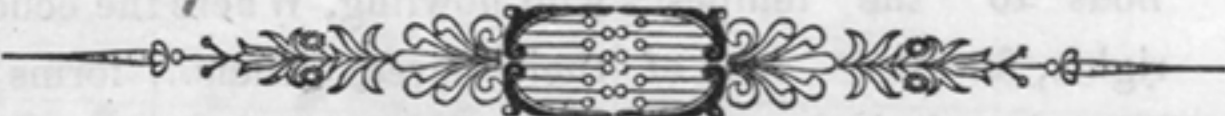


THE
MUSICAL OIL.
OR

Favorite Gems of that Popular Southern Composer,

JOHN B. HEWITT.

- 
1. *Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.*
 2. *I Will Meet Thee.*
 3. *You Are Going to the Wars, Willie Boy.*
 4. *The Stonewall Quickstep.*
 5. *The Young Volunteer.*
 6. *The Unknown Dead.*
 7. *Dixie, the Land of King Cotton.*
 8. *The Soldier's Farewell.*



The Unknown Dead.



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THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

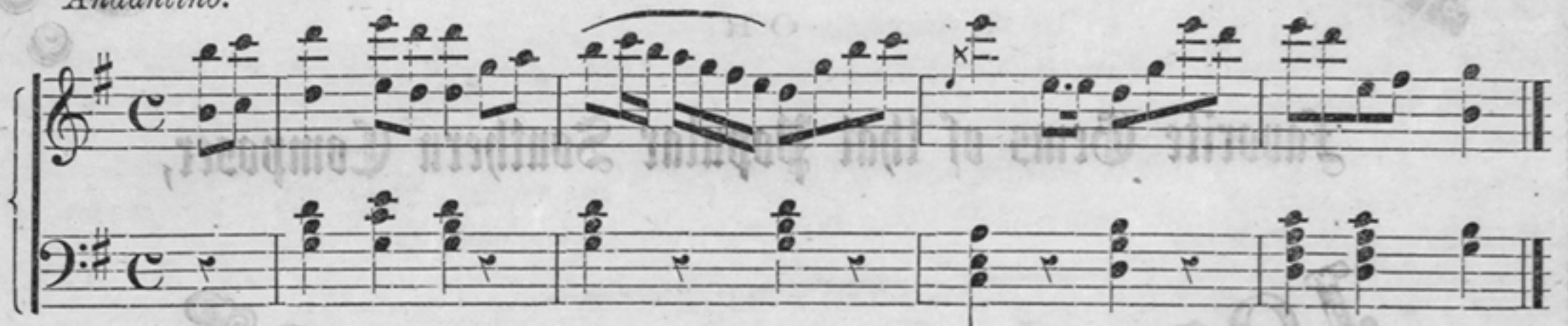
As Sung by Miss Ella Wren.

Written and Composed

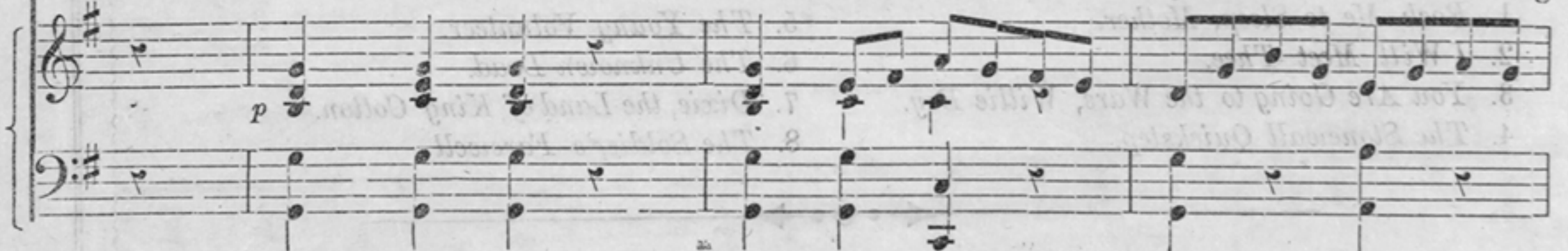
By JOHN H. HEWITT.

Andantino.

PIANO.



1.—Where the mountain ash nods to the tempest's wild howling, Where the echo shrinks mute in the
 2.—They have fought for their rights, for the land of their sires, Their... forms have stood up like a
 3.—Then..... let them sleep on 'neath the sod of the valley, Where night dews will lave the long



vale dark and deep; Where the gaunt vulture soars and the grim wolf's prowling, The bones of dead heroes are
 bulwark of might; They have knelt at the altar where burn Freedom's fires, And thrust back the foe in her
 grass o'er their beds; A - bove, on the great day of muster they'll rally, And glo - ry will twine a bright



taking their sleep. No slab there appears, wet with sor - rowing tears; The hemlock and laurel hang
glori - ous light. No bright stars for them, pluck'd from Fame's diadem; Un - noticed, unheeded, they
wreath round their heads. No white marble stone shall rise o'er the Unknown; But in our sad hearts a fresh

rall. *a tempo.*
o - ver the spot; And no - body knows where the reliques re - pose, Of the soldier whose deeds and whose
act - ed their parts, 'Mid the clashing of arms, and the bat - tle's alarms, They fell with the love of home
re - cord shall be; Tho' nam'd never more, they will live in the core, The brav - est who fought and who

rall. *slow*
name are forgot. Let the
deep in their hearts. Let the
died to be free. Let the } requiem be sung, let the sad pray'r be said, For the heroes for - gotten — the

Unknown Dead. For the he - roes forgotten — the Unknown Dead.