Words by Clarissa Holden

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Coming Home to You

Elizabeth Clark Street

1. A-mer-i-ca. A-mer-i-ca, your arms are o-pen wide. And your mo-ther heart A mer-i-ca, is thrilled with love and pride There's a blast of mar-tial mu-sic - There's a sound of drum and fife, But its

2. A-mer-i-ca brave mother 'tis for you a glo-rious day For the hours have been so lone-ly since your lad-dies marched a way When you brave-ly bade them God speed - When the note of fife and drum, Called to

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not the call to battle, 'Tis the call of joy and

France the welcome message — told that Pershing's men had

life To your open arms they're coming across the ocean

come You have watched and worked and waited These many long months

blue. Mother heart that has been yearning For the day of

though, Heroes from the field of glory Each sheet tell to

their re-turning Glad light thro your tears is shining

you his story With their but the scars they're coming

For the good news is true Hark! do you hear their shout. With a

With wreaths of laurel too!

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joy you can not doubt "A-merica A-mer-i-ca We're

coming home to you". Wave oh wave star spangled

banner Pipe ye fife and beat ye drum

Sub

Ring ya joy bells in the stee ple when our gallant boys shall come

Bringing nei ther spoil nor plun der just a heart that's tried and

true A- mer i ca your soldier boys are coming home to you - A

mer i ca your soldier boys are coming home to you.

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