

The British Soldier's Grave - song lyrics

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THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Written by F. V. S. Clair. Composed by E. Jongmans.

Sung by Will Oliver, the "Man on the Spot"

One cold winter's night in the year fifty-four,
The battle had scarcely ceased,
The soldiers were going to camp for the night,
The storm had in fury increased.
The camp-fires lit, the warriors prepared
To seek a few hours' repose,
A poor little drummer-boy drew near the fire
And said, so the story goes:

Chorus.

Wrap me in the old flag, the standard of the free.
The flag that has for ages waved o'er land and sea;
Wrap me in the old flag, the banner of the brave,
And let my body lie within a British soldier's grave.

The drummer boy had in the thick of the fight
Fought just like a Briton so true,
Tho' only a bit of a stripling was he,
he proved what a youngster can do,
Surrounded was he, yet bravely he fought,
And many the death-thrust he gave;
When covered with wounds, he had crept into camp
To seek there a soldier's grave.-Chorus.

he called his friends round, and he asked them to write
A note to his own mother dear,
Informing her how his last thoughts were of her
While dying out in the Crimea;
They laid him to rest, obeyed his request,
Each one would have died him to save;
he peacefully sleeps close to Alma's famed heights,
he found there a warrior's grave.-Chorus.