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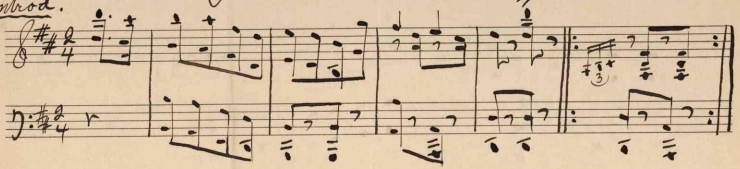
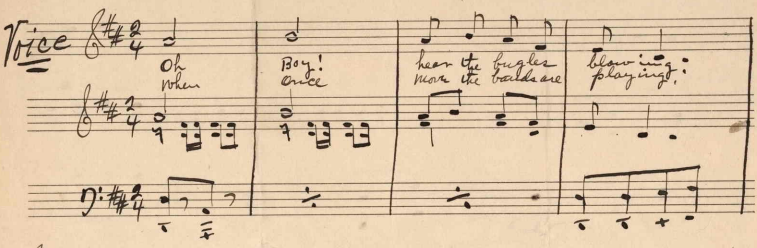
By Eva Runnals Sheehan,

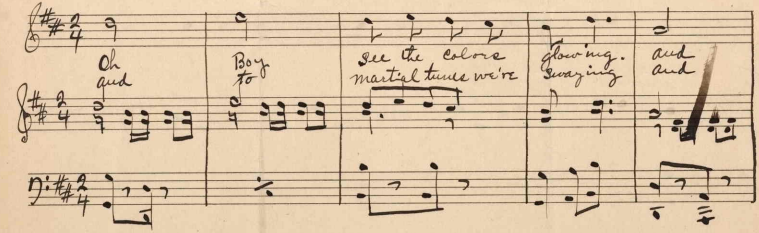
Don't Forget The Girl You Left Behind (In Your Home Town.

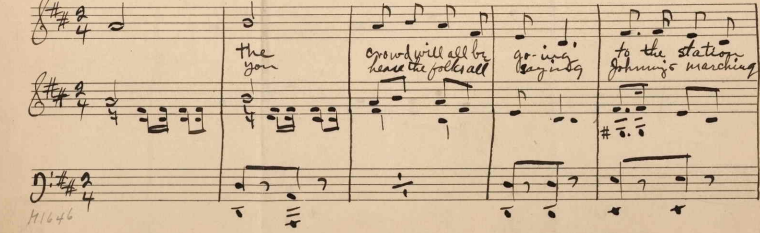
Introd.



Voice


Oh Boy! hear the bugles blowing:
when once more the bands are playing:


Oh Boy see the colors glowing. and
and to martial tunes we're swaying and


the crowd will all be going to the station
you hear the folks all saying Johnny's marching

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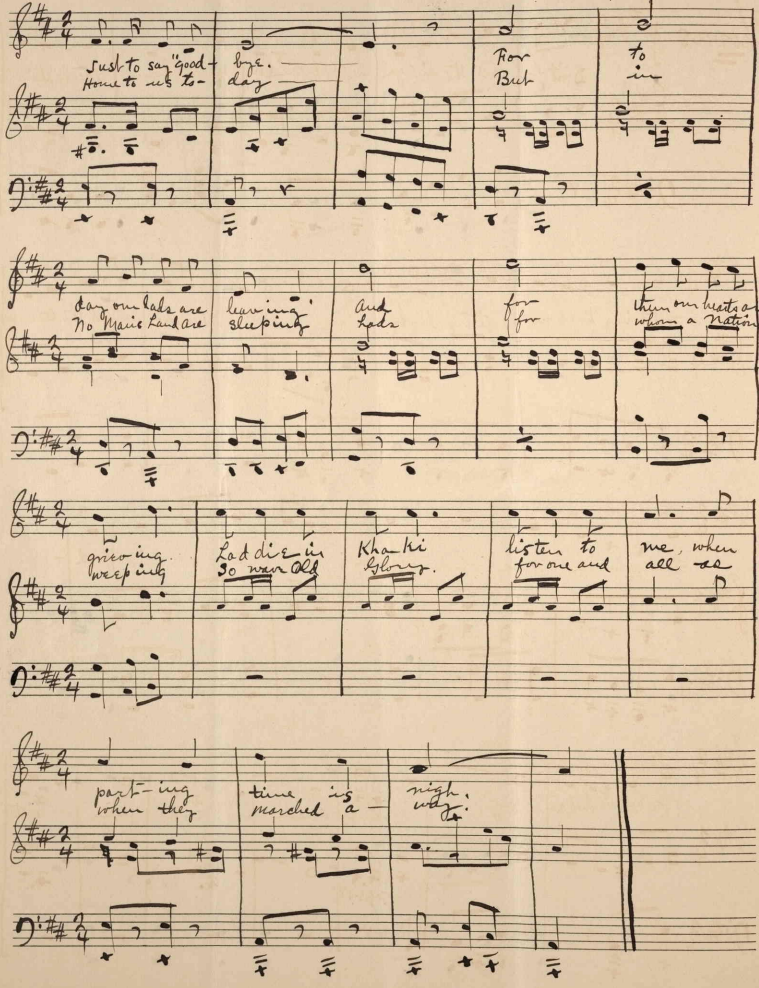

Just to say "good-bye. For to
Home to us to-day But in

day our lads are leaving And for them our hearts are
No Mari's Land are sleeping Lads for whom a Nation's

grieving. Laddie in Khaki listen to me, when
weeping So wave Old Glory. for one and all as

parting time is nigh.
when they marched a-way.

