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JUL 31 1917

"WHERE THE LINE OF DUTY FALLS."

SONG

POEM and COPYRIGHT BY ASENATH BAILEY AVERY
77 WALNUT ST., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

MUSIC BY
RAYMOND A. BROWNE,
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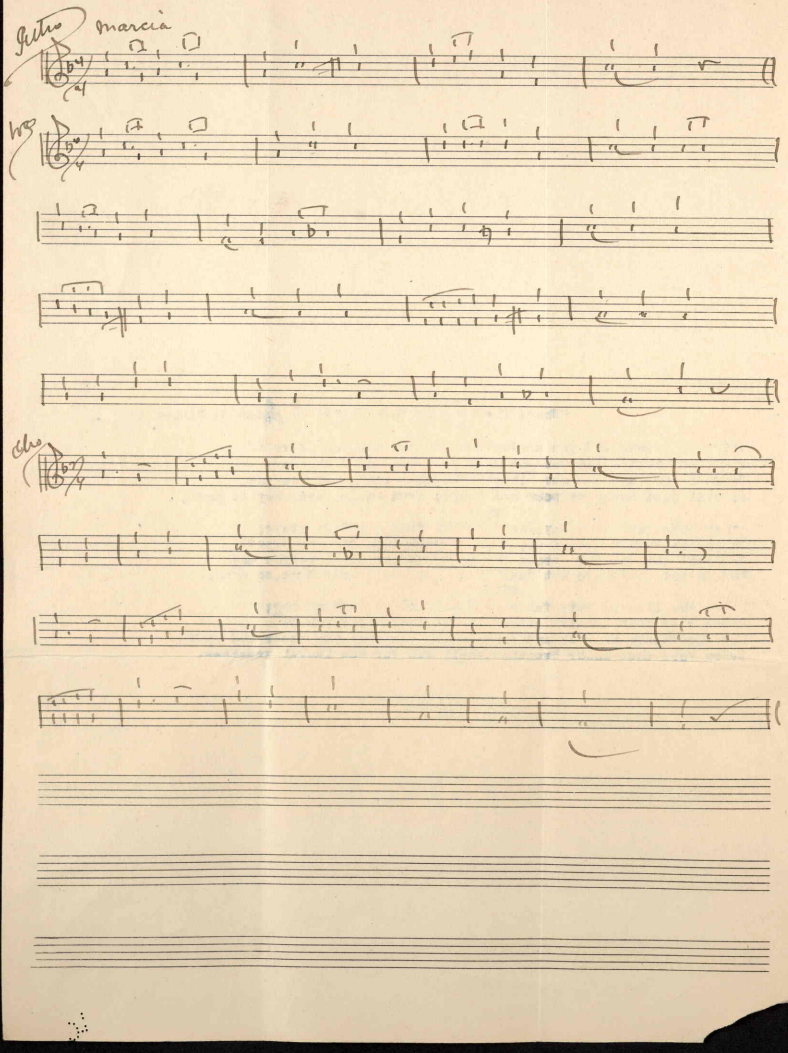
M1646


Retro
marcia

"Where The Line Of Duty Falls" By Asenath Bailey Avery.

Going to France, did you say Joe? oh say, how can you leave me?
Oh, my boy must I let you go? must you cross over the sea?
To save our land and our liberty? No, no, I can't let you go;
It will just break my poor sad heart; from you, my dear boy to part.

- 2

Other boys going, you say, Joe? they'll find a watery grave;
Oh, my boy, tell me is it so, must we part with sons so brave?
To fight the foe far across the wave; yes, my boy, I bid you go;
Now, do not falter, do not fear; when you leave your home, no dear.

CHORUS

Where the line of duty falls; be the station high or low;
Where e'er your country calls, far or near I bid you go
Let your heart be true and brave, while the weak you cheer and save;
By'my word that honor breathes, shall win for you laurel wreathes.

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