

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

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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.