

Dedicated to the  
Soldiers of America,

# "TAPS."

In memory of  
"Little Phil."



"SHERIDAN IN THE VALLEY."

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Words and Music by the well-known and popular American composer,

**JOHN DE WITT,**

→\*50\*←

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# "TAPS!"

Arr. by MAX FEHRMANN.  
*Moderato.*

Words and Music by JOHN de WITT.

1. A
2. A
3. Our
4. Black

*DRUM.*

sol - dier mount - ing guard on a dis - tant ram - part wall And  
 com - rade now is gone and we march be - side the bier With  
 sol - dier's oft were cheered by the sight of "Lit - tle Phil" As  
 "Win - ches - ter" he rode and the sight thrilled many a heart, Bring

tir - ed by the du - ties of the day, Is start - led by the sound of a  
 beat of muf - fled drum and arms re - verse, On the face of many a soldier you can  
 he galloped down the lines up - on the run. But the voice we loved so well is for -  
 ing victo - ry and fill - ing up our gaps, Now from horse and rider too, though good

clear bu - gle call, Which rings out on the air and seems to  
 see a si - lent tear While the bugles sound the "Taps" be - side the  
 ev - er to be still, For they've laid him in his grave at Ar - ling -  
 com - rades we must part, For An - gelic bu - gles sound for them the

CHORUS.

say : Put out your light, go to  
 hearse. ton." Taps.

BUGLE.

bed, go to bed, go to bed, go to bed, put out your

light, go to bed, go to bed.

Box 139  
No. 1-A

# "TAPS"

*Every soldier has listened to the bugle-call of "Taps!" at nine o'clock at night, ordering all lights out in the barracks. This thought has been most beautifully adapted to the memory of General Phil. Sheridan, a man endeared to every heart for his bravery, by the American song-writer, John de Witt, in his song entitled "Taps!" Our version of TAPS as given below will be found equally interesting to the soldier as well as to every lover of a GOOD CIGAR.*

Thurber, Whyland's bugles sound out  
"Taps," upon the still clear air;  
While competing brands are trembling  
With a look of mute despair.  
For they know the time is coming,  
When, "Taps," sounding near and far  
Will prove sure annihilation,  
To the once called "good cigar."

Thurber, Whyland's "Taps" will please you,  
Fame awaits this royal brand;  
And it challenges the country  
As the choicest in the land.  
Finest flavor, ash, and color,  
Smoking freely all the time,  
Rest assured, that "Taps" will pass you  
Should you lose the "countersign."

Thurber, Whyland's "Taps" will rest you,  
When by drill, you tired are,  
And at last you must acknowledge  
You have smoked a good cigar.  
To the "Sutler," then you'll hasten,  
Lest his stock should run too low,  
Saying, save for me a box of  
"Taps," from Thurber, Whyland's Co.

Connoisseurs and experienced smokers who are competent to judge as to the merits of the article, have pronounced the "Taps" cigar Absolutely the Best Five cent Cigar in the World.

And no pains or expense have been spared to make this cigar as good as can be manufactured to retail at that price. The wrapper is of the finest imported stock, while its strictly long filler is composed of the very choicest combination of carefully selected leaf. Samples sent free by mail to dealers and to the rank and file of our Army, on application to

Yours respectfully,

**THURBER, WHYLAND & CO.,**

per J. EDWARD COWLES, Manager Cigar Dept., N. Y.