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THE SOLDIER'S SUIT OF GREY!

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
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VIVACE.

PIANO.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (Bb). It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes and chords, including a sharp sign (F#) in the second measure.

The second system of the piano introduction continues the two-staff format. The upper staff continues with melodic lines, and the lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

I've seen some hand - some u - ni - forms deck'd off with but - tons bright, And

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, consisting of two staves. The upper staff has a treble clef and contains chords and single notes. The lower staff has a bass clef and contains a simple bass line.

some that are so ve - ry gay, they al - most blind the sight; But

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, consisting of two staves. The upper staff has a treble clef and contains chords and single notes. The lower staff has a bass clef and contains a simple bass line.

of these hand - some u - ni - forms I will not sing to - day, My

song is to each sol - dier lad, who wears a suit of grey.

CHORUS

Con Spirito.

AIR. Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! for Southern boys we say, And

ALTO. Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! for Southern boys we say, And

TENOR. Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! for Southern boys we say, And

BASS. Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! for Southern boys we say, And

PIANO.

God bless ev - ery sol - dier lad, who wears a suit of grey.

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Brass buttons and gold lace I know are beautiful to view,
 And then, to tell the honest truth, I own I like them too;
 Yet should a thousand officers come crowding round to-day,
 I'd scorn them for a lad who wears a simple suit of grey!

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

God bless our Southern soldiers! for every one is dear,
 And God defend each gallant form no matter what they wear;
 For each has acted well his part, yet still in truth I say,
 The bravest of the brave are those who wear a suit of grey!

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

Tho' torn and faded be each coat, their buttons tarnished too,
 I know beneath each soldier's dress a Southern heart beats true;
 We honor every gallant son who fights for us to-day,
 And Heaven protect the noble boys who wear the suit of grey!

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

They bravely strike for Freedom, and on the battle-field,
 They are the first to strike a blow, and they the last to yield
 At Richmond and Manassas who was it won the day?
 It was our noble Southern boys all clad in suits of grey!

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

God bless our Southern soldiers! for each we breathe a prayer,
 And over every fallen son we shed a mourners tear!
 Oh! sacred be the graves of those who died so far away,
 And honored be each one who sleeps clad in the suit of grey!

[Omit Chorus to this verse.]

Round every patriot soldier's brow the laurel wreath entwines,
 And round the battle-flag they bear, a ray of glory shines;
 And when the foe is conquered with pride we then will say,
 All honor to the noble boys, who wear the suit of grey!

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.