SEP 12 1918

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Comrade o' Mine

Words by
C. M. Hayward.

Music by
P. B. Stanton.

Moderato (well marked.)

f

Our Un-cle Sam-my has gone to war, — For Democ-ra-
You're go-ing ov-er to fight the Hun, Gin "Bill" his Wa-ter-

$

till voice.

mf

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M1646
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Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.

cy, The Stars and Stripes we'll wave a-loft, And all the world shall see, That
God! The un-con-quered spirit of 'Seventy-Six Is still a-live in you. Our

our boys rally at the Na-tion's call, In France they soon will be, To
boys will get there when they're needed most, Un-daunt-ed by the sea, Though

fight with might, up-hold-ing right, De-fend-ing Lib-er-ty!
U-boats try to take their toll, It's good-bye Ger-ma-ny!

rall

Chorus

Comrade o' mine, You're go-ing off to the war,

marcato

marcato

"Somewhere in France", is all you say,

Off to the front, Where you'll fight for us, God help you make all things right for us,

Germans beware, Our boys pre-pare, And "Over there" we'll con-quer!

God give us might to wave our banner a-far,

marcato

Carl Fischer, New York.
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Our Stars and Stripes of free-dom pray

cres . . . . . cres . . . do

Long may thy wave, Bringing hope to the Strong and the Brave, And the Spirit of

f

our U. S. A. None can gain-say, Comrade O'mine.

1°

1°

ff

2°

2°

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