

# The Dying Soldier Of Cerro Gordo - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Dying Soldier of Cerro Gordo.

On Cerro Gordo's bloody height  
A wounded soldier lay,  
Cut down amid that fearful fight,  
Far from his friends away.  
Far from his home, his native land,  
Beneath a foreign sky,  
No mother pressed his dying hand,  
No sister closed his eye.

He called a comrade to his side  
To take his last request,  
Ere yet was spent the vital tide  
That trickled from his breast.  
Adieu, my faithful friend, adieu,  
The fatal hour is nigh,  
Dark, misty shadows cross my view,  
My time has come to die.

But ere I spend my latest breath  
I have a word to say,  
A word from a true heart in death  
To loved ones far away.  
I wish long after I am laid  
Beneath the silent dust,  
My dying message may be told-  
With you I leave the trust.

Go tell my mother not to weep,  
My sisters not to mourn,  
That on a hostile shore I sleep,  
From their embraces torn;  
That I did not repent the day  
I was for my country tried,  
But like a soldier I had fought,  
And like a soldier died.

Go tell the maiden that I love,  
The darling of my heart,  
That we shall meet again above,  
There never more to part.  
Tell her that on the battle field  
I breathed my latest sigh,  
And prayed that heaven may be her shield  
Until we meet on high.

He ceased, and paler grew his cheek,  
And fainter was his breath,  
His feeble tongue no more could speak,  
His form grew cold in death.  
Far from home, his native land,  
Beneath those foreign skies,  
No mother clasped his dying hand,  
No sister closed his eyes.