Tell My Father

Tell my father that his son, didn’t run or surrender;

That I bore his name with pride, as I tried to remember

You are judged by what you do, while passing through.

As I rest ‘neath fields of green, let him lean on my shoulder;

Tell him how I spent my youth, so the truth could grow older.

Tell him father when you can, I was a man.

Tell him we will meet again, where the angels learn to fly;

Tell him we will meet as men, for with honor did I die.

Tell him how I wore the blue, proud and true, through the fire.

Tell my father so he’ll know, I love him so.

Tell him we will meet again, where the angels learn to fly;

Tell him we will meet as men, for with honor did I die.

Tell him how I wore the blue, proud and true, through the fire.

Tell my father so he’ll know, I love him so.

Tell him we will meet again, where the angels learn to fly;

Tell him we will meet as men, for with honor did I die.

Tell him how I wore the Blue, proud and true, like he taught me;

Tell my father that I died, the say good-bye……………….