

Old Favorites

The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground, the
dead and wounded lay;

Among them was a drummer boy, who
beat the drum that day.

A wounded soldier held him up, his drum
was by his side;

He clasped his hands and raised his eyes
and prayed before he died.

"Look down upon the battlefield, Oh,
Thou, our Heavenly friend!

Have mercy on our sinful souls!" the
soldiers cried, "Amen!"

For, gathered round, a little group,
each brave man knelt and cried;

They listened to the drummer boy, who
prayed before he died.

"Oh, mother!" said the dying boy, "look
down from Heaven on me;

Receive me to thy fond embrace; Oh, take
me home to thee!

I've loved my country as my God; to
serve them both I've tried."

He smiled, shook hands; death seized the
boy who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept, then, like a child;
stout hearts were they and brave.

The flag his winding sheet—God's book
the key unto his grave.

They wrote upon a single board these
words: "This is a guide

To those that mourn the drummer boy
who prayed before he died."

Ye angels round the throne of grace, look
down upon the braves

Who fought and died on Shiloh's plains,
now slumbering in their graves.

How many homes made desolate, how
many hearts have sighed;

How many like the drummer boy have
prayed before they died?

Sweet Marie.

I've a secret in my heart, sweet Marie—
A tale I would impart, love, to thee.

Every daisy in the dell

Knows my secret, knows it well—

And yet I dare not tell, sweet Marie.

When I hold your hand in mine, sweet
Marie,

A feeling most divine comes to me—

All the world is full of spring,

Full of warblers on the wing,

And I listen while they sing, sweet Marie.

CHORUS.

Come to me, sweet Marie,

Sweet Marie, come to me,

Not because your face is fair,

Love, to see;

But your soul so pure and sweet

Makes me falter at your feet, sweet
Marie.

In the morn when I awake, sweet Marie,
Seems to me my heart would break,

Love, to thee.

Every wave that shakes the shore

Seems to say it o'er and o'er,

Seems to say that I adore sweet Marie.

When the sunset tints the west, sweet
Marie,

And I sit down to rest, love, with thee,

Every star that studs the sky

Seems to stand and wonder why

They're so dimmer than your eye, sweet
Marie.

—Cy Farman.