Words by James F. Callahan

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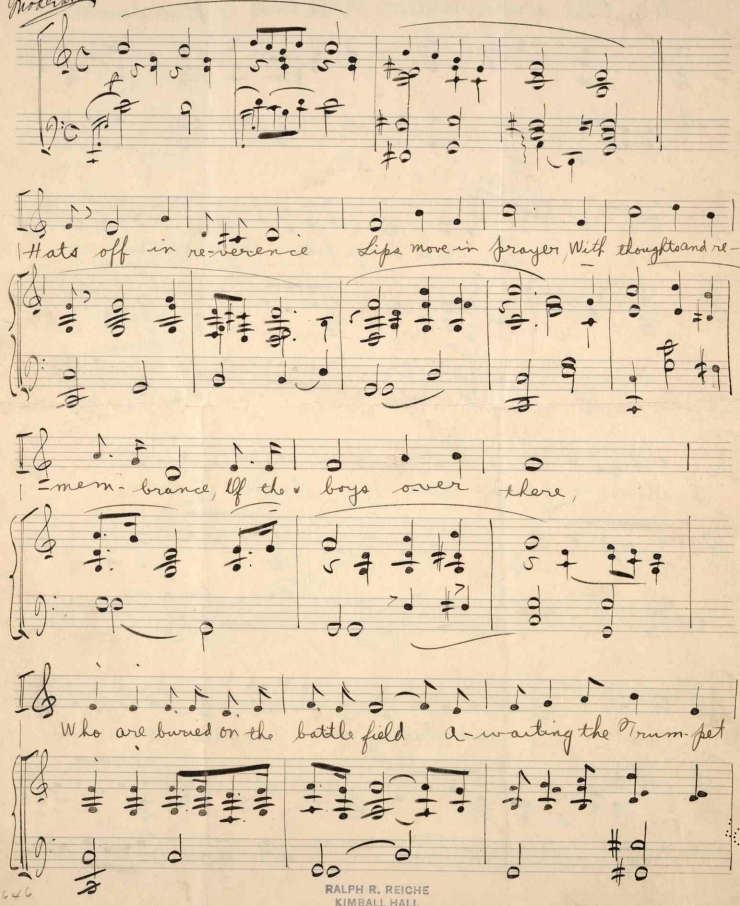
JAN 27 1919

The Last Command.

Music by Ralph R. Reiche

Moderato.



