

Dedicated to DR H. G. BARRIE, F.M.C.A.
Representative with First Contingent to South Africa.



OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

WORDS BY
REV. DR. MACLEAN.

MUSIC BY
Mrs. A. Harvey Barrie.

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Our Boys are coming home.

Words by Rev. Dr. John McLean.

Music by Mrs. A.H. Barrie.

Maestoso.

PIANO. *ff*

1. Home a - gain our boys are coming, From the far off fields of gore;

f rit.

rit.

Clad in glo - ry stained with va - lor, Back to our Ca - na - dian

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It begins with a half note, followed by eighth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with eighth-note patterns and a left hand with a simple bass line.

shore. Up-on the veldt the maple leaflets Shimmered in the glowing sun;

mf rit.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note, followed by eighth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns. The tempo/mood marking *mf rit.* is placed above the vocal line.

On the kop - je stood our he - roes, Grasping vict'ry dear-ly won.

ff rit.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note, followed by eighth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns. The tempo/mood marking *ff rit.* is placed above the vocal line.

Chorus.

Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike the drum, raise the standard.

Blow the trumpet, sing Shout your welcome, make the feast—Our sons are coming home.

2. Brave hearts faltered for a moment.
 Home and kindred rose in view;
 Then for glory, faith and freedom,
 Fought they as men good and true.
 Boldly fronting folly's foemen,
 Forward marched the maple braves;
 Counting death the path of honor,
 And blood the price of him who saves.
Chorus.— Strike! Strike! etc.

3. Some have found the soldier's vision
 Wrapped in khaki on the sod;
 Mothers weep for silent voices,
 Children humbly pray to God.
 Some are coming; we are waiting
 For their footfall on the street;
 Hearts are beating for our heroes,
 We can hear their coming feet.
Chorus.— Strike! Strike! etc.

4. Back again our sons are coming,
 Crowned with honor, welcome home!
 Come ye bravest to our bosoms,
 Sons of empire homeward come.
 Home again our boys are coming,
 From the far off fields of gore;
 Clad in glory, stained with valor,
 Back to our Canadian shore.
Chorus.— Strike! Strike! etc.

