Somebody's Darling

Somebody's Darling
(Marie Ravenal de la Coste and John Hill Hewitt)

Into the ward of the clean white-washed halls
Where the dead slept and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, sabers and balls
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling so young and brave
Wearing still on is sweet yet pale face;
Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave
The lingering sight of his boyhood's grace

cho: Somebody's darling, somebody's pride
Who'll tell his mother where her boy died?

Matted and damp are his tresses of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of most delicate mold,
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful purple-veined brow,
Brush off the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his white hands on his broad bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Give him a kiss, but for Somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer for him, soft and low;
One little curl from his golden mates take,
Somebody's pride they were once, you know;
Somebody's warm hand has oft rested there,
Was it a mother's so soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister, so fair,
Ever been bathed in their waves of light?

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her breast;
Yet, there he lies with his blue eyes so dim,
And purple, child-like lips half apart.
Tenderly bury the fair, unknown dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab over his head,
"Somebody's darling is slumbering here."