

Away from home and loved ones  
He gave his noble life  
To help his king and country  
Amid the awful strife.

He is sleeping in his glory  
Where he died that dreadful night  
Beneath the dark blue heavens,  
By the moonbeam's misty light.  
Beside the tree he's lying,  
Down deep beneath the root,  
And for a shroud he's wearing  
A blood stained khaki suit

The boys will remember  
That fatal day's patrol,  
When they cut the German wires  
And when death rang through their souls.  
And another thing they won't forget  
Is the friend they loved the best  
As he lay there dying  
When the sun had sunk in the west.

A noble cause he died for,  
A cause for good and right,  
To overthrow the Prussian guards  
He tried with all his might  
Although at home beyond the sea  
He'll never roam again  
We know he's glad he answered  
The call that came to men.