Bless the lips that kissed our darling,
As he lay on his death bed,
Far from home and 'mid cold strangers—
Blessings rest upon your head.
“Let me kiss him for his mother,”
Lady, we will e'er love thee;
As a husband, son, and brother,
As a father, good was he.
Chorus—He will thank you
For that kiss to him given,
We'll know and thank you too,
When we all meet in Heaven.

They say, Lady, thou art aged,
But we know thy heart is young,
And we know thy heart's—all kindness—
“Bless thee!”—springs from heart to tongue.
Bless the lips that kissed our dead one,
Angels guard thee through this life,
Angels guide thee up to Heaven,
Prays that dead young soldier's wife,
Oh! I wish that you had kissed him,
For poor me, his girlish bride,
And I wish I could have seen him,
Yes, and kissed him e'er he died;
For his country he fought bravely,
And e'en with his latest breath,
He cheered on his men to battle—
He rushed in the arms of death!
O! my darling—oh! our dead one,
Though you died far, far away,
You had too kind lips to kiss you,
As upon your bier you lay;
One kind heart for you beat warmly,
(Unloved many a soldier dies.)
You had one to smooth your pillow,
You had one to close your eyes.