

All Quiet Along The Potomac Tonight

All Quiet Along The Potomac Tonight
Beers / Hewitt

Capo I

A
A E A
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight,"
E E7 A
except here and there a stray picket,
E A
is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
E D E7 E
by a rifleman hid in the thicket
E7 E A E
'Tis nothing a private or two now and then,
D A E
will not count in the news of the battle
D E A D
Not an officer lost, only one of the men,
A E E7 A
moaning out all alone the death rattle.

F#m E E7 E A
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight!"

A E A
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight,"
E E7 A
where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming
E A
And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
E D E7 E
and the light of the camp fires are gleaming
E7 E A E
There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
D A E
as he tramps from the rock to the fountain
D E A D
And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed,
A E E7 A
far away in the cot on the mountain.

F#m E E7 E A
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight!"

A E A
His musket falls slack his face, dark and grim,
E E7 A
grows gentle with memories tender
E A
As he mutters a pray'r for the children asleep,
E D E7 E
and their mother, "May heaven defend her!"
E7 E A E
The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
D A E
that night, when the love yet unspoken.
D E A D
Leap'd up to his lips, and when low murmur'd vows,
A E E7 A
were pledg'd, to be ever un broken.

F#m E E7 E A
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight!"

A E A
Then drawing his sleeve roughly o'er his eyes,
E E7 A
he dashes off the tears that are welling
E A
And gathers his gun close up to his breast,
E D E7 E
as if to keep down the heart's swelling
E7 E A E
He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,

D A E
and his footstep is lagging and weary
 D E A D
Yet onward he goes, thro' the broad belt of light,
 A E E7 A
toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

 F#m E E7 E A
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight!"

 A E A
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustles the leaves,
 E E7 A
was it the moonlight so wond'rously flashing?

 E A
It look'd like a rifle! "Ha, Mary, good-bye!",
 E D E7 E
and his life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

 E7 E A E
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight,"

 D A E
no sound save the rush of the river
 D E A D
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
 A E E7 A
the picket's off duty forev er.

 F#m E E7 E A
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight!"

 F#m E E7 E A
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight!"