OCT 23 1917 ©CLE412765

"HOME MEMORIES"

(OR)

"THE AMERICAN SOLDIER BEHIND THE LINES"

Song

POEM BY JOHN ABBOTT, 174 MECHANIC ST. PONTIAC, MICH.

MUSIC BY

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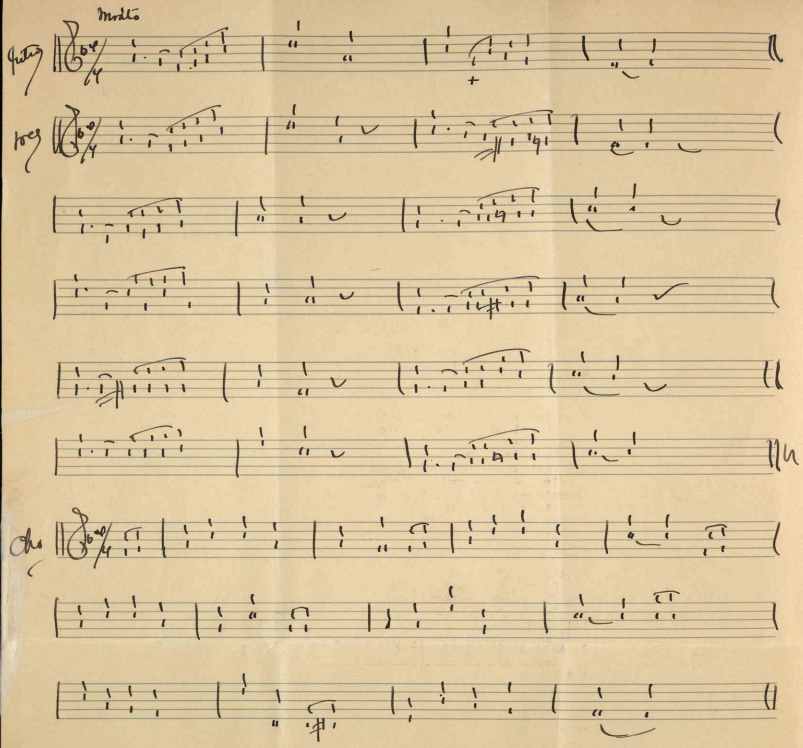
Molto

John Abbott

Home

Soldier Memories
or
The American Soldier Behind the Lines.

O'er the sea the sun is setting
In a land that's strange to me,
And its rays the clouds are fretting
Deep in golden harmony-
But across the tossing billows
In the homeland far away,.
There's a path beneath the willows
There we oft were sent to stray,
And where shining eyes looked upward
Into mine at close of day.

In this land new charms surround me,
In our life behind the lines;
But fond memory weaves around me
Scenes for which my heart still pines,
And when breath of evening lingers
In the shadows soft and gray,
I can feel the touch of fingers:
There the willows bend and play,
And where shining eyes looked upward
Into mine at close of day.

In this land of olden story
Tho' I'm forming friendships new,
And we watch the sunset's glory
Till it fades beyond our view;
Yet my heart has not forgotten,
In this pastime by the way,
Of that path we walked so often
Where the willows bend and play,
And where shining eyes looked upward
Into mine at close of day.

CHORUS.

And once more, I hope to wander when these scenes have passed away
In that well remembered pathway where the willows bend and play
With those trusting eyes still, looking into mine at close of day.

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