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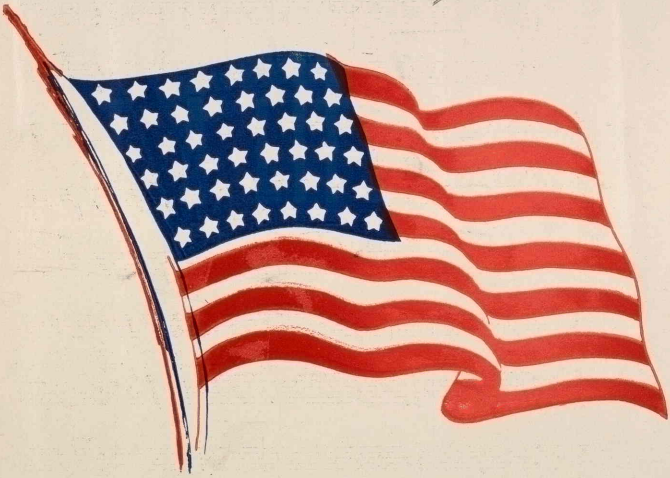
JUST A LITTLE TOKEN

A TALE OF THE WAR

Words By

MRS. HARRY A. FARRAR



Music BY

ROBERT H. BRENNEN

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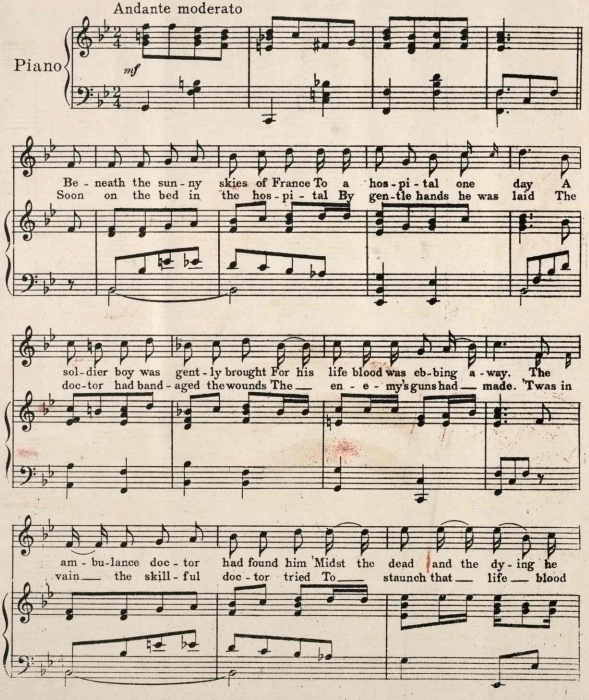

