

# TOO YOUNG TO DIE

*Among those killed in the disastrous battles before Nashville, Tenn. in December 1864 was a beautiful boy soldier whose modest uniform of gray undecorated with any symbol of rank, proved him a private in the Confederate army. Shot through the breast the little hero lay on his gory pillow, a beautiful victim to the demon of war.*

J. B. S.

WORDS BY

**J. B. SMITH.**

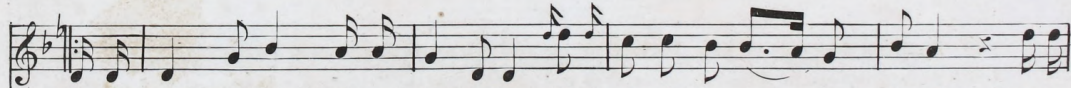
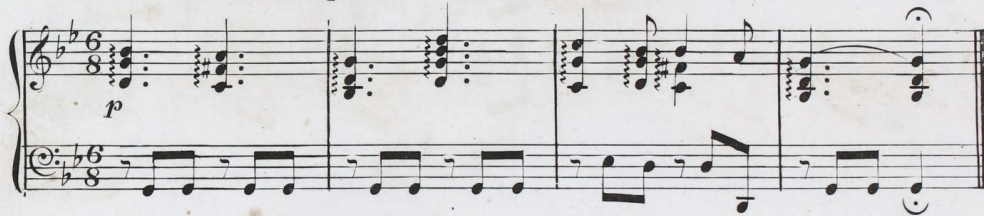
MUSIC BY

**HENRI WEBER.**

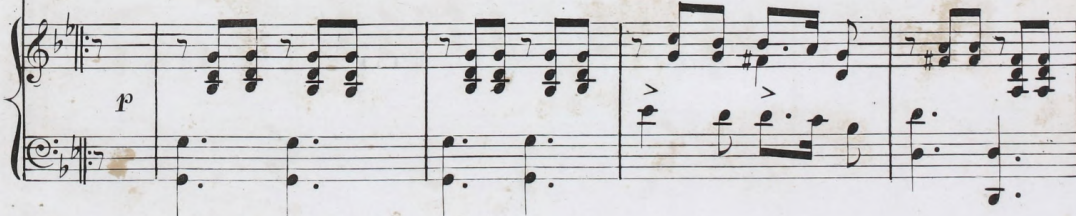
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ANDANTE.  
SENTIMENTALE.



1. On the hard fought field, where the battle storm Had echoed its sul - len thunder, Lay a  
2. He had comrades stark in the great death's sleep, Lying cold in their blood - y places, They were



c. 1864

sol-dier child with the gol-den thread Of his young life snapp'd a-sunder,  
bearded men with the stalwart frames, And a man's look on their faces.

*Dolce.* 3. But this  
4. Like

soldier child with his silken locks O'er his smooth white forehead sweeping, With a  
slender shadows on the fleecy snow, O'er his cheek crept the fringing lashes Of the

Too young to Die.

hor-rid wound in his brave young breast, Seem'd too fair for death's grim keeping: For his  
white closed lids of his great dark eyes, All veind with faint a-zure flashes. O'er the

beardless face in its calm repose, Bore the mark of beauty's finger, And his  
wounded breast with a touch-ing grace His de-li-cate hands were folded, With a

fine sweet mouth seem'd the tempting spot Where a wo-man's lips would linger.  
meek soft clasp — as if for prayr Their dy-ing shape was moulded.

Too young to Die.

5. I thought, as be-side this warrior child My own younghead was bending, That per-  
 6. I thought, how the voice of the false faced world Would waft her the mournful story, With its

- haps an an - gel mother's prayers, Were heavenward then as - cending - That the  
 pompous words for a heal - ing balm, And its mocking need of glory: When that

arm of the Father who dwelleth where Sweet peace is nev - er ending, Might be  
 mother's heart with its hopeless grief And its migh - ty pain was aching, The

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found in the bat - tles dreaded hour Her dar - ling boy de - fending.  
 chap - let fame is a withered wreath, When a mo - ther's heart is breaking.

7. 1.

turned away from the poor dead youth, On his go - ry pil - low sleeping, And a

weakness right from a sadden'd heart Sent tears thro' my lash - es sweeping.

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