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FEB -5 1919

A Soldier's Dream.

Vernon E. Leighton

R Moderato

mf

p

1. Where the noi-sy can-non roar, On a field of mud and gore, There I
2. Brave we'd fought to drive the foe, With suc-cess we'd dealt our blow: Huns were

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lay be-neath a rock-ed light-ed sky; Shot and shell a-round me fell, Sights of
on the run from Belg-ium to the Rhine; And my heart beat warm and true, O my

death and sounds of hell, On my ears a fal-len com-rade's part-ing cry; ag-ter
dear-est still for you, as when first I won your heart and call'd you mine. Deaf and

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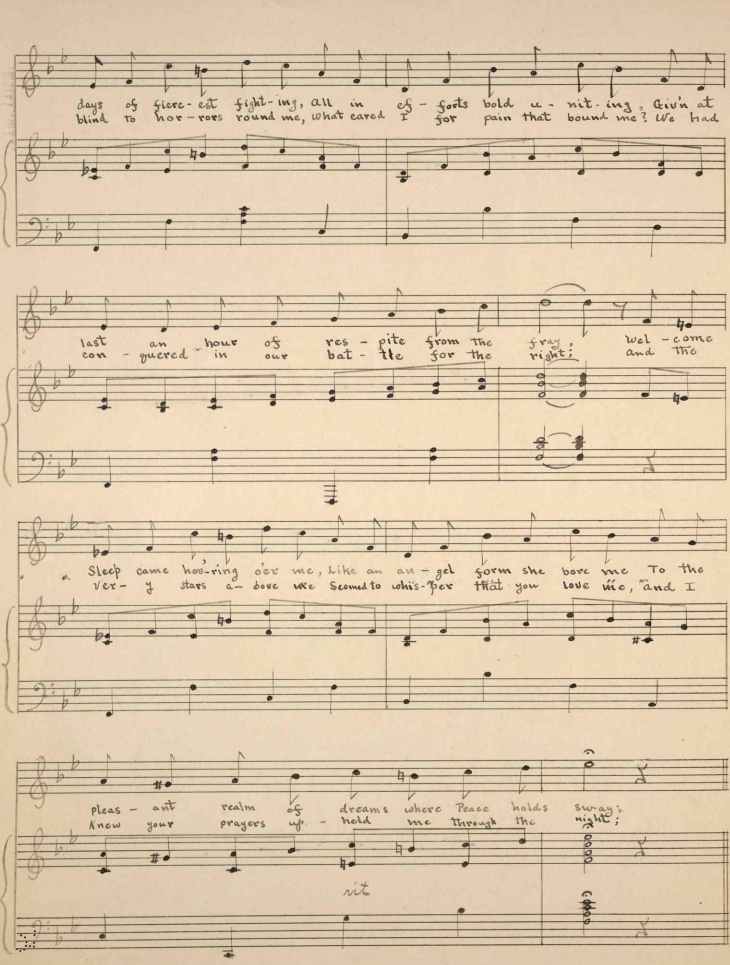
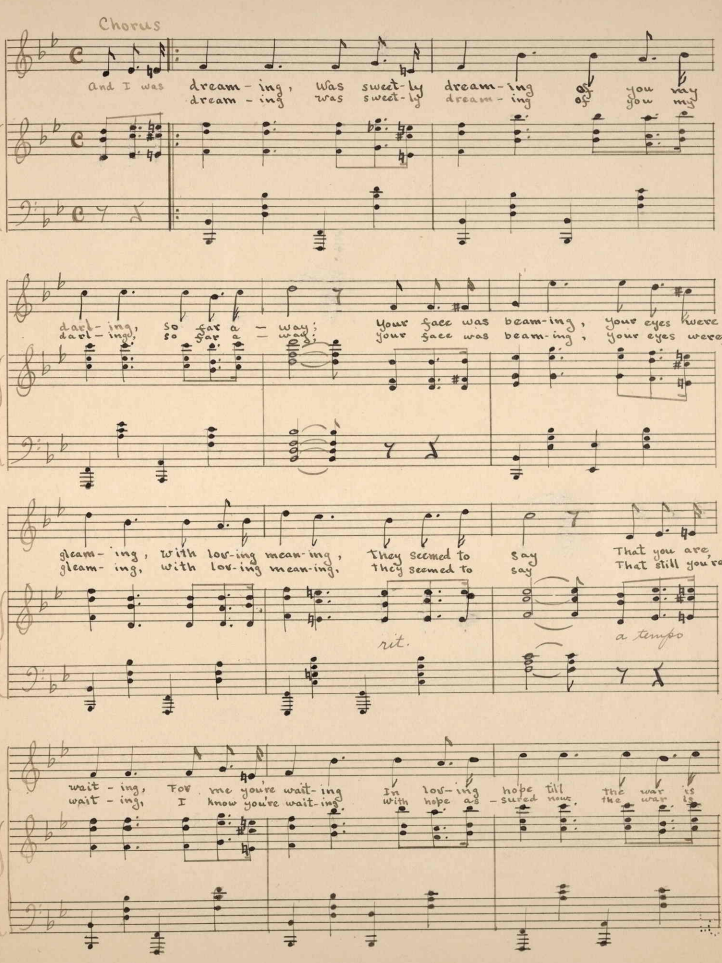
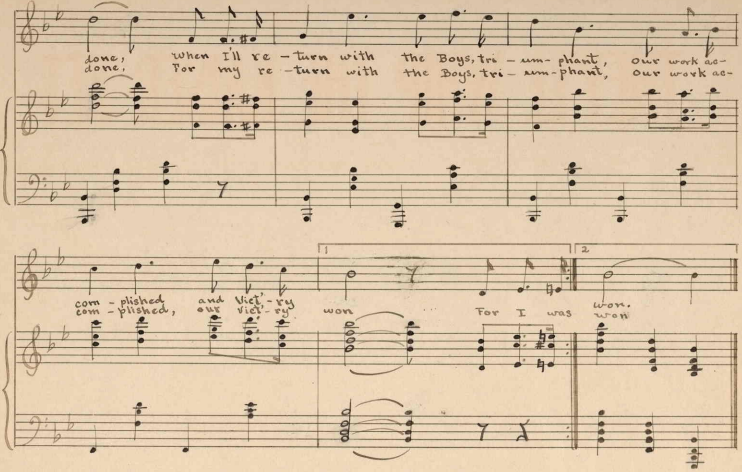

