

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
OUR ABSENT BOY

—♥—
A PLAIN HOME SONG

Dedicated to the Memory of
**THE BOYS WHO - ARE SLEEPING
SOMEWHERE - OVER - THERE.**



Words and Music
by

WILLIAM A. BOERGER

Price **40** cents
NET

WILLIAM A. BOERGER
PUBLISHER
St. Cloud, Minn.

Our Absent Boy

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WILLIAM A. BOERGER

mf

Just a moss - cov - ered log by the side of a brook, Where his
 Just a low, nar - row mound back of No Man's Land, Ris - ing
 Just a bright lit - tle star shin - ing o - ver - head, As the

mf

fav - or - ite haunt used to be; Just an
 out of the tan - gled grass; Just a
 shades of the night creep a - long; Just the

rit.

old rust - y blade ly - ing in the leaves, And a
 plain lit - tle cross in the up - turned sod, Where his
 faint tint - ed gleam of an an - gel's wing, And the

rit.

name in the bark of a tree; Just a
 friends nev - er more will pass; Just a
 breath of an an - gel's song; Just a

cresc. faint nar - row path lead - ing up from the stream, To a
 small fad - ed flag wav - ing in the breeze, As it
 fond ray of hope stream - ing down from a - bove, Like the

poor lit - tle home in the glen; Just a few bro - ken toys and a
 plays in the tuft - ed green; Just a few wilt - ed flow'rs from a
 Joy of a soul that is free; Just a warm glow of love as of

va - cant chair, Mark the place where he once had been!
 com - rade's hand, Mark the place where he last was seen!
 God's own smile, Mark the place where he now must be!

