

TAPS

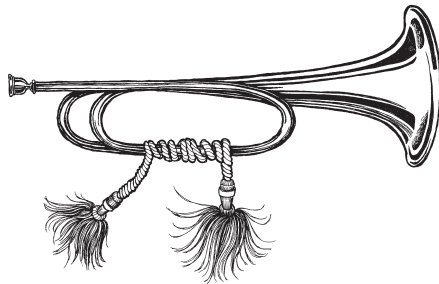
Prologue

Loo loo loo. (*spoken solos: And they who for their country die shall fill an honored grave,*)
Loo loo loo. (*for glory lights the soldier's tomb, and beauty weeps the brave. Joseph Drake*)

Loo loo loo, (*Who kept the faith and fought the fight;*)
loo loo loo, (*The glory theirs, the duty ours. Wallace Bruce*)
loo loo loo. (*How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blest! William Collins*)

Loo loo loo, (*Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,*)
loo loo loo. (*Dream of battled fields no more, Days of danger, nights of waking. Sir Walter Scott*)

Loo loo loo. (*Your silent tents of green We deck with fragrant flowers; Yours has the suffering been,*
The memory shall be ours. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)



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Day is done, gone the sun
from the lakes, from the hills, from the sky.
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh.