‘TILL THE BOYS COME HOME
(KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING)

SONG

WORDS BY
LENA GUILBERT FORD

MUSIC BY
IVOR NOVELLO

Price 60 cents.

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'TILL THE BOYS COME HOME.
(KEEP THE HOME-FIRES BURNING.)

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the Country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the Soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song.

Refrain. Keep the Home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

Over seas there came a pleading,
"Help a Nation in distress!"
And we gave our glorious laddies;
Honour bade us do no less.
For no gallant Son of Britain
To a foreign yoke shall bend,
And no Englishman is silent
To the sacred call of Friend.

Refrain. Keep the Home-fires burning, etc.

Lena Guilbert Ford.
'TILL THE BOYS COME HOME.

(KEEP THE HOME-FIRES BURNING.)

Words by
LENA GUILBERT FORD.

Music by
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Tempo di Marcia.

They were

summoned from the hill-side, They were called in from the glen, And the

Piano.

Countrу found them ready At the stirring call for

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A. H. & C. Ltd. 9554B

The Right to reproduce this composition on any kind of Mechanical Instrument is strictly reserved.
Soldiers pass a long, And although your heart is breaking, Make it

sing this cheery song.

Refrain.

Keep the Home-fires burning, While your hearts are yearning,

Though your lads are far away They dream of Home;

A. H. & C. Ltd. 95545
There's a silver lining Through the dark cloud shining,

Turn the dark cloud inside out, Till the boys come Home.

Repeat Refrain ad lib.

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A.H. S. C. Ltd. 92549
gave our glorious laddies, Honour bade us do no less.

For no gallant Son of Britain To a foreign yoke shall bend, And no Englishman is silent To the sacred call of Friend.

A.H. & C. Ltd. 95548
Refrain.

Keep the Home-fires burning, While your hearts are yearning, Though your lads are far away, They dream of Home; There's a silver lining.

Through the dark cloud shining, Turn the dark cloud inside out, Till the boys come home.
This simple but haunting Kerry ditty is becoming very popular

Tim Rooney's At The Fightin'

Words and Music by NORAH FLYNN

REFRAIN

T'was on a wet October morn among the hills of Kerry,
I met a little Colleen in the soaking mist and rain.
Her cheeks were like the brier rose, her lips were like the cherry,
And as she trod the heather she was singing this refrain.

Said I my pretty Colleen, is Tim Rooney then your brother,
Oh no she cried he's not and blush'd like blossom in the Spring.
Sure we'll be after getting married some time or another
An' just to keep me spirits up while Tim's away I sing.

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