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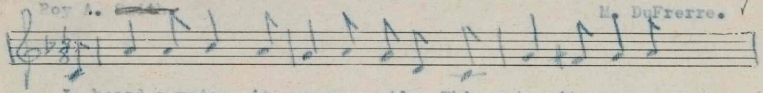
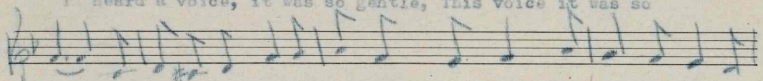
Smith

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

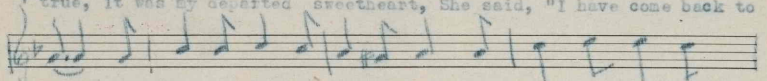
Roy A. ~~Smith~~ M. DuFrerre.



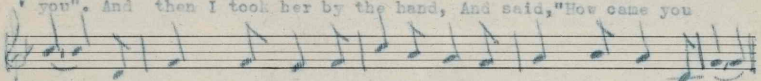
I heard a voice, it was so gentle, This voice it was so



true, It was my departed sweetheart, She said, "I have come back to



you". And then I took her by the hand, And said,"How came you



here"? "I thought you were in Gloryland, I thought you were,my dear."

(2)

I have come back to see you,
I love you oh, so well;
One thing I want you to do
Is give me the truth, oh wont you tell?
I will, my dear, what will you say,
I have been to the firing line;
I would rather see you some other day,
When I have more chatting time.

(3)

I hear the captain calling, calling
"To the field away today";
I'll be with you when the fight is over,
And then with you I'll stay.
I hate to go away and leave you,
I have come a long way you know;
The thing I want you now to do
Is take this note and be sure to show.

(4)

The lines they were neatly posed,
And were carefully read;
I'll keep this note no matter who knows,
Until my body is dead.
This is a dream, I am so sorry
That it cannot now be true;
I hope to meet her on the morrow,
That's one thing I hope to do.

(5)

I hear the bugle loudly sounding
For recruits on the field;
The cavalry now must be ready and mounting,
For they are on the yield.
This is a dream as I said before,
I hate to know it is so;
I hope to see her on that golden shore,
And her face I'll be sure to know.

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