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OUR BOYS

NO ONE CAN TAKE THEIR PLACE



Words by
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Music by
LOUIS BOOS

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INTRO.

Tempo di marcia

When our boys were called to
When we heard the glad-some

col - ors And they come from far and near, For to cross the might-y o - cean, Fight for land they loved so
tid - ings That the Huns were down and out, How our hearts were filled with glad-ness, And we gath-ered 'round to

dear, Leav-ing fa - thers, moth - ers, sis - ters, Broth - ers, wives, and sweet - hearts too, Far be - hind in homes that's
shout, Hur - rah for our fight - ing Sam - mies And the old Red, White and Blue, Hur - rah for the Al - lied

brok - en, 'Twas the best that they could do, As our Unc - le Sam - uel need - ed these, Our young men of the
na - tions, Who have proved stead - fast and true Hur - rah for peace and lib - er - ty, Let us cheer with all our

land, For to re-in-force the Al-lies, Help to whip the Kai-ser's band, So with ach-ing hearts we
might, Hur-rah for our friends and dear ones, Who sur- vived the cru- el fight, And our gal-lant boys who

part-ed, As we kissed them fond good-by, And a prayer went up to heav-en, For we knew that some must die.
per-ished, For "Old Glo-ry" in the strife, Will be kept fresh in our mem-ries As we grieve for each young life.

CHORUS

Our hearts will yearn tho' our boys re-turn From ser-vice a-cross the sea, For those who died for the

flag by their side, While fight-ing for de-moc-ra-cy, Loy-al and brave they went to their grave, For

free-dom of ev-er-y race, We long in vain for our boys who were slain, But no one can take their place.

