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OP

HER SACRIFICE

(GR)

"THE DAY OF LIBERTY"

(1st)

POEM and COPYRIGHT BY JOHN ABBOTT, 124 MECHANIC ST. PORTIA, MICH.

MUSIC BY

R. A. BROWN,
700 DAWSON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

M1646

B

4

quasi
Organo $\text{C}/4$

Organo $\text{C}/4$

Choro $\text{C}/4$

"Her Sacrifice" or "The Day of Liberty" By John Abbott.

Soldier mine, the drums are rolling and my heart is filled with pain;
But I hear your voice, consoling; trusting we shall meet again;
When the shattered ranks sail homeward, from the wind swept battle plain;
But my ears have heard them calling from those lands across the sea;
And, the farewell tears are falling, you, my sacrifice shall be;
And I'll pray for your returning, and the Day of Liberty.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Day of Liberty--happy Day of Liberty;
We shall wait the coming morrow, when, beyond this pain and sorrow,
Comes the Day of Liberty--welcome Day of Liberty.

2

Soldier mine, the drums are beating; they are ready for the start;
But, in this--our farewell meeting--ere our lives are rent apart
Aid I sit in lonely sorrow, let me take you to my heart.
May our parting vows remind you, when you're far away from me;
Of the loved one, left behind you, who will ever faithful be,
And who'll pray for your returning, and the Day of Liberty.

