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By Augusta Fosdick

Our Country Is Calling

Our country is calling its migh — ty strain Echoes from
Our brothers are slaughtered, Our sons are slain; For earthly
Shall fin coin's strife, Lafayette's gain, Washington's
The boys on Khaki the daughters in blue; With pulses

mountain through village and plain; From ocean to ocean from
kingdom, For worldly gain! My sons and daughters
glances be all in vain? Nay sons and daughters,
beating with hearts so true. Respond to the call and

tree to tree To arms for God and Liberty!
fall - aw me. For God and Freedom Unity.
fall - aw me For God and Freedom to Victory!
this it be; For God and Freedom my Country! Thee.

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