MAR 10 1919 ©CLE444889

BY THE MARNE HE NOW SLEEPS.

Fred Park. Ma Guerrero.

To me it seems but yes-ter-day, when answering to his country's call,

I saw my darling march a-way, he was my stay, my life, my all;

His gallant mien and manly stride, no braver heart amidst that throng,

Can'st wonder at a mother's pride o'er patriotism tra[illegible] and strong.

CHORUS-

By the Marne he now sleeps 'neath a wee little cross,

For-get-me-nots and a tuft of green moss;

Till death no shadow shall shut out the scene,

For I see it each night in a heaven sent dream.

(2)

I followed the boys as they stepped from the quay, with heart nigh bereft and tear bedimmed sight,
When the dearest of all threw his last kiss to me, my over taxed powers passed to darkness and night.
Came once again when senses returned, surrounded by friends, loving and rare,
But oh what a change as a mother's heart yearned and thought of her boy and his now vacant chair.

(3)

I was with him in dreams as he crested the seas, and prayed that God the U-boats would foil,
Then in gratitude I fell on my knees when I knew he was landed on true friendly soil.
Our brave boys were chafing and eager to fight the foe with sense of no nour defunct,
Three cheers went up for God and the right, when orders came through to speed to the front.

(4)

Heroic the boys who withstood the Huns and fought to win, nor thought of cost,
But one there was who saved the guns when danger loomed and all seemed lost.
It was my boy who stood the test and held the knoll till help was near,
Then cruel shrapnel did the rest and sent him to a brighter sphere.

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