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OCT 15 1919

The Toll Of The Battle's Gain

By

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PUBLISHED BY
Legters Music Co.
CHICAGO

The Toll of the Battle's Gain

MRS. O. L. SANDERS

Andante espressivo

MP

As the gold-en sun was set-ting it fell with glit-ter-ing rays On the bat-tle field in France where the
But his thot's were not of the bat-tle nor of the shots and shells, But of his dear A-mer-i-can home and the
His sight is grow-ing dimmer, his face is pale with death. "God care for all my lovd ones," he

p

wounded and dy-ing lay. One no-ble young A-mer-i-can lay wound-ed un-to death, The
ones he lovd so well. "God pro-tect my dar-ling moth-er, my dar-ling sis-ter too, God
drew his lips last breath, But ah! he has not died in vain, for hon-ors sake he fell, For

red life's blood flowed from his side as he drew short gasping breaths. No gen-tle hand to soothe his brow, no
grant that we may meet a-gain be-yond the skies of blue, And Nell my lit-tle sweet-heart, if
moth-er, sweet-heart and the flag he lovd so well. He and all our brave A-mer-i-cans who

piu mosso

one to ease his pain, Far a-way from home and lovd ones on the bat-tle field lay slain. The
you were with me now, If you were on-ly near me, your hand up-on my brow; But
crossed the pond to fight, To keep that dear old flag wav-ing in God's free Chris-tian light, Tho'

air was damp and chilly all a-round him lay in pain, His friends and comrades of the fight, the toll of the battle's gain.
 'tis for you that I'm dy-ing, for you my body's racked with pain, For my low'd ones I'll be count-ed, as toll of the battle's gain?
 death has come to claim them, their bodies are free from pain; But do not count them gone for'er, the toll of the battle's gain.

CHORUS. *Andante espressivo*

So come our brave A-mer-i-cans, go a-venge your brothers death, Go get the wick-ed Kai-ser crush
mp

out his poi-son breath; 'Twas he caused all this slaught-er, caused all this grief and woe, And
 not un-til he's crushed to death peace will nev-er know, This beast, this king of a na-tion, this

dev-il in hu-man form Has wrecked the homes of A-mer-i-ca in ci-ty and on farm, This
 dev-il beast of Ber-lin caused all this woe and pain, heart-aches, death and sor-row and the toll of a bat-tle's gain.

cresc. f

rit.

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