

APR 16 1918

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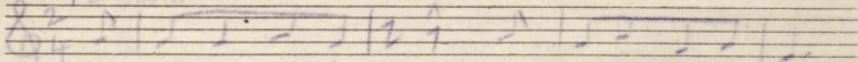
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THE LAST WISH.

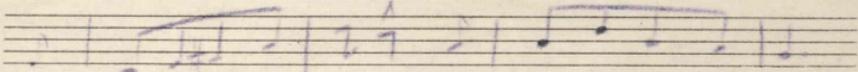
Words by Mrs. L. Van Buskirk.

Music by Luther A. Clark.

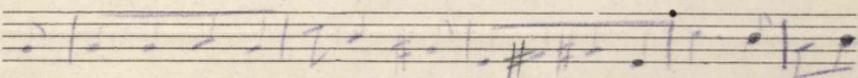
*Marched. Marcia*



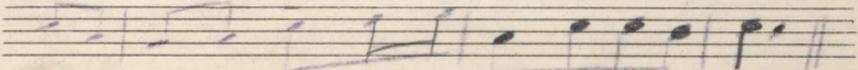
The day was warm and balmy, Soft breezes gently blew,



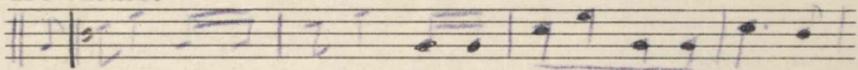
While high above the trenches Death-dealing Zeppelins flew.



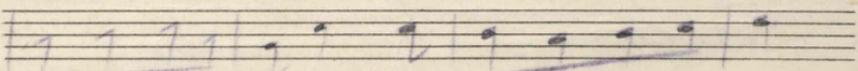
The foe was then advancing; The orders came to go, To pay a



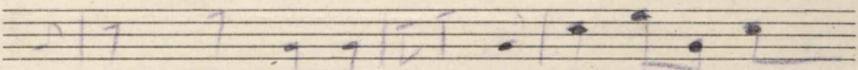
debt to dear old France And the flag that we-loved so.  
1st CHORUS.



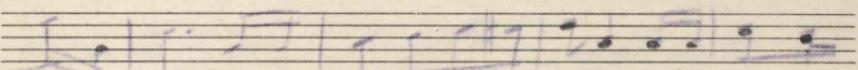
The bugle soon was sounded With an air to help us on, And



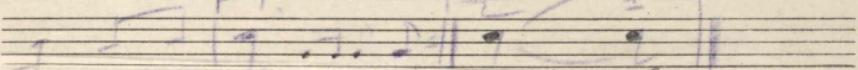
o'er the top we bounded, Though they were ten times strong.



They poured shell-fire upon us, While, shrapnel and bombs



bursting near, We were on our way to Berlin And a road we



were bound to clear.

2.

There lay the dead and wounded;  
So much of this we'd seen,  
We charged ahead while bombing,  
A nightmare dream it seemed.  
Barbed-wire was heaped with dying;  
Our lives we'd dearly sell,  
And all day long and through the night  
We all charged through shot and shell.

2d Chorus.

The fighting then grew fiercer,  
And the shrapnel came like rain,  
And twice we were hurled backward,  
Back at them then we came.  
Now steel on steel was clashing,  
The boys, though, were all doing well,  
And those Germans soon surrendered  
To the colors that never fell.

3.

Vict'ry's shout the air was filling;  
Back on the battle-field  
There lay the boys in hundreds;  
Beside one then I kneeled.  
He handed me a picture  
To take back 'cross the foam,  
"Just tell my folks that you saw me,  
And that I'm not coming home.

3d Chorus.

"Tell them about our vict'ry  
And of how I fought today:  
That not a bomb I wasted,  
Though lots I threw away!"  
He'd done his best like others,  
He'd fought well and bravely that day.  
That hallowed look I'll ne'er forget,  
As his soul quickly passed away.

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CLARK'S MUSIC TABLET