

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