

# TAPS



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## TAPS

Words & Music by  
MARVIN MORTONINTRO.  
Moderato

The bands are play - ing mar - tial airs, the vic - t'ry has been won, But  
The bands are play - ing once a - gain, the boys are com - ing home, Be -

some - where out in No - man's - land, a moth - er's on - ly son Has fall - en for our coun - try's flag, his  
side her win - dow watch - ing there, a moth - er sits a - lone. Be - neath a silk - en ban - ner hung which

flag, your flag, and mine, A sol - dier's death his last be - quest to her he - left be - hind. His  
bears a gold - en star, The em - blem of the fall - en one who went a - way to war. The

com - rades place the life - less form, he who was young and brave, Be - neath the soil of sun - ny France with -  
blare of bu - gles, beat of drums, the might - y shouts of joy, Find no re - sponse with - in her heart, she's

in a new-made grave, Then out a - cross the hills and vales and  
think - ing of her boy, And as the sound of march - ing feet brings

ech - oed far and long Is heard the plain - tive mel - o - dy, the bu - gler's fare - well song. —  
joy to oth - ers, she Can on - ly hear the bu - gle notes they playd in Nor - man - die.

CHORUS - *Slowly*

Rest in peace, sol - dier boy, where you fell, where you fell, As you fought for the flag, sol - dier boy, fare thee well, rest in  
Rest in peace, sol - dier boy, where you fell, where you fell, As you fought for the flag, sol - dier boy, fare thee well, rest in

peace. The bu - gler played this mel - o - dy be - side his grave in Nor - man - die, The chap - lain  
peace. The marching boys pass quick - ly by, a tear - drop dims the moth - er's eye, She hears an -

read a fit - ting pray'r, — then blest the spot — and left him there. — Rest in  
oth - ers song per - haps, — it is the bu - gler play - ing taps. —

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