

# A. Derge

I

"To drum-beat and heart-beat a soldier  
passeth by."

With drum beat and heart-beat, with many  
a choking sigh

And quivering lips we breathe a name

Of Freedom consecrate to fame

A name that ne'er shall die!

~~III~~  
II

With drum-beat and heart-beat the

Nation bows its head!

To drum-beat and heart-beat his sorrow=  
While ~~my~~ <sup>my comrades tread!</sup>

While he still leads who lead of yore  
Leads upward to the sunlit shore

Where sleep the deathly dead!

~~heart-beat~~ ~~III~~ ~~drum-beat~~

With drum-beat and heart-beat, he climbed  
the heights of fame.

When drums beat and hearts beat, he  
won a glorious name.

While boastful Treason prated;  
While hopeful millions waited  
And doubting souls debated;

Because with steel he smote it,  
Upon the sky we wrote it  
In characters of flame!



IV

heart-beat and drum-beat  
To ~~drum-beat and heart-beat~~ was hymned  
his praise to day;

And on his tomb, with loving hands our  
tear-gemmed offerings lay!

But in the ages yet to be,  
The race his mailed hand made free,  
Dare, younger sons of Liberty,  
With drum-beat and heart-beat shall  
worship tribute pay.

V

With heart beat and drum beatus lay  
our Captain low!

Is drum beat and heart beat, friend marches  
now with for!

And the peaceful Present wonders,

While the battled cannon thunders,

Of the day it still remembers —

Of the Nation's dark December

In that wondrous long ago.



VI

With drum beat and heart beat fling  
now the banner high!

While drums beat and hearts beat, be-  
neath its starry sky.

The patriot who adored it.

The soldier who restored it.

The hero-simple-hearted, our Grant,  
Can never die!

Albin W. Tourgee



IV

John  
H. Chantrey  
at New York  
James B. ...

John B. ...

A. Ouge

"With drumbeat and heartbeats a soldier passeth by!"  
While hearts beat and drums beat and tears descend  
Our quivering lips breathe soft a name,  
By Valor consecrate to fame —  
A name that ne'er shall die!

II

With drumbeat and heartbeats a Nation bows its head  
To drumbeat and heartbeats his sorrowing comrades tread  
While still he leads who led of yore,  
Leads upward to the sunset shore  
There sleep the e'er undying dead!



III

With drumbeat and heartbeat, he climbed the heights of  
When drums beat and swords beat, he won a glorious  
fame!  
While yearning millions waited,  
While doubting souls debated,  
When boastful Treason prated,  
Because with steel he smote them  
Upon the sky we wrote them  
The letters of that <sup>his</sup> name!

IV

To heartbeat and drum beat, we sound his praise to day!  
And on his tomb with loving hands, our tear-gemmed  
offerings lay!  
But in the ages yet to be,  
The race his mailed hand made free -  
— Dark, younger sons of Liberty —  
With drum beat and heartbeat, yet nobler men  
shall pay!

## V

With heartbeats and drumbeats, we lay the warrior low!  
To drum beat and heartbeat friend marches now with foot,  
And the peaceful Present wonders,  
While the battered cannon thunders,  
Of the time it still remembers,  
— Of the Nation's dark December,  
In that wondrous long ago! —

## VI

With drumbeat and heartbeat, fling now the banner <sup>high!</sup>  
While drums beat and hearts beat, beneath its <sup>sky!</sup> dark  
The Patriot who adored it,  
The Soldier who restored it,  
The Hero, simple-hearted — our Grants shall  
Never die! —