

Heard you the sound ... the sound of the muffled drum
And all the trumpets mournful blast
They tell that the time ... that the combatant's time has come
to all his dreams of glory past

Sealed till the last ... the last deep trumpet shake
The earth with all its awful sound
Then shall the dead ... the dead arousing, wake
While even nature sinks around!

The mother weeps ... she weeps her beloved son
Who was her hope her joy her pride
He was the one ... the widows only one
For him she surely would have died

Her pilgrimage is nearly past
her every earthly woe
like the ancient tree that falls at last
when wintry tempests blow

What marvel that she wildly cries
For the grave its prey to yield?
oh what avail are tears or sighs
his earthly doom is sealed

Don't grieve for me
I'm not there
I am the gentle autumn rain
Hold up my lamp to light your way
farewell to thee