THE FADED COAT OF BLUE.

J. H. M' NAUGHTON.

Moderato.

Tenderly.

1. My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue, In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat so true; He sank faint and hun-gry a-mong the famish'd brave, And they laid him sad and lonely with-in his nameless grave!

2. *He cried "give me wa - ter and just a lit - tle crumb, And my mother she will bless you thro' all the years to come; Oh! tell my sweet sis - ter, so gen - tle, good, and true, That I'll meet her up in heav'n in my fa-ded coat of blue".*

3. He said "my dear com - rades, you cannot take me home, But you'll mark my grave for mother, she'll find me if she come, I fear she'll not know me, a-mong the good, and true, When I meet her up in heav'n in my fa-ded coat of blue".

4. *No dear one was nigh him to close his sweet blue eyes, And no gentle one was by him to give him sweet replies: No stone marks the sod o'er my lad, so brave, and true, In his lonely grave he sleeps in his fa-ded coat of blue.*

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