

To Miss Imogene Beane.

The Empty Sleeve,

A Ballad.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

HENRY BADGER.

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THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

Composed by HENRY BADGER.

Moderato.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 3/4 and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the musical piece. The treble staff shows the continuation of the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and one flat key signature.

The third system begins with a vocal line in the treble clef. It starts with a whole rest for two measures, followed by a series of notes. The bass staff continues with accompaniment.

1. By the moon's pale light to the lis - tening throng, Let me

The fourth system continues the vocal line and accompaniment. The vocal line in the treble staff has a melodic line with some slurs. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

tell one tale-- let me sing one song ; 'Tis a tale de - void of

aim or plan, 'Tis a sto - ry of a one - arm'd man, Of

one who has bled for a na - tion's fame, Tho' a he - ro who bears but an

un - known name, And till this hour I could ne'er be - lieve What a

rit. *p*

tell - tale thing is an emp - ty sleeve, And till this hour I could

ne'er be - lieve What a tell - tale thing is an emp - ty sleeve.

2.

It tells in a silent tone to all,
 Of a country's need and a country's call,
 Of a kiss and a tear, for mother and wife,
 Of a hurried march for a nation's life,
 Of the camp—the charge—the wild surprise,
 Of the lonely watch 'neath the midnight skies,
 Until this hour, I could ne'er believe
 What a story goes with an empty sleeve.

3.

Tho' it points to a myriad wounds and scars,
 Yet it tells of a Flag with its stripes and stars,
 That in God's own chosen time shall take
 The place of a rag with the rattle-snake,
 And points to the time when our flag shall wave
 O'er a land where there breathes no cowering slave,
 Up to the skies let us all then heave
 One proud hurrah for the empty sleeve,
 ||: For the one-armed brave with the empty sleeve !:||