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4. WHEN WE'LL ALL COME BACK TO HOME SWEET HOME "

Some

POEM & COPYRIGHT BY HAZEL K. GARDNER = MEXICO, N.Y.

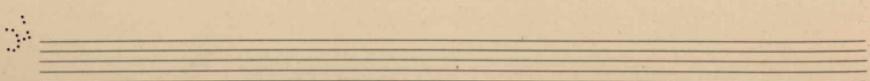
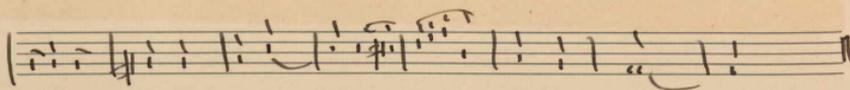
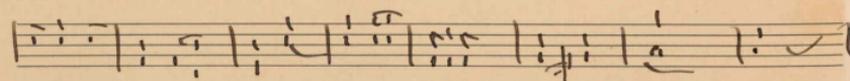
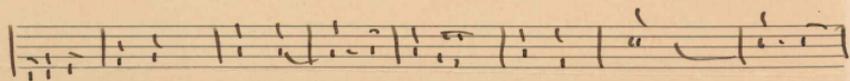
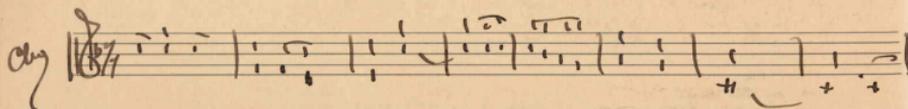
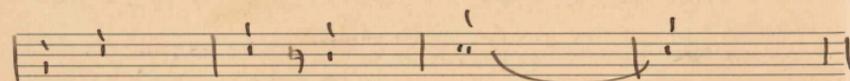
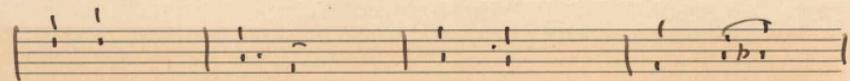
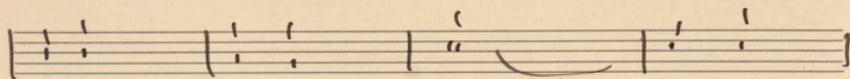
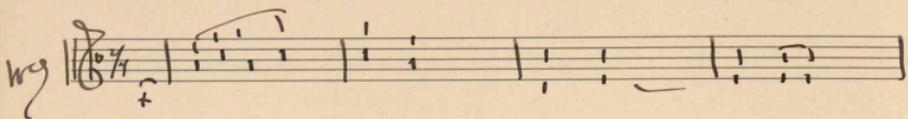
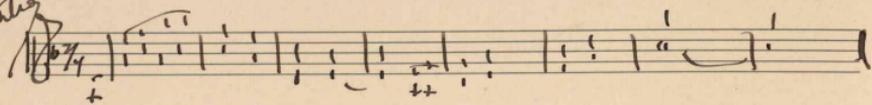
MUSIC BY

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NEW YORK CITY

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And. marc.



"Then We'll All Come Back To Home, Sweet Home;" By Hazel K. Gardner.

1
The military band was playing, as the soldiers marched away;
He bid farewell, my boy so true, and to me these words did say:

CHORUS.

"Don't cry for me, little girlie; tho' I may be gone for quite awhile;
But don't make me sad and lonely, but try, little girl, to smile;
For tho' it is hard, now, to part, dear; and I must sail across the foam;
After the war is over--then we'll all come back to home, sweet home."

2
So smile in your heart may be aching; he'll recall when far away;
The smile you gave, when he left you--gladdening the weary day.

