

GOOD NIGHT

We'd like to sing a parting song,
 In which each line is new,
 But somehow that seems almost wrong,
 It doesn't ring quite true.
 The same old thought must fill our mind,
 Which partings ever bring,
 So should we seek another kind,
 Through vanity, to sing?

Good night, old comrades, just good night,
 Let no one say, good bye,
 Good night, old comrades, just good night,
 God speed us all, we cry.
 We know that from us some are drawn,
 The morrow finds a number gone,
 Yet let us play we'll meet at dawn,
 Good night, old friends Good night.

Before us lie the paths of life,
 A thousand winding ways;
 To some it means a road of strife,
 God guide their troubled days.
 But comrades all may friendship hand
 Sustain each weary soul,
 Until we meet a loyal band,
 Around the final Goal.

Good night, old comrades, just good night;
 We will not say good bye,
 Good night, old comrades just good night;
 Though parting may be nigh.
 Lets say that none shall be withdrawn;
 That years will find no comrades gone,
 Lets swear that all shall meet at dawn
 Good night, old friends, good night.