JAN -2 1919 ©CIE439418 a.

"THE DYING SOLDIER"

Sung

Poem and © by LE ROY B. EDWARDS. 436 CONGRESS AV. NEW HAVEN. Ct

MUSIC BY

R. A. BROWNE,
790 DAWSON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.

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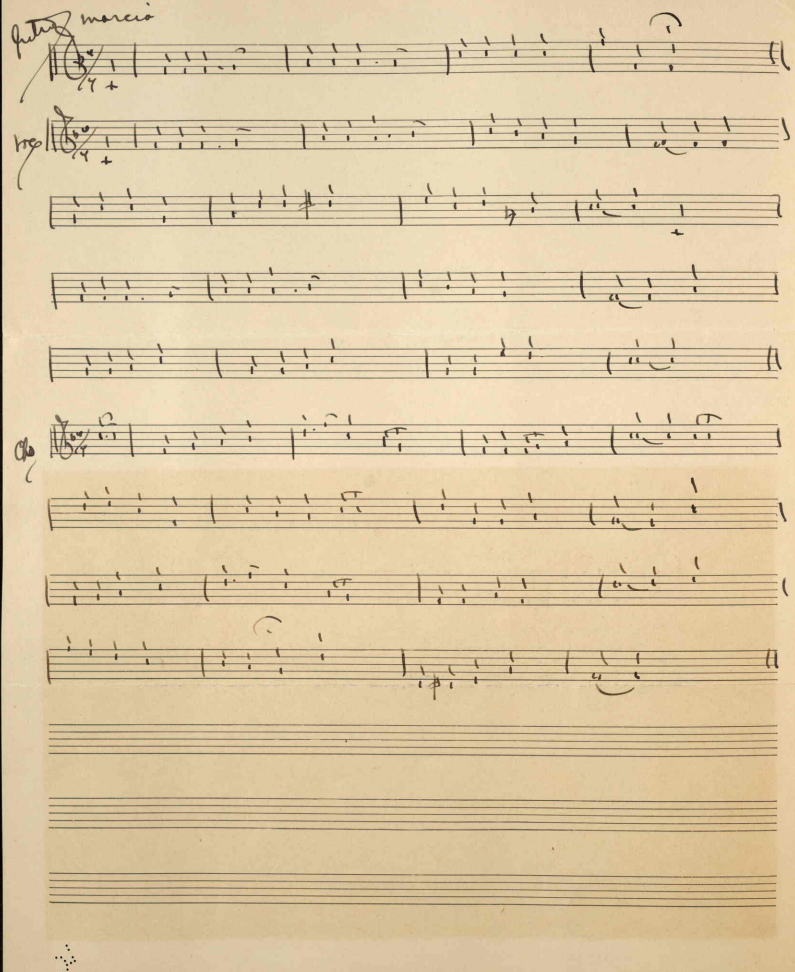
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"The Dying Soldier" Le Roy E. Edwards.

1

'Twas down beside a Western fort, one cold December day;
Inside a little Red Cross tent a dying soldier lay;
His comrades stood beside him, and with low and drooping heads,
He listened to the last words that the dying soldier said:

CHORUS.

" I am going to a soldier's grave, where true Americans go;
Where your mess is handed out on tin plates, as well we know;
You do not have to march at all, or even stand for drills,
Where little streams of sunshine, come gliding through the hills.

2

Oh, hark! I hear the bugle! it is calling me away!
So, farewell comrades 'tis not hard to die for U.S.A.
He gave one groan and fell back dead, he sang his last refrain,
His comrades took his hat and gun, then marched away again.

Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.

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