

Dedicated to the G.A.R.

# A POOR OLD UNION SOLDIER



Descriptive  
SONG

W.M.B.: GLENROY:

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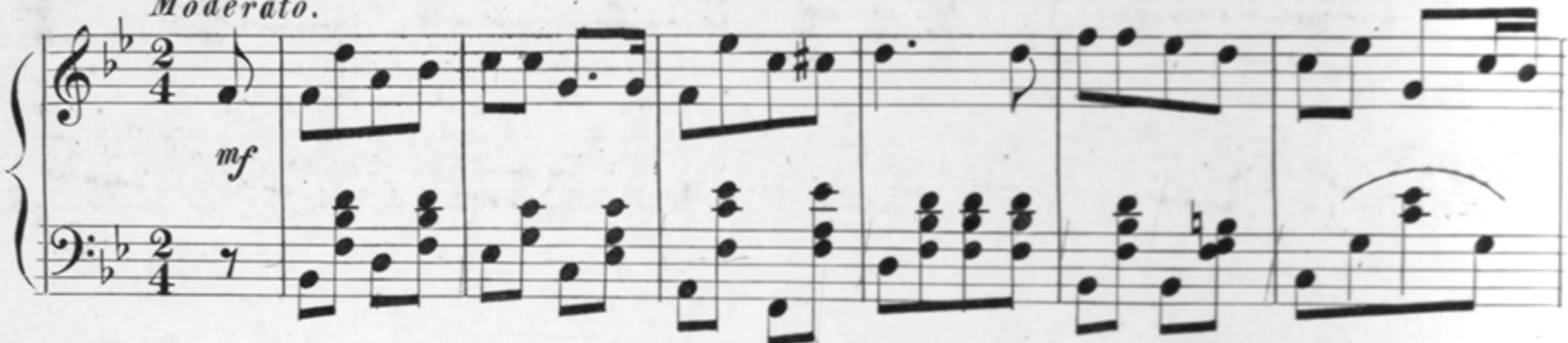
# A POOR OLD UNION SOLDIER

*SONG & CHORUS.*

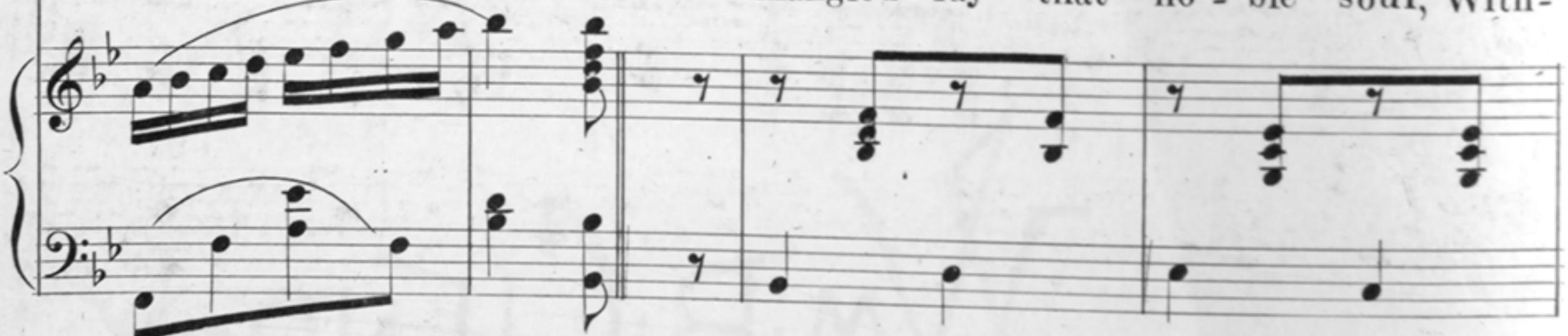
by W<sup>m</sup> B. GLENROY.

*INTRO*

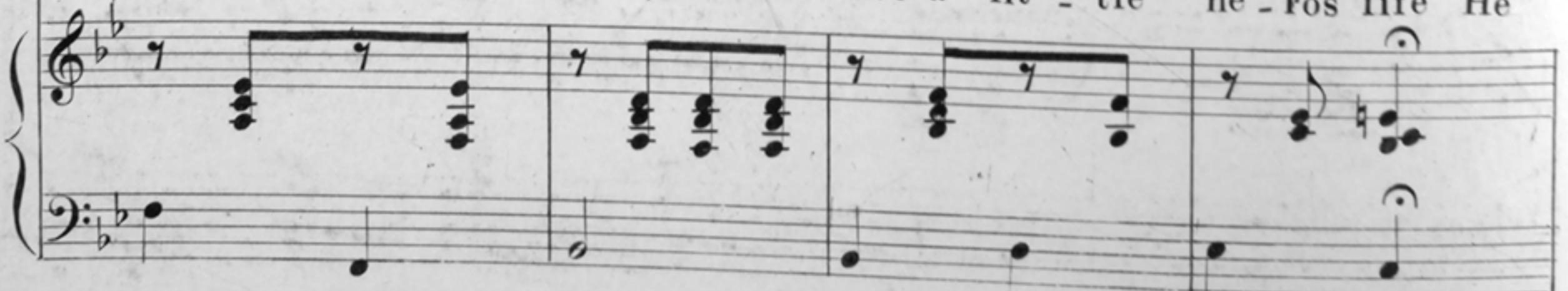
*Moderato.*



I strolled one lon - ly Christmas morn, Midst  
A man came down that high-way there, with  
The fath-er called and motioned him, His  
All mangled lay that no - ble soul, With-



hap - py joy - ful throngs, the children with their presents sang, So  
careless mov - ing stride, a boy in knicker - bocker clothes, Was  
boy , the street to cross And like a lit - tle he - ro he O -  
-out a friend or home, To save a lit - tle he - ros life He



mer - ri - ly their songs, the churh-bells chiming clear and sweet,Made  
strolling by his side, the child then saw the soldier there,And  
-beyed at once of course. T'was there that ve - ry moment though,It  
sac - ri - ficed his own. No words could ev - er tell the love That

*a tempo.*

life feel bright and gay, The sick and poor were hap - py on Our  
turn ing, said so sweet, Ah! Pa - pa, see a soldier man, Is  
happened like a dream. For down the street came tear-ing on A  
fath - er felt that day. A soldier nev - er more he'll shun But

*rit.* *a tempo.*

dearest hol - i - day; The children blew with - out a care Their  
begg - ing on the street, The fath - er turned and quick-ly said, Come  
maddened,frightened team. The sol - dier saw the dan - ger and His  
for them all he'll pray. Be -neath a branching ma - ple tree In

tuneless Chistmas horn, My heart knew naught but hap - pi - ness Up -  
 on Don't loi-ter their, The street are full of beg-gars so, You'd  
 crutch a toss he gave, And springing to the street, the boy From  
 a qui - et shady spot. The sweetest flowers in springtime bloom O'er

-on that fes-tive morn. And as I journey'd on my way. Not ma-ny footsteps  
 bet -ter have a care, The father crossed the street and thought the boy a-cross had  
 death he no - bly saved, The Father to his God then prayed While kneeling on  
 the grave yards honored plot. A monument stands over all Which towers towards the

more, A cripple dressed in Uni - on blue Be - fore my eyes I saw.  
 gone, But the noble lit - tle chap had not But stood back gaz-ing on.  
 the ground But the soldier fell a mangled corpse And bleeding there we found.  
 sky Upon the tombstone are the words, Which says beneath here lie.

## CHORUS.

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A poor old union soldier, With Sherman fought and bled, The