

Is it death that's coming nearer ? how clammy
grows my brow ;

Yes, I'm going home for promotion, the battle's
over now.

Comrades, I often fancy, how upon yon blessed
shore,

In that land of recognition, we may yet all meet
once more.

Colonel, we'll gather round you then, as in the
days of old ;

Why do whisper, comrades, are my fingers grow-
ing cold ?

Oh, tell my brother-officers that I thought about
them when

I was going across the river ; bury me with my
men.

How very dark it's growing, I suppose it's nearly
night ;

Well, I think we shall see England in the morn-
ing's ruddy light.

And my mother and my sister surely I see them
stand

Upon the beach, and summer flowers waving in
each hand ;