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OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME

*The waves of the ocean, sun-tipped with glory,
Rock ever, ever, in surge and flow;
Their rapturous beauty--no tongue can tell it--
As over its surges the vessels go.
And ever out on the tossing waters
Our heart with yearning reaches roam,
For over the sea, the boundless ocean,
Our boys are coming home.*

*The billows may rise and toss the mountains,
The crests may whiten and stormwinds roar,
But ever our heart will be reaching over
And crossing the waters from shore to shore.
The God of the storm is a loving Father;
He treads on the billows that toss the foam;
In the might of his hand we can trust our armies;
Our boys are coming home.*

*The trenches are empty, the guns are silent,
The barrage fire can burn no more;
And over the waves of the great blue ocean
Our vessels homeward turn.
Lie down and be still, O storm-tossed waters,
Hush into slumber the waves that foam;
For know that over your heaving bosom
Our boys are coming home.*

*The lands afar are redeemed in triumph;
The foe is humble in silence long;
And back from the mud and the fire and battle
The Victors come home mid our shout and song.
Be still, old ocean, the world is singing;
Breathe softly your music where warships roam;
Keep safe on your beautiful snow-capped bosom
The boys who are coming home.*

L. MYRTLE SOURS, in *The Methodist*, Baltimore.