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"A CALL FROM LAFAYETTE"

Font

Poem & Copyright By Capt. L. Y. Lenhart, Lake City, Minn.

Music By

R. A. BROWNE,
790 Dawson St.,
New York City

M1646
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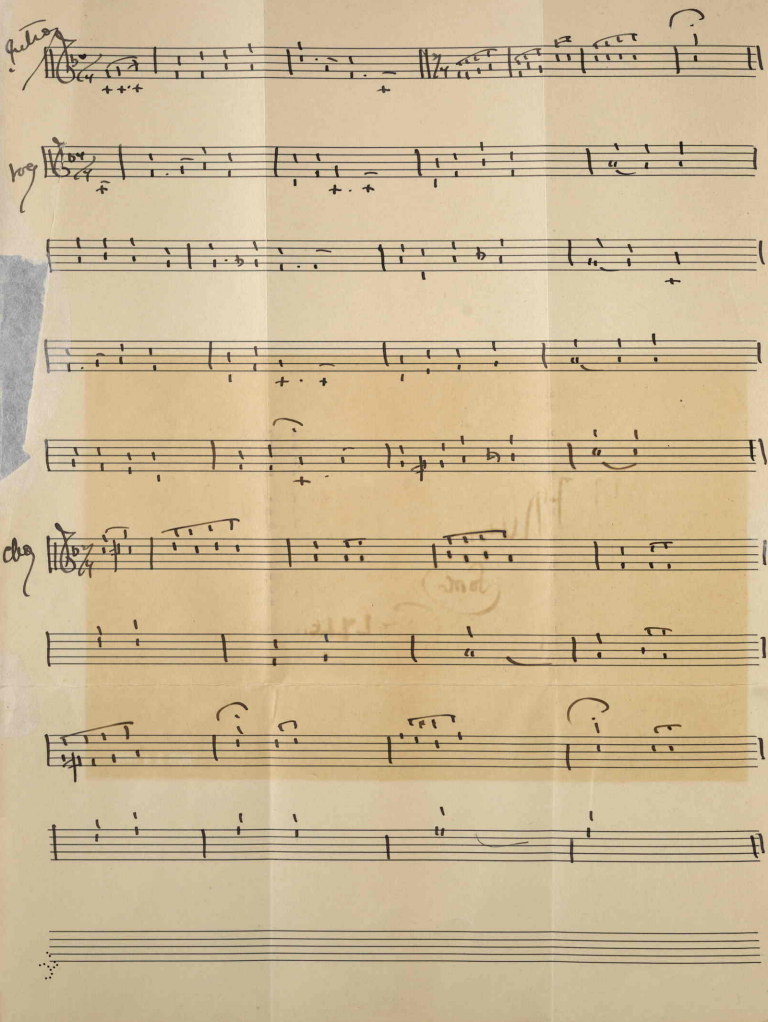

"A Call From Lafayette"
Capt. L. Y. Lemmart.

1

Unfurl the Banner of the Free--we're with you, dear old France!
To pay the debt of long ago, we're eager for the chance!
Our Washington, and days of old, we never shall forget;
All hope was gone at Valley Forge--till you sent Lafayette!

2

The price of liberty we know springs from a crimson flood;
Yours flowed, America to free--we'll bathe France with our blood;
A tyrant's hand is at your throat; the seal of death is set;
The echo of your dying moan is calling Lafayette.

3

We come, brave heart, do not despair--your call was not in vain;
Our Uncle Sammy's got the stuff, your freedom to maintain;
The action of your noble son, has thrilled our hearts, you bet;
O'er all the land the welkin rings, for France and Lafayette.

CHORUS.

We will lead a merry dance, when we reach your sunny France,
For we love your sweet Jeannette; P
It will be a happy day when we drive the Hun away,
From the Land of Lafayette!

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