

The Faded Coat Of Blue

John McDermott

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
 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,
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