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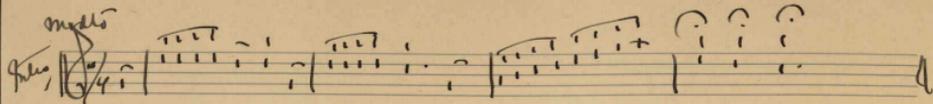
"HIS COUNTRY'S CALL"

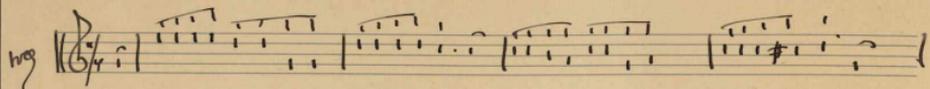
Song

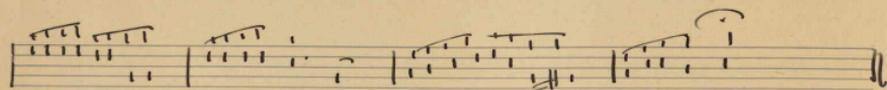
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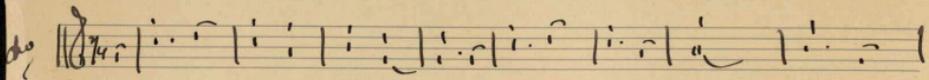
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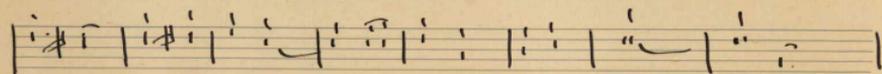
R. A. BROWNE,
750 DAWSON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

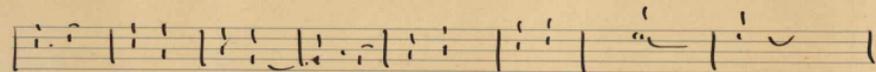
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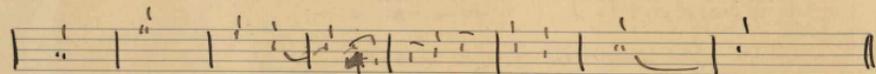
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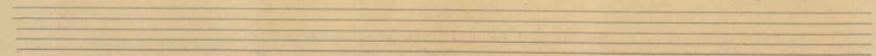


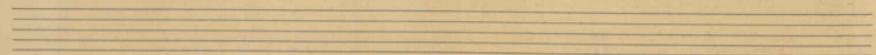
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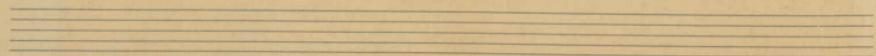


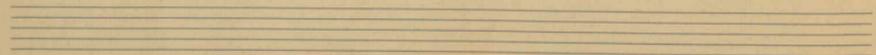


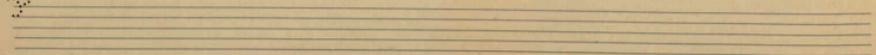














"His Country's Call" By Wm. E. Huff.

A boy, one night, sat thinking, in his dear old cottage home;
The clouds of war had shadowed it--and now he'd have to roam;
"There's mother in the kitchen--she is all the world to me;
And yonder in the village, my sweetheart--my own to be."

CHORUS.

Not only for my Country, but for my mother, too;
Not only for the Nation, but a sweetheart, kind and true;
The soldiers' ranks I'll enter, and tho--perhaps--I fall;
Tis my duty that I answer my country's call."

2

He went and stood by mother and he took her hand in his;
And said "O dearest mother, you have toiled and worked for me;
And now the time has come ~~xxxxx~~ to go--you know, dear, what war is;
But I will think of home, and friends, and you, and faithfull be.

3

Next day he told his sweetheart "Dear, from you I now must part;
I'm answer'ring my Country's call--it's time for me to start;
But when the cruel war is o'er, I will return to you;
Or you'll know that I've perished for the dear Red, White and Blue.

