

To T.B. Prendergast

**Comrade's**  
**I am dying**

Song & Chorus  
SUNG BY

**BRYANT'S MINSTRELS**

Words by  
**THOMAS MANAHAN**

MUSIC BY  
**GEO. A. RUSSELL.**

*Author of*  
BEAR THIS GENTLY TO MY MOTHER, THEY TELL ME I'LL FORGET 'HEE' & C. & C.

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COMRADES I AM DYING.



Words by Thos. Mannhan.

Music by Geo. A. Russell.

*Tenderly.*

*con espressione.*

Comrades, com - rades I am dying! See the crimson fountain flow!

Sick and wound - ed I am lying! On the field among the foe,

\*\*\*\*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the piece 'Comrades I Am Dying'. It is written for piano and voice. The score is divided into two systems. The first system consists of two staves of piano accompaniment. The second system includes a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Comrades, com - rades I am dying! See the crimson fountain flow!' and 'Sick and wound - ed I am lying! On the field among the foe,'. The music is in a minor key and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Tenderly' and 'con espressione'. The score ends with four asterisks (\*\*\*\*).

But the angels hover round me, They will guard me while I sleep;

Comrades on-ward to the battle, Do not for the soldier weep.

Comrades, comrades I am dying!  
 For I see my mother now;  
 See her coming down from heaven  
 With a wreath upon her brow,  
 God has sent her to the soldier,  
 She will teach him how to die!  
 And when He hath called my spirit  
 She will bear it to the sky. *Chorus.*

Comrades, comrades I am dying!  
 Soon I'll be among the blessed,  
 Fare-oh! fare you well forever,  
 I am going there to rest.  
 For my mother's arms entwine me,  
 And I can no longer stay;  
 Onward comrades to the battle,  
 Angels they will lead the way. *Chorus.*

CHORUS

5

Alto  
 Com-rades, comrades I am dying! See the crimson fountain flow!

Tenor  
 Com-rades, comrades I am dying! See the crimson fountain flow!

Bass  
 Com-rades, comrades I am dying! See the crimson fountain flow!

PIANO

rit.

Sick and wounded I am lying, On the field among the foe!

rit.

Sick and wounded I am lying, On the field among the foe!

rit.