When the Boys Come Home

John Hay* *)

With martial spirit

Voice

Piano

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home, There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home; We will end the dreadful story of the

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battle dark and gory In a sun-burst of glory, When the boys come home. The day will seem brighter when the boys come home, And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home; Wives and sweethearts will press them in their arms and caress them, And pray God to bless them When the boys come
The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home, And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home; The full ranks will be shattered, and the bright arms will be battered, And the
battle-standards tattered, When the boys come home. Their bayo-nets may be rusty when the boys come home, And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home; But all shall see the traces of battle's royal graces In the brown and bearded faces When the boys come
Poco méno mosso e teneramente

home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the

boys come home.

To bless them and to greet them when the

boys come home.

And the fame of their en-

deavor time and change shall not dis-sever From the
nation's heart forever, from the nation's heart forever, When the boys come home.
WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;
We will end the dreadful story
Of the battle dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home;
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
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Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of the battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home;
The fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dissemble
From the nation's heart for ever,
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY.