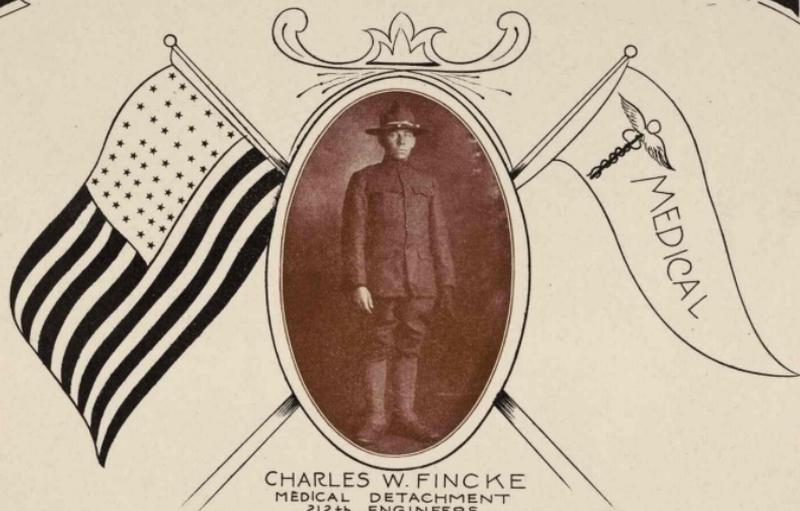


APR 14 1919

# AMERICA'S CALL



CHARLES W. FINCKE  
MEDICAL DETACHMENT  
212th ENGINEERS

WORDS BY  
CHAS. W. FINCKE

MUSIC BY  
BERTHA C. FINCKE



Published by  
CHAS. W. FINCKE  
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# AMERICA'S CALL

Words by CHARLES W. FINCKE

Music by B. C. FINCKE

**Andante Moderato**

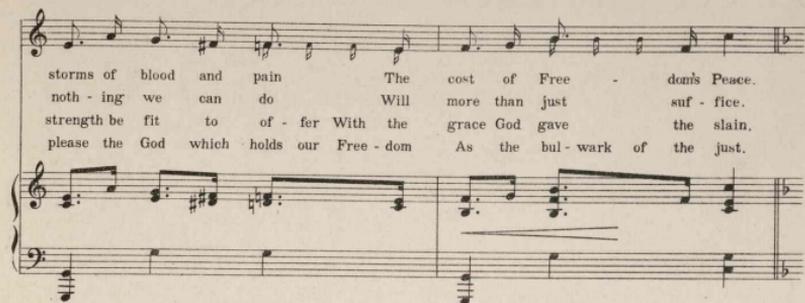
*mf*

1 Through the maz - es of fad - ing yes - ter - days Poi -  
 2 Not a soul can claim the right to live a - lone And turn deaf  
 3 Through the trials of death and blood and ag - on - y By our hands old  
 4 Now I see the light of peace break o'er the world a - gain Noth -

*p legato*

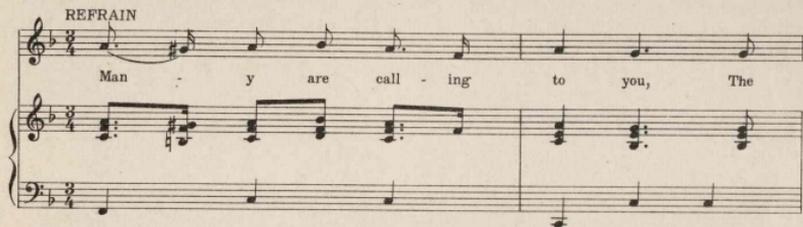
- gnant still through mem - ry's warm re - lease I feel the  
 ears to ty - ran - ny or Free - dom's sac - ri - fice Some one must  
 Glo - ry on her stand - ard shall re - main And each and  
 ing to know noth - ing to feel but trust That hu - man

bur - den of this hour Bar the sun - light out in  
 soothe the moth - er's heart And give the babe a home and  
 all shall give Their all to know that our  
 love may bind the wounds And soothe a - way the pain to

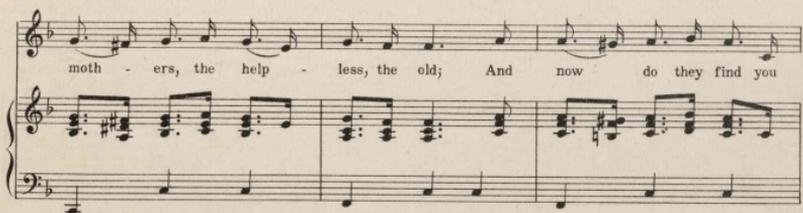


storms of blood and pain The cost of Free - dom's Peace.  
noth - ing we can do Will more than just suf - fice.  
strength be fit to of - fer With the grace God gave the slain,  
please the God which holds our Free - dom As the bul - wark of the just.

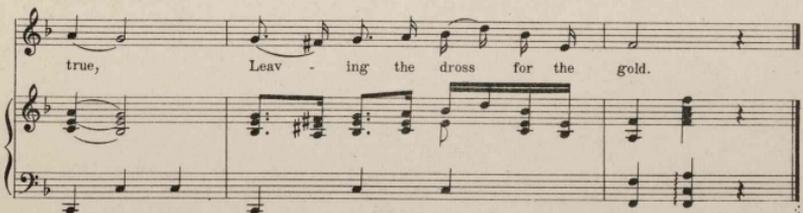
REFRAIN



Man - y are call - ing to you, The



moth - ers, the help - less, the old; And now do they find you



true, Leav - ing the dross for the gold.

