

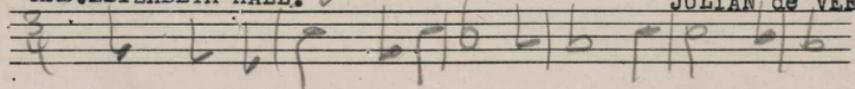
JUN 10 1918

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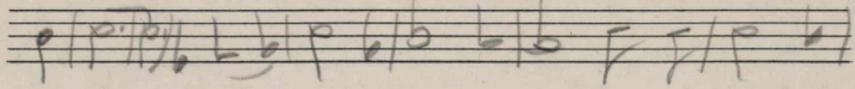
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

MRS. ELIZABETH HALL.

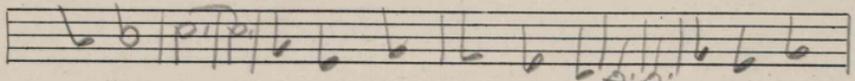
JULIAN de VERE



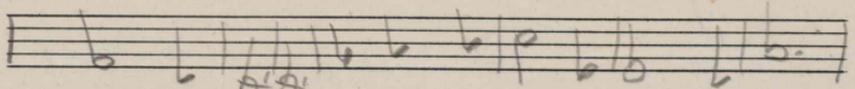
Somewhere in France on a dreary night, Outside a little



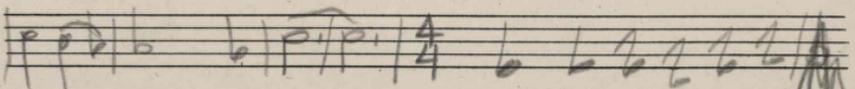
town, A Sammy soldier camp was made And the rain came



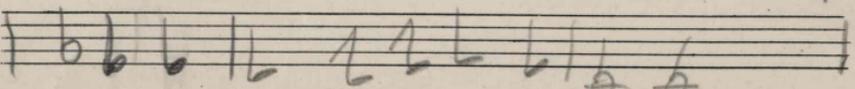
pouring down, In the gloom and loneliness A singer's



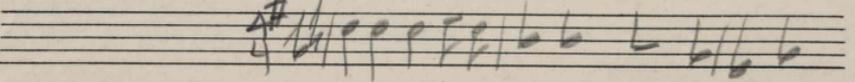
voice was heard, The song was old, the voice untrained



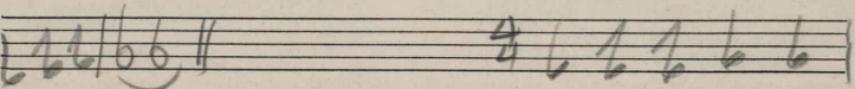
But every heart was stirred. ---"Shall we gather at the river



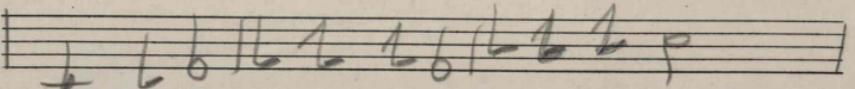
river, where bright angels feet have tread."



After 2" verse. - "Am I a soldier of the Cross A follower



of the Lamb."----- After 3" verse, --"My bitter tears how



fast they fall He knows it all, He knows it all."

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