

After the war is over,
And every one is free,
We hope the Lord will care for those
Who died upon the sea.

After the war is over,
May forgiveness be given
And may God forgive the ones who have
done wrong
And give them a place in Heaven.

A POOR WOUNDED SOLDIER.

I am only a poor wounded soldier,
I have no place to call my own,
No one to pity me,
No one to cheer me,
So, friendless and sadly I roam.

Long ago I was peaceful and happy,
With kind loving friends ever near,
But now they're all gone,
And I'm left all alone,
With no one my pathway to cheer.

How I long for a place by the fireside,
For the night is so dark, cold and damp,
Vacant places I see,
But there's no room for me,
For I'm only a poor soldier tramp.

Chorus:

I am only a poor wounded soldier,
I have no place to call my own,
No one to pity me,
No one to cheer me,
So, friendless and sadly I roam.