

595. The Mansions of the Lord

m: N. Glennie-Smith t: R. Wallace

♩ = 72

To fal-len sol-diers let us sing, where no

7

rock-ets fly nor bul-let wing; our bro-ken broth-ers let us bring to the

12

man-sions of the Lord. No more blee-ding, no more fight

17

No prayers plea-ding through the night Just di-vine em-brace, e-

21

- ter-nal light in the Man-sions of the Lord. Where no moth-ers cry and no

25

chil-dren weep We will stand and guard though the an-gels sleep all

30

through the a-ges safe-ly keep The Man-sions of the Lord.