Dying Soldier or Erin Far Away

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1 The sun went down on Asia's shores when the deadly fight was o'er,
And thousands lay on the battlefield till it could hold no more.
The pale moon shone on the battlefield where the dying soldier lay,
And the shadows of death around him crept while his life's blood ebbed away.

2 A passing comrade heard a moan and quickly the sufferer found,
Saying, "Gently lift my aching head from off this cold damp ground."
Saying, "Softly, gently, comrade dear; not long with you I'll stay.
I will no more roam in my childhood's home in old Erin far away.

3 "A lock of my hair I'll leave you bear to my mother far over the sea,
And every time that she'd look at it she would fondly think of me.
Tell her although on India's shore my mold'ring bones shall lay,
That my heart still clings to old Ireland, to old Erin far away.

4 "Go tell my sister though years have passed since last I saw her face,
Her form is still present in my mind, her features I can trace;
Tell her at home I wil
In those merry green glades and grassy shades in old Erin far away.

5 "Go tell my brother how nobly we fought, and just like our fathers, died,
With bayonets charging on the foe, and scabbards by our side.
It nerves my heart to conquer, these Sepoys for to slay - "
When a vision so bright rolled over his sight of old Erin far away.

6 The dying soldier heaved a sigh as he tried to raise his head.
His spirit went from this wide, wide world and the soldier he lay dead.
His grave was made and in it laid that doom of a warrior's day,
Far, far from his home and the friends he loved in old Erin far away.

7 His comrades gathered around his grave for to take their last farewell.
'T is of as brave and true a heart as ever in battle fell.
And as they lowered him in his grave, his spirit seemed to say,
I will no more roam in my childhood's home, in old Erin far away."

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From Rickaby
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