

He Fought For The Cause He Thought Was Right - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

HE FOUGHT FOR THE CAUSE HE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT.

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Words and music by Paul Dresser.

I saw an old grave yesterday, not many miles away,
It took me back for over thirty years;
And mem'ry brought to mind an empty cot, a mother, too,
And knelt beside it mingling prayers with tears.
Above the spot a here her boy sleeps there stands a wooden cross,
Which bears a sentence worded in this way:
"Pray judge him not because he fought for what he thought was right,
A hero, though he wore a suit of grey."

Chorus.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,
Far, far from home and friends to-night,
Be he what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,
He fought for the cause he thought was right.

Allow your thoughts to wander back to "sixty-one" and "five,"
To war and all the heartaches we will turn;
Just picture to yourself a mother, tottering, old and gray,
And waiting for her boy who'll ne'er return
A thousand miles away from her he's sleeping all alone,
The skies have out their sentinels each night,
While passing bare your head in honor of the hero bold,
Because he fought for what he thought was right.

Chorus.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,
Far, far from home and friends to-night,
Be he what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,
He fought for the cause he thought was right