PRESSER
PHILADA.
SEP 17 1918
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To America and You

Vamp.

The moon was soft-ly shedding its rays of sym-pa-thy. The
Some where in the trench-es for all hu-man-i-ly, a

whiz-pow-well was sing-ing his sad lay. The time had come for
lad fight brave-ly on to win the day. While her true heart is

part-ing he held her tu-der-ly. She said good-bye then
pray-ing, and wait-ing pa-tient-ly. And as she wils, she

heard him soft-ly say, Hear the bu-gle call-ing.
longs to hear him say.

With Feeling

M1646
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Words and Music By B. C. Seeley.

PRESSER
PHILADA.

call-ing Dear for me. Soon I will be fight-ing for

God and lib-er-ty When we've won the vic-tory

when the war is through. I'll re-turn my Dar-ling

to A-mer-i-ca and you.

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