

TO
Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.
Washington, D. C.

Little Willie's Grave
BALLAD

POETRY BY

WM. ROSS WALLACE.

Music by

J. R. Thomas.

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NEW YORK
Published by WM. HALL & SON 543 Broadway

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1862 by Wm. Hall & Son in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the South District of N.Y.

LITTLE WILLIE'S GRAVE,⁺

BALLAD.

Poetry by
WM. ROSS WALLACE.

Music by
J. R. THOMAS.

Andante Affettuoso.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked *Andante Affettuoso*. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a melody with slurs and accents, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Musical notation for the vocal line, consisting of a single treble clef staff. It contains three lines of lyrics with corresponding notes and rests.

I. All things beau - teous for his slum - ber! Lil - ies,
 II. He was ev - er beau - teous, gen - tle, In his
 III. Shall earth try to soothe that sor - row? For the

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). It continues the accompaniment from the introduction, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand providing a steady bass line.

⁺ In memory of William Wallace Lincoln.

lift your cups of love, Brimm'd with morn - ing's dew - y
 ways and in his eyes, Fill'd with a pro - phet - ic
 reft ones words are vain; Smiles a - while may wreath the

Poco Ritard.

nec - tar, For the ten - der guardian - dove! Ro - ses, here like ben - e -
 splen - dor Steaming in them from the skies; But we did not note the
 spi - rit, But the tear will flow a - gain; Com - fort on - ly comes from

Colla Voce. Dim. p

p

. die - tions In the breath of sum - mer wave; Sym - bol -
 warn - ing— Saw not what the an - gels gave; Therefore
Hea - ven: Still we hear the words He gave— "Come un -

p

rain - bows, lin - ger gen - tly O - ver lit - tle Wil - lie's grave!
 there is quenchless sor - row O - ver lit - tle Wil - lie's grave!
 to me lit - tle chil - dren' O - ver lit - tle Wil - lie's grave!

Rall.

Rall.

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Tender mother, glorious father,
 Keeping still our Nation true
 On the Constitution's mountain,
 Here the Nation weeps with you.
 We have also lost our kindred,
 Yet the immortal amaranth wave,
 Blest by His sweet consolation,
 Over little Willie's grave!

*This verse may be omitted at the pleasure of the singer.