

Soldier's Last Request

by Rich Schleckser / Rick Lang

My name's Henry Cotton
I'm so glad you found me sir
I'm shot and I'm dying in this field at Gettysburg
And I reckon you're the last soul I'll ever talk to
Would you mind sitting by me till my dyin's though... Till my dyin's though

It feels so awful knowin'
That soon they'll lay me in the ground
Who'll take care of the home place
When I am not around
My loving wife and children
Lord how I'll miss them so
I have but one last request
Before I go... just before I go

***CHORUS**

Please say a sweet prayer as they lower me down
Carve my name on a marker, to place on the ground
So my dear wife can find me, to mourn and to cry
And plant a few flowers o'er the grave where I'll lie...

The July sun was hot
When we marched into this town
We were all so young and scared
As we fired our first round
A soldier cried out...
And the first blood was spilled
Three days & nights have passed
And blood covers these hills... blood covers these hills

Soldier's Last Request continued...

Now this place where we fought battle
'So deathly & so still
As the hand of the Lord
Gathers souls from these hills
I know it won't be long
Till He'll be comin' for me
And we'll march on together
To eternity... To eternity

***CHORUS**

On these green rolling hills where so many have died
My brothers forever will rest by my side
For love of our country we were all proud to serve
Fought long and hard... for all we were worth
We gave all we had... here at Gettysburg... here at Gettysburg

My name's Henry Cotton... and I'm so glad you found me sir.