A Buddhist Soldier's Grave - song lyrics

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A BUDDHIST SOLDIER'S GRAVE.
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Oh, the battle it is over, and the stars are shining bright,
The moon shone on the dying and the dead;
Not a sound could be heard but the screech of some wild bird,
As it fluttered over the dying and the dead;
But on that field lay one who nobly fought that day,
His comrades, true to him, were standing by;
As with anger he cried his comrades gently sighed,
And with their hands they wiped away a tear.

Chorus.
Then he whispered good-bye to his comrades so dear,
His head on his knapsack gently laid;
Should you live to get home you may tell them
That I am sleeping in a pretty soldier's grave.

Oh, don't you remember that dear old oak tree,
With my knife I cut my name out in the bark;
Oh, that dear old lonely spot it will never be forgot,
Though many miles I am from it now.
Oh, that dear old shady lane it will never be forgot,
There's where I used to meet the girl I love;
Oh, go tell her not to cry, I will meet her bye-and-bye
In a bright and better land above.-Chorus.