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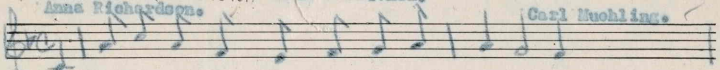
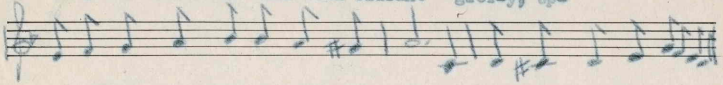
AUG 15 1917

ONLY A PRIVATE.

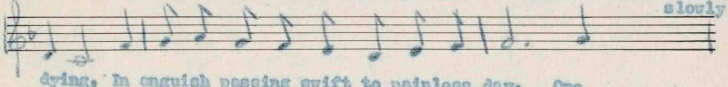
Anna Richardson. Carl Muehling.



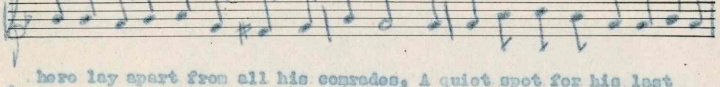
The golden sun shone down with radiant glor-y, Up-



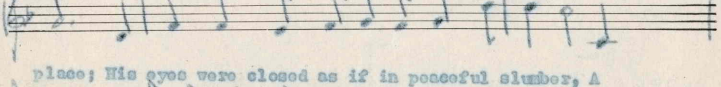
on a field where many still forms lay; A-round them were the wounded slowly



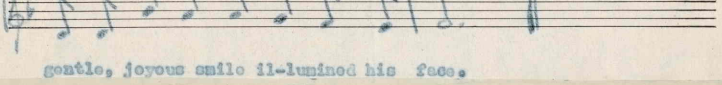
dying, In anguish passing swift to painless day. One



hero lay apart from all his comrades, A quiet spot for his last resting



place; His eyes were closed as if in peaceful slumber, A



gentle, joyous smile il-lumined his face.

(2)

Only a lad with fair, sweet, boyish features,
Damp with death's dews his soft brown golden hair;
Some mother's darling, well beloved and cherished,
In breathless wonder tell how came he there?
His King and Country called him to the Standard,
The flag he loved he struggled hard to shield;
No badge but crimson life blood marked the khaki,
"Only a private" fallen upon the field.

(3)

Only a private! with heart so staunch and fearless,
Only a private! yet none more brave than he;
Facing the smoke-stained tide of fiercest battle,
For home and country that they might be free.
The thought of home and mother thrilled his spirit,
Strengthened his arm the enemy to face;
Now lying with his comrades, warfare ended,
A smile still lingers in unconscious grace.

(4)

"Only a private!"- no longer, but a hero,
He played his part and played it like a man;
No thought of selfish honor or promotion
Ever seared his heart or checked the race he ran.
No other words that reach the waiting mother
Can bring the comfort to her war bruised heart,
So well as these, that for his King and Country,
Her hero lad had bravely done his part.

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