

The Soldier's Funeral- - song lyrics

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THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL-

Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling.
It pierces the soft summer air;
Tears from each comrade are falling.
For the widow and orphan are there;
Bayonets earthward are turning.
The drum-muffled voice breathes around.
Yet he heeds not the voice of the mourner.
Nor wakes to the soft bugle's sound.

Sleep, soldier, tho' many may mourn thee.
And weep o'er thy cold form to-day;
Soon, soon will thy kindred forget thee.
Thy name from the earth pass away;
The man thou hast loved as a brother.
Some friend in thy place shall have gain'd;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another.
Thy steed by another be reined.

Tho' many now mourn for thee sadly.
Soon joyous as ever they'll be;
Thy bright orphan boy will laugh gladly.
As he sits on some brave comrade's knee.
But there's one who'll be true to her duty.
Who will mourn for the lost and the brave.
As when first in the bloom of her beauty
She wept o'er her loved soldier's grave.