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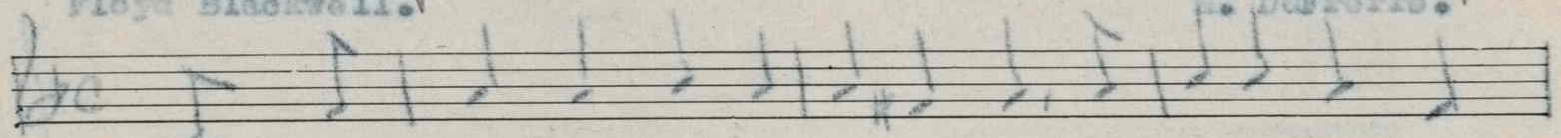
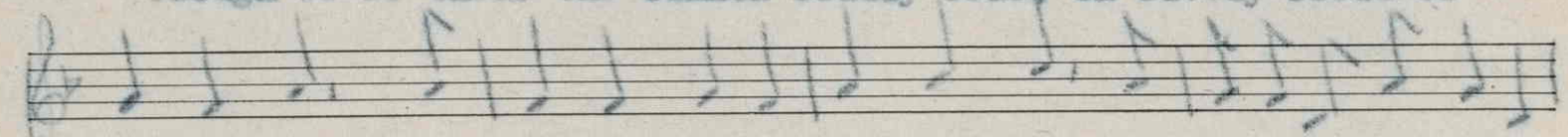
AMERICA, WE'LL THINK OF THEE.

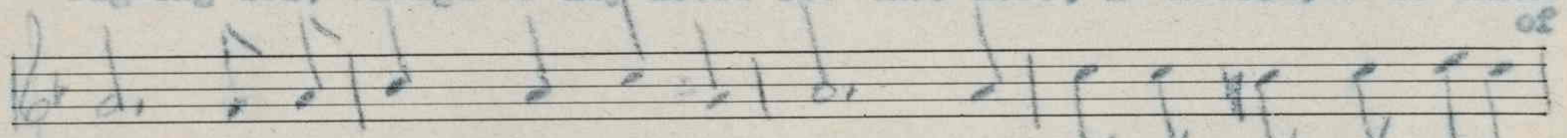
Floyd Blackwell. H. DuFresne.



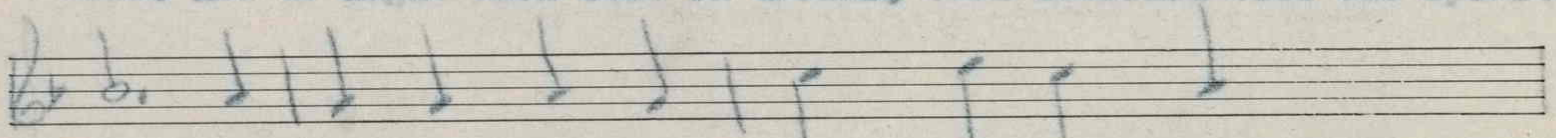
Though we're where the cannon loudly roar, On bloody field or



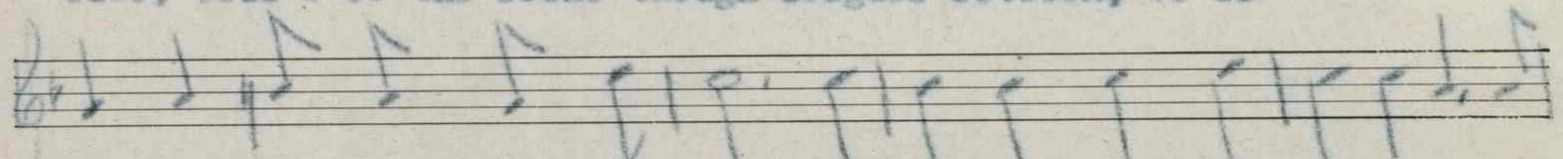
rag-ing sea; Though we may never see thee more, A- merica, we'll think of



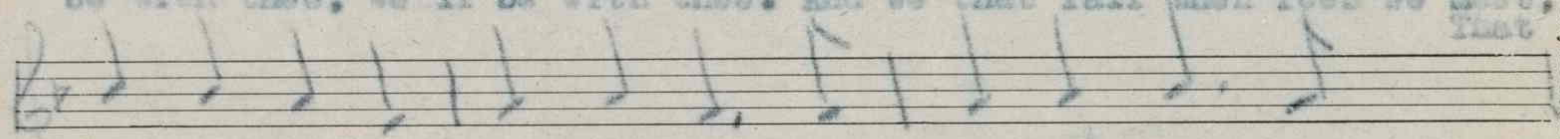
thee. And at night when lost in dreams, Then loosened will our spirits



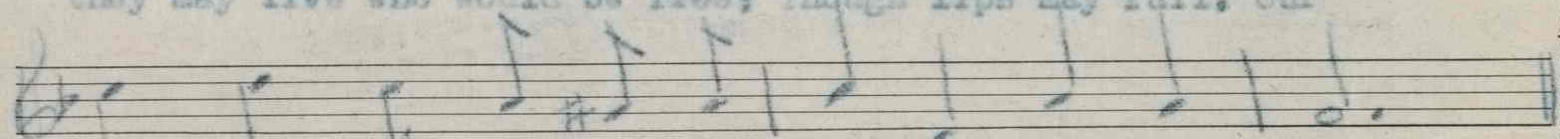
flee; Till o'er the brine though leagues between, We'll



be with thee, we'll be with thee. And we that fall when foes we meet, That



they may live who would be free; Though lips may fail, our



hearts will speak Our love for thee, our love for thee.

Clayton F. Summy Co., Music Tablet.

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