

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME



Words by
JOHN HAY

Music by
OLEY SPEAKS

High in E $\flat$ Med. in C
Low in B $\flat$

Price, 35 cents, net
(No Discount)

G. SCHIRMER

New York

Boston

When the Boys Come Home

John Hay *)

Oley Speaks

Written by the late Secretary of State during the Civil War,
while he was private Sec. to Pres. Lincoln.

With martial spirit

Voice

Piano

There's a hap - py time com - ing when the boys come home, There's a

glorious day com - ing when the boys come home; We will end the dread - ful sto - ry of the

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3

bat - tle dark and gor - y In a sun - burst of glo - ry, When the

boys come home. The day will seem bright - er when the boys come home, And our

hearts will be light - er when the boys come home, Wives and sweethearts will press them in their

arms and ca - ress them, And pray God to bless them When the boys come

a tempo

home. _____

a tempo

f

ff

mf

The thin ranks will be proud - est when the

mf

boys come home, And our cheer will ring the loud - est when the

mp

boys come home; The full ranks will be shat - tered, and the

mp

bright arms will be bat-tered, And the bat-tle-stand-ards tat-tered, When the boys come home. Their

bayo-nets may be rust - y when the boys come home, And their

cresc. poco a poco

u - ni-forms be dust-y when the boys come home; But— all shall see the tra - ces of

f

bat-tle's roy-al gra-ces In the brown and beard-ed fa-ces When the boys come

ff rit.

Poco meno mosso e teneramente

a tempo *p*

home. Our love shall go to meet them when the

a tempo *f* *rall.* *pp tranquillo*

boys come home, To bless them and to greet them when the

f *mp* *dim.* *3*

boys come home, And the fame of their en -

p *poco cresc.* *mp* *poco cresc.*

deav - or time and change shall not dis - sev - er From the

f sempre cresc. *ff*

na - tion's heart for - ev - er, from the na - tion's heart for -

f sempre cresc. *ff*

8

fff rit. *Maestoso*

ev - - - er

fff rit. molto *ff*

ff *largamente* *molto rit.*

from the na - tion's heart for - ev - - er, When the boys — come

largamente *molto rit.*

Tempo I°

home.

ff *accel.* *ff* *rit.*

FOUR NEW SONGS by JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

We Are Coming Marching-Song of America

Words by
Edith Willis Linn*

Music by
John Philip Sousa

Tempo di Marcia

Piano

1. From the moun-tains—wreathed and hoar-y,— From the riv-er and the
2. We are com-ing— we are com-ing,— As the pil-grims came of
3. With no mal-ice— in our bo-som,— With no hate, no dream of

* These verses were awarded the prize of five hundred dollars offered by "Life" for the best poem suitable for use as a war-song.

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In Flanders Fields the Poppies Grow

Words by
Lieut. Col. John McCrae

Music by
John Philip Sousa

Andante

Voice

Piano

very enemy and sustained

In Fian-ders fields the pop-pies grow, the pop-pies grow, the pop-pies
grow,— Be-tween the crosses, row on row, row on row, That mark the

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Lovely Mary Donnelly

Words by
William Allingham

Music by
John Philip Sousa

Moderato

Voice

Piano

Oh,
love-ly Ma-ry Don-nel-ly, my joy, my on-ly best. If
fif-ty girls were round you, I'd hard-ly see the rest, Bo

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The Love that Lives Forever

Geo. P. Wallihan

John Philip Sousa

Andante cantabile

Voice

Piano

I have no thought that is not thine, No joy I would not
have you share; The love-light from your glow-ing eyes To

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