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"GOING WEST"

Van Buren, G

Buon

DEC 16 1918

A Soldier boy lay dying on a battlefield in France
 He's thinking of the ones so dear to him,
 He kisses Mother's photo, while the tears bedim his glance,
 He knew she'd ne'er on earth see him again,
 His Captain knelt beside him, pinned a medal on his breast,
 For bravery he had shown while in the fray,
 Please tell my dear old Mother that I did my very best,
 Tell her I'm going West, they heard him say.

Chorus

There's a place in Heaven for the Soldier going West,
 There's a place in Heaven where his tired soul can rest,
 So please don't worry Mother for your boy who did his best,
 Heaven welcomes all brave Soldiers' who are going West.

Second Verse

The Captain sent the message to the Mother old and gray,
 He told her of the gallant deeds he'd done,
 He also sent the medal he had won for bravery,
 While saving many Comrades from the Hun.
 The poor old Mother prayed for her boy who did his best,
 Who bravely fought and stood a Soldier's test.
 I am proud of you my son for you've nobly earned your rest,
 Then murmured his last words - He's going West.

*Written by
 Morvin K. Bell
 Aurora, Ill.
 Nov 27/1918*

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Words by ^{DEC 16 1918} Morris H. Betty

Music by Burrell Van Curen

Going West.

Lead.
Curtain

Voice *mf*

Chorus

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