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NOV 29 1918

No More The Bugle Calls

Words and Music by G. Sheffield

Cornet

rall

3= No dear one was nigh him to close his bright blue eyes, And no
1- My brave boy he sleeps in a far off for-eign land In his
2- He cried give me wa-ter and just one lit-tle crumb, And my

gen-tle voice was by him to give him sweet re-plies- No
lone-ly grave he sleeps, lies the lad that fought so grand — He
moth-er, she will love you through all the years to come — And

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stone marked the sod where my lad so true and brave In his
faint and-wear-y a-mong the no-ble brave - And they
tell my dear sis-ters so lov-ing, true and good - That I'll

si-lent grave he sleeps while his coun-try's flag doth wave -
laid him sad and lone-ly with-in his hon-ored grave.
meet them up in heav-en as I prom-ised them I would

Refrain

No more the bu-gle calls the wea-ried one

Rest no-ble lad-die, in thy grave un-known - I shall

think of you oft-en al- though a- way so far, And

rall

I shall trust in you to be my guid-ing star-

rall

D.C.

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