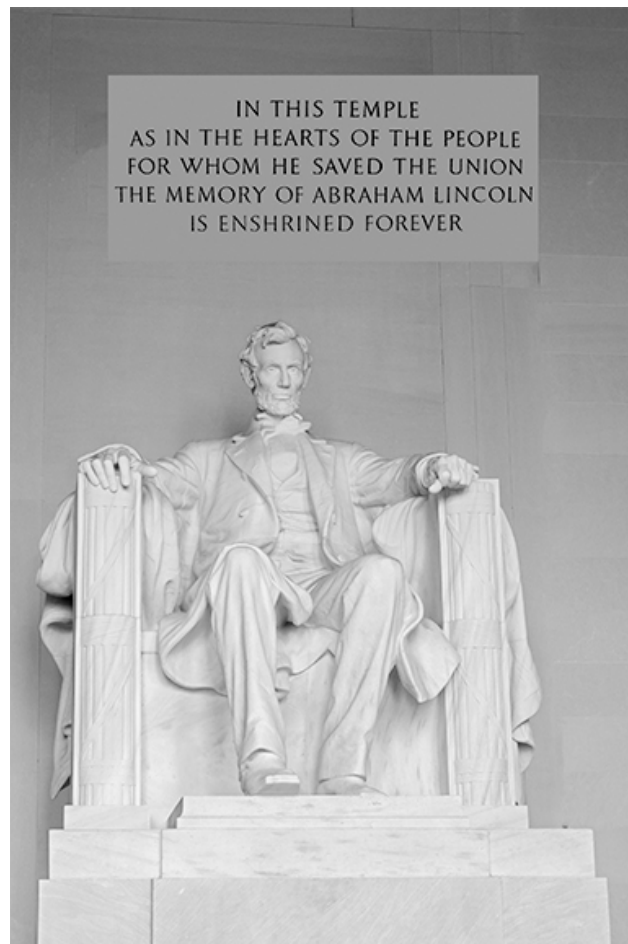


HUSH'D BE THE CAMPS TO-DAY

*For low voice
with piano accompaniment*



by
Vanessa McClintock

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Hush'd Be the Camps To-Day

Four Lincoln

Text: Walt Whitman

Part I

Music: Vanessa McClintock

HUSH'D be the camps to-day;
And, soldiers, let us drape our war-worn weapons;
And each, with musing soul retire, to celebrate,
Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts;
Nor victory, nor defeat—No more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing, poet, in our name;
Sing of the love we bore him—because you, dweller in
camps, know it truly.

Sing, to the lower'd coffin there;
Sing, with the shovel'd clods that fill the grave—a
verse,
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

♩ = 60

mf

Low Voice

HUSH'D be the camps to-day; And, sol-diers, let us drape our war-worn weap- ons;

p

Piano

And each, with mus-ing soul re-tire, to cel-e-brate; Our dear com-mand - er's death.

6

No more for him life's storm-y con - flicts; Nor vic - to-ry, nor de -

11

mp

feat— No more time's dark e - vents, ———— Charg-ing like cease - less

15

clouds a - cross the sky. But

18

accel.

Hush'd Be the Camps To-Day / Vanessa McClintock

♩ = 72

21

sing, po-et, in our name; Sing of the love we bore him— be-cause you, dwell-er in

25

camps, know it tru - ly. Sing, to the low - er'd

29

rallentando

cof - fin there; Sing, with the shove - I'd clods that fill the grave— a verse,

♩ = 60

33

For the heav - y hearts of sol - diers. ____