'Tis Not Always Bullets That Kill.

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

voles cried, Roy, Can't you see that my poor heart is break-ing? I
soldiers are always so gay.

You know that you heard what you said to my boy,

I married your

I think it's too bad,

'Twas all a mistake,

fly!

you're always so life.

and you came too

"'Tis Not Always Bullets that Kill."—4—2.
sad, For the bullets they all passed you by.
late, Then his words cut her heart like a knife.

CHORUS.

'Tis not always the bullets that kill, Though some day I pray they will;
'Twas a woman so fair, with her beauty so rare, And a

"'Tis Not Always Bullets that Kill." — 4—3.
face like an angel above, She had plighted her true love to

me, Beneath the old willow tree. But her love passed away, And my heart broke that day—'Tis not always the bullets that kill.

'Tis Not Always Bullets That Kill.—4—4.