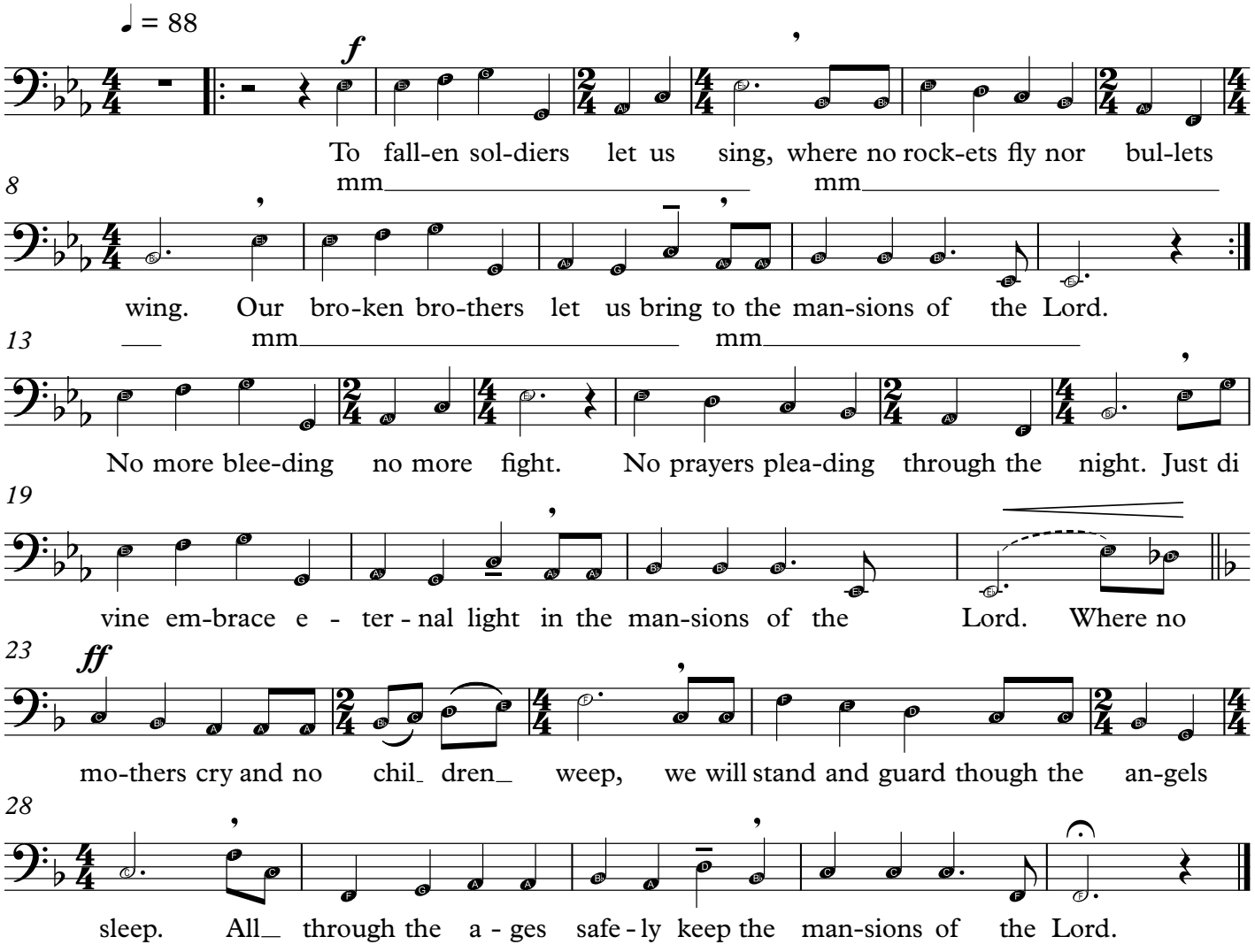
♩ = 88
f
To fall-en sol-diers let us sing, where no rock-ets fly nor bul-lets
mm mm
wing. Our bro-ken bro-thers let us bring to the man-sions of the Lord.
mm mm
No more blee-ding no more fight. No prayers plea-ding through the night. Just di
vine em-brace e - ter - nal light in the man-sions of the Lord. Where no
ff
mo-thers cry and no chil_ dren_ weep, we will stand and guard though the an-gels
sleep. All_ through the a - ges safe - ly keep the man-sions of the Lord.