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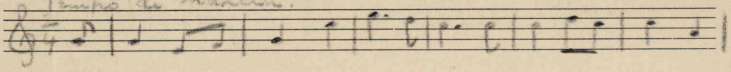
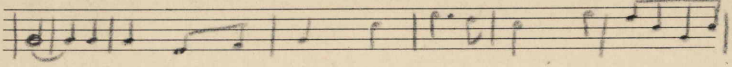
MY BOY.

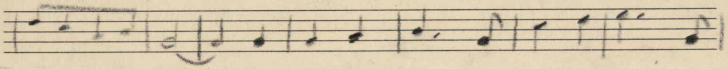
Words by M. M. Schell. Music by L. A. Clark.



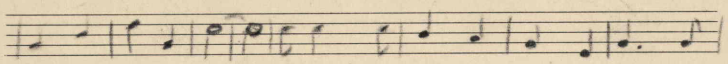
Oh, why do they take my boy away, A boy always good and



true? I know that from right he'll never sway, For honesty is

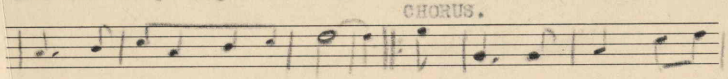


all he ever knew. From toddling child to grown-up man, His

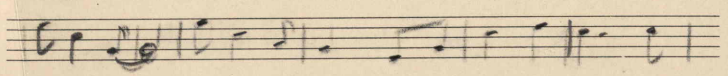


aim was always high. Smiling, he'd always say, "I can," And

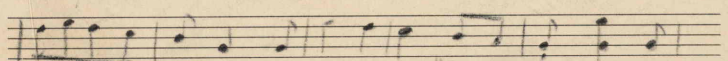
CHORUS.



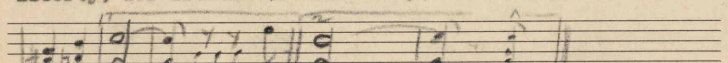
then, determined, he would try. He's now dressed up like a



soldier boy, Training to fight for his country dear, For



liberty, for freedom without alloy; Let us hope that the



end is near.

(2)

He always was ready to obey,
Whate'er he was bid to do,
He'd turn with a smile and run away;
Each errand was to him a pleasure new.
Your boy perhaps is just as dear
As my son is to me;
So let us offer up a prayer,
In God's protection they may be.

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