

lone grave a round, Those ash-es are sa-cred, and sa-cred the  
 flag of the free, And let our own ban-ner my wind-ing sheet  
 laid him to rest; The turf they plac'd gen-tly a-bove his young  
 bro-ken and sad; That sigh for the loved ones, and weep for the

ground; Tis one of earth's no-bles, so gal-lant and brave, That  
 he; And when I am rest-ing O leave it to wave, To  
 breast, Then rais'd up the ban-ner, and left it to wave In  
 dead; Whose life blood has pur-pled the field of the brave, And

here lies a-sleep, in the Vol-un-teer's Grave. He's fought his last  
 point to the stran-ger the Vol-un-teer's Grave. The sad news break  
 bright-ness un-dimmd o'er the Vol-un-teer's Grave. O sad were the  
 who now re- pose in the Vol-un-teer's Grave And Oh tho' no