OCT 17 1918

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MY NATIVE LAND.

Words by W.R.Shearer. Music by Luther A.Clark

I am working in the garden; I am working every day.

It reminds me of my childhood, And the hours spent there in

play. Now those days are passed away. Hark! I hear someone

calling. It was not my mother's voice! It was Uncle Sammy

CHORUS.

calling me. I will join the army, And be one of Uncle

Sam's; 'cause I love my native land, And I'll join the soldiers

"over there". I will do my best or die. Motherdear, don't cry,

but smile and say good-bye, To the heroes of our land, they're

brave and true, To their home and native land.

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THEODORE PRESSER CO., PHILA., PA.

CLARKE'S MUSIC TABLET.

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