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Dedicated to our Liberty lads

Words and Music by Allen C. Barker

My Home and Flag

DEC 12 1917

Voice. Marcia.

Home of my youth. My fondest greet--ing. With love for you this heart is
The bu-gle sounds the country's call--ing The cry to arms o'er the land is

beat---ing So dear to me as a link in the chain of
Roll---ing The boys of fore Have now to to manhood grow the

Un--cle Sam's own proud and vast domain. In childish hearts a tiny seed you
seed is bearing that years a-go was sown. On battle-fields Your sons will strive to

planted Of love and loyalty For sacred Liberty From you we
prove Their love and loyalty To sacred Liberty And in her

learned How our fathers fathers landed And the proud history of dear old Glo-
name will ever onward move To greater Victory Under old Glo-

---ry Yes You taught us lads To salute our Flag And
---ry 'Tis for Right not Might That we're in this fight In the

prize the Freedom, that for us had been so dearly won Pa---triots were
nance of Freedom We shall keep on till the cause is won Pa---triots All

we as we sang to the Land of the Free My country tis of thee Ameri-
we and fighters too when that need be My coun-try tis of thee Ameri-

ca rang with childish glee You told us of this glo---rious land, Ere
ce Your sons will keep you free Our aim not power riches-or land But

our young minds could un-ders-tand the meaning of the word Liber-ty My Ci-
so the world may un-der-stand the meaning of the word Liberty My Coun-

ty! — M1646
My! .B

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