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Dedicated to the Armies of Mercy

The Greatest Mother In The World

Words by
John Murray Anderson

Music by
Henri Tussenbroek

M1646
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THE GREATEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD.

Words by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
Music by HENRI TUSSENBROEK

With broad swinging rhythm.

ff

In fore-most lines' midst the shot and shell Where
She reck-ons lit-tle of War's al-arms, But

Death and Glo-ry to-geth-er dwell, She stands an An-gel in
seeks the wounded with out-stretched arms, And a-de-vo-tion that

all but name, Seek-ing for noth-ing of rank or fame. Her
beau-ti-fies The life she lives and the death she dies.

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mis- sion on- ly to bring re- lief; To ass- uage suff'ring and
Bound- less her Mer- cy_ Her on- ly Creed To do her Du- ty when

sol- ace grief: To feed the hun- gry; soothe the dis- tressed, And
e'er the need. Her Ar- mies bear neith- er shield nor sword But

Chorus *Triumphantly*

lead the He- ro to peace- ful rest.
march as Champ- ions of the Lord.

Firm in the fight for

rall.

fff

free- doms right un- it- ed now we stand.

Count-less the hearts that beat for Thee in our be-loved

Land! Thy Ban-ner, with its Cross of Red, floats

in the breeze un-furled. Hu-man-i-ty ac-

-claims Thee! Great-est Moth-er in the World. World.

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