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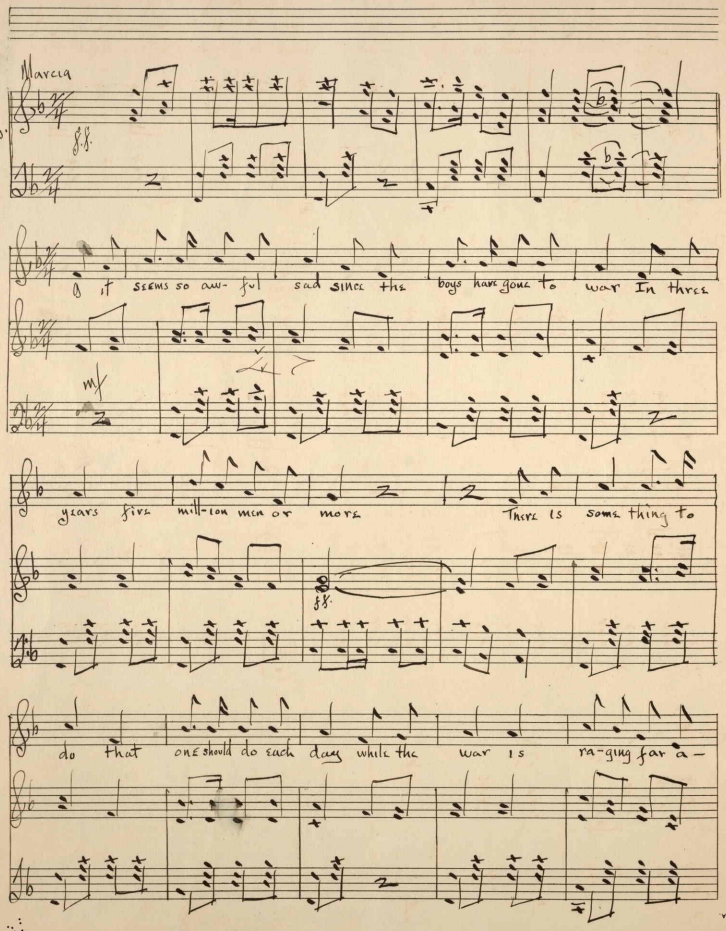
Words and Music by
C. E. HENNING.

COME BOYS COME.



PHILADA.

Chorus

way Come on Boys Come Come They have start-ed now to

run There is hard-ly a U-Boat in the way We are

fighting to be free for the free-dom of the sea Fighting for our

own Sweet lib-er-ty.

Oh Boys of our land
We are called to cross the sea
Where our allies are waiting you and me,
We are called to the color,
Of the good old U. S. A.
Where Old Glory is flying every day.

While the meadows are in bloom
And the grain is on the way
We have plenty to feed you every day,
While you are in the war
And the cannons they may roar
We are thinking of our soldiers more and more.

We are waiting for the day
When the waves have rolled away
And our ships come sailing to the shore,
In our country so dear
We have nothing to fear
We hope to have peace forever more.

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