

Somebody's Darling - song lyrics

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SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Recited by James Harklins.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead And the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells And balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one da)'.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave.
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
So soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering look of his boyhood's grace.
Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold,
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow.
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now.
Somebody's darling is still and cold.
Kiss him once for somebody's sake.
Murmur a prayer, soft And low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take.
They "were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there.
Was it a mother's soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair.
Been baptized in those waves of light?
God knows best; he was somebody's love,
Somebody's heart hath enshrined him there.
Somebody's wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to hid parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him.
Yearning to clasp him again to her heart,
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like, lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead.
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."