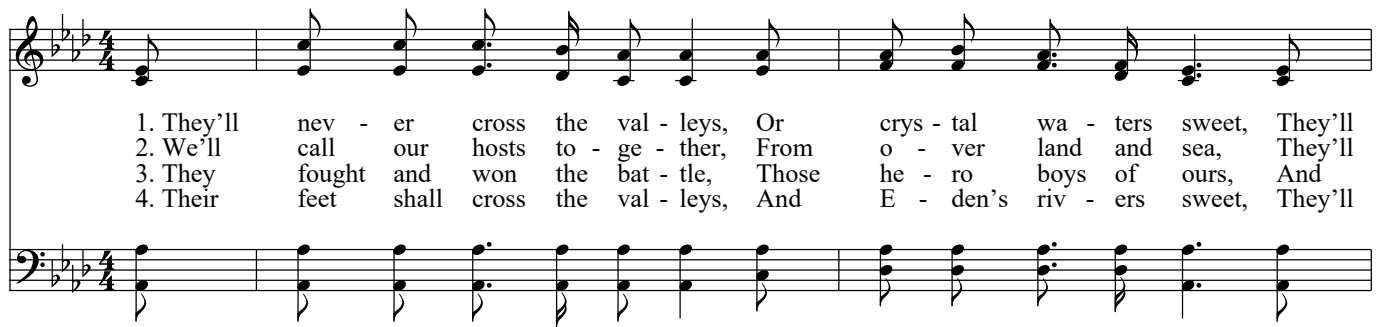


Our Soldier Heroes Sleeping

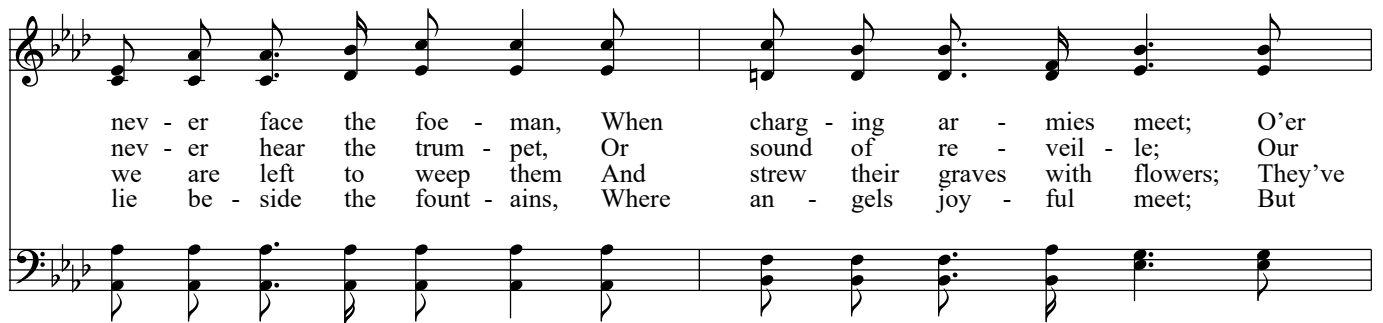
Neva Parkhill Prentice, 1905

Maro Lummis Bartlett

♩ = 100



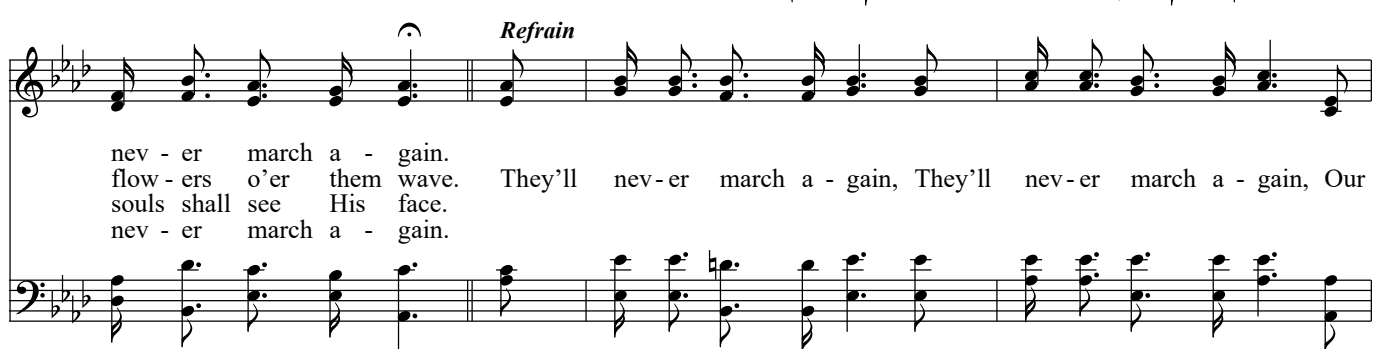
1. They'll nev - er cross the val - leys, Or crys - tal wa - ters sweet, They'll
2. We'll call our hosts to - ge - ther, From o - ver land and sea, They'll
3. They fought and won the bat - tle, Those he - ro boys of ours, And
4. Their feet shall cross the val - leys, And E - den's riv - ers sweet, They'll



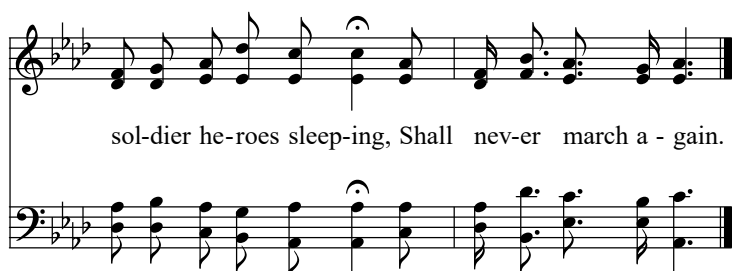
nev - er face the foe - man, When charg - ing ar - mies meet; O'er
nev - er hear the trum - pet, Or sound of re - veil - le; Our
we are left to weep them And strew their graves with flowers; They've
lie be - side the fount - ains, Where an - gels joy - ful meet; But



mount-ains, vast and hoar-y, O'er hill and grass-y plain, Our sol - dier he - roes sleep-ing, Shall
count-ry's flag shall lead them, A host as strong and brave, As they who sleep in si - lence, Where
won the palms of glo - ry, They wear the rose of grace, Be - neath His crown of sun - light Their
'mid their count-ry's bat - tles, O'er a - ny earth - y plain, Our sol - dier he - roes sleep-ing, Shall



Refrain
nev - er march a - gain.
flow - ers o'er them wave. They'll nev - er march a - gain, They'll nev - er march a - gain, Our
souls shall see His face.
nev - er march a - gain.



sol-dier he-roses sleep-ing, Shall nev-er march a - gain.