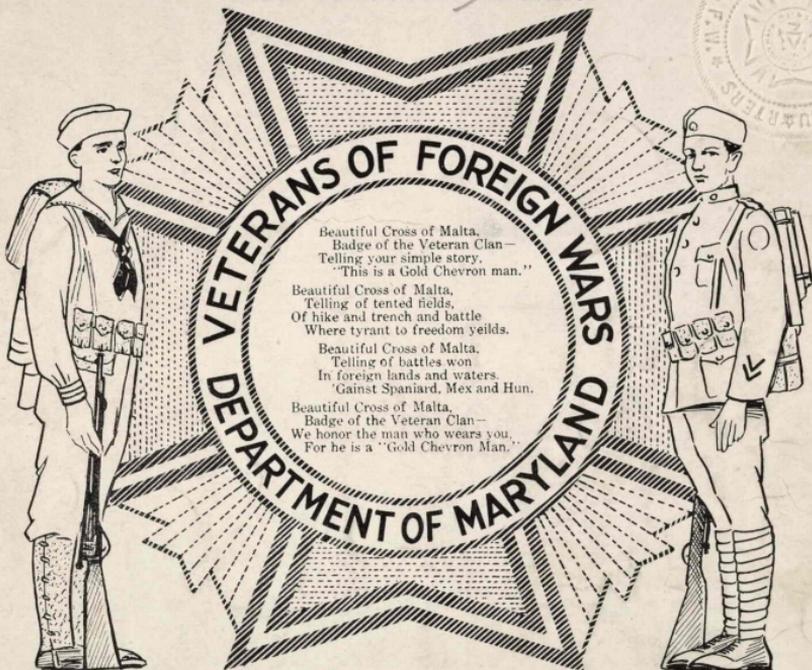


# ONE LAST GOOD-BYE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

JOHN HARRISON LAMBERT





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# One Last Good-Bye

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Tempo di Marcia

Piano



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4.

Voice (*With expression*)

Mid the can-nons roar on a dis-tant shore, there's a ring-ing clash of  
There's a death like knell of the burst-ing shell, that ech-oes the can-nons



The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a consistent eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present.

steel, ——— There's a call of arms there's a wild a-larm that  
roar ——— To the ranks of death with his part-ing breath —



The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern and chordal structure as the first line.

ech-oes the bu-gler's peal. ——— By the bat-tle light of the  
charged to re-turn no more ——— There's a du-ty done, there's a



The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with the same rhythmic and harmonic elements.

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shell torn night the gal-lant He-ros fall. ——— Some Moth-er's  
war cross won, a — tale of his gal-lant deed. ——— A mes-sage some

boy her pride and joy, has an-swered du-ty's call. —  
day from a land far a - way per-haps to her shall read. —

*rit.*

Chorus (*Slow march*)

Some-where in France a voice is call-ing ——— Call-ing

o'er the Sea. ——— Some-where in France the shells are

fall-ing — in this strife for lib - er - ty —

Some where a wound-ed he-roe's dy-ing. — Breath-ing his

part-ing sigh. — Some-where in France his voice is call-ing, —

*rit.* — Moth-er dear, "Good - bye" —

*rit.* *f* *fz*

# TEMPEST

Loud roars the wind o'er the rocky coast,  
The mountain waves dash high,  
The sailor's face is grim nigh death,  
Stern is his fearless eye.

The good ship struggles bravely,  
As she swells the warning foam,  
Breakers roar ahead of her  
The wind through the rigging moans.

"Aloft, make all snug", shouts the Captain,  
"My God, we're running a ten knot tide,"  
His cry drowns in the shriek of the wind,  
As he's dashed o'er the good ship's side.

More fierce grows the tempest, louder shrieks the wind,  
Madly dashes the ship, as waves to foam she churns,  
Deafening the crash as she strikes the rocks  
And is splintered from stem to stern.

When the storm abated towards morning,  
The life guard was too late to save,  
God sent the sun in it's glory  
To shed heaven's light o'er the sailor's grave.

By JOHN HARRISON LAMBERT.