When Our Boys Come Home Again

Words and Music by
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Moderato

In a cot - tage, quaint and low - ly, At the close of day.
As he sang, a tear drop glistened In the mother'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 melo - 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.

When our gain. There'll be no place like home, dear. When our boys come home again.

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