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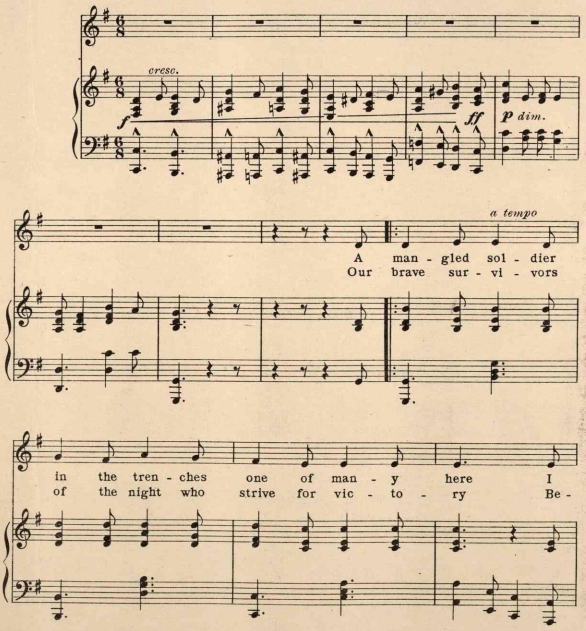
In The Trenches

Words and Music by
W. R. PRIME



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must a - wait a doubt - ful fate though death I do not
smeared with mud and stained with blood through smoke I dim - ly

fear For while each shot our souls is seek - ing
see And here are fall - en com - rades groan - ing

And the shot and shell are shriek - ing I am think - ing
Some in death had ceased their moan - ing While I wait and

1 2

think - ing of you dear Our
hope to live for thee

Love, love, in hours that are lone - ly

Hours in the tren-ches ere free Death, life, min-gling I see

May fate be kind_ to me___ My heart still

beats for the on - ly on - ly my coun-try and thee

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