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**THE LOST BATTALION or
WAY BACK HOME**

WORDS BY

DICK EASTMAN

MUSIC BY

HECTOR RICHARD

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CHICAGO

The Lost Battalion or Way Back Home

Words by DICK EASTMAN

Music by HECTOR RICHARD

Slow waltz

mf

Not too fast

In the Ar-gonne For-est drear-y where those brave boys had¹ dug
Six long days and nights they bat-tled, near-ly starved, but full of
In the Ger-man camp came si-lence, all their dead-ly guns were

Vamp

p

in² Just re-fus-ing to sur-ren-der, vow-ing there to die or win, While a-
fight, Boch-es ev-'ry-where a-round them, lit-tle know-ing their sad plight, Food and
still. "What has hap-pened?"³ thot our he-roes, "have they some new way to kill?" In the

round them shells were burst-ing and Grim Death lurked ev-'ry-where, More than
wa-ter, am-mu-ni-tion, ev-'ry-thing but hope was gone, Yet these
dis-tance there was cheer-ing, friend-ly voic-es soon were heard, Vic-try

one brave boy in kha-ki saw this vis-ion in his prayr.
he-roes were un-daunt-ed, viewed the en-e-my with scorn.
crownd the res-cue par-ty, back home prayrs were once more heard.

CHORUS. *Slow waltz*

Way back home my moth - er dear is pray - ing, — Way back home I seem to hear her

mp

say - ing: — Do your du - ty, mother's man, do the ver - y best you can, For God and Un - cle

Sam — is our pray'r back home. — Home, Home, Way back

slower

home, — For God and Un - cle Sam — Is our pray'r "Back Home."

After Refrain *ad libitum. Soft and low as in a vision*

Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no — place like home. —

mp

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