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"WHEN THE TAPS SHALL SOUND"

SONG

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POEM BY ANNA L. ABEL, TOBYHANNA, PA. (BOX 54)

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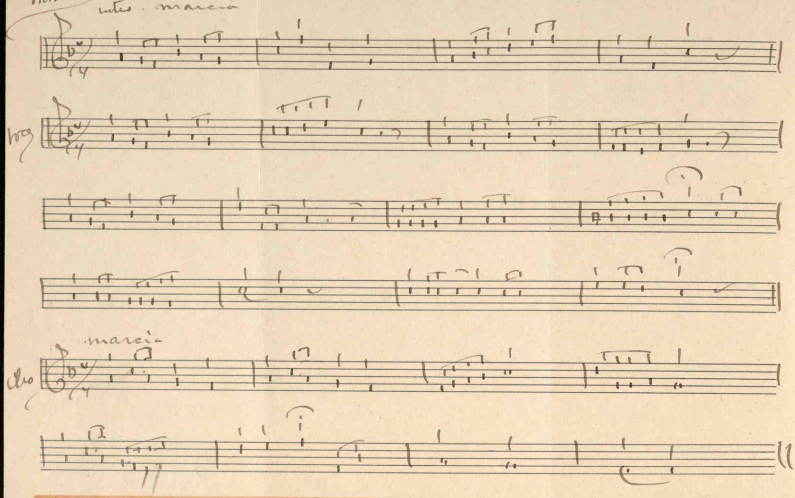

"When The Taps Shall Sound" By Anna L. Abel.

Gone are the days, and our race is nearly run;
Fought is the fight, and the journey nearly done;
Shoulder to shoulder we go marching on;
The warfare nearly over, and victory won.
As shall pass onward as closes the day;
Shoulder to shoulder we are passing away.

CHORUS.

Shoulder to shoulder, shoulder to shoulder:
When the taps shall sound, when the taps shall sound:
Shoulder to shoulder we are mustered out,
When the last taps shall sound.

2

We all must answer to the bugle calls;
Morning or noon, or as the twilight falls;
We must obey when they sound reveille;
Whether at home or on the battlefield.
Taps may sound and bugles may call;
When we're mustered out one and all.

3

Shoulder to shoulder we must march along;
We shall be mustered out, one by one;
Whether at dawn, or at setting of sun;
Into the realms of the Infinite One;
Where love and happiness ne'er pass away;
Joined to army forever to stay.

No. 10
ART BRAND

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