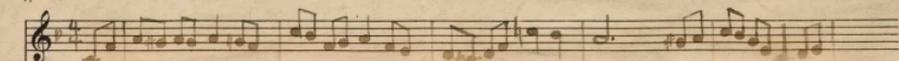
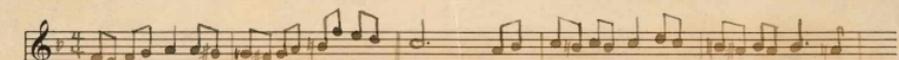


# WHEN THE BOYS COME BACK TO THE TOWN."

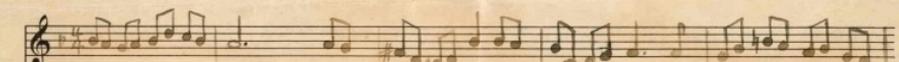
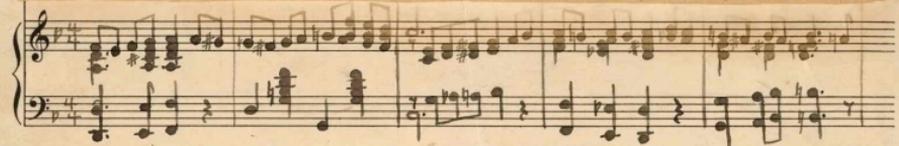
MUSIC BY  
JOHN FINKE JR.



Mid the hills with vine - yards clad, where I lived a hap - py lad, There's a town where still I love to go; For each old fa - mil - iar scene still to  
In that dear old town as - rene, fan - cy paints an - oth - er scene, Lads in kha - ki in the fore - ground stand; For these loy - al Yan - kee lads, wor - thy



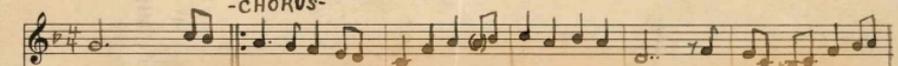
me so much does mean, And the fra - grant vine - yards set the face aglow, But when in that dear old place, for some boy - hood play - mate's face I  
of their stal - wart dads, Have re - spond - ed quick to lib - er - ty's de - mand, Now when in that dear old place, look - ing for a com -rade's face I



eyes will ever o'er the people roam;  
miss the young lads of the new - er day; And each stran - ger's face I see brings a touch of gloom to me Unless the boys are on a vic - it  
And I know their pa - rents brave, who these splen - did lad - dies gave; Can join with me and from the heart can



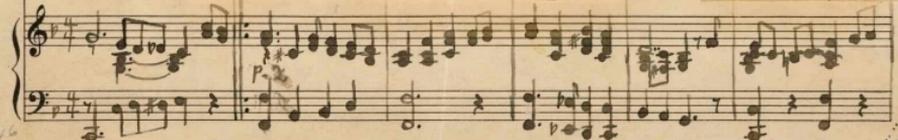
## -CHORUS-



Some  
say:

When the boys come back to the town again, the old place seems more like home;  
When the boys come back to the town a - gain, no matter where they roam.

For a fa - mil - iar face in a  
To see them there once more, as in



Carl Fischer, New York.  
No. 10 - 12 lines.

Over

well known place, less inclines one to roam. The hills may re - tain their beauty and charm, Grape vines with clus - ters weighed down; But my days of yore, Makes it seem more like home. The heart's made glad, whenever a lad Travels toward future co - mern; But our

Joy is com - plete, when old friends I greet, Boys who've come back to the town. Joy is complete, when dear lads we greet, Boys who've come back to the town.