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"A Soldiers Grave"

Words by Mrs. Robert Read. Music by Frank W. Ford.

In a land far O'er the o-cean 'neath the
heard his Coun-try Call-ing And he
Sun-ny skies of France Where they flow-ers and the grass-es gent-ly
an-swered to the Call, And to all his friends and loved ones said fare-
wave. Where the breeze is ev-er sigh-ing There's a
well, Soon he Crossed the Stor-my o-cean Safe-ly
lit-tle mound of earth And be-neath it lies a sol-diers lone-ly
reach the oth-er side and 'twas there U-pon the bat-tle field he
grave. He soon died. — A fond Moth-er now is yearning For her
died. Lies far o'er the o-cean Far a
loved one far a-way And a farth-er mourns his son so true and
way from friends and home In what-ev-er land be-neath the smil-ing
brave Though they know he died de-fend-ing the dear
sky. For we " "'s safe-ly rest-ing 'neath Gods
home and that he loved yet he's sleep-ing in a sol-diers lone-ly
ev-er tov-ing hand and will meet a-gain with tov-ed ones by and
grave. Though he by. Then sleep on brave son of Freed-om 'neath that
lit-tle mound of earth Where the wild flowers and the grasses gent-ly wave Where the
breeze is ev-er sigh-ing And the An-gels watch above O'er a mound that marks a

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