

Confederate SONGS

PUBLISHED DURING THE WAR.

MINNIE LEE.....	H. I. SCHREINER.	I WILL MEET THEE.....	JOHN H. HEWITT.
BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.....		DIXIE. LAND OF KING COTTON.....	
FREEDOM'S MUSTER DRUM.....	JOHN H. HEWITT.	MOTHER OF THE SOLDIER BOY.....	H. I. SCHREINER.
OH COME TO ME LOVE IN A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.....		I'M THINKING OF YOU NOW MARY.....	JOHN H. HEWITT.
SOMEBODY'S DARLING.....		STRIKE FOR THE SOUTH.....	JAMES PIERPONT.
SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.....		TAKE ME HOME.....	H. I. SCHREINER.
WEARING OF THE GREY.....		UNKNOWN DEAD.....	JOHN H. HEWITT.
WAIT LOVE TILL THE WAR IS OVER.....		WHEN UPON THE FIELD OF GLORY. (Answer to Cruel War).....	SCHREINER.
YOU ARE GOING TO THE WARS. WILLIE BOY.....	J. H. HEWITT.	YOUNG VOLUNTEER.....	JOHN H. HEWITT.
WHY DO I LOVE THEE.....	C. L. WARD.	CLARIBEL.....	

Eng^d at Lawson's N. Y.

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CLARIBEL.

WORDS BY CHARLIE WILDWOOD.

MUSIC BY JOHN H. HEWITT.

VOICE.

PLAYFULLY.

PIANO.

1. A fragrant wreath of ro - ses fresh, All blooming rich and fair; En -
 2. The suns of hope were shining bright, From skies of ga - la June; And

- twined their lov - ing forms a - bout Her gol - den wa - ving hair; And
 all the winds of heaven seem'd To sigh a ten - der tune. No

vain, oh! vain-ly tried the skies, To ri-val e'en the hue, That
flower bloom'd but seem'd to say, In ac-cents soft and wild, "The

cres

danc'd with-in her love-lit orbs, Of mild and ten-der blue. Oh!
grace-ful, moring Cla-ri-bel, Is Beau-ty's dar-ling child?

rall REFRAIN.

rall

Cla-ri-bel! sweet Cla-ri-bel! My peer-less Cla-ri-bel! My

dar-ling rose-bud! fresh and fair! sweet Cla-ri-bel!



3

But, when the roses faded in
 The pensive autumn time,
 There rang from out the village church
 A sad and solemn chime;
 And when the forest leaflets fell
 Within the silent dale,
 Beneath the sear'd and wither'd sod,
 We laid the maiden pale.

Oh! Claribel, &c.

4

We miss her as a thought that smiled
 From eden realms above,
 That came on angel wings of light,
 And gazed with eyes of love;
 That sang with voice of cherubim,
 And breath'd Joy's sweetest tones;
 But, now forever sped away
 To sing in other zones.

Oh! Claribel, &c.

5

We miss her as a smiling flower,
 That bloom'd upon the lawn,
 That laughed with every toying breeze,
 But perish'd in the morn;
 We mourn her as a star that shone,
 From out the heaven of Truth,
 But yet grew dim and faded quite,
 And died within its youth.

Oh! Claribel, &c.