

JUN 21 1920 ©OE481525

WHEN THE CRUEL WAR IS OVER ELSIE DARLING

WORDS BY

W. A. SHELDON

MUSIC BY

HECTOR RICHARD

PUBLISHED BY

M646
R. Legters Music Co.
CHICAGO

When the Cruel War Is Over Elsie Darling

Words by W.A.SHELDON

Music by HECTOR RICHARD

Moderato

The bu - gle call was ring - ing One morning bright and clear, A sol - dier boy was
 The shot and shell were scream - ing Up - on the bat - tle field, The boys were fight - ing
 In a co - zy lit - tle cot - tage Sits a fa - ther old and - gray, Like wise a moth - er
 leav - ing His home and lov'd ones dear. A poor old a - ged fath - er, Like
 fierce - ly Our dear old flag to save. Just as the sun was sink - ing A
 weep - ing And a maid kneels by her knee. 'Tis just the same sad stor - y Of a
 wise a gray haired moth - er And a sweetheart who was weep - ing by his side He
 sol - dier boy lay dy - ing As his com - rades bore him gen - tly from the field "Oh,
 brok - en heart - ed moth - er, And a sweetheart who is wait - ing there in vain There's a
 put his arm a - round her And he says to her be brave, It breaks my heart to
 com - rades gath - er round me, I have some - thing I would say, I've some - thing I would
 grave down by the ri - ver Where a sol - dier brave and true Is ly - ing there in

leave you, But our coun-try we must save, When this cru-el war is end-ed And our
 tell you Ere my life blood ebbs a-way, I've a dear old a-ged fa-ther And a
 si-lence For that dear Red White and Blue. There lies an a-ged fa-ther And a

coun-try is de-fend-ed I'll be with you sweet-heart with you once a-gain,¹¹
 ten-der lov-ing moth-er, And a sweet-heart who is wait-ing there for me!
 brok-en heart-ed moth-er And a sweet-heart who is weep-ing there a-lone.

CHORUS

When this cruel war is o-ver, El-sie dar-ling, And our flag shall wave in peace as days of

yore — When this cru-el war is end-ed And our coun-try is de-fend-ed I'll be

with you sweet-heart, with you once a-gain.

The war has now been ended
 That awful strife is o'er
 The boys are fast returning,
 Back from the bloody shore
 Our country's wrongs were righted
 And the people are delighted
 But these memories still
 Cling o'er us like a dream
 Though many years may vanish
 And the boys that left be few
 Who left their wives and sweethearts
 For that dear Red White and Blue
 Their steps may not be nimble
 For they'll then be old and feeble
 But we'll love them, yes
 We'll love them just the same

