



Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Arr. by JOS. CLAUDER.

Valse lento.

1. Now, dear uncle, tell me why you're sigh - ing, I've been watch - ing you
 2. Then a wom - an's form dark - ened the door - way, And a sweet gen - tle

all the day, And I thought just be - cause you're a sol - dier, That
 voice cried, Roy, Can't you see that my poor heart is break - ing? I

FRED'K POLLWORTH & BRO., MUSIC TYPO'S, MILWAUKEE.

Copyright MCM1, by Chas. K. Harris. Entered at Stationer's Hall, London, Eng.
 Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year MCM1, by Chas. K. Harris, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Can.

sol - diers are al - ways so gay. You know that you
 heard what you said to my boy, I mar - ried your

told me you fought in the war, And Oh, how the bul - lets did
 broth - er be - cause we both heard, To save the flag you gave your

fly! I think it's too bad, you're al - ways so
 life. 'Twas all a mis - take, and you came too

sad, For the bul - lets they all passed you by.
late, Then his words cut her heart like a knife.

CHORUS.

'Tis not al - ways the bul-lets that kill, Though some day I pray they

L. H.

R. H.

will; 'Twas a wo - man so fair, with her beau - ty so rare, And a

face like an an - gel a - bove, She had plight - ed her true love to

me, Be - neath the old wil - low tree. But her love passed a -

way, And my heart broke that day— 'Tis not al - ways the bul - lets that kill.