

Grandad's Tales Of Glory - song lyrics

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GRANDAD'S TALES OF GLORY.

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Written and Composed by J. W. Hall.

There is no land beneath the sun, with this one can compare,
And of the gallant deeds she's done I'd list at grandad's chair;
While many a stirring tale he's told, of fights by land and sea.
That took us back to days of old, as we clung round his knee.

Chorus.

Telling us children how they fought on Gettysburg's great plain.
He points to the sword that hangs on the wall as his battles he fights again;
Amidst the canon's deadly sound, dying comrades on the ground,
Down (hey dashed, as the fierce shot crushed, with pluck all marvelled at!
Where are those heroes none could beat?
A voice cries: "Starving in the street!"
They're old And lamed! but grandad's ashamed to tell the children that!

We heard him tell how years ago, from out the canon's mouth,
The shot and shell laid many low, that fought for North And South;
And on the field of Gettysburg, upon that fatal day.
Three thousand heroes nobly fell, the "blue "as well as "gray." -Cho.

He told us how the battlefield was deluged with their gore,
That neither North or South would yield, such scenes we still deplore;
Thus sitting at dear grandad's side, around his old arm chair,
We learned how heroes fought and died as heroes only dare.-Chorus.