

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Dying Soldier

Dying Soldier
(Ger Costello)

Look at the dyin' soldier, I heard someone whisper,
And then I saw the blood come through my shirt
Am I goin' to die here, please don't let me die here,
Someone come and pick me from the dirt
I don't belong here, I don't want to die here, oh no.

My hands are gettin' colder, my thoughts are growin' weaker
This must be the way it is.
Stop the shootin', don't you see I'm dyin'
Someone come and say a prayer.

My eyes are closin', I see someone comin'
But he turns his back and runs away.
They've stopped shootin'. it's started rainin'
This must be the way.

recorded by Christy Moore on "Ride On" (1984)

MJ