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R.

Gill

The Light In The Homestead Window

John J. Gill

Mod°

On the shell-shat-tered fields of Flan-ders In a place called No Man's
On the shell-shat-tered fields of Flanders In a vil-lage church-yard

mf

Land At a list' ning post there's a sol-dier Who left his native
stands A cross that marks the grave of a he-ro But we all un-der-

land To fight for King and Coun-try to keep the old flag
stand That he died for King and Coun-try Thad you and I would be

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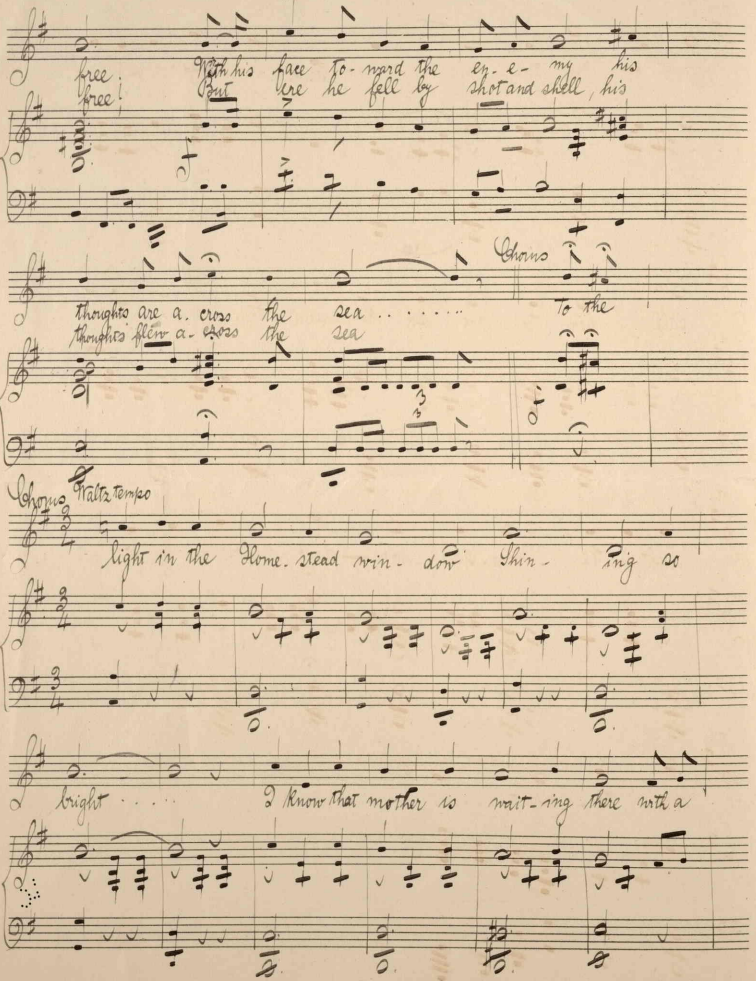
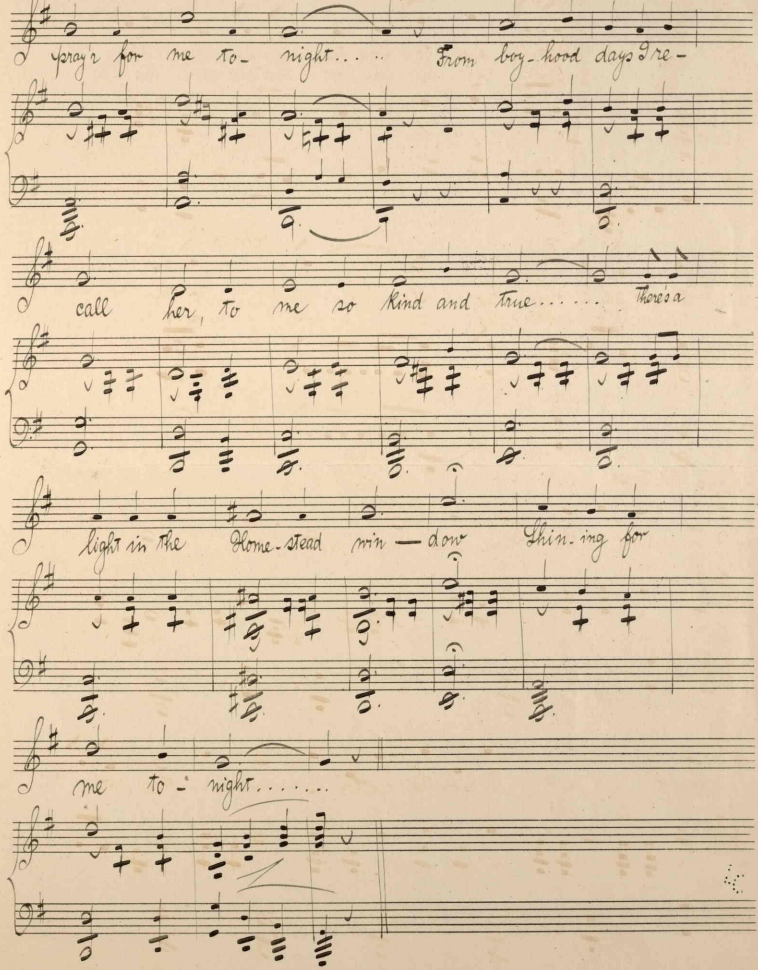

free
With his face to-ward the en-e-my his
free!
But here he fell by shot and shell, his
Chorus
thoughts are a-cross the sea ..... To the
thoughts flew a-cross the sea
Chorus
Waltz Tempo
light in the Home-stead win-dow Shin-ing so
bright .... I know that mother is wait-ing there with a


pray'r for me to- night.... From boy- hood days I re-
call her, to me so kind and true..... There's a
light in the Home- stead win — dow Shin- ing for
me to- night.....

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