

The Veterans - song lyrics

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THE VETERANS.

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Words by William W. Badger. Music by David T. Shaw.

Columbia, thy vet'rans are marching,
Are marching down into the grave-
But grandly the blue skies are arching,
The land which they offered life to save;
Freedom lives though her brave sons are dying.
And liberty no longer is a lie.
And gallantly the starry flag is flying.
Though the vet'rans are marching down to die.

Chorus.

Though the veterans are marching down to die.
Though the veterans are marching down to die,
And gallantly the starry flag is flying.
Though the veterans are marching down to die.

Soon all the soldiers will be sleeping,
And soon all the pensions will be paid,
Soon a grateful land will be weeping,
Where the last old vet'ran is laid;
Raise your hate, men, to-day and not to-morrow.
Give a cheer to heroes passing by,
'Tis only craven souls that have no sorrow.
When these vet'rans are marching down to die.

Chorus.

When these veterans are marching down to die.
When these veterans are marching down to die,
'Tis only craven souls that have no sorrow,
When these veterans are marching down to die.

And all the coming years tell the story
How far and fast they marched in '61,
With flashing eyes and swords, to endless glory,
Till all our noble vict'ries were won;
Then cheer, men, to-day and not to-morrow,
Drop a tear for soldiers passing by,
And shame the craven hearts that have no sorrow,
When these veterans are marching down to die.-Chorus.

Colombia, thy heroes assemble,
Whom Grant led to fame in '65,
And the pale lips of treason shall tremble
While love keeps their mem'ry alive-
And the old flag shall float on forever,
With new stars still coming in view.
And the sunshine of love wauelh never
'Neath the folds of the red, white and blue.-Chorus.