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"FREEDOM'S LAND BOUQUET"

(Song)

Poem & Copyright By ALBERT J. HEIL, P.O.B 504
WESLEYVILLE PA

Music By

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M1646
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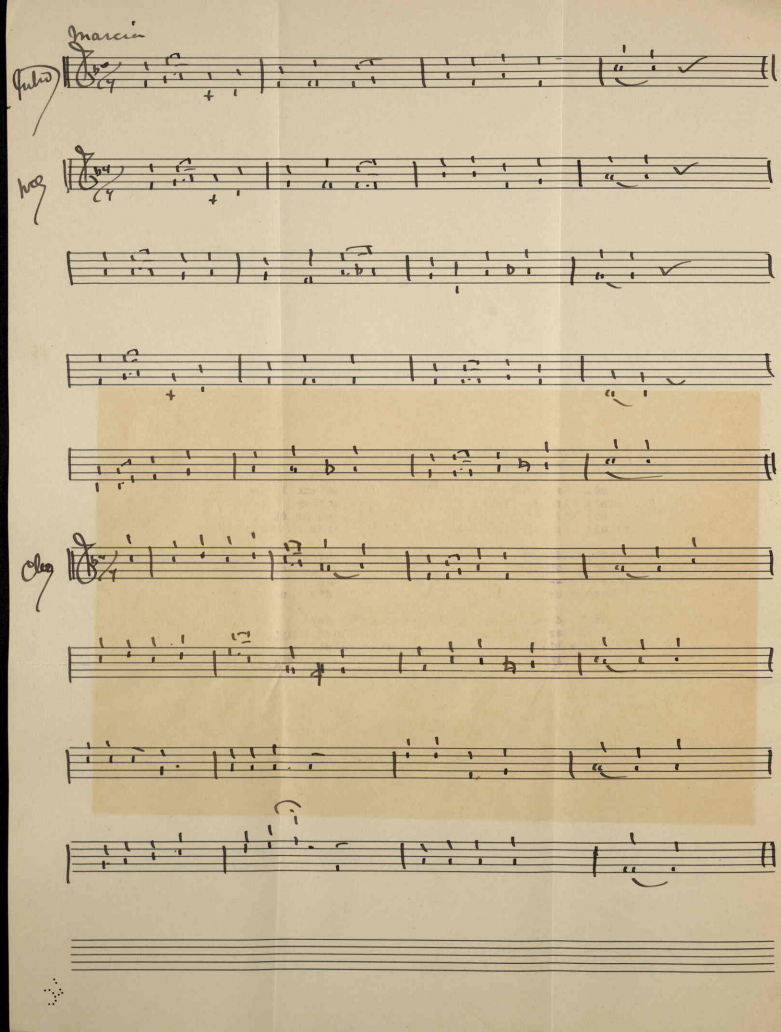
Marcia

"Freedom Land's Bouquet"
Albert J.Neil.

1

Who is that soldier lying with his face turned to the West.
Where Freedom's Flag is flying over homes of peace and rest?
It's Yankee Boy--he's dying,oh lift up his wounded head!
Oh treasure his last sighing and keep fast the words he said:

CHORUS.

"Oh sweetheart,send a golden rod one,blest by your sweet glance!
O have it planted o'er the sod,that buries me,in France;
With France's Lily--England's Rose--our Golden Rod for aye!
No sweeter rare cluster grows,than Freedom's Land's bouquet"

2

Oh mighty East Wind hover and be kind to him,to day!
Oh heed this soldier lover,and then Westward speed away;
Across Atlantic's billows,go,awake his native air:
There let the weeping willow,chant this last,his dying prayer:

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