A Bunch Of Violets - song lyrics

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A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.
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Words by Walter Plough. Music by Floyd McKinstry Schoonmaker.

Out in the moonlit garden, for from the ball-room bright.
Far from the music playing, they stroll in the summer night.
To-morrow he must leave her; she vows she will he true,
And from her breast she gives to him a bunch of flowers blue.

Chorus.
Only a bunch of violets, of violets so blue,
Fresh, fragrant and dainty, with diamonds of dew;
Only a bunch of violets he places next his heart,
And swears beside, whate'er betide, be ne'er with them will part.

Upon the field of battle a soldier has been slain;
A bunch of withered flowers upon his breast hath lain.
He gives them to a comrade, his life-blood ebbing fast,
And whispers, "Take them back and say I wore them to the last."

Chorus.
Only a bunch of violets, of violets, so blue,
Fresh, fragrant And dainty, with diamonds of dew;
Only a bunch of violets, their beauty now has fled.
While far away, at close of day, a valiant youth lies dead.

They brought her the faded violets upon her wedding day;
An old mail's gold had won her from the lover for away,
But thro' a mist of teardrops she sees the soldier tall,
Who laid her violets next his heart one evening at the ball.

Chorus.
Only a bunch of violets, of violets so blue.
Fresh, fragrant and dainty, with diamonds of dew;
Only some withered violets, only a mourner's tears,
With mem'ries sad, of a soldier lad, thro' long and weary years.