiers still, in honor'd rest,
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.