REQUIEM.

HE SLEEPS, BUT NOT 'MID THE ARCTIC SNOW.

Inscribed to the memory of

DR. E.K. KANE,

BY

J.C. BEECKEL.

AUTHOR OF THE MUSIC.

Philadelphia: W.M. H. SHUSTER, 97 North 8th Street.
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"HE SLEEPS BUT NOT 'MID THE ARCTIC SNOWS."

REQUIEM.

WRITTEN BY R.A.R.  MUSIC BY J.C. HECKEL.

VOICE.

Andante religioso.

PIANO.

He sleeps but not 'mid the Arctic snows, On which his deeds shed glory;

He sleeps but not where the Bravo flows, Where his name is linked with story. He has
wander'd wide o'er this earth of ours, And nowhere the palm trees wave, ... He has 
clos'd his eyes in a land of flow'rs. The beau-ti-ful the brave!

CHORUS. To be Sung after 1st and last Verses.

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sleeps but not where the Bravo flows, Where his name is link'd with story.

2

But he may not rest so far from home,
And solemnly and slowly
They have borne him o'er the ocean foam,
Wrapt in Death's slumber holy.
And many a heart is clouded now
By the thought of his waiting grave,
But there rests no shadow on his brow,
The beautiful, the brave!

Cho^3

3

His fiery soul hath reached its goal;
What tho' in youth he perish'd,
His fame to Time's latest tide shall roll
His name by thousands cherish'd.
His quick, bold step the life-race won,
And a world Fame's chaplet gave,
His harvest-task, ere the morn, is done—
Our beautiful, our brave!

Cho^3

4

Ay! open wide our noblest hall,
And bid his cold form enter
Where heroes gathered, and where all
Our proudest memories centre.
And toll the bell of state for him
We would have died to save;
But let no tears his triumph dim,
Our beautiful, our brave!

Cho^3

5

We must; we must; O! many eyes
Even now for him are weeping,
And mournful sounds of wo arise
From the land where he lies sleeping.
And a nation's tears the banner dim,
Which o'er his bier they wave,
But not for him; O! not for him,
The beautiful, the brave!

Cho^3

6

The sparkling cup of his fame was fill'd,
Earth's highest boons were giv'n,
And for him, with no vaulting impulses still'd,
What more could we ask but Heaven?
We do not mourn when the eagle, free,
Spurns bonds that but enslave,
Yet, yet; 'tis hard to part with thee,
Our beautiful, our brave!

Cho^3