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# VICTORY



By  
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# VICTORY

SINA E. WEBER

Marcia

*mf*

Voice

There is glad-ness in the air, An  
As the cry of sad des-pair Came to  
Our boys were brave and true When they

Vamp

*mp* *p*

an-swer to our pray'r, As we hear the stead-y tramp of march-ing  
us from o-ver there, We as Chris-tians could not turn a deaf-'ning  
crossed the o-cean blue, And be-hind them stood a na-tion rich and

feet. Oh, our boys are eom-ing fast With their packs up-on their  
ear. As we kissed our boys good-bye, And re-pressed an un-heard  
strong; Some will rest be-neath the sod, Their souls be with their

backs, And a smile that tells us vic-tor-y is com-plete.  
 sigh, Knew the time would come when vic-tor-y would be here.  
 God, While the cry goes up of vic-tor-y loud and long.

CHORUS

O-ver there ——— O-ver there. ——— They have sown the seeds of gladness o-ver

there. ——— A-ged forms and children dear, As they dry each fall-ing tear Shout the

tid-ings o-ver there: "Vic-tor-y is here!" O-ver here!"

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