

The field of Monterey

The sweet church bells are pealing forth
A chorus wild and free
And everything rejoicing for
The glorious victory
But bitter tears are gushing for
The gallant and the gay
Who now in death are sleeping
On the field of Monterey. Repeat

When spring was here with opening flowers
And all the proud May queen
And all the young and gay were met
To dance upon the green
The noblest and the manliest
Had by my side that day
Who now in death is sleeping
On the field of Monterey

The flowers of spring are faded now
The woods are bare and cold
The persimmon cheek is flushing
And the pimper shines in gold
But he in earliest manhood
Has sadly passed away
And now in death is sleeping
On the field of Monterey

The bugles swell their wildest notes
And loud the cannons roar
And madly peal the sweet church bells
For holy rest no more
But lonely hearts are bleeding
Upon that glorious day
For the loved in death are sleeping
On the field of Monterey
On the field of Monterey
For the loved

To Mary

Come, bid my own dear Mary
While I sing, life's cares away
And wattle o'er her early smiles
Bright dreams of life's young day
When heart to heart we pledged love
Affections tender now
I loved thee then my Mary
But I love thee better now

Will wander forth at evening
On the banks of yonder stream
Where the waters gush in melody
Beneath the bright moon beam
And there I'll sing my Mary
Of my first love, my early love
I loved thee then my Mary
But I love thee better now

I'll sing to thee my Mary
Of pleasures that are past
Of scenes my own I see my Mary
So beautiful to last
When youth and beauty were thine own
Not sadness on thy brow
I loved thee then my Mary dear
But I love thee better now
I loved thee then my Mary dear
But I love thee better now