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"WOUNDED · SOMEWHERE · IN · FRANCE"

SONG

POEM & COPYRIGHT BY F. V. RYAN
650 N. EAST AV.,
MARION. IND.

MUSIC BY

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M1626
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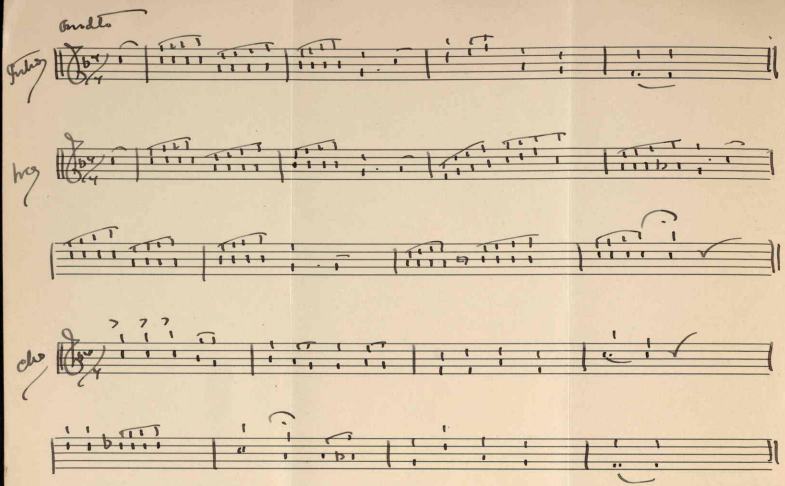

"Wounded, Somewhere In France" W. V. Ryan.

1

Oh, take me back to home and friends across the deep blue sea;
For my land I've been fighting, now, I'm wounded, don't you see?
Tell loved ones I am waiting, for to press their hands once more;
But distance that's between us robs me of the days of yore!

2

Tell Mother, death I'm fighting till I reach my own dear shore;
The ship now leaves the harbor but I may not see her more;
Tell her how I was wounded while our Flag I bravely bore;
The wound seems all but fatal, so we're leaving France's shore.

3

Tell her how I am longing her dear face once more to see;
How well do I remember when she said: "Oft think of me"
So, Captain speed the ship on, while we cut across the foam;
'Tis Heaven, should I reach her, in that dear old happy home.

CHORUS.

Come, dear boys of my Old Company--
Fer to all I bid adieu!
But to Mother I am going,
Yet my mem'ry is of you!

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