



Chas Magnus, 12 Frankfort St. N.Y. Union troops on night march.

I REMEMBER THE HOUR, WHEN SADLY WE PARTED.

An answer to: When this cruel war is over.

I remember the hour, when sadly we parted ;
The tears on your pale cheek, glist'ning like dew,
When clasped to your arms, almost broken-hearted,
I swore, by the bright sky, I'd ever be true :
True to the love that nothing could sever,
And true to the Flag of my Country for ever !
Chorus : Then weep not, Love, oh ! weep not ;
Think not hopes are vain ;
For, when this fatal war is over,
We will surely meet again.

Oh ! let not, my own Love, the Summer-winds, winging
Their sweet laden zephyrs o'er land and sea,
Bring aught to your heart, with the Autumn birds singing
But hopes for the future, and bright dreams of me ;
For, while in your pure heart my mem'ry you're keeping,
I ne'er can be lonely, while waking or sleeping.
Chorus : Then weep not, Love, oh ! weep not
Think not hopes are vain ;
For, when this fatal war is over,
We will surely meet again.

But if, while the loud shout of vict'ry is ringing
O'er the land that foul Traitors have sought to betray,
You hear, o'er the voices so joyfully singing,
That he who so loved you, has fallen in the fray :
Oh ! think that he's gone where there's dark treason never,
Where tears and sad partings are banished for ever,
Chorus : Then weep not, Love, oh ! weep not ;
One hope is not vain
That, when the war of life is over,
We in Heaven may meet again !

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