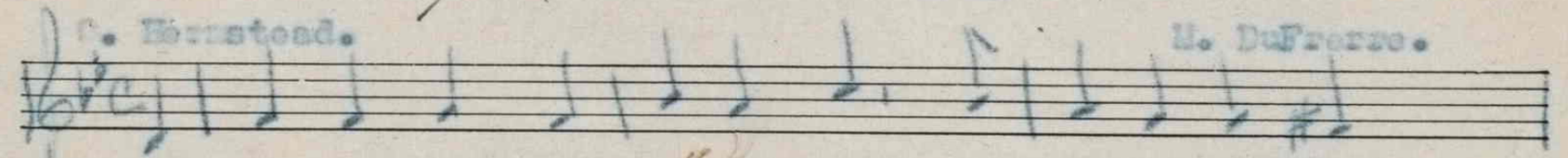
AUG -6 1918 ©CLE427977

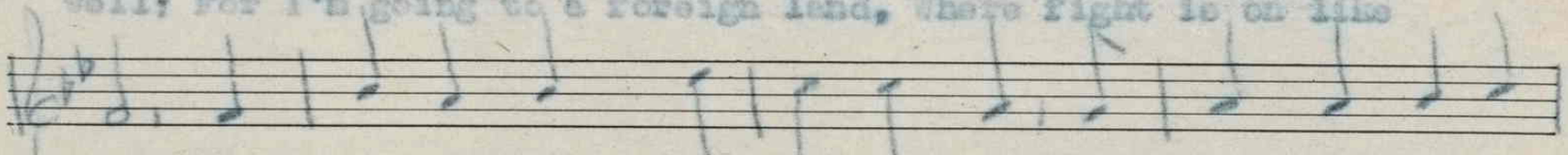
HIS LAST FAREWELL.

C. Hornstead. H. DuFrerre.

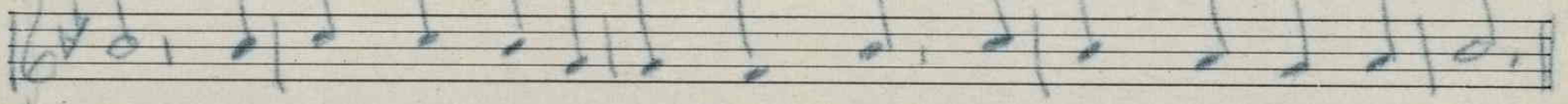


Last night I kissed my darling's hand, And bid my girl fare-

well; For I'm going to a foreign land, Where fight is on like



hell. She wiped the tears from off her eyes, And kissed my cheek in



turn; And now down under southern skies, My heart for her will burn.

(2)

See, how the Stars and Stripes unfurl,
How in the wind they wave;
See how they fly and how they curl,
Beneath them I feel safe!
Be of good cheer then, don't forget
Me, dear, while you are home;
And in those trenches cold and wet,
Far down in France I roam.

(3)

Be cheerful, dear, till I come back,
And meet you once again!
Don't worry, darling, bear your load,
Your worrying is in vain.
Someday I shall return to you,
Back from yon Southern shore;
And if your heart is still blue-true,
I'll kiss your hand again.

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