Andante Moderato

A mother's last words. To every soldier, kneel down at night and say your prayers. But he's so weary, Thro' days so dreary, After all his trials and cares. Don't worry mother, He serves his Maker when he serves his country's needs. No matter where each act is a prayer and they form the links upon a soldier's head... His Maker knows as oneward he goes that his prayer is better than yours or mine....
For his thoughts keep turning homeward and their prayers come drifting back
that's his chaplet and his guide to victory,
But bullets are his beads and on his knees he pleads that each
one will help to end the misery;
Every shot a pearl, each prayer he fights until he falls.
Lost in action comes the message o'er the sea.
And while the nation mourns his loss his dear old
mother bears the cross that's a soldier's rosary.
For his