days of fierc-est fight-ing, all in ef-forts bold u-nit-ing, Giv'n at
blind to hor-rors round me, what cared I for pain that bound me? We had
last an hour of res-pite from the fray; wel-come
con-quered in our bat-tle for the right; and the
Sleep came hov-ring o'er me, like an an-gel form she bore me To the
ver-y stars a-bove we seemed to whis-per that you love me, and I
pleas-ant realm of dreams where Peace holds sway;
know your prayers up-held me through the night;
rit


Chorus
And I was dream-ing, Was sweet-ly dream-ing of you my
dream-ing was sweet-ly dream-ing you my
dark-ing, so far a-way; Your face was beam-ing, your eyes were
dark-ing, so far a-way; Your face was beam-ing, your eyes were
gleam-ing, with lov-ing mean-ing, They seemed to say That you are,
gleam-ing, with lov-ing mean-ing, They seemed to say That still you're
rit.
a tempo
wait-ing, For me you're wait-ing In lov-ing hope till the war is
wait-ing, I know you're wait-ing with hope as-sured mine.



done, When I'll re - turn with the Boys, tri - um - phant, our work ac-
done, For my re - turn with the Boys, tri - um - phant, our work ac-

com - plished and Vict'-ry
com - plished, our Vict'-ry

1 won For I was

2 won.
won

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