

## A British Soldier's Grave

(a)

The \_\_\_ batt - - le was ov - er, the stars were shin-ing bright. The

moon shone o'er the dy - - ing and the dead. Nought could be

heard save the screams of the wild birds, as they flut - tered round that

Variants (a)

dy - ing sold-ier's head. \_\_\_

(b)

2. In his suit there lay one who'd nobly fought the day  
And true to him his comrade standing by.  
As he in anguish cried, his comrade gently sighed  
And with his hand he wiped away a tear.
3. He whispered 'Goodbye' to his comrade so dear,  
With his head upon his knapsack gently laid.  
'If you live to get home, you can tell them I am gone  
And I'm lying in a British soldier's grave'.
4. 'Don't you remember that dear old oak tree  
With my knife I cut my name out in the bark,  
And early in the morn when I reaped the golden corn  
And listened to the warbling of the lark'.
5. 'And that dear old country spot that will never be forgot,  
That was where I used to meet the girl I loved.  
Tell her not to cry, for I will meet her by and by,  
In that beautiful and happy land above'.
6. 'Tell my darling mother not to wait for me  
For in the battle I nobly took a part.  
Break the news to her gently my comrade, he cried,  
For I'm sure it will almost break her heart'.
7. 'Tell my only sister that I've kept this gift so rare,  
That on parting she fondly gave to me.  
Although now 'tis stained with my life's blood;  
Dear comrade, this locket I'll give thee'.

8. He whispered 'Goodbye' to his comrades so dear,  
With his head upon his knapsack gently laid.  
'If you live to get home you can tell them I am gone  
And I'm lying in a British soldier's grave'.
  
9. 'I feel that I am dying; my breath is going fast.  
Raise me up dear com-e-rade that I may see  
The moon that gives us light and the watch-fires burning bright  
And our comrades as happy as can be'.
  
10. Then he heaved a sigh and then fell back and died,  
Loved by all with hearts so gentle and so brave,  
And at the break of day, his corpse they gently laid  
In a crude but a British soldier's grave.

Source: Sung by Archer Goode, Cheltenham; Collected by Gwilym Davies, 1974 and later by Gwilym Davies and Mike Yates 1978.

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