SEP -6 1918
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TO THE DAY.

Words by David D. Agronick. Music by Will Tate.

1.

A nation grand, has loaned her mighty hand,
To her Allies across the sea,
To right a wrong, that threatened nations long,
And make it safe for Democracy.
But, the day has come,
Dear America, here are your Sons.

Chorus.

To the day, when the boys come marching home,
To the day when peace reigns again,
Mothers and fathers, sweethearts and wives
Will be cheering and crying, for the boys
who gave their lives.
To the day, when Uncle Sammie brings them back,
A healthy looking throng they'll be,
Oh! America, Dear Nation, You know no word like slack,
You brought the day, You brought Democracy.

2.

The day has come, a great Victory won,
And peace reigns o'er this world once more
Dear mothers wait, at the old lonesome gate
For the Sons they gave us for this war,
Now the day is here,
Their voices calling, "oh, Mother Dear."

Chorus.

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NUMBER 50 Made in U.S.A.

Words By.
David D. Agronick.

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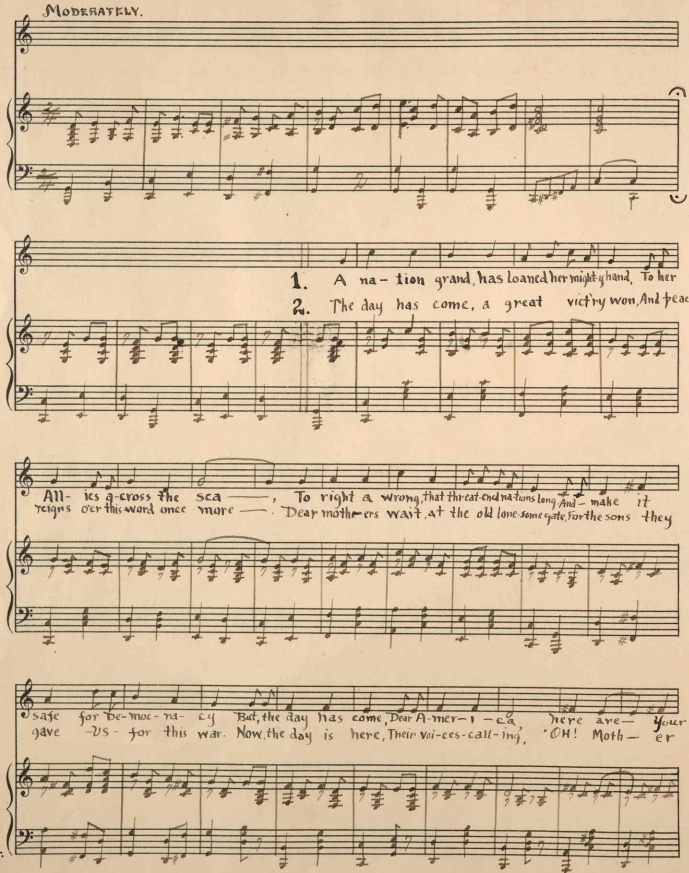
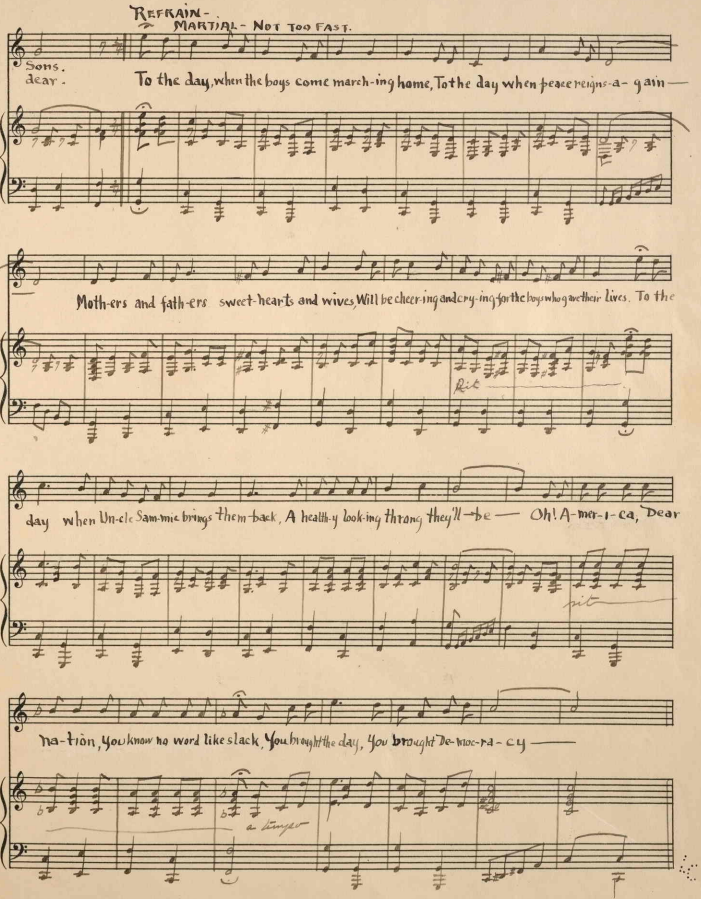
Music By
Will Tate.

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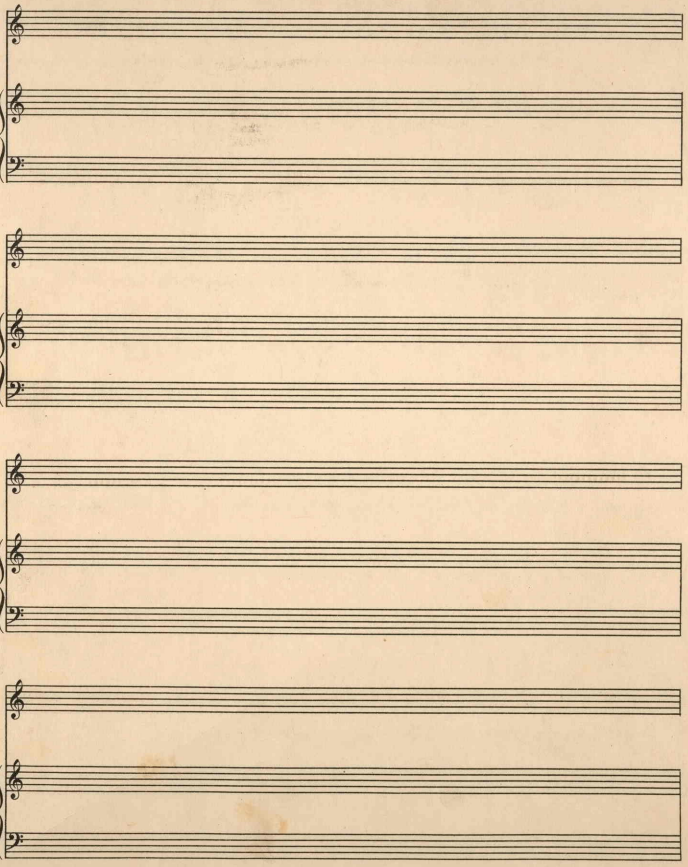
MARTIAL - NOT TOO FAST.
Sons.
dear.
To the day, when the boys come march-ing home, To the day when peace reigns-a-gain —
Moth-ers and fath-ers sweet-hearts and wives, Will be cheer-ing and cry-ing for the boys who ne'er lives. To the
Rit
day when Un-cle Sam-me brings them back, A health-y look-ing throng they'll be — Oh! A-mer-i-ca, Dear
na-tion, you know no word like slack, You brought the day, You brought De-moc-ra-cy —
a tempo



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