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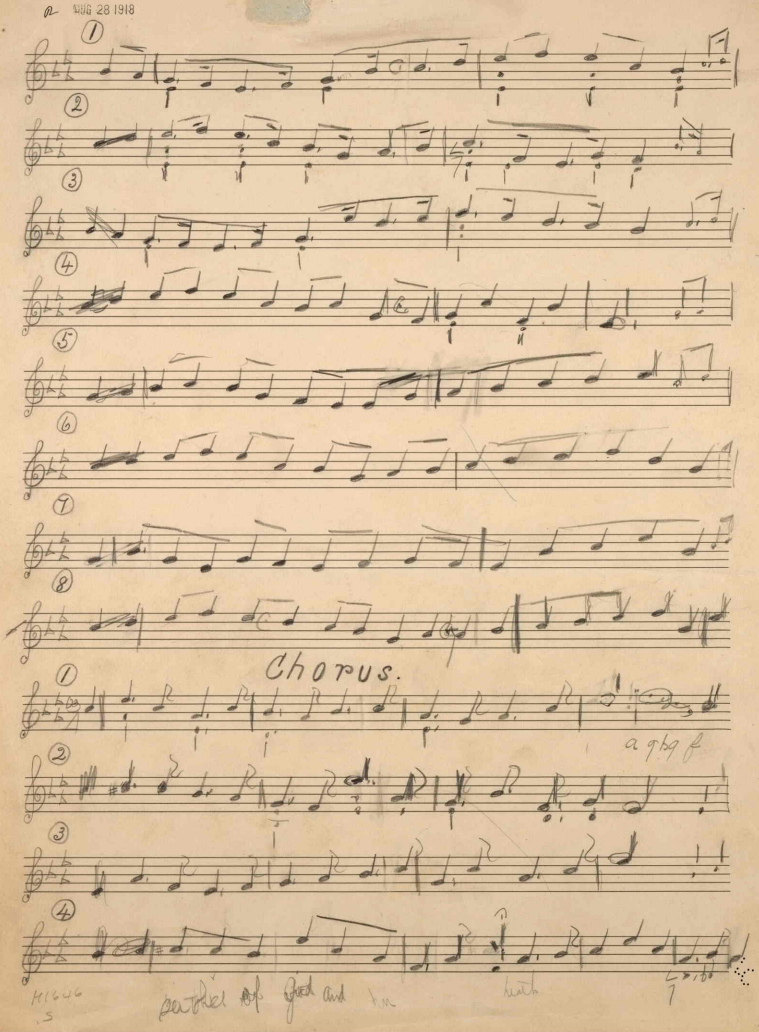

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27-6-18. THE BOYS OF THE U. S. A. - KATHRINE E. SULLIVAN.

In a humble, little cottage stood a woman old and gray,
Holding close the hand of her loved son, so soon to march away;
While the light of love shone in her eye and sorely ached her heart,
Her final words to him bespoke the noble Mother's part.
"I'm a Daughter of ~~the Regiment~~ America and you my only son,
Must now go forth to do your part as our kin have ever done;
I saw your Grandad march away with the noble " Boys in Blue",
And his life he gave this free land to save as a home for me and you.

CHORUS.

Farewell, Dear Son, be of good cheer uphold our ancient name,
And of the outcome have no fear, the cause is still the same;
This hour recalls the fatsful morn my father marched away,
In the service of God and Democracy 'neath the flag of the U. S. A.

Brave little Mother, bravely spoke, the young man fondly said, - head;-
As he clasped her close within his arms - God bless your dear, white hed
'Tis hard to leave you here alone but at our Country's call,
We Americans both old and young stand ready to give our all;
So I must go but you at home an ample load shall bear,
And each, proud of the other strive some weaker heart to cheer;- day,-
When the Cause is won, we'll come marching home to a rousing strain some
'Neath the "Star Spangled Banner" proudly borne by the Boys of the
- U.S.A.-

CHORUS.

Good-bye Dear Mother, fare thee well - hark to yon bugle's call -
It's notes demand that freemen stand assembled one and all,
For Freedom, God and Democracy, and we who go forth to day,
Are determined the World shall lift her hat to the Boys of the U.S.A.

Composed by KATHRINE E. SULLIVAN.

June 27th., 1918.

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