MAY 12 1919 ©CLE451129

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Merry, L. T.

There's a lass awaits your coming,
Soldier boy.

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a - gon - y, At mem - o - ries sweet and dear For bend - ing
now my moth - er, I'm go - ing to my yon - der house, The

close be - side him, He thought he saw his moth - er dear.
sol - dier's head sank for - ward, The sol - dier's soul had flown.

CHORUS

Yes mother I've been faith-ful, The dy-ing sol-dier said, I fought a- gain for lib-

er - ty, 'Neath stripes of white and red, But I wish I might see once a - gain

be-fore I come to die, The stars and stripes of our own flag, Un-furled be

fore me fly, Tell Bet-ty I've been faith-ful and not to grieve for me, Tell

her I had to heed the call, And fight for lib-er-ty Tell her there is an-oth-

er world, And I had to fight my way through this, That I might meet her there.

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