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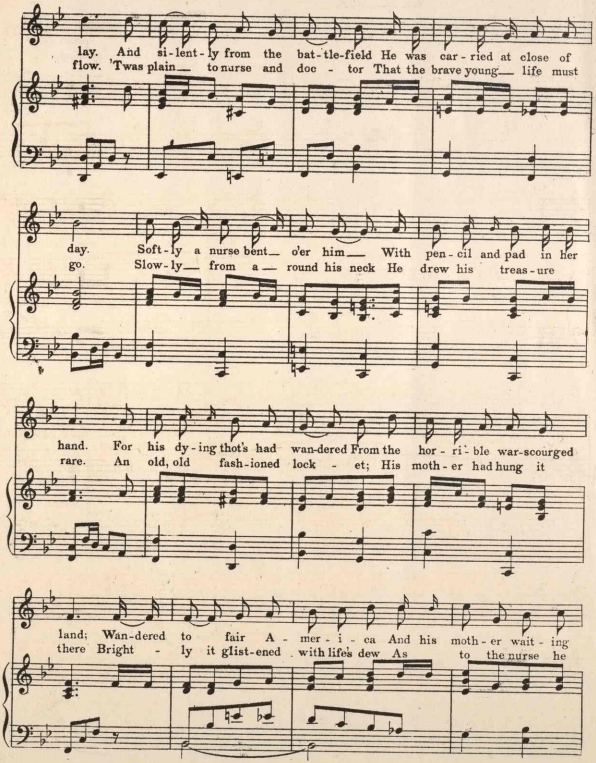
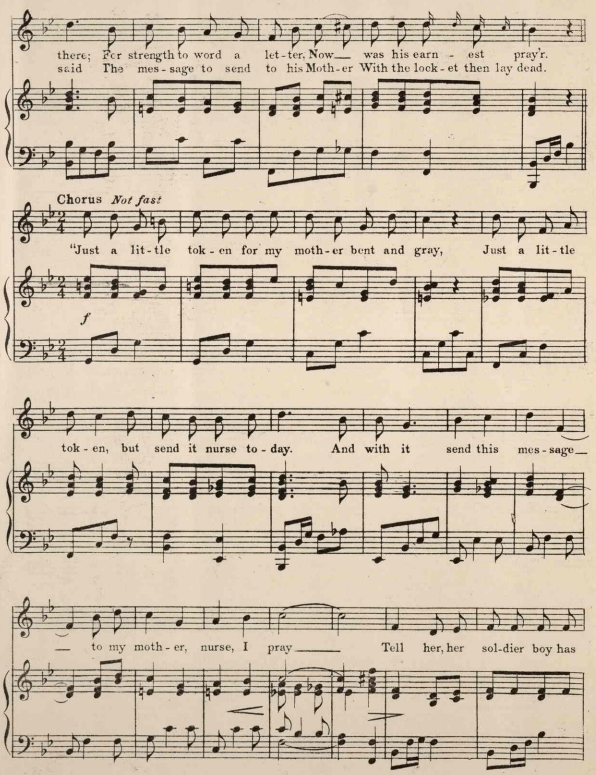
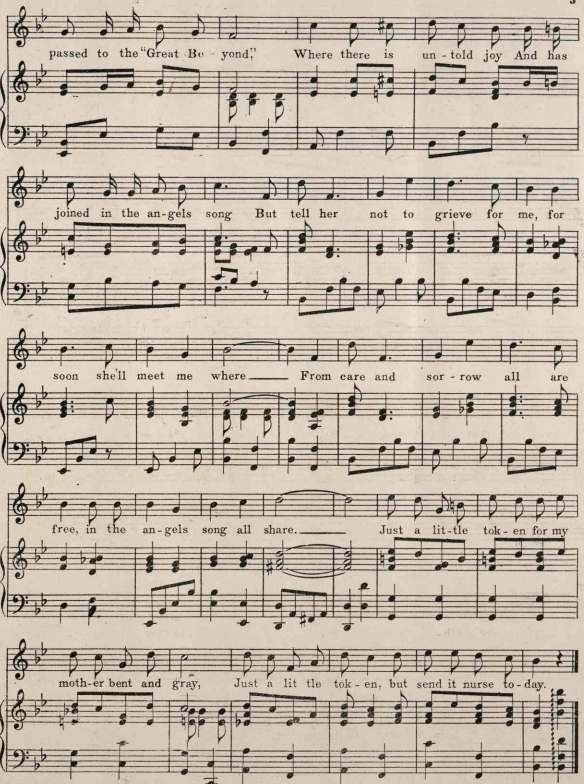

lay. And si-lent-ly from the bat-tle-field He was car-ried at close of
flow. 'Twas plain to nurse and doc-tor That the brave young life must
day. Soft-ly a nurse bent o'er him With pen-cil and pad in her
go. Slow-ly from a round his neck He drew his treas-ure
hand. For his dy-ing thot's had wan-dered From the hor-ri-ble war-scourged
rare. An old, old fash-ioned lock-et; His moth-er had hung it
land; Wan-dered to fair A-mer-i-ca And his moth-er wait-ing
there Bright-ly it glist-ened with life's dew As to the nurse he


there; For strength to word a let-ter. Now was his earn-est pray'r.
said The mes-sage to send to his Moth-er With the lock-et then lay dead.
Chorus Not fast
"Just a lit-tle tok-en for my moth-er bent and gray, Just a lit-tle
f
tok-en, but send it nurse to-day. And with it send this mes-sage
to my moth-er, nurse, I pray Tell her, her sol-dier boy has


passed to the "Great Be - yond," Where there is un - told joy And has
joined in the an-gels song But tell her not to grieve for me, for
soon she'll meet me where From care and sor - row all are
free, in the an-gels song all share. Just a lit-tle tok - en for my
moth-er bent and gray, Just a lit tle tok - en, but send it nurse to - day.

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