

"Bessie's Soldier Boy".

Mrs. Wade Earnest.

H. DeFresno.

Just at eve the sun was sinking O'er the rugged hills,
 Filling all the land with beauty, As the sunbeams danced o'er rocks and
 vills. It's last rays kissed the foreheads Of a youth and maid so
 fair; He with brown eyes sad and thoughtful, She with
 sunny golden hair. (CHORUS) "I have come to tell you Bessie, That I'm
 called to fight the foe; And little girl please wait for me, For it
 breaks my heart to go. Little girl don't weep for me, For the
 enemy are in the field; Re- member I have promised That I would
 you and our dear flag shield.

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(2)
 With a brave smile she blessed him
 And sent him on his way;
 But her heart was sad at that moment,
 How sad I can never say.
 She is so proud of her boy,
 Who answered his country's call;
 While he fights in the fiercest battles,
 She prays he may not fail.

(3)
 He is in the very front trenches,
 Driving the Boche from his nest;
 He is wounded, bloodstained and hungry,
 But he proved he was one of the best.
 By morning the battle is over,
 And he raises his country's flag
 To float gracefully over the land they have taken,
 Of his bravery he does not brag.

(4)
 He crawls slowly over No Man's Land,
 Finds the position of the German guns;
 So that night just at sunset,
 They start to bombard the Huns.
 He is awarded the Croix de Guerre,
 And he sent it home to his girl;
 While he thinks of her and her bravery,
 Until his brain is in a whirl.

(5)
 In the battle of St. Mihiel,
 Again he stands the test;
 In the morning just at sunrise,
 He went over the top with the rest.
 He doesn't come back then, they say,
 God grant he is still safe and sound;
 In less than an hour back he comes,
 Telling how to gain new ground.

(6)
 Amid the roar of the cannon,
 The hissing shot and shell;
 He carries his flag to freedom,
 But fell in the battle hell.
 While in far off America,
 When Bessie is being told
 How he gained the day on the battlefield,
 And how dearly his life he sold.

(7)
 Blessings on him, her soldier boy,
 Who gave up love's romance;
 And answered the call, he gave his all,
 Then died on the field of France.
 So here's to you! our noble boys,
 Our boys who are brave and true;
 For all of our freedom, our hopes and our joys
 We owe to our boys like you.

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