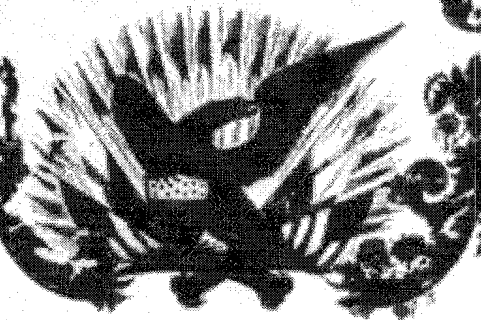


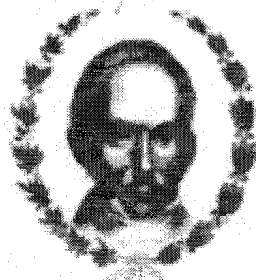
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# THE WARLIKE DEAD IN MEXICO.

Poetry by Mrs. Balmain.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND DEDICATED  
TO THE



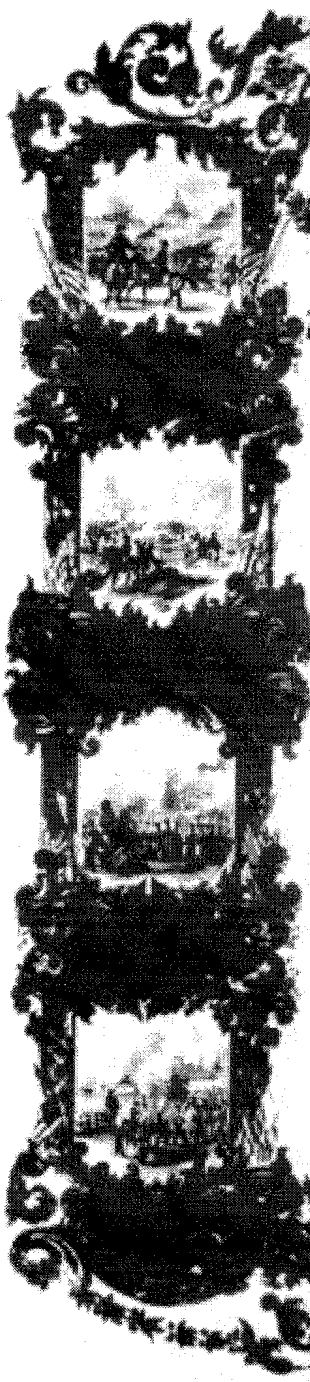
## HON. HENRY CLAY.

By  
MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

G. HOLT & CO.



MEXICO



MEXICO

# THE WARLIKE DEAD IN MEXICO.

1

The Poetry by M<sup>rs</sup> RALPHANNO.

Composed by AUGUSTA ROWSE.

*Largo.*

*Mitteile e concitato.*

*con anima.*

*p*

Tell, toll the knell, for the hearts laid low, On the  
blood stained fields of Mex - i - co; For the war - like dead by

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Largo.' in 3/4 time. The piano part features a series of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'Tell, toll the knell, for the hearts laid low, On the blood stained fields of Mex - i - co; For the war - like dead by'. The tempo and mood change to 'Mitteile e concitato.' and 'con anima.' as the piano accompaniment becomes more active and rhythmic. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'p' (piano).

thous - ands slain, In soige, in storm, or on bat - tle plain, No

more for them shall the roll - ing drum, Or thrill - ing blast of the

trump - et come; The charg - ed tramp and the can - non's roar, Shall a -

rouse their daunt - less hearts no more. Toll, toll, toll the sol - diers'

knell, In the thorny chap - pu - ral.

*con serto*

*dim.*

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'The Soldier's Knell'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system features a vocal line with the lyrics 'knell, In the thorny chap - pu - ral.' and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'con serto' marking. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking.

On the mountains brow, in valley dim,  
 In deep defile, in the war-ranks grim,  
 Still on they rushed like the rolling sea,  
 With a conqueror's shout to victory.  
 On, on, like a whirl-wind o'er the land;  
 With the speed of light, and sword in hand,  
 O'er plains where the chargers hoofs grew red—  
 With streams from a thousand bosoms shed.  
 Toll, toll the soldier's knell,  
 On the mountains where he fell!

In vain o'er them the embattled tower,  
 From its iron crest rained a deadly shower,  
 Neath the sweeping fire of each booming gun,  
 They charged, they strove, they fought they won.  
 While trumpets pealed with a lively breath,  
 Midst the shouts of life, and groans of death,  
 As the stripes and stars were seen to wave  
 O'er the victor ranks, and fallen brave.  
 Toll, toll the soldier's knell,  
 By the conquered citadel.

APPETUCCI  
EGG MULLIGI REPRESENTING

No more on the night watch's drea - ry tell, The lance shall fly or the

las - so coil; From am - bush'd brake, or the dark mo - rass, From

ra - pid ford, or the rock - y pass; Nor ev - er more to a -

smile or sigh, Shall the sol - diers' si - lent heart re - ply; But the

maids they loved shall mur - mur low, Our heroes have fal - len in

Mex - i - co. Toll, toll, toll the sol - dier's knell, At

ves - per hours in the convent cell.

*dim.* *p*

SEI VERE.

CON MOLTO SPIRITO.  
E FERRO.

They have fear - less fought, and no - bly died, In noon of fame in their

*f* *p*

man - hood's pride In the glo - rious light of a proud ca - reer, Un -

- sul - lied, stain - less, wept and dear. Their bed is made in the

scorch - ing sand, Far, far a - way from their na - tive land, From

homes be - loved they shall see no more, Tell, tell the knell and the

re - quiem pour. Toll, toll, for sol - dier's sleep - ing

low! For the dead in Mex - i - co. For the *pp*

dead in Mex - i - co. *pp*

*dim.*