

The Lone Grave - song lyrics

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THE LONE GRAVE.

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A story I'm going to tell of a grave
in the South, where a brave soldier fell:
For his cause now he sleeps by the side of a track;
What his colors, none able to tell:
A plain, simple board, rudely carved, that was all
That was left to remind one of that sacred spot;
The words, as we traced them, were simple enough,
"A soldier sleeps here-oh, forget me not."

Chorus.

The lone grave is there by the side of the track.
It contains a wanderer who never came back.
And when he appears on the great judgment day.
Our Father'll not ask, "Was your suit blue or gray?"

There's a mother that sits by a fireside to-night.
She is thinking of days long gone by;
And she pictures a loved one who went to the war.
But returned not, she says, with a sigh;
If the mother could know that her boy calmly sleeps
Undisturbed by the march or the progress of time.
What feelings would haunt her, what thoughts would she have-
Sobs, tears and heart aches, what sadness sublime.

Chorus.

The lone grave's still there by the side of the track,
It contains her boy, who will never come back.
And when he appears on the great judgment day.
Our Father'll not ask, "Was your suit blue or gray?"