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When Our Boys Come Home Again

Words and Music by
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Moderato

Andante molto

In a cot-tage, quaint and low-ly, At the close of day.

As he sang, a tear drop glistened In the moth-er's eye.

Sat a fa-ther and a moth-er, Both now grow-ing gray;

She had fought the bat-tle brave-ly, Since she said "Good-bye."

As they mused, their thoughts were go-ing Far a-cross the sea;

Though her moth-er-heart was long-ing For her boys a-gain,

And the fa-ther to the moth-er Sang this mel-o-dy.

Still she smiled, and then to-geth-er Sang they this re-frain.
When our boys come marching home again, dear, O how glad our hearts will be
Just to know our sons were heroes in this fight for liberty.
When our boys shall bring "Old Glory" back again without a stain.
When, at last, the war is over, and our boys come home again.
There'll be no place like home, dear, When our boys come home again.