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RALPH R. REICHE
KIMBALL HALL
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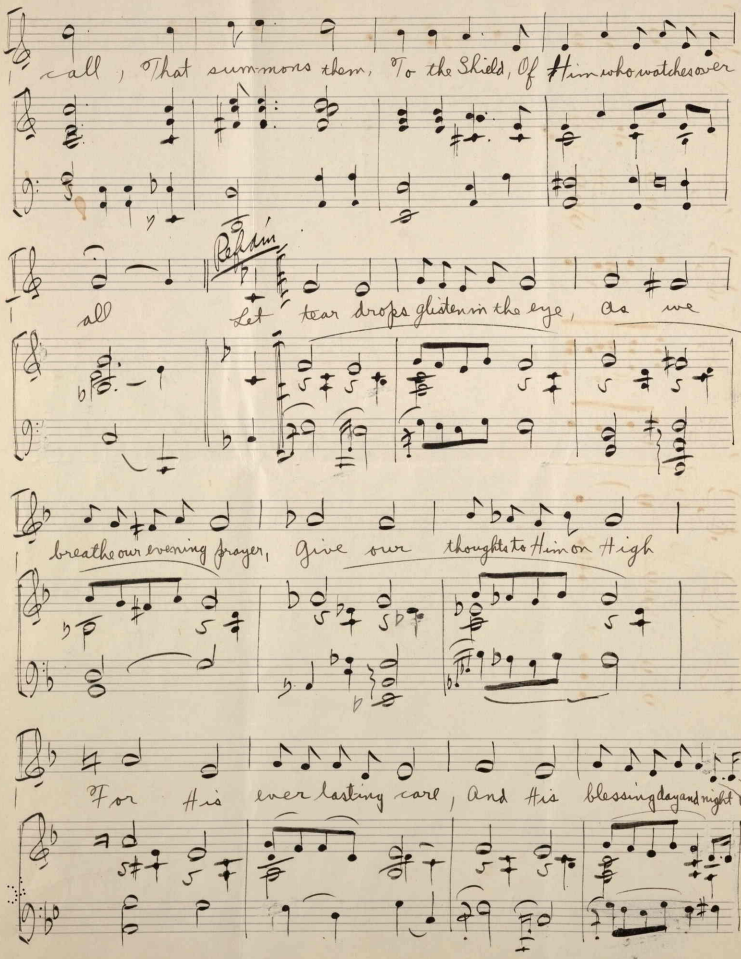
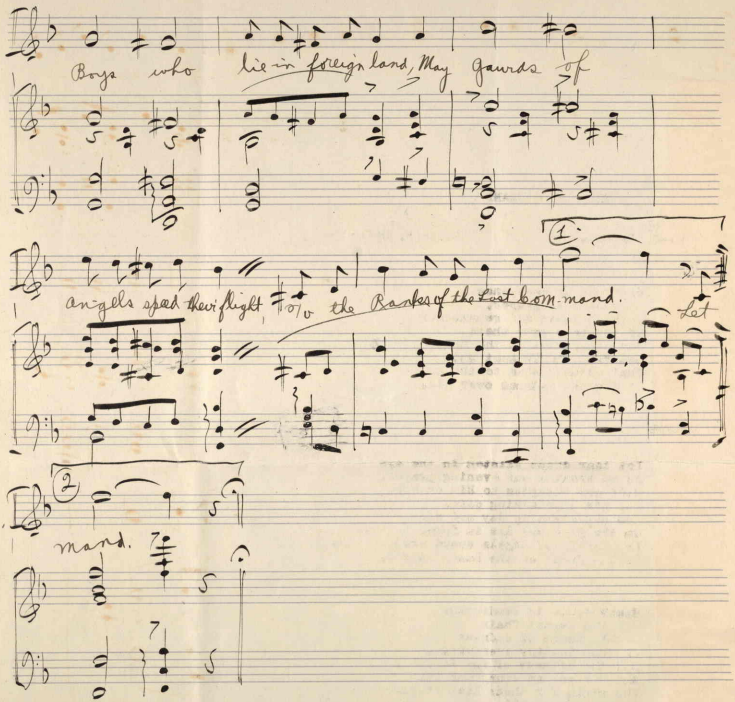

call, That summons them, To the Shield, Of Him who watches over
all
Let tear drops glisten in the eye, as we
breathe our evening prayer, Give our thoughts to Him on High
For His ever lasting care, And His blessing day and night On the


Boys who lie in foreign land, May Guards of
1.
angels sped their flight o'er the Banks of the Lost com-mand. Let
2.
mand.

THE LAST COMMAND

Words by-
James F. Callahan

Music by-
Ralph R. Reiche

Hats off in reverence
Lips move in prayer,
With thoughts and remembrance
Of the boys over there
Who are buried on the Battlefields,
Awaiting the Trumpet call
That summons them to the Shield
Of Him who watches over all.

Chorus

Let tear drops glisten in the eye
As we breathe our evening prayer,
Give our Thoughts to Him on High
For His everlasting care.
And His blessing day and night
On the Boys who lie in foreign land,
May Guards of Angels speed their flight
To the Ranks of the Last Command.

Speak words in Tenderness
For the Vacant Chair
Within Homes of sadness
Of this Country everywhere.
All the Mothers of the Golden Star
And Maidens so young and fair
Who mourn for those lost in war
To Him above will send a prayer.