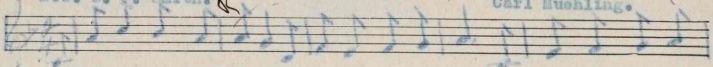
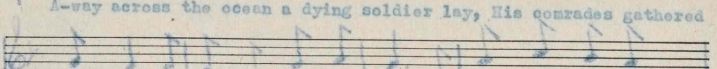
JAN 21 1918 ©CLE418424

THE DYING SOLDIER.

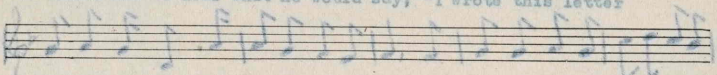
Mrs. B. F. Smith. Carl Muehling.



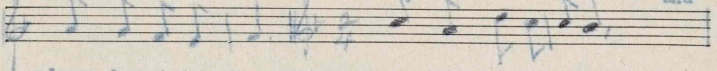
A-way across the ocean a dying soldier lay, His comrades gathered



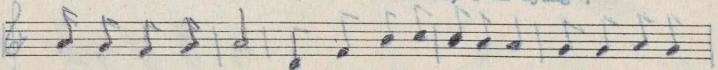
'round him to hear what he would say; "I wrote this letter



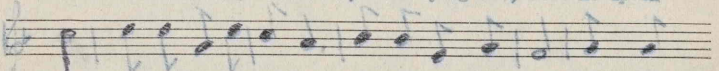
to my dear one for she is far a-way, And send it to her very soon, and



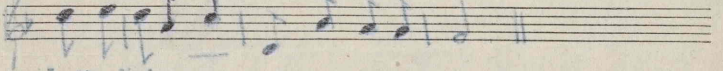
please do not de - lay."(CHORUS) "Comrades, I am dying".



was his mournful cry, "Comrades, I am dying now, meet me up-on



high; Meet me up in Heav-en" was his mournful cry, "Com-rades



I am dy-ing now, meet me up-on high".

(2)

Oh tell her that I love her and oh! how I hate to go,
But God knows best and I'll be at rest for He has willed it so;
It tells her I am now dying far, far away from home,
And the one she loves so dearly to her can never come.

(3)

It breaks my heart to leave her, the dear one that I love,
But if she's good and true to me, she will meet me up above;
Dear comrades, I am surely dying and soon I will be gone,
I want to bid you all farewell, dear comrades every one.

(4)

The last farewell was spoken, the parting word was said,
And then his soul was numbered forever with the dead;
They laid him down then at midnight beneath the dark green sod,
With muffled drum and funeral hymn committing him to God.

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