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"THE RED CROSS FLAG"

SONG

POEM and COPYRIGHT BY JOHN ABBOTT

124 MECHANIC ST  
PONTIAC MICH

MUSIC BY

RAYMOND A. BROWN  
SUITE 1115  
1482 BROADWAY, N. Y.



No. 10.

M1646  
.B

*Andante moderato*

*Vcllo*

*Cho*

"The Red Cross Flag" By John Abbott.

You are going, oh, my soldier, where grim War is holding sway;  
 And where Death--that cruel Reaper--harvests thousands, ev'ry day;  
 Mighty guns in battle roaring  
 Deadly hail their mouths are pouring,  
 But the Red Cross Flag is soaring  
 Just behind you, in the fray.

CHORUS.

Red Cross Nurse, we greatly love you,  
 And the Flag that floats above you;  
 Crimson Cross on field of white;  
 In your sacrifice unsparring,  
 Like the symbol that you're wearing;  
 Hold Cross on field of white.

If you're wounded, oh, my soldier, skillful aid is near at hand;  
 Ere the battle storm is over, someone of that gallant band;  
 Rushing forward--death defying--  
 Will not leave you, helpless lying;  
 For the red Cross Flag is flying  
 Just behind you in that land.

If you're dying, oh, my soldier; by your cot, behind the strife;  
 White clad nurse is bending o'er you, like your mother, sweetheart, wife;  
 Gentle hands your brow are laving;  
 Lying message, kindly saving;  
 And the Red Cross Flag is waving  
 Farewell, as you leave this life.

