The Old Man's Story - song lyrics

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THE OLD MAN'S STORY
Copyright, 1894, by J.'Aldrich Libbey.
Written and Composed by Harry Castling.

"Grandpa, you promised, if we were good,
To tell us the tale of the Babes in the Wood;
There's Harry and Freddie, Nellie and I."
So spoke a child to her grandfather nigh,
Tenderly smoothing the wee speaker's hair.
He kissed all the youngsters who clung 'round his chair.
"Of a hero, my darlings, the story shall be,
Who once saved your grandpa and fought well for me.
Amidst the cannon's roaring and the beat of the drum,
'Midst the very thickest of the fight,
Ev'ry lad amongst us loved the dear old Aug
And fought for God and right:
As we cut our way through the fray each man vowed
To fight or fall for glory,
And when the day was done we'd fought and won."
That was the old man's story.

"We were a handful there on the ground,
Surrounded by cannon and death all around;
Our only retreat was a pass, ah, but there
A gun stood, to spike it and save us who'd dare.
'That gun must be taken!' our good colonel cried.
Just then near that spot, dears, our hero we spied-
Our men sent a cheer up, a wild shout of joy-
The gun had been spiked by a brave drummer boy.
That night in the camp, dears, a deafening din
Rose from each throat when our hero came in,
Wounded and spent from the battle's strife;
Many a day we despaired of his life."
"Is he still living, the brave drummer lad?"
"Yes, my dear angels, he is your dad;
Pray for him always, a hero was he."
That was the old man's story.