

After the Battle.

By PAUL DRESSER.

Marcia.



Voice.

1. Bay - 'nets glist - en - ing, thous - ands list - en - ing, The
2. Af - ter all is done, bat - tles lost and won,



boys are on the way, In an - oth - er land,
Then comes the calm of night, Sol - diers true and tried,



there 'waits a might - y band, Eag - er for the fray; A
wound - ed side by side, A - lone in the pale moon - light;



maid - en re - ceives a note, Which her sol dier wrote, Con-
Hear that cry of pain, There it is a - gain,

tain - ing a lock of hair, We fight to - mor - row dear,
Sweet-heart so far a - way, For your sol - dier's sake,

Be brave and have no fear, Just one wish sweet-heart fair.
It is time to wake, Can you not hear him say.

CHORUS.

Af - - ter the bat - - tle, Af - - ter the fray,

Af - - ter the eve-ning shad-ows fall my love, and you kneel to

pray, — Of - - fer just one prayer just

one I say, — Af - - ter the bat - tle 'mid the

rat-tle of the can-non so far a - way. — 1. 2. way. —