

# FOR OUR HOME AND THE NATION



Song By  
**SONIA D. THURMOND**

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## For Our Home And The Nation. ✓

Words &amp; Music by SONIA D. THURMOND.

*dolce*  
While our chil-dren may laugh in their in-no-cent glee We will go to the front in fierce  
*doloroso*  
When our com-rades are wound-ed and man-y are slain, When our foes are all con-quer'd and

fight to de-fend them; The wife well be-lov'd we may not a-gain see Will re-main safe at  
made to sur-ren-der; Do not then ex-ult o'er the foes that re-main-They have made a brave

home like an an-gel to tend them! Where the love-fires burn bright with a ho-ly, pure  
fight, tho' the sword they may ten-der. When the bat-tle is won strife and ha-tred be

light, And the fond ones who love us are dear in God's sight. Let us yield not to  
done, Put to si-lence the boom-ing of ev-'ry great gun! For our home and the

sor-row in say-ing a-dieu, For those whom we love are so pa-tient and true.  
na-tion in glo-ry to save The sons of the free are a-sleep in the grave.

## CHORUS.

*risoluto*  
With a pur-pose and will both de-ter-min'd and strong, With un-fal-ter-ing step, un-dis-  
*giocoso*  
When at last we re-turn to our own coun-try's shore, And the dear ones are there with a

may'd and un-flinch-ing; Thro' shells and thick shot we will tramp straight a-long, Thro' the gas and the  
fond, hap-py greet-ing; Thank heav'n and re-joice to be with them once more, Where the true, faith-ful

flame-with the en-e-my clinch-ing! Sol-dier, stead-y your nerve, and stand firm, do not  
hearts of our old friends are meet-ing. And the flag we will raise, and the Lord we will

swerve, With un-err-ing, swift aim, give them what they de-serve! For-ward charge with the  
praise, If from war we may rest till the end of our days! May the flag of our

bay-o-net, throw the gre-nade, And rout ev-'ry foe with the Al-might-y's aid!  
bat-tles in peace wave a-bove Our own bless-ed home and the land that we love!

# TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

## OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

Words by  
DEKOTA MAY TETZLOFF

Music by  
R. A. BROWN

### Marcia

Through-out this land of U. S. A. we grave-ly turn our fa - ces; Un -  
From North and South, from East and West, our dear old Flag is blow-ing; They've  
With fife and drum our sol-diers come, their bu-gles loud-ly sound-ing; With

to our Coun-try's Pres - i - dent, and watch him as he plac - es His  
heard the call of Un - cle Sam, and now they are re - spond-ing; To  
suits of blue or kha - ki hue, their brave young fa - ces smil - ing; They

name up - on the clean white page, that calls our troops to mus - ter. The  
give their Coun-try's Flag their best and keep it proud-ly float - ing; For  
are the Sons of Un - cle Sam - and Lib - er - ty's de - fend - ers; God

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