

*p*

2. Com - rades, tell her when you write That I did my du - ty  
 3. Once a - gain I long to see Home and kindred far a -

well, — Say that when the bat - tle rag'd, Ere there  
 way, But I feel I shall be gone,

Fighting in the van I fell; Tell her too, when on my  
 dawns an - oth - er day; Hope - ful - ly I bide the

bed, Slow - ly ebb'd my be - ing's stream,  
 hour When will fade life's fee - ble beam,