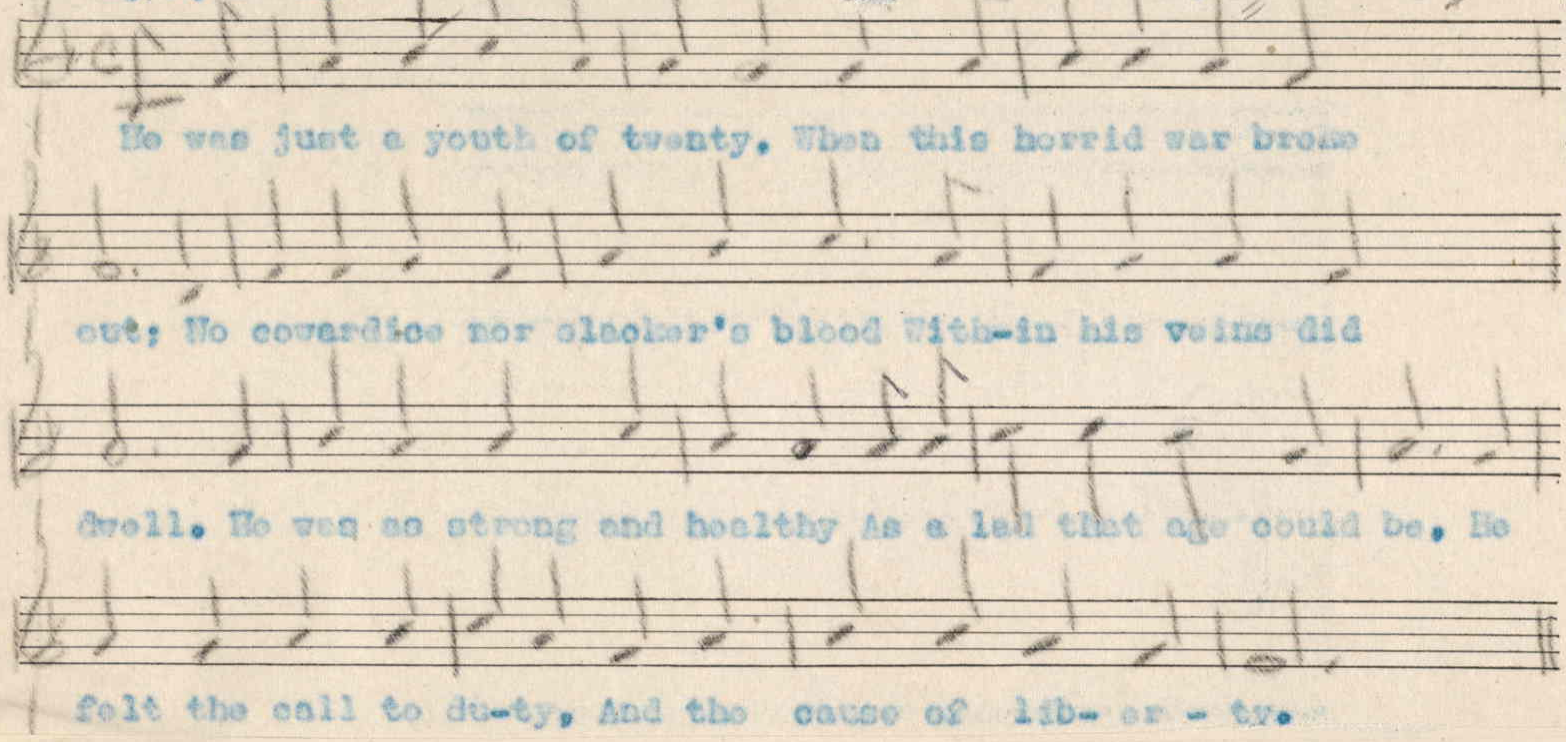
MAY 10 1919 ©CLE449149

MY BOY.

WM. F. Berk. M. DuFrerre.


He was just a youth of twenty, When this horrid war broke
out; No cowardice nor slacker's blood With-in his veins did
dwell. He was as strong and healthy As a lad that age could be, He
felt the call to du-ty, And the cause of lib- er - ty.

(2)

Then to the recruiting office
He went without delay;
And to a camp down in the states,
He was sent right away.
A few months training there,
Then the parting time had come:
Across the foam to France,
He went as if it was fun.

(3)

Now with his soldier comrades,
In the trenches there he dwells;
And now he faces the treacherous Huns,
With never failing nerve.
And when the time one day came,
Over the top he went;
But he was never seen again
By his fighting regiment.

(4)

Now in a hole he lies,
Away across the sea;
For he gave his brave young life
For the country of the free.
His place now is vacant,
Will you come and take his place?
Or must he die in vain,
Come, Slacker, now decide.

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