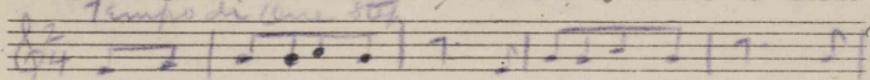
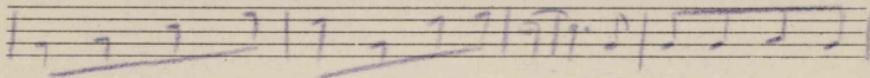


Words by George E. Picklin.

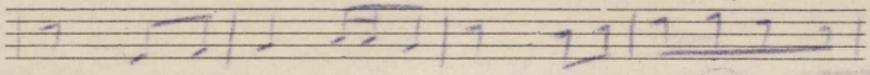
Music by Luther A. Clark.



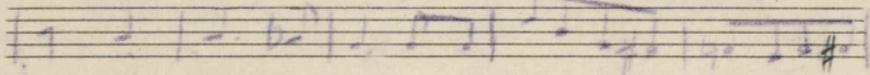
They are far away from home, away across the foam, in



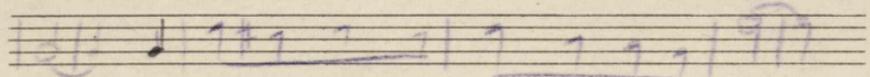
trenches where the soldiers are in wait. We do not mind our



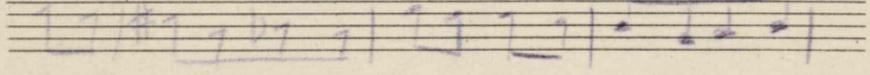
fate, we're on guard early and late. If we knew it was to



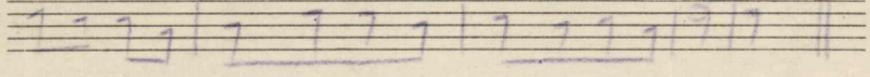
die, there's none to sigh, For we represent dear old United



States. The flag that floats on high, may it e'er fly!

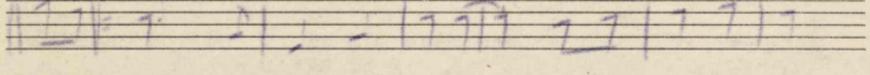


Hundred thousand; stronger daily; and we march along so

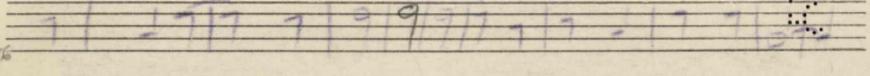


gaily. As we shout "Hurrah" for dear old U. S. A.

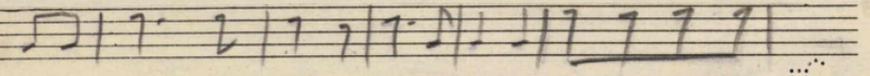
CHORUS.



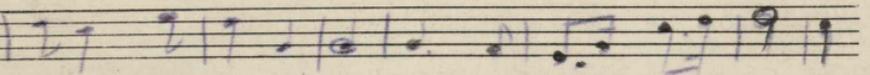
We will fight for our dear mothers, Fathers, sisters, sweet-



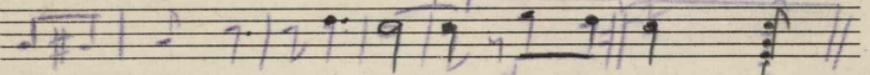
hearts, brothers! Yes, Lafayette, we know what we owe you!



We will fight for stricken Belgium, Until the bleeding



countries are all set free, With "Old Glory" as our standard,

for we're from the U. S. A. — *He will*

2.

In the trench, or on a hike, in far-off No Man's Land,
 A jolly bunch, and each man has a hunch
 That he is there to win, so he minds not the great din.
 When Old Glory waves on high there's none to sigh.
 Mothers, do not think that we are feeling blue,
 For freedom we are fighting and for you,
 And we'll tell you all about it, how we fought, bled, died
 and won it,
 When we march back to the dear old U. S. A.!

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