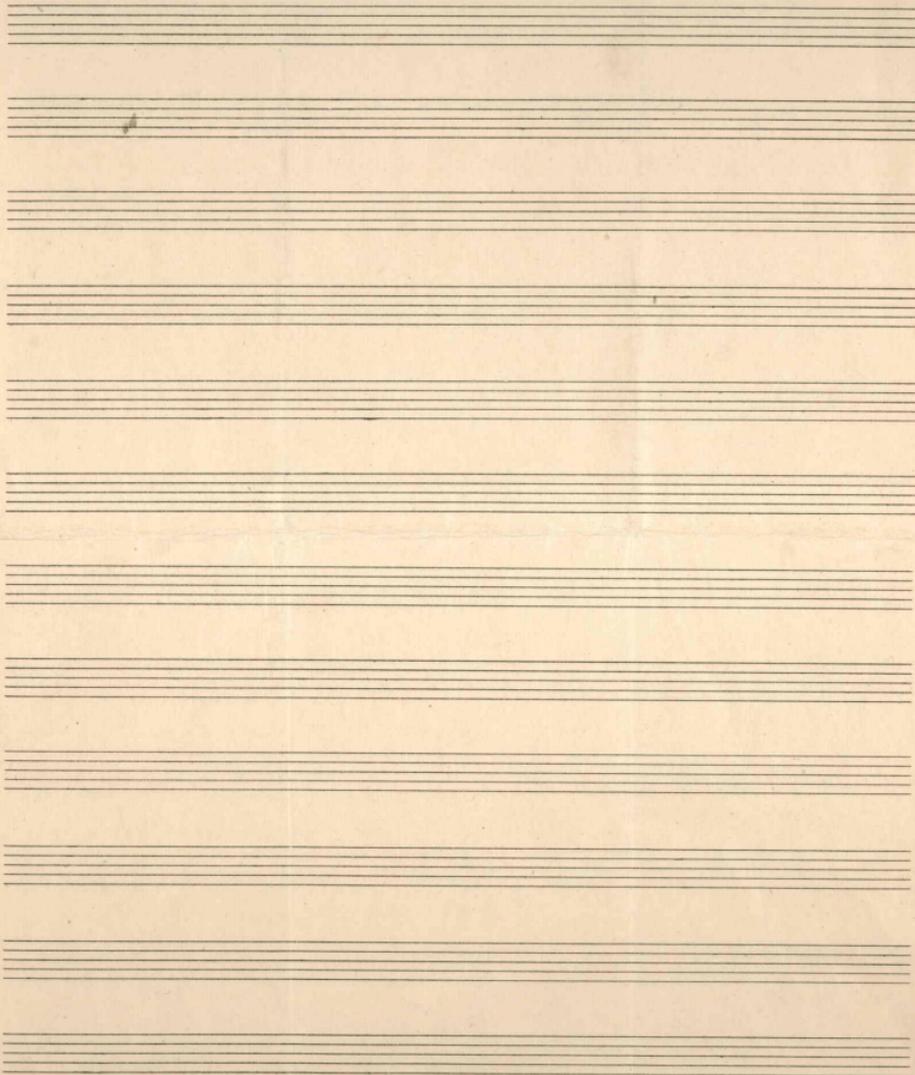


11



JUN 30 1917

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Some One in France is Calling.

I.

Some one in France is calling,
Calling his sweetheart true.
He knows she will await him,
When this frightful war is thru.
His heart beats fast with in him
As he longs for that day to appear.
Some one in France is calling
Calling his sweet heart dear.

II.

Some one in France is calling
Calling his mother dear
His voice is weak and wav'ring
On his cheek a silent tear.
He longs for her soft caresses
He longs for her words of cheer.
Some one in France is calling
Calling his mother dear.

III.

Some one at home is waiting
Waiting her soldier boy
Each day the hearth fire's burning
To welcome him with joy
Each day her prayers are ascending
To Him who guides the way
Some one at home is waiting
Waiting that longed for day.

Words by
Edward Stockbridge Gushee
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