

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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When This Dreadful War is Ended

When This Dreadful War is Ended
(Stephen Foster, 1863, George Cooper, 1863)

cho: When this dreadful war is ended,
I will come again to you,
Tell me dearest ere we sever,
Tell me, tell me you'll be true.

Though to other scenes I wander,
Still your mem'ry pure and bright,
In my heart will ever linger,
Shining with undying light;
Do not weep love, sit beside,
Whisper gentle words of cheer,
Be not mournful now my darling,
Let me kiss away each tear.

How happy I will feel if I but know
That you'll contented be,
I'll never, never have one pang of woe,
While you are true to me.

On the gory field of battle
Your sweet voice will nerve my hand,
And when weary, sad or wounded
Your fair image near me stand.
In my visions, like some angel,
You will turn my grief to bliss;
On my pale and fevered forehead
I will often feel your kiss.

Our dear native land's in danger
And we'll calmly bide the time
Till this dreadful war is over,
And the bells of peace shall chime.

When this dreadful war is ended,
(Soon I hope the day will come),
Love's own star will lead my footsteps
Safely back to you and home.

Oh! what joy again to meet you
When the threat'ning storm is past,
And the flag our foes have planted
Flies in shreds upon the blast

Farewell! farewell! best and dearest,
Do not let your heart repine,
Though the sky may now look gloomy
Soon the sun will brightly shine.

RG
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