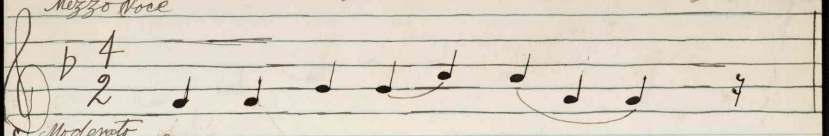
July 11th 1919 © CI E454912 JUL 14 1919

From the Fields of a Thousand Battles

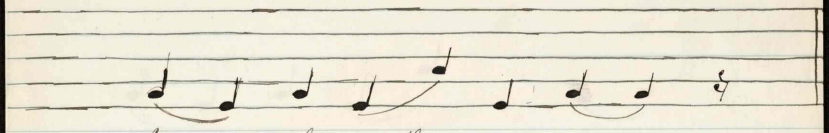
By William Lancaster Weisman

Mezzo Voce



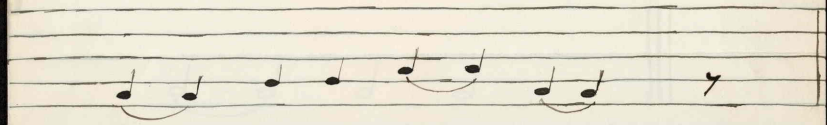
Moderato

1 Sad were the tears of part — ing,
2 Grim was their life in the trench-es,
3 Man-y a splend-id her-o
4 But the red night of danger is over,
5 Man-y a lov-ing wel-come,



Long were the months of prayer,
Bloody the fields of France,
Man-y a mother-ers pride,
Camping and march-ing's done,
Man-y a word of cheer,

Wear-y the anxious wait-ing
Death in the scream-ing shell fire,
Man-y a maid-ens' lover,
Ended the fa-t-al hour
Man-y a friend-ly action



While they were o-ver there
Death in their lin-es advance
On the fields of France have died
And the stern vic-tor-ys won
Now that the boys are here

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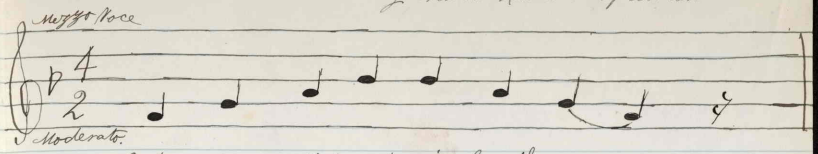
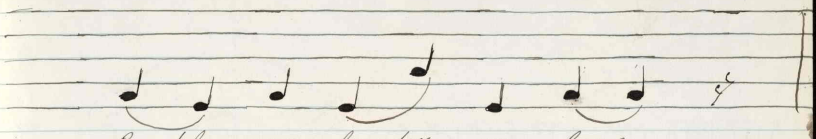
From the fields of a thousand battles

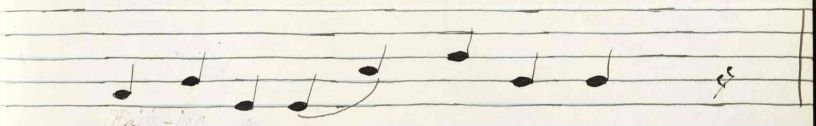
by William Lancaster Weisman



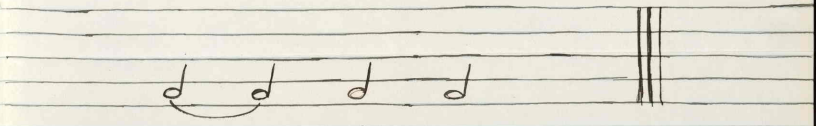
But fear did not mingle with sorrow,
To the sound of the trumpets pealing,
Af-ter the storm of bat-tle,
From the fields of a thousand battles,
Ev-ery-thing left be-hind them,



Proudly our burden we bore,
Facing the can-nons roar,
Sleeping for-ev-er more,
Return-ing to Free-doms shore
Fearless-ly they went o'er



Wait-ing a hap-py to mor-row
God a-lone knew who would re-turn
Nev-er to be for-got-ten
The gal-lant soldiers are com-ing
Meet-ing with honor and glor-y



Af-ter the war.
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