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THEN THOU ART MY SON

By GUBONITH

Con espressione

Hans, my Hans! I hear her call-ing,
Hans, Oh Hans the soul is cry-ing

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boy-hood comes a-gain. Crushed and wounded, round me crawl-ing Who shall weigh their
is thy task so done? Deaf to foe a-round thee dy-ing— Moth-er, where's thy

pain? "Hans, my Hans," thus spoke my moth-er, "Be thy task so done—
son? Hans, Oh Hans the heart is need-ing Broth-er-hood be won.

Friend, or foe, each man thy broth-er— Then thou art my son!
Heart, and soul, in right-eous plead-ing— Moth-er here's thy son!

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Heart, and soul, in righteous plead-ing— Moth-er here's thy son!

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