

Our Soldier Heroes Sleeping  
Neva Prentice, 1905.  
Maro Bartlett.

They'll never cross the valleys,  
Or crystal waters sweet,  
They'll never face the foeman,  
When charging armies meet;  
O'er mountains, vast and hoary,  
O'er hill and grassy plain,  
Our soldier heroes sleeping,  
Shall never march again.

Refrain

They'll never march again,  
They'll never march again,  
Our soldier heroes sleeping,  
Shall never march again.

We'll call our hosts together,  
From over land and sea,  
They'll never hear the trumpet,  
Or sound of reveille;  
Our country's flag shall lead them,  
A host as strong and brave,  
As they who sleep in silence,  
Where flowers o'er them wave.

Refrain

They fought and won the battle,  
Those hero boys of ours,  
And we are left to weep them  
And strew their graves with flow'rs;  
They've won the palms of glory,  
They wear the rose of grace,  
Beneath His crown of sunlight  
Their souls shall see His face.

Refrain

Their feet shall cross the valleys,  
And Eden's rivers sweet,  
They'll lie beside the fountains,  
Where angels joyful meet;  
But 'mid their country's battles,  
O'er any earthy plain,  
Our soldier heroes sleeping,  
Shall never march again.

Refrain