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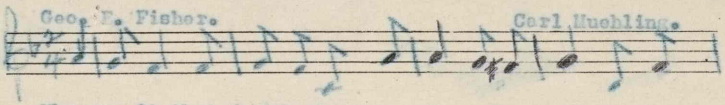
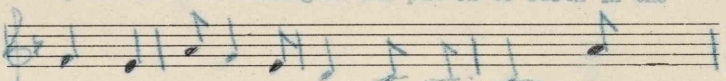
OCT 29 1917

WHY WAS IT?

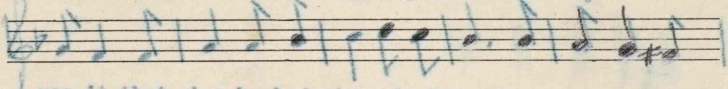
Geo. F. Fisher. Carl Muehling.



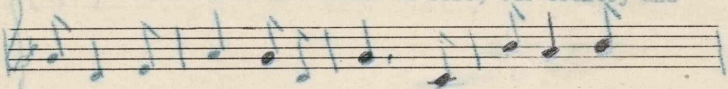
Why was it that Washington was put on to earth In the



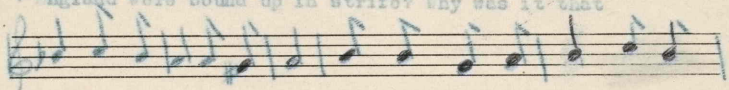
days when freedom was struggling for birth? Why



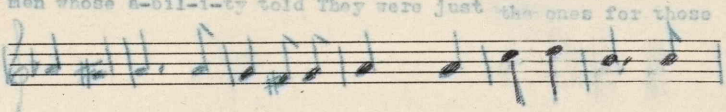
was it that when he had risen in life, Our country and



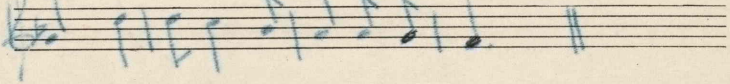
England were bound up in strife? Why was it that



men whose a-bil-i-ty told They were just the ones for those



days of old, Rose up into heights that soar a-bove, And



saved the country we dearly do love?

(2)

Why was it that Lincoln rose up like a weed
To give out the statement that all negroes were freed?
Why was it that he, to snatch from the grave
A vast, great country, that its flag may yet wave?
Why was it that when trouble was near,
Men came to the front from out of the rear,
And rose to the heights that soar above, ,
To save the country we dearly do love?

(3)

Why was it that we, a peace loving people,
Were forced to march up a war scarred steeple?
Why was it that timehad marked out a day,
When again to the front we must march away?
Why was it that Sammy was picked as the one
To go to France and fight with a gun;
And rise to the heights that soar above,
To save the freedom we dearly do love?

(4)

Was it that God had planned out the way
Whence Sammy was born to a future day?
Was it that God had foreseen all our needs,
And gave us the men to fulfill all our deeds?
Was it that God had nursed us on
To fight for Him in some future dawn,
When autocracy would try the world to rule,
Just to fall down before God's precious tool?

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