

The Dying Ranger - song lyrics

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THE DYING RANGER.

By a Texas Hanger.

The sun was setting in the West, and tided with a lingering ray,
Through the branches of the forest, where a dying languor lay.
Beneath the palmetto beneath the sultry Southern sky,
Far away in loved old Texas we laid him down to die.

A group had gathered 'round him-his comrades in the fight;
And tears rolled down each manly cheek as he bid his last good-night.
One friend and loved companion was kneeling by his side,
Striving to quench the life blood flow, but, alas, in vain he tried.

Up spoke the dying ranger-Weep no more for me;
I am crossing the dark river, yet all beyond in free.
Now gather 'round me, comrades, and listen to what I say,
I will tell you a story, us my spirit hastens away.

Far away in loved old Texas, that good old lone star State,
There is one who for my coming with a weary heart will wait;
A fair, young girl, my sister, my only hope and pride,
My only care from boyhood, for I had none else beside.

My mother, she lies sleeping beneath the church-yard sod;
Many a year has passed since her spirit, went to God.
My father, he lies sleeping beneath the dark, blue sea;
Brothers I have none, there are only Nell and me.

When our country was invaded, and called for volunteers,
She threw her arms around me, and bursting into tears;
Saying, Go, my daring brother, drive those traitors from our shore.
My heart may need thy presence, but thy country needs it more.

It's true I love my country, to it I gave my all;
If it had not been for my sister, I would be content to fall.
I am dying, comrades, dying; she will never see me more;
She will vainly wait my coming in her little cabin door.

Now gather nearer, comrades, listen to my dying prayer.
Who will be to her a brother, guard her with a father's care?
Up spoke a group of rangers -in one voice seemed to say:
She shall be to us a sister-we will protect her one und all.

One glad smile of pleasure o'er the ranger's face was spread,
One quick, convulsive shudder, and the ranger boy was dead
On the banks of the Brazos we laid him down to rest,
With a knapsack for his pillow, und a gun across his breast.