

9 TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

(Fifth verse 1917.)

WALTER KITTREDGE.

1. We are tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone by
3. We are tired of the war on the old Camp ground; Ma-ny are dead and gone
4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old Camp ground, Ma-ny are ly-ing near;
5. We are pray-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Praying that war may cease;

Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
 And loved ones at home that clasped the hand, With tears that said "Good-bye!"
 Of the brave and the true who left their homes, And oth-ers wound-ed long.
 But dy-ing are some and oth-ers dead, And ma-ny are in tears,
 O God, send the dawn of that blest day That brings an end-less peace.

CHORUS.

Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wishing for the war to cease;

Ma-ny are the hearts that are look-ing for the right To see the dawn of peace.

1-3. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old Camp ground.
 4. Dy-ing to-night, Dy-ing to-night, Dy-ing on the old Camp ground.
 5. Pray-ing to-night, Pray-ing to-night, Pray-ing on the old Camp ground.