

The Dying Soldier

Erin So Far Away

9 The sun went down on As - ia's shore when the dead - ly fight was o'er, And
18 thou - sands lay on the bat - tle - field till it could hold no more. The pale moon
25 shone on the bat - tle - field where the dy - ing sol - dier lay, And the
sha - dows of death a - round him crept while his life blood ebbed a - way.

A passing comrade heard a moan
and quickly the sufferer found,
Saying, "Gently lift my aching head
from of the damp cold ground";
Saying, "Softly, gently comrade dear,
not long with you I'll stay.
I will no more roam in my childhood's home
in old Erin so far away.

A lock of my hair I would have you bear
to my mother far over the sea,
And every time she would look at it
she would fondly think of me.
Tell her that although on India's shore
my mouldering bones shall lay,
That my heart still clings to old Ireland,
to old Erin so far away.

Go tell my sister though years have passed
since last I saw her face,
Her form is present in my mind,
her features I can trace;
Oh, tell her that no more we'll roam
where in childhood used to play,
In those merry glades and the grassy shades
in old Erin so far away.

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Oh, tell my brother how well we fought,
and just like our father, died,
With bayonets charging on the foe
and our scabbards by our side.
It nerves my heart to conquer,
these Sepoys for to slay—”
When a vision so bright rolled o’er his sight,
of Erin so far away.

The dying soldier heaved a sigh
as he tried to raise his head.
His spirit went forth from the wide, wide world,
and the soldier boy lay dead.
His grave was made and in it was laid
that doom of a warrior’s day,
Far, far from his home and the friends he loved,
in old Erin so far away.

His comrades gathered around his grave
for to take their last farewell
‘Tis of as brave and as true a heart
as ever in battle fell.
And as they lowered him in his grave,
his spirit seemed to say,
“I will no more roam in my childhood’s home,
in old Erin so far away.”