

The Dying Soldier - song lyrics

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THE DYING SOLDIER

A Recitation-By Richard Coe.

Chaplain, I am dying, dying;
Cut a lock from off my hair,
For my darling mother, chaplain,
After I am dead, to wear;
Mind you, 'tis for mother, chaplain,
She whose early teachings now
Soothe and comfort the poor soldier
With the death dew on his brow!

"Kneel down, now, beside me, chaplain.
And return my thanks to Him
Who so good a mother gave me;
Oh, my eyes are growing dim!
Tell her, chaplain, should you see her,
All at last with me was well;
Through the valley of the shadow
I have gone, with Christ to dwell!

"Do not weep, I pray you, chaplain;
Yes, ah! weep for mother dear,
I'm the only living son, sir,
Of a widow'd mourner here;
Mother! I am going, going
To the land where angels dwell;
I commend you unto Jesus:
Mother darling-fare you well!"

Downward from their thrones of beauty
Look'd the stars upon his face;
Upward on the wings of duty
Sped the angel of God's grace,
Bearing through the heavenly portal,
To his blessed home above.
The dead soldier's soul immortal.
To partake of Christ's sweet love.

Far away, in humble cottage,
Sits his mother, sad and lone;
And her eyes are red with weeping,
Thinking of her absent son;
Suddenly Death's pallid presence
Cast a shadow o'er her brow;
Smiling a sweet smile of welcome,
She is with her loved ones now!