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A Soldier's Grief

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
HECTOR RICHARD

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Music by HECTOR RICHARD

Andante con molto espressione

mp

I am sit - ting all a - lone in my room just now, And the twi - light hour is
 In boy - hood days — we played to - geth - er, And hap - py then were
 So — we with oth - ers then went forth, Our free - dom to up -
 And now the — dark - ness has gath - ered, And the stars their sent' - nel

p

near, — And the shades of night a - round me close As the twink - ling stars ap -
 we, — Knew noth - ing of the care and woe That tend hu - man i -
 hold, — En - dur - ing hard - ships, fear - ful sights And suf - fer - ings un -
 keep, — This to me's a night of sor - row, To him a peace - ful

pear. — But what of the night at the twi - light hour To one who grieves a
 ty, — But a - las! a war cloud gath - ered, A scene that none will for -
 told; — But now he fills a sol - dier's grave A - way in a for - eign
 sleep, — A sleep that knows no wak - ing To an - y dread or

friend? They al - ways take your mem - o - ry back, And
 get, Sigh - ing was heard on ev - er - y hand, The
 land, For 'midst the bat - tle he'd fall - en In
 fear, A slum - ber that is for - ev - er sweet, Free from

lone - ly hours you spend. So in the twi - light hour I
 stars of peace was 'bout to sit, And near - er still the
 mak - ing a no - ble stand, And here as I sit and
 dan - ger, free from care, So in his peace - ful slum - bers

rit. *a tempo*

grieve a - lone, And I bless the bonds (sol - i - tude so dear) That
 war cloud came, And dark - er grew the night, Mar -
 view him, As I saw him on that day, March -
 I leave him, And let him take his rest, For in

cres.

bound me to that sol - dier friend; It's a grief that none can share.
 shall in or - der were the troops, Pre - pared, pre - pared to fight.
 ing a - way with gal - lant tread, Hold - ing the foe at bay.
 Heav'n I trust to meet him, And en - joy with him the sol - dier's bliss.

f *mp*

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