

# Hush'd be the camps to-day

Enrico Miaroma

*Ben articolato*  
*f*

Soprano  
Bass  
Guitar

day and sol-diers let us drape our war-worn wea-pons -

and

each with mu-sing soul re-tire to ce-le-brate our dear com-man-der's

5 10

Detailed description: This is a musical score for three parts: Soprano, Bass, and Guitar. The piece is in 2/4 time and features a dynamic of *f* (forte). The Soprano part begins with a rest for the first three measures, followed by the lyrics 'Hush'd be the camps to -'. The Bass part also has rests for the first three measures. The Guitar part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and melodic lines. The score is divided into three systems. The first system covers measures 1-4, the second system covers measures 5-8, and the third system covers measures 10-13. The lyrics are: 'day and sol-diers let us drape our war-worn wea-pons -', 'and', and 'each with mu-sing soul re-tire to ce-le-brate our dear com-man-der's'. The Soprano part has a rest in measure 10. The Bass part has a rest in measure 10. The Guitar part continues with accompaniment throughout.

15 No more for him life's stor - my con - flicts, nor vic - to -

S

B

death.

Gtr.

No more for him life's stor - my con - flicts, nor -

19

S

B

no more time's dark e - vents char - ging like

Gtr.

25

S

B

But sing po - et

Gtr.

cease - less clouds a - cross the sky

30 *mp* *mf*

S in our name mh Sing of the love

B *mf* But sing - po - et in our name

Gtr.

36 *mp* *f*

S we bore him mh know it tru-ly know it tru-ly

B *mf* be - cause you dwel - ler in camps, know it tru-ly

Gtr.

42

S tru-ly

B kwow it tru-ly Sing Sing Sing

Gtr.

48

S

B

Gtr.

53

S

B

Gtr.

as they in - vault the cof - fin there sing as they close the doors — of earth u - pon —

58

S

B

Gtr.

him

one verse, one verse, one verse, — for the hea - vy hearts the

63

S

and each with musing soul retire to -

B

heavy hearts of soldiers

Gtr.

63

68

*poco più lento*

S

celebrate our dear commander's death.

B

Gtr.

68

*ff*

Hush'd be the camps to-day,  
 And soldiers let us drape our war-worn weapons,  
 An 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,  
 Charginglike 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.

As they invault the coffin there,  
 Sing - as they close the doors of earth upon him - one verse,  
 For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

(W. Withman)

Luglio 2002