

John Mcdermott

"Faded Coat of Blue"

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My brave lad sleeps in his faded coat of blue;
In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat so true
He sank faint and hungry among the famish'd brave
And they laid him sad and lonely within his nameless grave

No more the bugle calls the weary one,
Rest, noble spirit,
In thy grave unknown! I'll find you and know you,
Among the good and true,
When a robe of white is giv'n for the faded coat of blue

He cried, "give me water and just a little crumb,
And my mother she will bless you thro' all the years to come;
Oh! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven, in my faded coat of blue."

No more the bugle calls the weary one,
Rest, noble spirit,
In thy grave unknown! I'll find you and know you,

Among the good and true,
When a robe of white is giv'n for the faded coat of blue

Long, long years have vanished, and though he comes no more,
Yet my heart will startling beat with each footfall at my door;
I gaze o'er the hill where he waved a last adieu,
But no gallant lad I see, in his faded coat of blue.

No more the bugle calls the weary one,
Rest, noble spirit,
In thy grave unknown! I'll find you and know you,
Among the good and true,
When a robe of white is giv'n for the faded coat of blue

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In thy grave unknown! I'll find you and know you,
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