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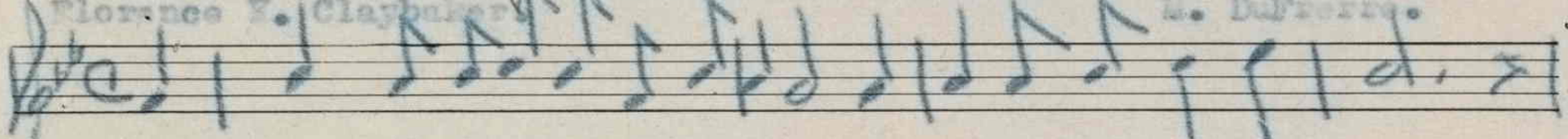
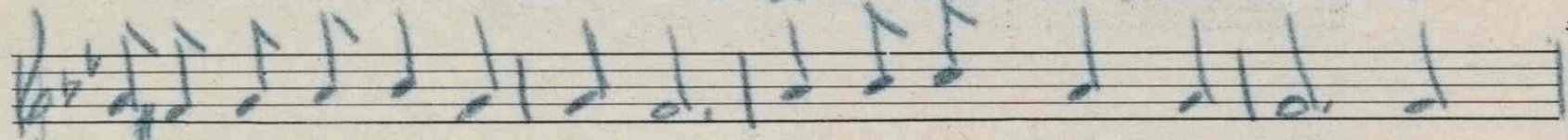
A LILY OF THE FIELDS.

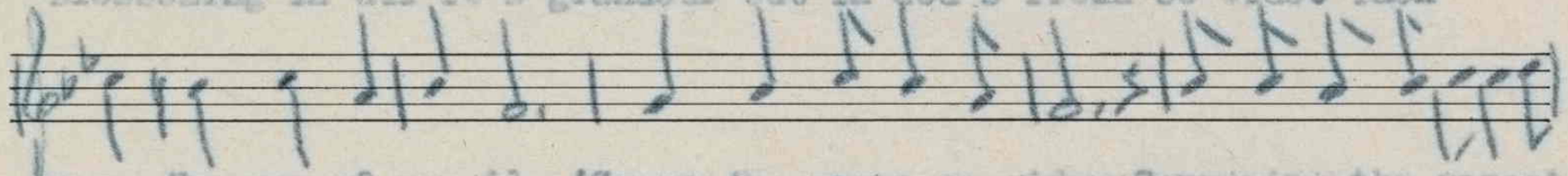
Florence K. Claybaker. M. DuFrerre.



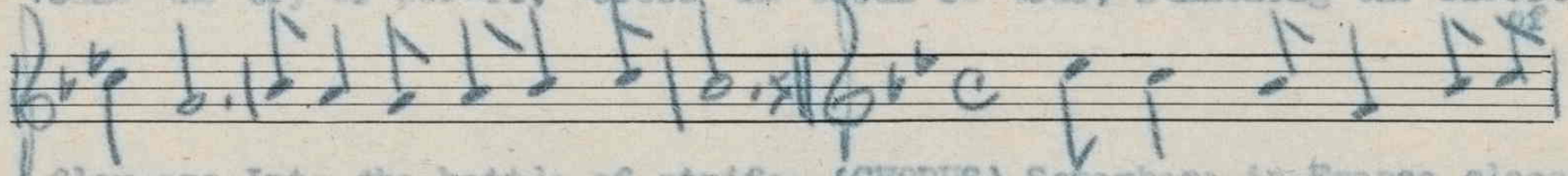
Some-where in America is a Lily, A noble and precious life;



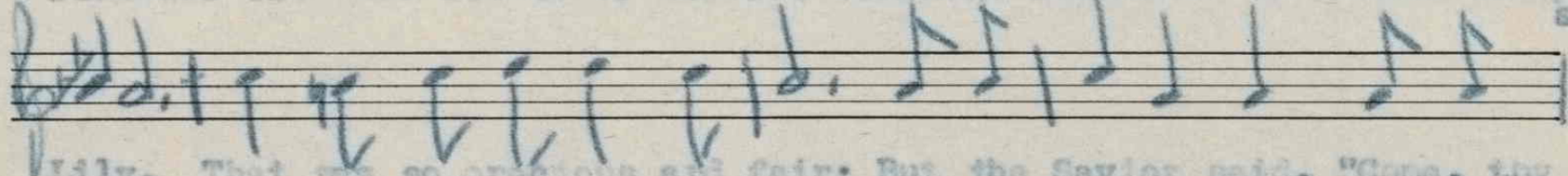
Blossoming in all it's grandeur Out in God's field so wide. Then



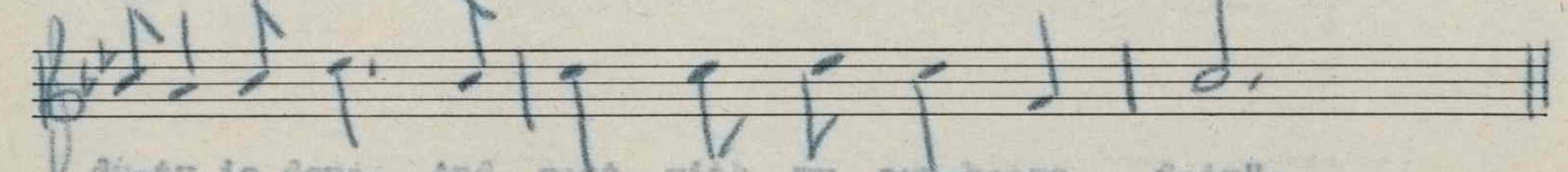
came the cry of per-il, 'Cross the ocean so wide; Summoning the rarest of



flow-ers Into the battle of strife. (CHORUS) Somewhere in France sleeps a



Lily, That was so precious and fair; But the Savior said, "Come, thy



du-ty is done, And rest with my sun-beams fair".

(2)

The Lily in the midst of manhood,
Said, "I'll go where you want me to go";
Went out to the field of battle,
Out to the trench and the tent.
Then came the battles for Freedom,
A desperate and fighting game;
Orders said, "Over the top, boys",
And over the top they went.

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