

SM 277



Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Arr. by JOS. CLAUDER.

Valse lento.

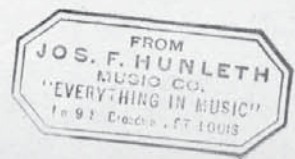
mf

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

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"'Tis Not Always Bullets that Kill."—4—1.



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!
life. I think it's too bad, you're al - ways so
'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.