

The Faded Coat Of Blue

John Hugh McNaughton, 1829-1891

arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

My brave lad he sleeps In his fad-ed coat of blue, In a lone-ly grave un-known Lies the

heart that beats so true, He_ sank, faint and hun-gry a - mong the fam-ish-ed brave, And they

laid him sad and lone-ly With_ in his name-less grave. No more the bu-gle call

wakes the wea-ry wand - 'rer, Rest no - ble spir - it in thy grave un-known, I'll_

seek you and find you a - mong the good and true, When a robe of white is giv - en for the

16

fad - ed coat of blue. He

19

said 'dear - est com - rades you can - not take me home, But you'll mark my grave for moth - er She will

22

find it if she comes, I trust, too, she'll find me a - mong'st the good and true, When I

25

meet her up in heav - en in my fad - ed coat of blue." No more the bu - gle call

28

wakes the wea - ry wand - 'rer, Rest no - ble spir - it in thy grave un - known, I'll

31

seek you and find you a - mong the good and true, When a robe of white is giv - en for the

34

fad - ed coat of blue.

37

No one was nigh him to close his fail - ing eyes, And no gen - tle one was by him to_

40

give him sweet re - plies, No_ stone marks the sod_ o'er my lad so brave and true, In his

43

lone - ly grave he's sleep - ing in his fad - ed coat of blue. No more the bu - gle call

46

wakes the wea-ry wand - 'rer, Rest no - ble spir - it in thy grave un-known, I'll

49

seek you and find you a - mong the good and true, When a robe of white is giv - en for the

52

fad - ed coat of blue. No more the bu - gle call wakes the wea-ry wand - 'rer,

55

Rest no - ble spir - it in thy grave un-known, I'll seek you and find you a -

58

mong the good and true, When a robe of white is giv - en for the fad - ed coat of blue.