

When this cru-el war is o - - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!

When this cru-el war is o - - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!

*rall.*

## 2.

When the summer breeze is sighing  
 Mournfully along;  
 Or when autumn leaves are falling,  
 Sadly breathes the song.  
 Oft in dreams I see thee lying  
 On the battle plain,  
 Lonely, wounded, even dying,  
 Calling, but in vain.

CHORUS.—Weeping, sad, &c.

## 3.

If amid the din of battle  
 Nobly you should fall,  
 Far away from those who love you,  
 None to hear you call—  
 Who would whisper words of comfort,  
 Who would soothe your pain?  
 Ah! the many cruel fancies  
 Ever in my brain.

CHORUS.—Weeping, sad, &c.

## 4.

But our country called you, darling,  
 Angels cheer your way;  
 While our nation's sons are fighting,  
 We can only pray.  
 Nobly strike for God and liberty,  
 Let all nations see  
 How we love the starry banner,  
 Emblem of the free.

CHORUS.—Weeping, sad, &c.