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HIS LAST FAREWELL



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CHICAGO

His Last Farewell

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Moderato, Espressivo

mp

The bu - gle call was sound - ing And the tap of drum was heard, A
 Long months rolled past and still their moth - er waits for their re - turn, Or

p

re - gi - ment was leav - ing for the fray, Two
 hopes to hear some cheer - ing news each day, And

broth - ers had en - list - ed And as they left their dear old home They
 when the twi - light gath - ers And her dai - ly task is done She

fond - ly kissed their moth - er old and grey.
 dreams a - bout her lov'd ones far a - way.

CHORUS. *Valse lente*

Where the Stars and Stripes were fly-ing— On the field one broth-er lay— When they
 told him he was dy-ing,— To the oth-ers he did say.— “Bid fare-
 well to dear old moth-er; Then he whisp-ered with a sigh,— As he
 saw the flag a-bove him, “Dear old Stars and Stripes, good-bye.”

One day a letter came for her;
 She learns the truth at last,
 That one dear son has gone to realms above;
 But even in her sorrow
 She explains he gave his life
 To help protect the dear old flag we love.

