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Second Edition

OUR NATIVE SHORE

Dedicated to Helen Ferguson Platte
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Our Native Shore

By BERT PLATTE
Author of "Katha"

When our bu - gle sounds at Re - veil - le, And an - oth - er day has come To
We cov - et not the fair - est homes, Of the na - tion's we op - pose Nor

march and charge and count - er - charge In bat - tles lost and won, We
are we seek - ing for the lives Of an - y of our foes, And

hast - en to our du - ty In a cause we think is right, And
when this war is ov - er And the world's at peace once more, Then

with our com - rades wait - ing We're ea - ger for the fight, But
glad - ly we'll come sail - ing To our own na - tive shore, But our

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when the bat - tle's ov - er And hushed the can - non's roar, We are
flag must be re - spect - ed The wide world o'er, Or we

think - ing of our peace - ful home And our own dear na - tive shore
nev - er will come sail - ing back To our own dear na - tive shore

REFRAIN

There's a peaceful lit - tle cot - tage where the stars are shin - ing bright Where friends are thinking

fond - ly, Of a soldier boy to - night Thinking, hop - ing, pray - ing, That this war will soon be

o'er And our soldiers will come sail - ing To their own fair na - tive shore Theres a shore

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