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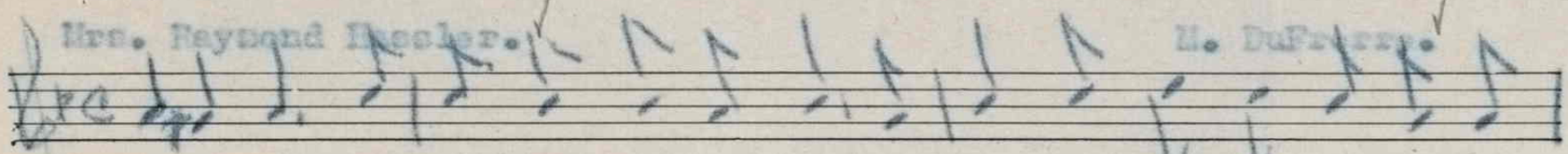
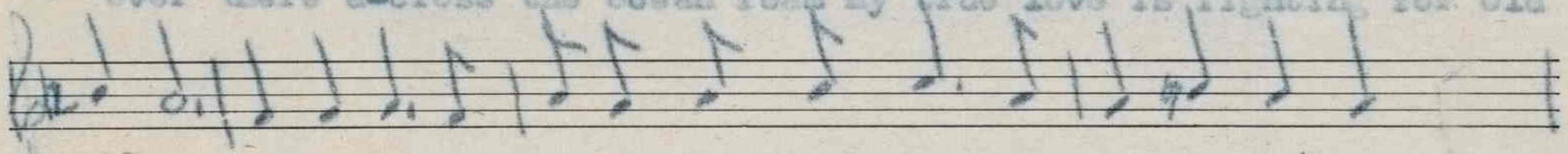
MY TRUE LOVE.

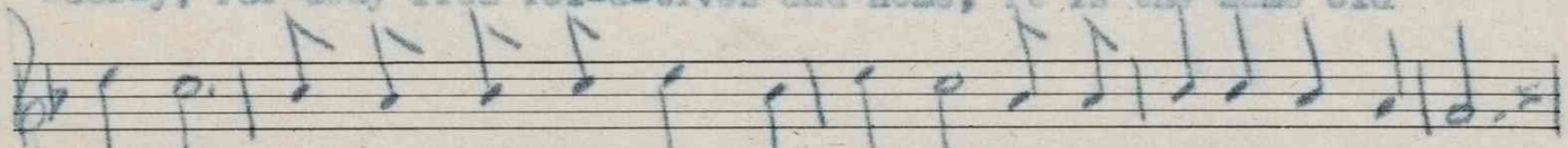
Mrs. Raymond Hassler. M. DuFrerre.



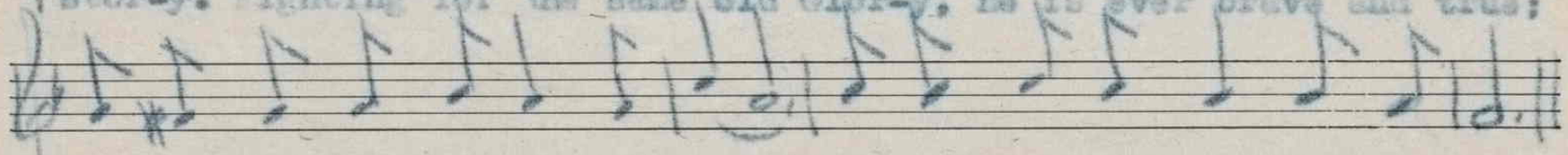
Over there a-cross the ocean foam My true love is fighting for Old



Glor-y; Far away from rel-a-tives and home, It is the same old



stor-y. Fighting for the same Old Glor-y, He is ever brave and true;



Fighting for his country and you, Fighting for the Red, White and Blue.

(2)

Our hearts are ever yearning
For our true love's returning;
Oh how proud we then will be
To see them march home again.
Having gained our Liberty,
Noble, brave and true;
They march home again,
Carrying the Red, White and Blue.

(3)

Some have mothers frail and old,
Some sisters young and gay;
Some young wives not very old,
Duty calls them to the U. S. A.
If our loved ones don't return,
Our hearts will always yearn;
For they fought so brave and true,
For Old Glory and you.

For sale by The National Literary and
Publishers' Service Bureau, Hannibal, MO.

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