

# The Dying Soldier

Sung by Joseph Chisholm, St. Raphaels, Ontario

Recorded by George Proctor 1960

Chord suggestions by Ian Bell

Originally key of G

C Am F C C

Oh the sun was set-ting in the west and it shed it's glor-ious rays. O'er the sha-dows of a

Em Am G Am Em C

<sup>6</sup>for-est wher a dy-ing sol-dier lay. Far a-way from his re - la - tions neath the set - ting wes-tern

G C Am F C

<sup>12</sup>sky. In the sha-dows of the for - est they laid him down to die.

His comrades gathered round him  
His companions in the fight  
A tear rolled down each manly cheek  
As he bid his last goodnight  
One loved and one companion  
Was kneeling by his side  
Trying to stay his life's blood  
But at last in vain he cried

Oh a dear young girl, my sister  
My darling and my pride  
I have been to her a brother  
Since she had none else beside  
I have been to her a brother  
Shielded her with father's care  
And I tried from grief and sorrow  
Her gentle heart to spare

Now comrades I am dying  
Come hear my last fond prayer  
Who will be to her a brother  
And shield her with father's care  
Then up spoke the soldiers bravely  
In a voice like one let fall  
We will be to her a brother  
We'll protect her one and all

Oh comrades I am dying  
Come hear what I will say  
Take a message and a token  
To some loved ones far away  
Far away in old Wisconsin  
That deat old pine tree state  
There is one, that for my coming  
With a saddened heart will wait

When our country was in mourning  
And our call for volunteers  
She threw her arms around my neck  
While bursting into tears  
Said, Go my darling brothr  
Drive those traitors from our shore  
I know I need your presence  
But your country needs it more

Oh a sweet smile of gladness  
O'er that soldier's face was spread  
One quick convulsive shudder  
And the soldier boy was dead  
Beneath the sahes of a palmetto  
We laid him down to rest  
With his knapsack for a pillow  
And his gun across his breast

Oh my mother she lies buried  
Beneath the churchyard sod  
There's been many \_\_\_years  
Since her soul went up to God  
And my father he lies buried  
Beneath the deep blue sea  
There was no other kindred  
Excepting Nell and me

It is true that my country,  
I have given to it my all  
If it were not for my sister  
I would be content to fall  
But comrades I am dying  
And I'll ne'er se home no more  
She will vainly wait my coming  
At the little cottage door

A song from the American Civil War. There are also "Dying Cowboy" versions of the words  
The melody bears a resemblance to that of the ballad "The Flying Cloud"