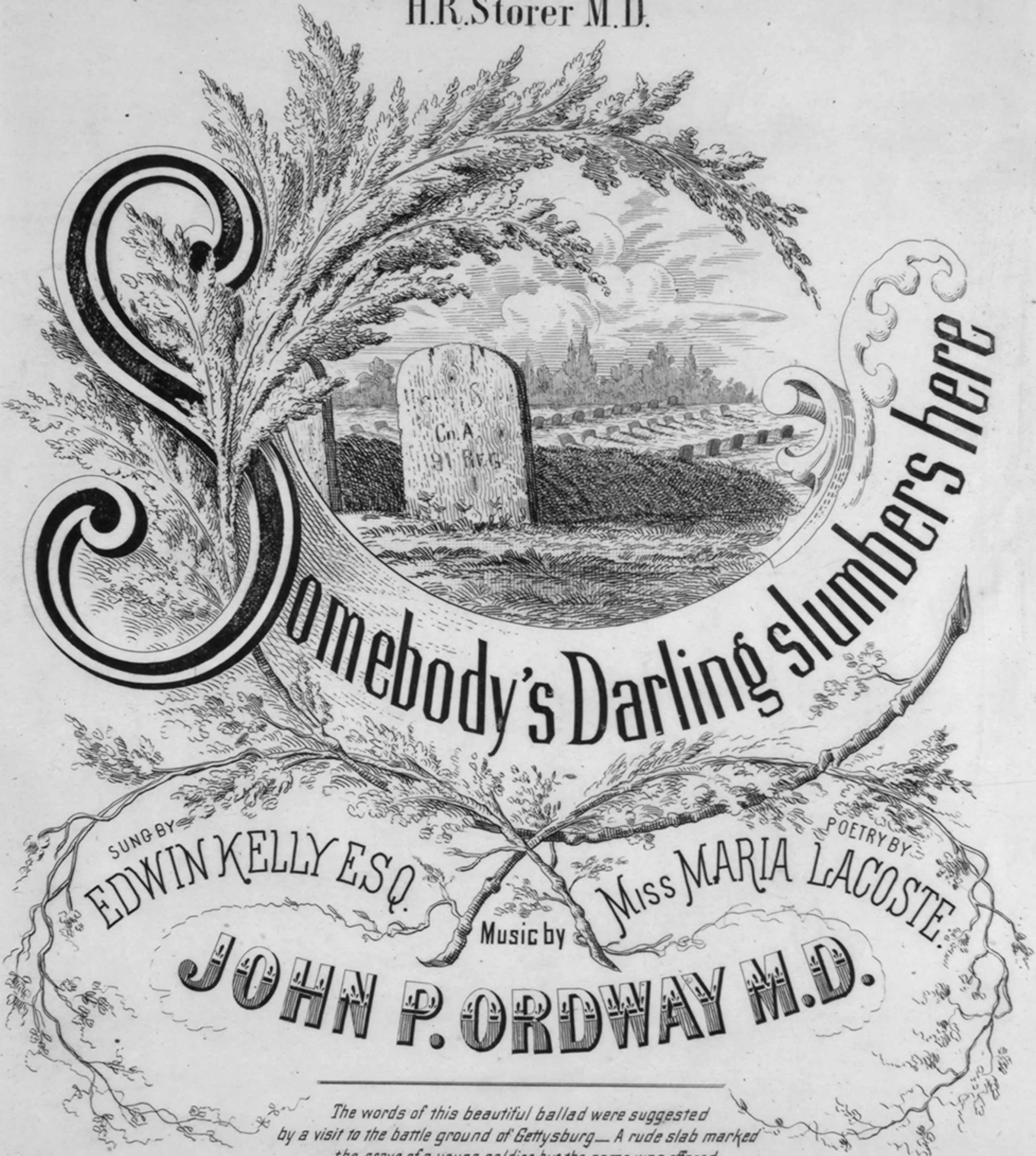


To  
H.R. Storer M.D.



Somebody's Darling slumbers here

SUNG BY  
EDWIN KELLY ESQ.

POETRY BY  
Miss MARIA LACOSTE

Music by

JOHN P. ORDWAY M.D.

*The words of this beautiful ballad were suggested by a visit to the battle ground of Gettysburg— A rude slab marked the grave of a young soldier, but the name was effaced. Dr. Ordway has given the inspiration of the poetry with great effect by composing a plaintive and beautiful air.*

H.F. Greene, Eng.

3  
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# SOMEBODY'S DARLING SLUMBERS HERE.

J. P. ORDWAY M.D.

*Dolce e Legato.*

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a series of eighth notes, while the bass staff features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The music is in a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of two flats.

The second system includes a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "In to a ward of the". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar eighth-note pattern in the bass and chords in the treble.

The third system features the vocal line with lyrics "white washed halls, Where the dead and dy - ing lay,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the treble and a simple bass line.

The fourth system shows the vocal line with lyrics "Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls, Some - body's Darling was borne one day -". The piano accompaniment concludes with sustained chords in the treble and a final bass note.



4

Somebody's Darling so young and so brave, Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,

Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave, Lingerin' light of his boyhoods grace.

CHORUS.

AIR.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

*f* Somebody's Darling! *p* Somebody's Darling! Tenderly bury the fair young dead,

*f* Somebody's Darling! *p* Somebody's Darling! Tenderly bury the fair young dead,

*f* Somebody's Darling! *p* Somebody's Darling! Tenderly bury the fair young dead,

*cres.* *dim.*



Pausing to drop on his grave a tear; Carve on the wooden slab at his head, "Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

Pausing to drop on his grave a tear; Carve on the wooden slab at his head, "Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

2

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,  
 Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,  
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould —  
 Somebody's Darling is dying now.  
 Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow  
 Brush all the wandering waves of gold,  
 Cross his hands on his bosom now,  
 Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

4

God knows best! he was somebody's love;  
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there;  
 Somebody wafted his name above  
 Night and morn on the wings of prayer.  
 Somebody wept when he marched away,  
 Looking so handsome, brave and grand;  
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,  
 Somebody clung to his parting hand.

3

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,  
 Murmur a prayer soft and low;  
 One bright curl from its fair mates take,  
 They were somebody's pride you know;  
 Somebody's hand hath rested there,  
 Was it a mother's soft and white!  
 And have the lips of a sister fair  
 Been baptized in their waves of light!

5

Somebody's waiting and watching for him —  
 Yearning to hold him again to their heart;  
 And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
 And the smiling childlike lips apart.  
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head,  
 "Somebody's Darling slumbers here."