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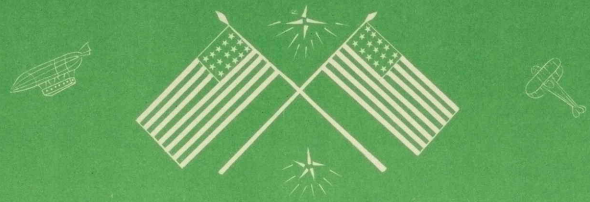

BUDDY'S EVENING SONG

AN ECHO FROM THE TRENCHES

MARCH

"MANY A BUDDY'S HEART IS YEARNING
FOR HIS HOME AND LOVED ONE DEAR."
MAD'MOISELLE MAY BE QUITE PRETTY,
CAN NOT VIE THO WITH SWEET BETTY,
HOME SO FAR BUT OH SO NEAR.
HEARTS SO DISTANT BUT SO DEAR.

Words and Music by
H. G. MEYER
Author of
"MEMORIAL DAY HYMN,"
"LET THEM SLEEP"
"UNITED STATES"
(A National Anthem)
etc.

Published by
H. G. MEYER
GREEN LAKE, WIS. U.S.A.

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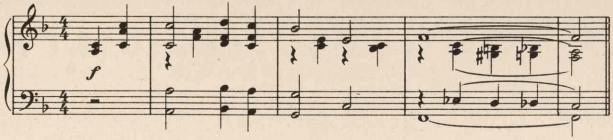
Grim the vigil we are keeping,
In the trenches grue and grime;
Let us pray 'tis not in vain,
It from earth remove the stain
"War and carnage," for all time;
All bring freedom, peace sublime.
Buddies mine, and also let us
Hope this crimson flood may then
Rout grim old Mars from out this world,
Forever to oblivion hurl,
Scrap the sword, the "bloody pen;"
Scrap war lords, exalt true men.

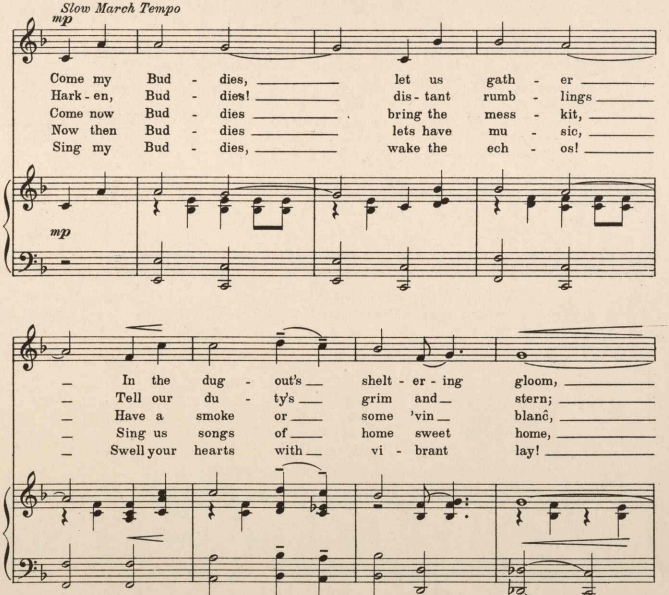
BUDDY'S EVENING SONG

An Echo From The Trenches

H.G.MEYER
Arr.by Harry L.Alford



Slow March Tempo



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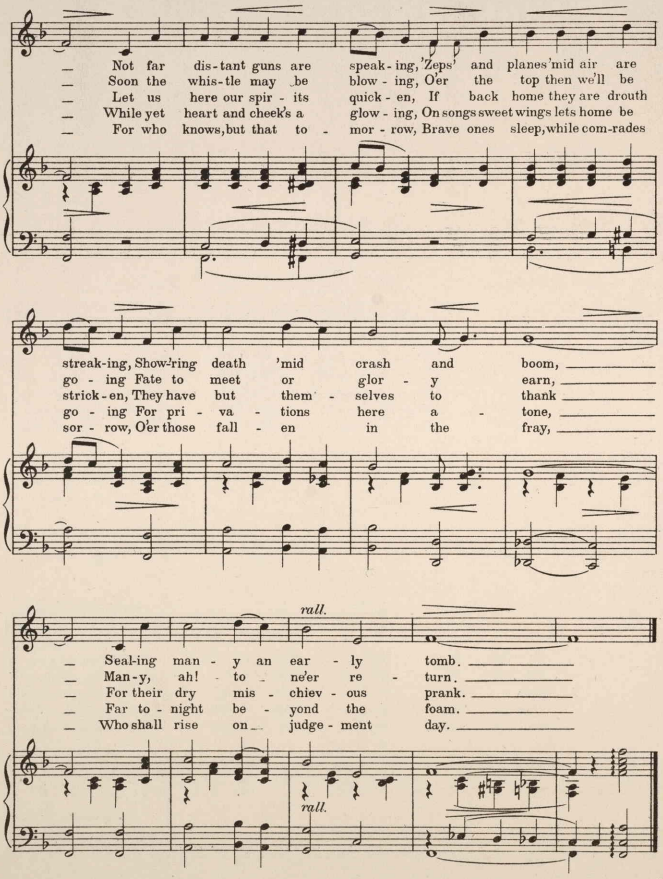
Not far dis-tant guns are speak-ing, 'Zeps' and planes 'mid air are
Soon the whis-tle may be blow-ing, O'er the top then we'll be
Let us here our spir-its quick-en, If back home they are drouth
While yet heart and cheek's a glow-ing, On songs sweet wings lets home be
For who knows, but that to- mor-row, Brave ones sleep, while com-rades
streak-ing, Show-'ring death 'mid crash and boom,
go-ing Fate to meet or glor-y earn,
strick-en, They have but them-selves to thank
go-ing For pri-va-tions here a- tone,
sor-row, O'er those fall-en in the fray,
rall.
Seal-ing man-y an ear-ly tomb.
Man-y, ah! to ne'er re- turn.
For their dry mis-chiev-ous prank.
Far to-night be-yond the foam.
Who shall rise on- judge-ment day.
rall.

"BUDDY'S EVENING SONG" (Con.)

6 Many' a mother or some dear one
Bow tonight in solemn prayer,
Ask that God us safe be keeping
While 'neath foreign skies we're sleeping,
Bring us safe from "Over There",
Guide us soon from "Over There,"

7 Many' a Buddy's heart is yearning
For his home and loved one dear,
Mad'moiselle may be quite pretty,
Cannot vie tho with sweet Betty,
Home so far but oh so near;
Hearts so distant but so dear.

8 You know Buddies, we were sent here
All oppressed ones to make free;
Rid old earth of militarism
Or some other dreadful'ism,
Save it from autocracy,
Give it real democracy.

9 And remember that they promised,
When we left our home so fair?
Said when you shall have returned,
Naught's so good but you'll have earned,
When you're back from "Over There,"
When you're home from "Over There."

10 And tho fierce the conflict rages,
War shall go like war did come,
When the last great bugles blowing,
Bright the Dawn of Peace is glowing,
Far 'mid cherished scenes to roam
May we all be gathered home.

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