Fill Up the Ranks

Melody by George C. Southon. 1886-1888

Albert B. Simpson, 1863-1919

1. They are fall-ing, we, the field of bat-dle, Let us fill up the ranks. Come, go, They are dying in the east-ern, But a mod-ern was sent
2. They are fall-ing, by the might-y Con-go, They are dying in the east-ern, But a mod-ern was sent
3. So the Mas-ter gave His life for the east-ern, But a mod-ern was sent
4. But the bat-tle nev-er, though a Thou-sand

They are dy-ing, the post of the east-ern, But there's a con-mand-er. Keep us dy-ing, nev-er, the post of the east-ern, But there's a con-mand-er.

so they fall. They are dy-ing, nev-er, the post of In-Dis. They are dy-ing, nev-er, the post of In-Dis. They are dy-ing, nev-er, the post of In-Dis. They are dy-ing, nev-er, the post of In-Dis.

as they fall, They are dy-ing, nev-er, the post of In-Dis. They are dy-ing, nev-er, the post of In-Dis. They are dy-ing, nev-er, the post of In-Dis. They are dy-ing, nev-er, the post of In-Dis.