

Dedicated to MISS LUCY A. PARKER, Greenwich Village, Mass.



LITTLE MAJOR

SONG OR DUETT, WITH CHORUS.

They called him "Little Major,"
The noble drummer boy;
The pride of all his regiment,
And his commander's joy.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

HENRY C. WORK,

Author of "Kingdom Coming," "Grafted into the Army," etc.

No. 17.

— 3 —

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1862

LITTLE MAJOR.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

No. 17.

Tenderly.

Piano.

Soprano.

1. At his
2. There are

Alto.

3. Now the
4. See! the

post, the "Lit - tle Ma - jor" Dropp'd his drum, that bat - tle - day; On the
none to hear or help him— All his friends were ear - ly fled, Save the

lights are flash - ing round him, And he hears a loy - al word, Strangers
moon that shone a - bove him, Veils her face, as if in grief; And the



grass, all stain'd with crim - son, Through that bat - tle - night he lay— Cry - ing
forms, out-stretch'd around him, Of the dy - ing and the dead. Hush—they

they, whose lips pronounce it, Yet he trusts his voice is heard. It is
skies are sad - ly weep - ing— Shedding tear - drops of re - lief. Yet to



"Oh! for love of Je - sus, Grant me but this lit - tle boon! Can you,
come! there falls a foot - step! How it makes his heart re - joice! They will

heard— Oh, God for - give them! They re - fuse his dy - ing pray'r! "Nothing
die, by friends for - sak - en, With his last re - quest de - nied— This he

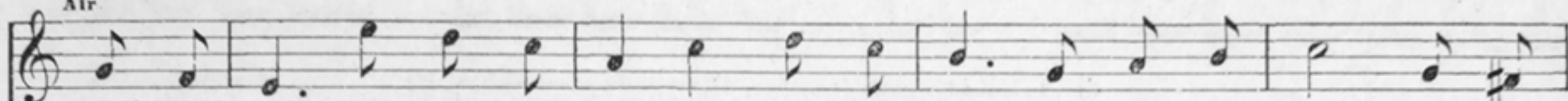


friend, re - fuse me wa - ter? Can you, when I die so soon?"
help, Oh, they will save him, When they hear his faint - ing voice—

but a wound - ed drum - mer," So they say, and leave him there—
felt his keen - est an - guish, When at morn, he gasp'd and died—

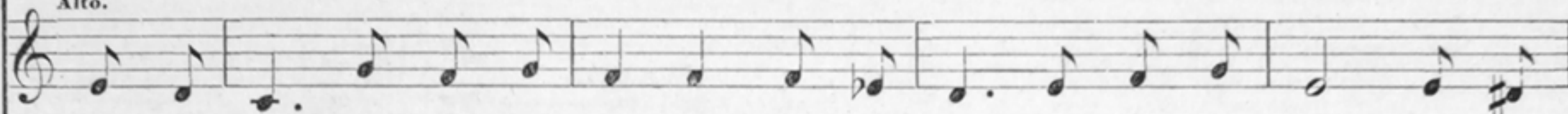
CHORUS.

Air

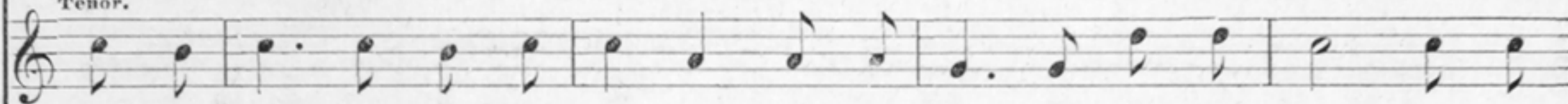


Cry - ing, "Oh! for love of Je - sus, Grant me but this lit - tle boon! Can you,

Alto.

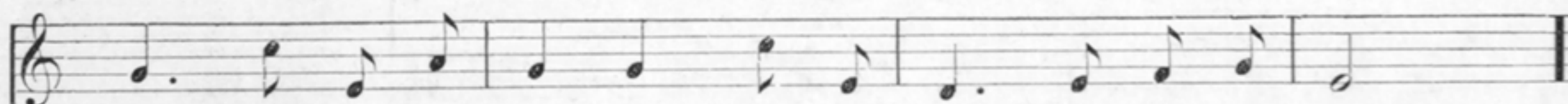
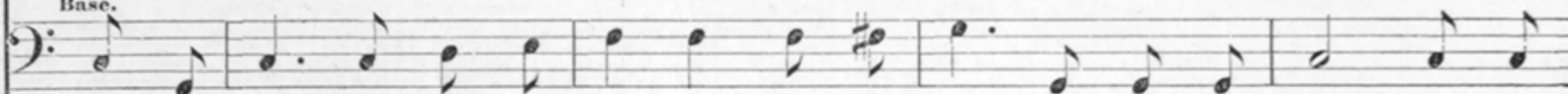


Tenor.

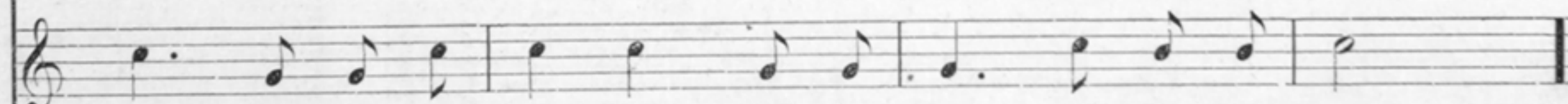
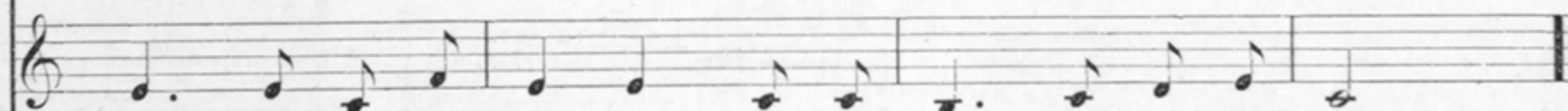


Cry - ing, "Oh! for love of Je - sus, Grant me but this lit - tle boon! Can you,

Base.



friend, re - fuse me wa - ter? Can you, when I die so soon?"



friend, re - fuse me wa - ter? Can you, when I die so soon?"

