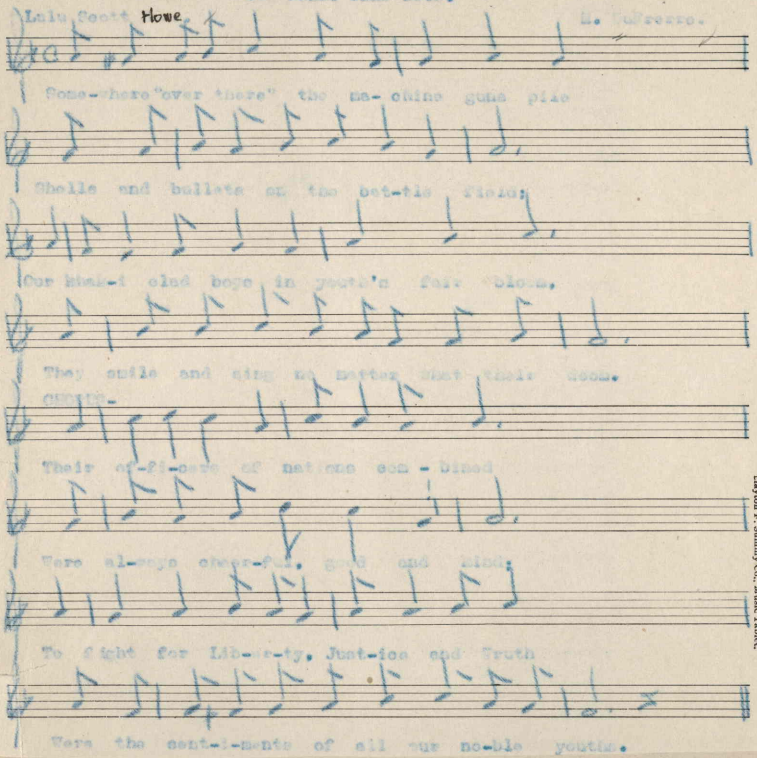
MAR 10 1919 ©CLE444890

OUR KHAKI CLAD BOYS.

Lulu Scott Howe. M. DuFrerre.


Some-where "over there" the ma-chine guns pile
Shells and bullets on the bat-tle field;
Our khak-i clad boys in youth's fair bloom,
They smile and sing no matter what their doom.
CHORUS-
Their of-fi-cers of nations com - bined
Were al-ways cheer-ful, good and mind;
To fight for Lib-er-ty, Just-ice and Truth
Were the sent-i-ments of all our no-ble youths.

(2)

They have made many graves in the French woods,
While bright guns on the battlefield whine;
Oh that their souls, each may rest in the land of the good,
While the American parents must be resigned.

(3)

Memories will all their loved ones keep,
For they can only think of where they sleep;
Oh, how their fathers and mother dear
Have prayed for these boys who did not fear.

(4)

They were all in a stranger's kindly land,
Thank God, they had the touch of a nurse's hand,
Soft as a mother's hand on their brows,
Many, ah! many are dieing, dieing now.

---

(5)

For sale by The National Literary and
Publishers' Service Bureau, Hannibal, Mo.

Clayton F. Summy Co., Music Tablet.

M1646
.D

452.25

o., Music Tablet.