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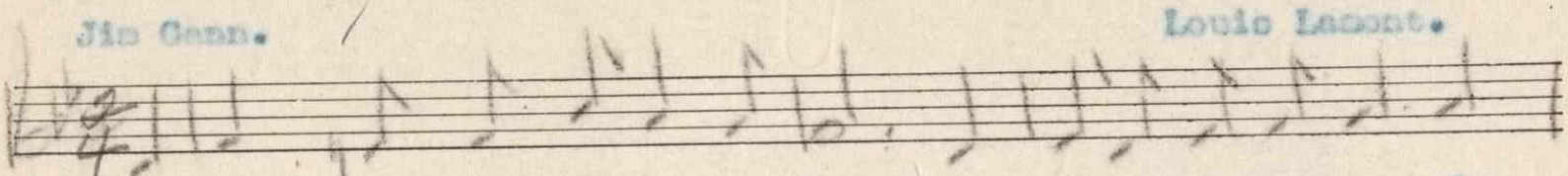
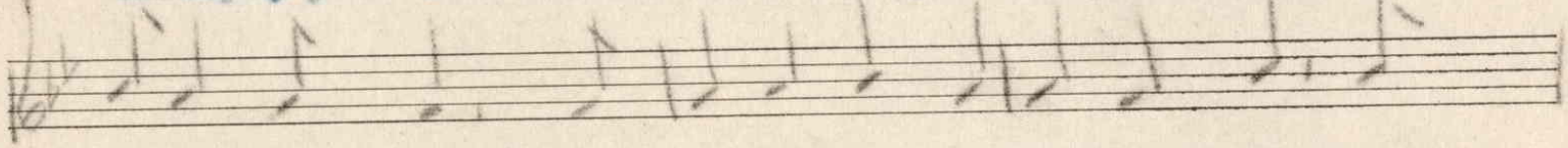
SEP 15 1919

SLEEP, BOYS, SLEEP.

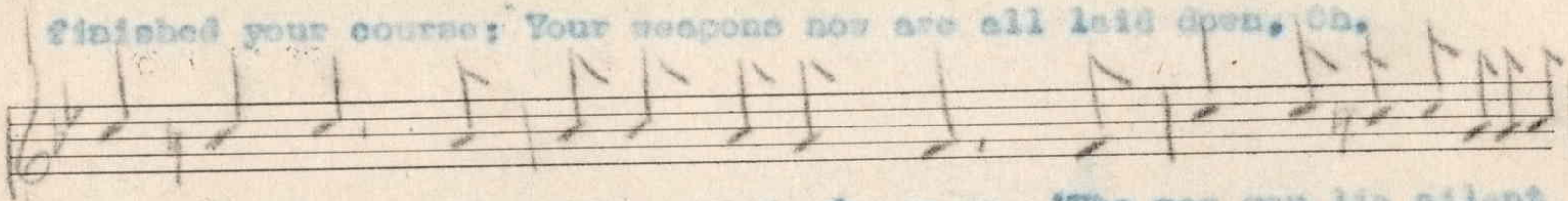
Jim Cann. Louis Lacont.



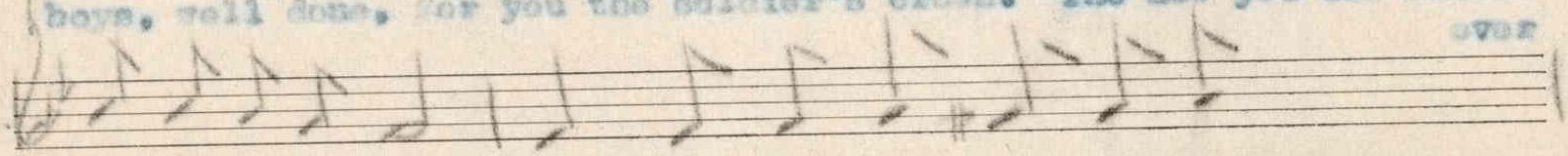
Oh boys, your last bat-tle is o'er, Your armor cast aside, you've



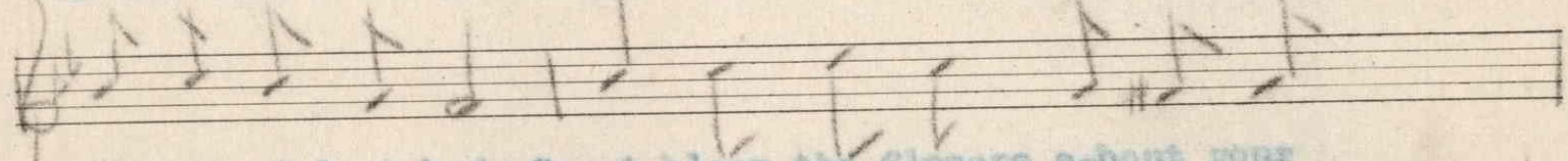
finished your course; Your weapons now are all laid down, Oh,



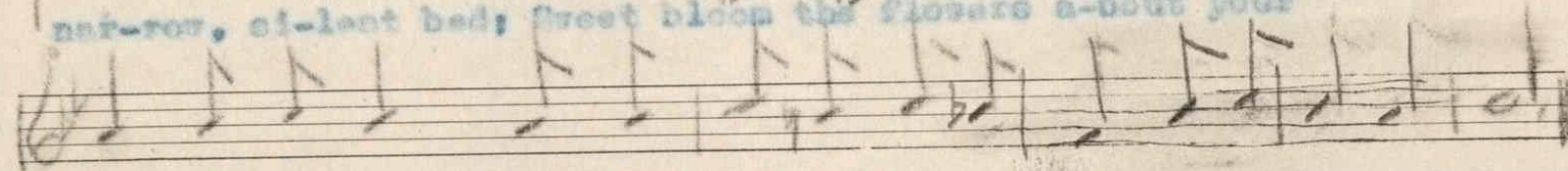
boys, well done, for you the soldier's crown. Tho now you lie silent over



on the oth-er side, Sleep, sweet-ly sleep with-in your



nar-row, si-lent bed; Sweet bloom the flowers a-bout your



last resting bed, Which are hallowed now by tears of a million friends.

(2)

Sleep, boys, sleep, you won not only sweet rest,
But great reward for duty bravely done;
Oh, you fought the fight and victory won,
Tho now we mourn, the angels must rejoice.
Since your true hearts have stilled and your voices have hushed,
Sleep, boys, sleep, now from us you are gone;
Your places so dear now are vacant in our home,
Tho your bodies sleep in death God receive your souls in Heaven.

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