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THE CALL.

James Fitzgerald. H. DeFrerre.

Clayton F. Summy Co. Music Tablet.

At last the call to arms is heard, 'Tis sounded far and near;
Each and every heart is stirred With a spirit that knows no
fear. 'Tis the call of a nation in distress, A nation that's forced to
fight; And a million youths in soldiers dress Will help it in its plight.

(2)

Although it is a dreaded call,
And many a heart will break;
For in battle many youths shall fall,
Just for Old Glory's sake.
Many leave their homes and wives,
There bound their bit to do;
Many youths give up their lives,
To help the Red, White and Blue.

(3)

Our boys at once shall seize a gun,
The elder man a hoe;
Each mother shall give up her son,
Tho it's hard to let him go.
When our soldiers are in France,
And sent to fight the foe;
To see real war they'll have a chance,
And their spirit they will show.

(4)

Now that the call has come to you,
A slacker is shameful to be;
For in this great country there are but few,
That wont fight for the land of the free.
The Red Cross is called to the battle front,
And sent upon the field;
For wounded soldiers they shall hunt,
And nurse them till they're healed.

(5)

We'll not forget our boys so bold,
The boys that venture and dare;
We value each life as precious gold,
And they'll be nursed with tender care.
And when there is a battle fought,
And in death our boys shall fall,
They have but one consoling thought,-
They answered their country's call.

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