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"COMRADES ALL"

Song

Poem and © By J. M. THOMPSON, BIG RUN, PA

Music By

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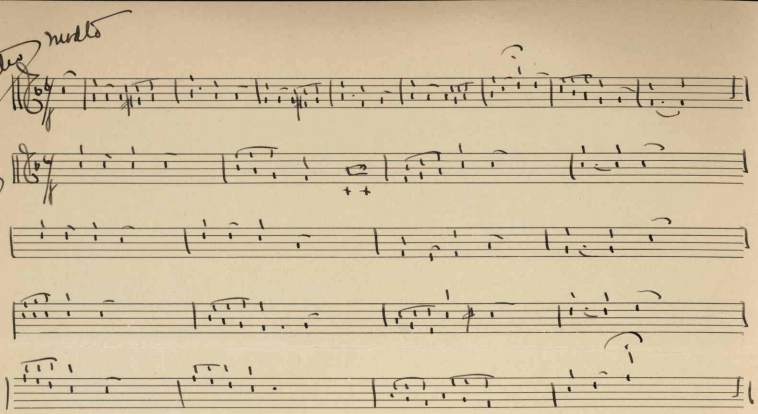
NEW YORK CITY

M1646
.B

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



"COMRADES, ALL!" J. M. Thompson.

1

Here's a health to Tommy--old chum, and I'll tell you the reason why:
He eats because He's hungry, and he drinks becausehe's dry!
If ever a man belongs to our clan, for Tommy would always cry;
Come fill up your glass, and let the toast pass--How do you know but your
Neighbor's dry?

2

Here's a health to Poilu, old boy, and I'll tell you the reason why:
Hefights because he must and surely he makes Fritzie dust!
If ever a man belongs to our clan, for Frenchie would always cry,
Come, fill up the glass, and let the toast pass--How do you know but your
Neighbor's dry.

3

Here's a health to Brother Canuck, and I'll tell you the reason why;
Because he's alwys chummy as nobody can deny;
If ever a man belongs to our clan, for Canuck would always cry;
Comfill up your glass, and let the toast pass--how do you know but your
Neighbor's dry?

4

Here's a health to Brother Anzac, and I'll tell you the reason why:
He's at the fore, on Huns is sore--you bet he's made some fly!
If ever a man belongs to our clan, for Anzac would always cry,
Come, fill up your glass, and let the toast pass--how do you know but your
Neighbor's dry?

5

Here's a health to Belgian's brave lad, and I'll tell you the reason why:
He made the stand that checked the band of Huns marauding by;
If ever a man belongs to our clan, for Belgie would always cry,
Come, fill up your glass, and let the toast pass,--how do your know but your
Neighbor's dry?

6

Here's a health to Sammy, so true, and I'll tell you the reason why:
In ev'ry pinch he holds each inch, before he'll yield he'll die;
If ever a man belongs to our clan, for Yankee would always cry:
Come fill up your glass, and let the toast pass--how do you know but your
Neighbor's dry ?

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