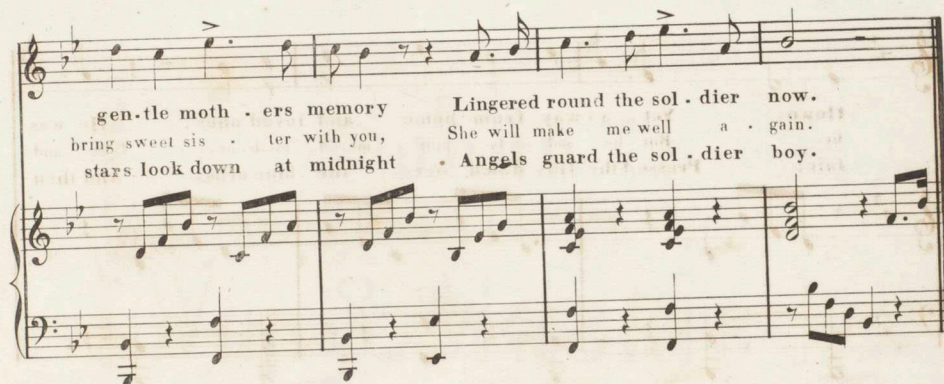


pil . low,      Wiped the death . damp from his brow,      But a  
 dy . ing,      And my head throbs so with pain!      Come and  
 beez . es,      With the gen . tle flower . ets      toy :      When the



gen . tle moth . ers memory      Lingered round the sol . dier now.  
 bring sweet sis . ter with you,      She will make me well a . gain.  
 stars look down at midnight      Angels guard the sol . dier boy.

