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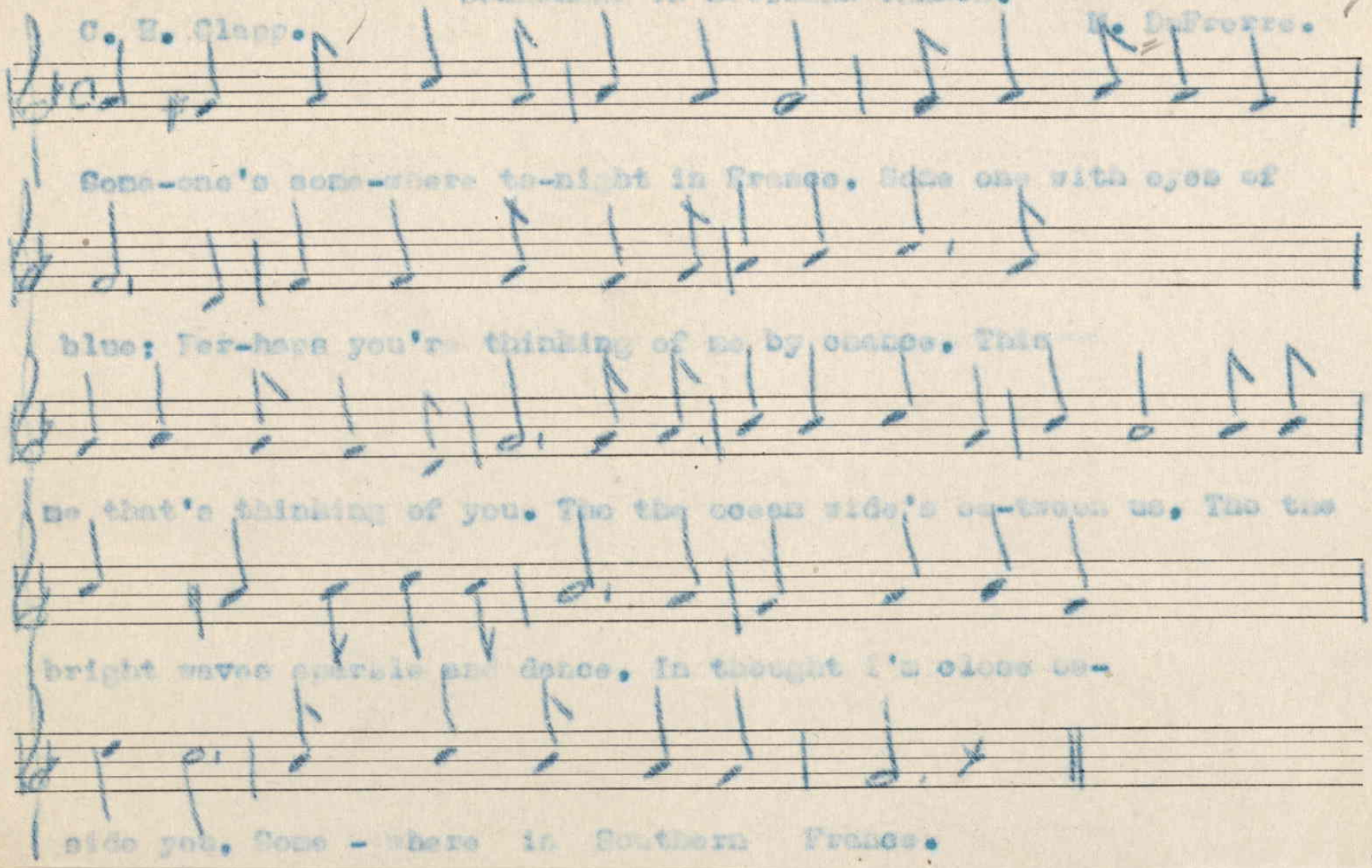
FEB 28 1919

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

C. H. Clapp. M. DuFrerre.


Some-one's some-where to-night in France. Some one with eyes of
blue; Per-haps you're thinking of me by chance. This
me that's thinking of you. The the ocean wide's be-tween us. The the
bright waves sparkle and dance. In thought I'm close be-
side you. Some - where in Southern France.

(2)

Yes, your country meant much to you, dear,
And it meant just as much to me;
But my heart was wrung within me,
When I knew you were crossing the sea.
Oh boy, I'm glad that Old Glory
Still waves in triumph free;
And when you come back I'll be waiting
There at lone sycamore tree.

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