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FEB 21 1920

SACRIFICING HOME FOR COUNTRY.

M. E. Pruett. Jean Navarre.

While I was at my love-ly home, The call of my coun-try came to me; That I should go and fight the foe, And help to make a world of peace. A-midst the flowers that bloomed so fair, I walked in early morn; And breathe the fra-grant breeze of air, Per-fumed with flowers that made me mourn. (CHORUS) But God will bless each tin-y deed, And be with each no-ble son there, That goes to make a world of peace That friends at home and all may share.

(2)

My father's face was moved with awe,
While his eyes were filled with tears;
And mother thinks of a boy of hers,
That was cared for by her for years.
But I will go and do my part,
And hope that God will bless;
That I shall come back home again,
To enjoy home friends and flowers I left.

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