

Toast to the Fallen

Daniel Speyer

♩ = 150

Here's to the folk of East-er Is-land Who's art we ad-mi-re to-day
Here's to the good old League of Nations Whose quest was 'Prevent World War'

9 Their numbers and powers have dwindled With the trees they required gone a-way
They hard-ly im-pe-ded the se-cond Now let's see how we face three and four

17 And here's to the lords of Missis-sip-pi Mys-ter-i-ous build-ers of mounds
And here's to the ones who saw it coming Whose warn-ings the world did not heed

25 They knew not the plagues that as-sailed them We know not the names of their towns
And here's to the ones who died work-ing But had not the clues that they'd need

33 Yes and here's to the fi-nal Western Romans De-voured from with-out and with-in
Yes and here's to the ones who want-ed bet-ter But dared not take eyes off their foes

41 Our scholars still ask just what failed them Or how a-ny cure might be-
And here's to their mansions that burned down The fires quite unquenched by their

48 gin
blows
A^{sus4} C G Am A^{sus4} C E F
So we pour out a toast to the fal-len And a - no-ther for those time for-

57 got
A^{sus4} C G G⁵ 3 Am C C⁷ C
Who strove with the last ounce of courage But strove with e-nough they did

65 not
Am C G C A^{sus4} C Em C⁷
Yes we pour out a toast to the fal-len And a toast for the ones who now

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A^{sus4} C Dm G Em C Dm C/E Am

fall And we wonder if someday somebo - dy Will pour out a toast for us all