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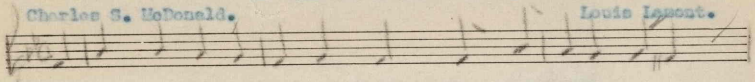
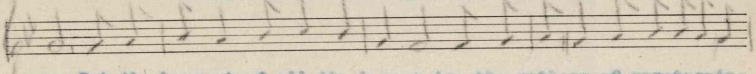
AUG -4 1919

THE BRAVEST OF THE HEROES.

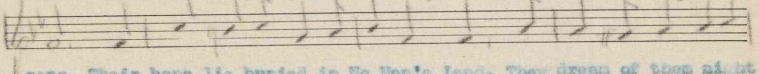
Charles S. McDonald. Louis Lamont.



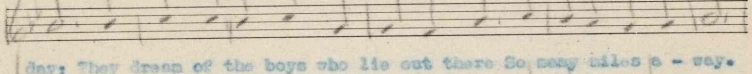
The boys are coming back from France. They are heroes every



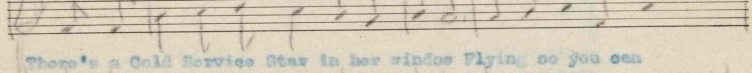
one; But the bravest of all the heroes Are the mothers of unreturning



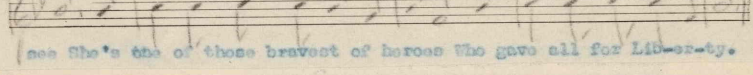
sons. Their boys lie buried in No Man's Land, They dream of them night and



day; They dream of the boys who lie out there So many miles a - way.
Yet Chorus-



There's a Gold Service Star in her window Flying so you can



see She's the of those bravest of heroes Who gave all for Lib-er-ty.

(2)

Let's on her brow place the laurel wreath
She has so nobly won.
In giving to her country
Her own and dearly beloved son,
To fight for peace and liberty,
To beat the bloody Hun;
Now in that heart there's a constant echo
For the unreturning son.

(3)

She will sit by the fireside so lonely now,
As the embers dimly glow;
And see once more that curly head
She caressed so many years ago.
She will see him ride his hobby horse,
And hear him shout with glee;
And when he was tired and weary,
He would climb upon her knee.

(last Chorus)

So they are the bravest of heroes,
You ask what they have done;
They are the old gray Mothers
Of the unreturning son.

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