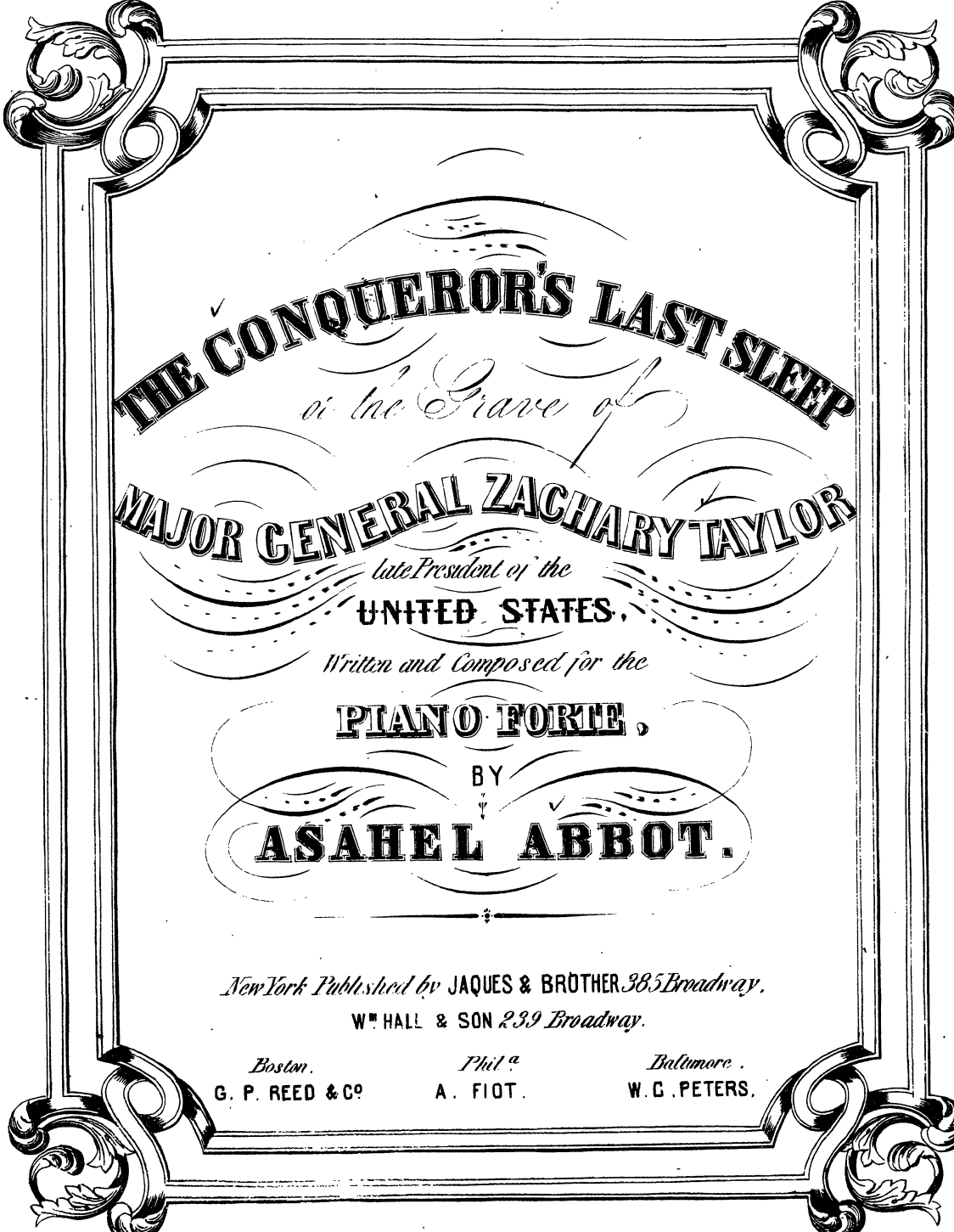


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THE CONQUEROR'S LAST SLEEP
at the Grave of
MAJOR GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR
late President of the
UNITED STATES.
Written and Composed for the
PIANO FORTE,
BY
ASAHEL ABBOT.

New York Published by **JAQUES & BROTHER 385 Broadway.**
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G. P. REED & CO	A. FIOT.	W. C. PETERS.

Entered according to Act of Congress 1850 by Jaques & Brother in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the South Dist. of New York

330.

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THE CONQUEROR'S LAST SLEEP.

Words and Music

by Asahel Abbot.

Andante.

PIANO.

Andante.

The

Conqueror sleeps on his nar - row bed And his country's flag is - - o'er him; Let the

na - tion round their migh - ty dead With - grief and wail de - plore him

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The piano part features a consistent accompaniment of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'The Conqueror sleeps on his nar - row bed And his country's flag is - - o'er him; Let the na - tion round their migh - ty dead With - grief and wail de - plore him'. The first system ends with the word 'The'. The second system ends with 'him; Let the'. The third system ends with 'de - plore him'.

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He sleeps not the sleep of the gory field With his

wake-ful guards a - - round - - - him, He - lays - not his head on his

faith-ful - shield Where - night - af-ter toil has - found him, - He -

lays not his head on his - faith - - ful shield Where night af-ter toil - has -



2

Twas not to the roll of the stirring drum
 That his soul fled away with the dying;
 Twas not where the foemen to battle come
 With trumpets loudly braying;
 Twas not to the cannons awful boom
 Mid the smoke with flames dimly flashing;
 Twas not for the hero to meet his doom
 Where sword-blades and bayonets are clashing.

3

But far from the sound of his battles he lay
 And breathd out his soul mid the living,
 As the sun bows his head at the close of the day,
 As the earth breathes her fragrance to heaven,
 How glorious the hour when the patriot dies,
 When the mighty in triumph reposes!
 Tho' lost on the earth he ascends to the skies
 When life's busy dream gently closes.

4

Then strew ye with flowers his narrow bed;
 Let the stripes and the stars wave o'er him;
 Bring laurels and bays for the mighty dead,
 Tho' with grief and wail we deplore him,
 The dirge shall be sung and the bell shall toll
 While brave men their sad watch are keeping;
 The cannon shall roar and the drum shall roll
 O'er the grave where our hero lies sleeping.