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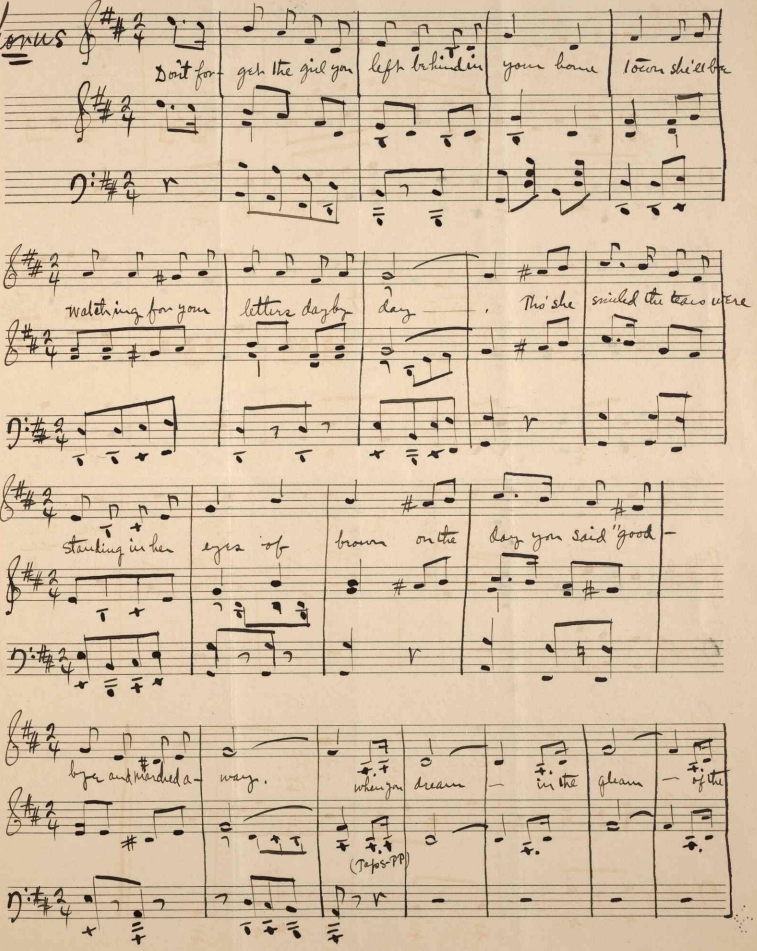

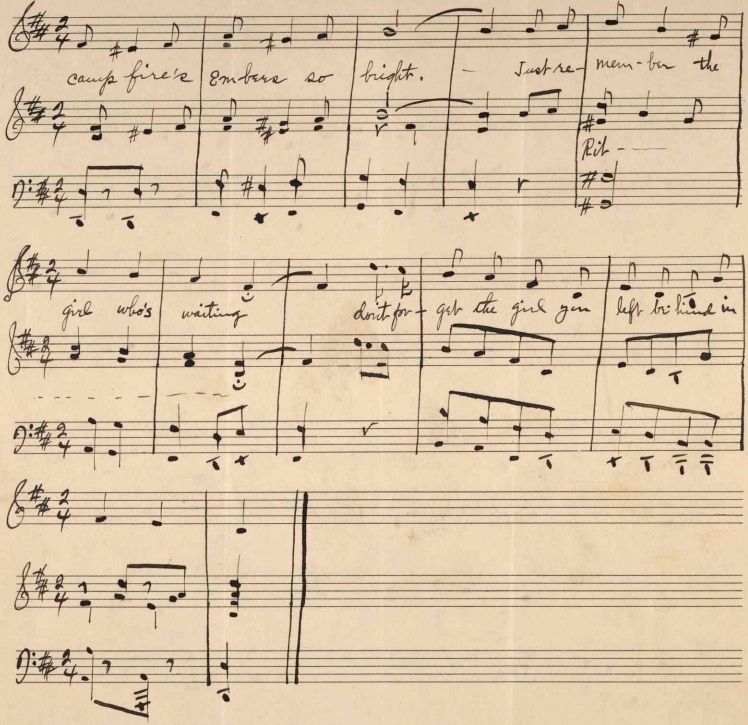
camp-fire's Embers so bright. Just re- mem-ber the
Rit.
girl who's waiting don't for- get the girl you left be-hind in