

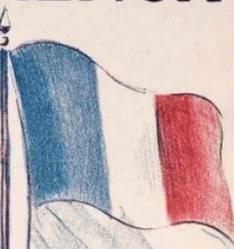
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To the Red Cross, Salvation Army Nurses, Whose Loyalty, Patriotism and Sacrifice will Always remain the Gentlest Memory of the World's Great War History

THE ANGELS OF THE TRENCH

Song



WE DONE OUR BIT"
Words and Music by
WM. HOGAN

2/2

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SWEET ANGELS OF THE TRENCH

Words & Music by
W[®] (Sailor Bill) HOGAN
Arr. by A. L. Maresh

The musical score is written in G major and 2/4 time. It features a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *ff* and *3* (triplets). The vocal line includes lyrics with hyphens indicating syllables across notes. The score is divided into systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

ff

3

There is a hal - lowed name up - on the Roll of Fame, 'Tis the
They heard the Ger - man boast and saw their might - y hosts On
Peace with its gold - en rays brings the hope for bet - ter days And the

An - gels of the Trench and loved by all, When the cru - el war ap - peared they
No - man's Land com - mit - ting ev - 'ry crime, But the Huns were forced to stop when our
An - gels work of mer - cy, it is done, There at the old home gate her

quick - ly vol - un - teered, The first to hear our coun - try's bu - gle call. They
boys went o'er the top And drove their le - gions back a - cross the Rhine; And
gray - haired moth - er waits To share with her the hon - or she has won, Af - ter

crossed the o - cean wide, stood by the sol - diers side A -
Man - y fell each day and be - fore they passed a - way They
few but hap - py years the hand of Death ap - pears And

mid the burst-ing shells and pois-oned air; In their robes of blue and white You could
left a dy-ing mes-sage in your care; You an-swered: "Yes, dear Brother, I'll
takes her from this life of world-ly care, To meet at Heav-en's Throne The

see them day or night, On the bat-tle-fields of Eu-rope ev-ry-where. —
send this to your mother; From the bat-tle-fields of Eu-rope ev-ry-where. —
com-rades she has known On the bat-tle-fields of Eu-rope ev-ry-where. —

CHORUS

There's a love for her un-brok-en, when-e'er her name is spok-en, And each

sol-dier breathes for her a fer-vent prayer; They al-ways will re-mem-ber your

care so kind and ten-der, On the bat-tle-fields of Eu-rope ev-ry-where. —

