They say it's in Heaven that all Angels dwell, But I've come to perhaps in the future I'll meet her again, In that world where

learn they're on earth just as well; And how could I know that the no one knows sorrow or pain; And when that time comes and the

like could be so, If I hadn't found one down here below: last word is said, Then place on my bosom, her band of red.

CHORUS Tenderly

A sweet little Angel that went o'er the sea, With the emblem of God in her

hand. A wonderful Angel who brought there to me, The sweet of a war furrowed land; The crown on her head was a ribbon of red, A

symbol of all that's divine; Tho' she called each a brother, she's more like a mother, Salvation Lassie of mine: A mine.