

*f* No more the bu-gle calls the weary one, Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown; I'll  
*p*  
 find you, and know you, among the good <sup>and true</sup> When a robe of white is giv'n for the faded coat of blue.

**CHORUS.**

*(This Chorus may be omitted.)*

AIR  
 No more the bu - gle calls the wea - ry one,

ALTO  
 No more the bu - gle calls the wea - ry one,

TENOR  
 No more the bu - gle calls the wea - ry one,

BASS  
 No more the bu - gle calls the wea - ry one,