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JAN 24 1919

Tributes to the Red, White and Blue

M. Wood

M1666
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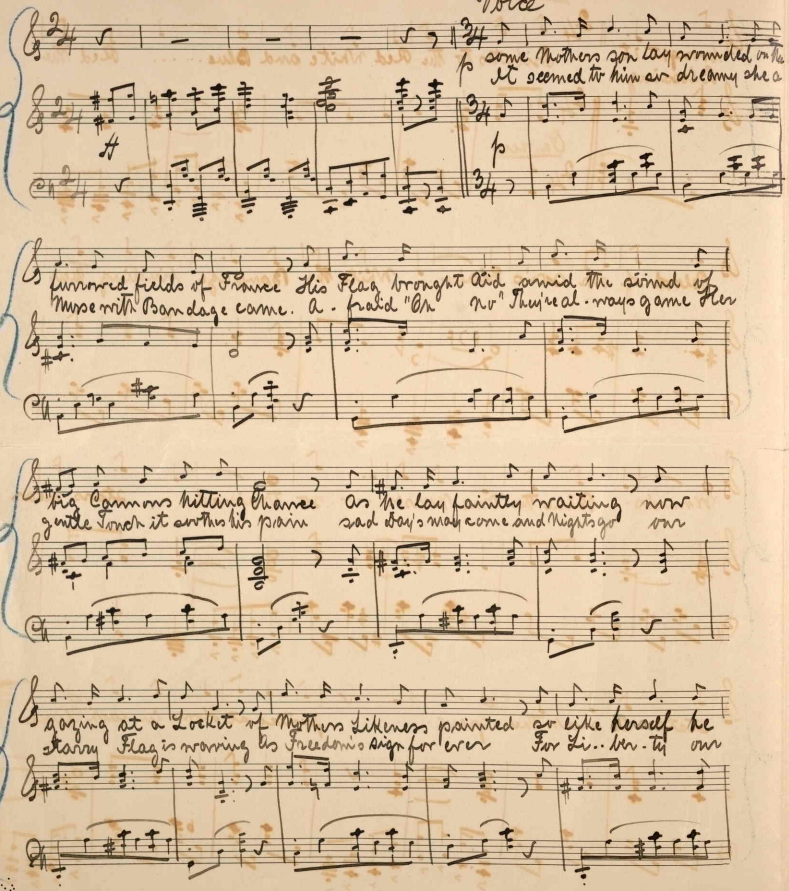
Nr. 3.—Carl Fischer, New York.



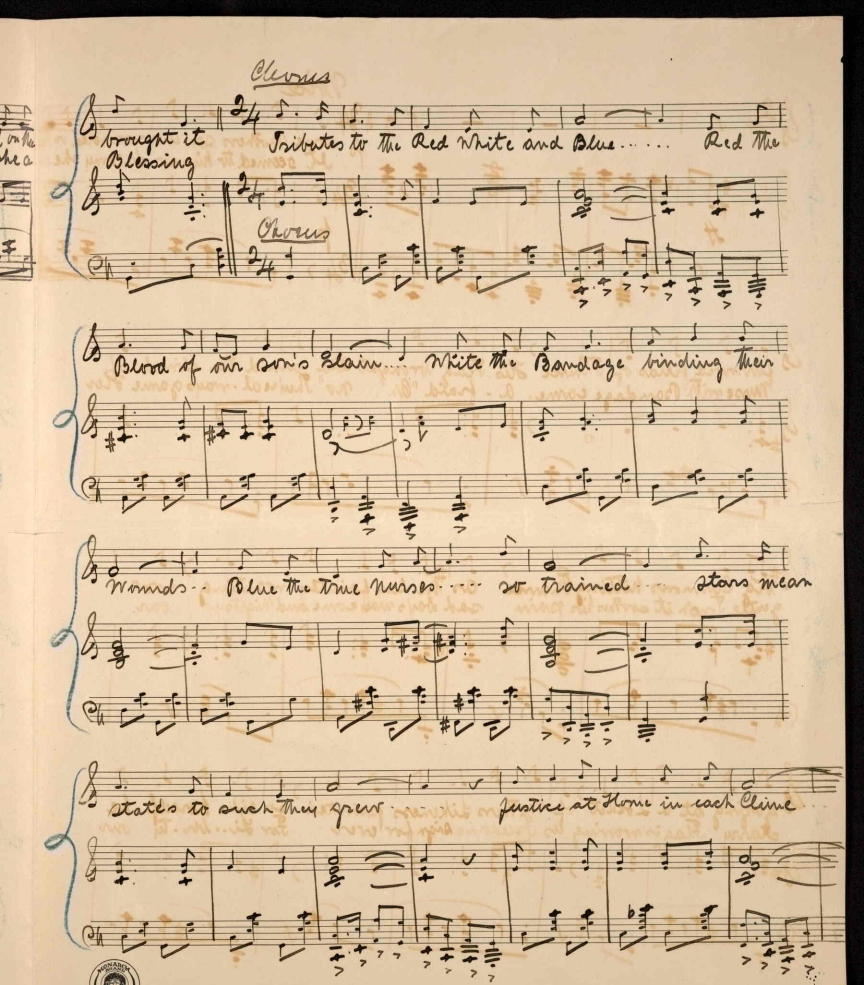
Voice

p some Mothers son lay wounded on the
It seemed to him so dreamy she a

furrowed fields of France His Flag brought Aid amid the sound of
Nurse with Bandage came. A - fraid "Oh no" They're al - ways game Her

big Cannons hitting Chance As he lay faintly waiting now
gentle Touch it soothes his pain sad Day's may come and Nights go our

gazing at a Locket of Mothers Likeness painted so like herself he
starry Flag is waving As Freedom's sign for ever For Li - ber - ty our



Chorus

brought it Blessing

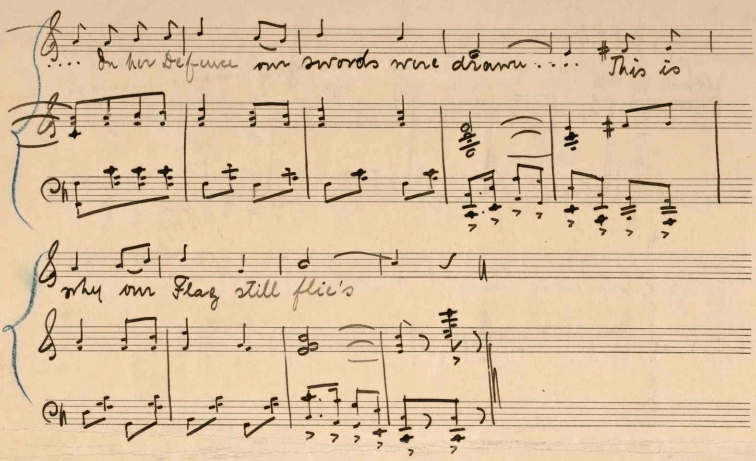
Tributes to the Red White and Blue..... Red the

Chorus

Blood of our son's Slain.... White the Bandage binding their

Wounds.. Blue the true nurses.... so trained.... stars mean

states to such they grew..... justice at Home in each Clime...


.... In her Defence our swords were drawn .... This is
why our Flag still flie's

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