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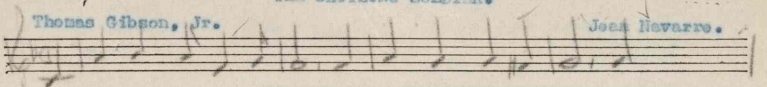
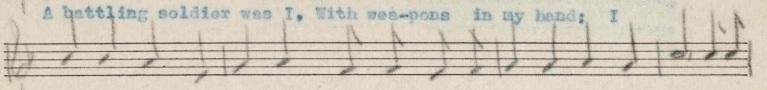
THE BATTLING SOLDIER.

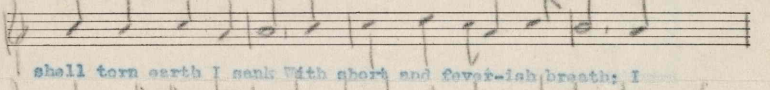
Thomas Gibson, Jr. Jean Navarre.



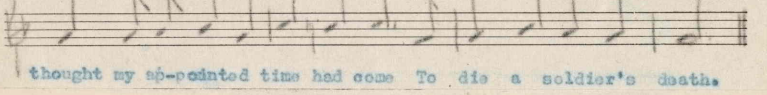
A battling soldier was I, With wea-pons in my hand; I



think I played a soldier's part, Un- til I fell in No Man's Land. Upon



shell torn earth I sank With short and fever-ish breath; I



thought my ap-pointed time had come To die a soldier's death.

(2)
Yes, a wounded victim was I,
My soul was at it's stand;
With air-planes rattling over my head,
And enemies on either hand.
There upon that sunkissed earth,
My heart melted down in pain;
Oh will those dear, dear ones at home
Do their part to help us win?

(3)
Whilst struggling on that battle field,
In that bloody shell shocked land;
I thought of the one I was fighting for,
Our dear old Uncle Sam.
That night was stormy and dreary,
But to the Rhine my heart did incline;
With the reading of some sweet Home letters,
That had cherished me all the time.

(4)
All of a sudden a voice came to me,
The war is over, we'll soon be sailing
To break the news to America
How we fought to retain our liberty.
When the old man saw me coming,
He ran and met me with a smile;
He threw his feeble arms around me,
And said, "Lord! here's my soldier child".

(5)
He spoke unto my younger brothers,
Go boys, kill the fattest calf;
Run tell my friends and neighbors,
My soldier son is home at last".
My younger brothers got jealous,
They gathered around and began to say,
"Father's doing more for our brother
Who has been so long away."

(6)
The old man got kind of angry,
But he spoke with an humble mind;
"Boys, you have always been with me,
And all I have in this world is thine".
So we all began rejoicing,
Can't you imagine us having a time;
My old dad got happy and shouted,
For now he was satisfied in mind.

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