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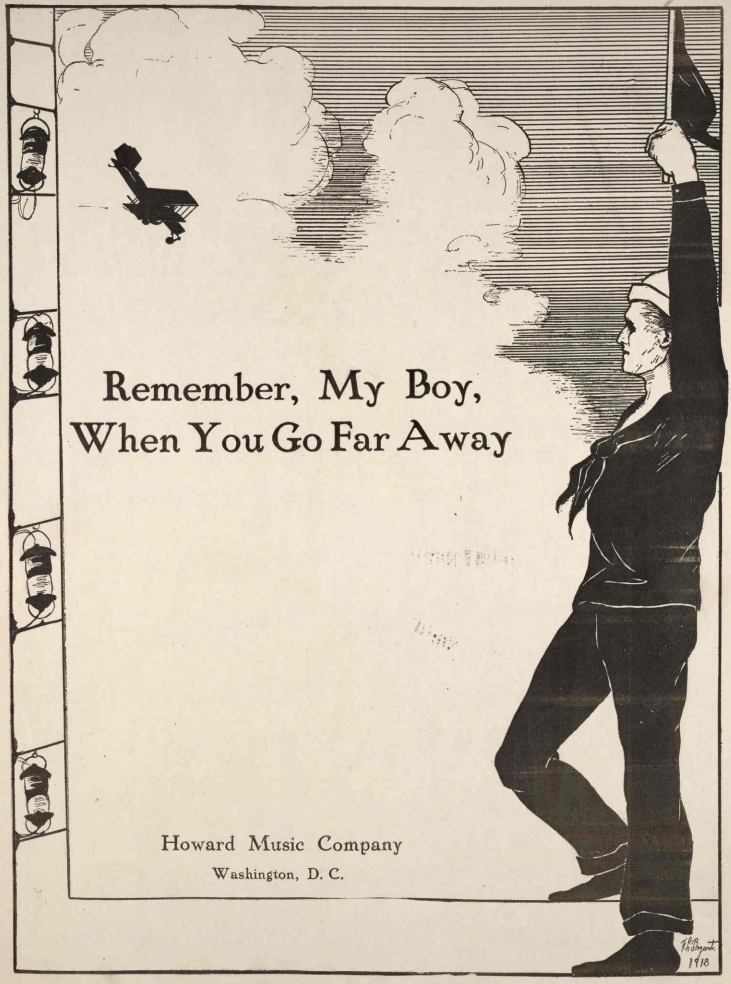
LYRIC BY CHAS. McGILL.

MUSIC BY ROY HARTZELL



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Remember, My Boy, When You Go Far Away

CHAS. Mc GILL — ROY HARTZELL

Tempo di Marcia

ff

1. Re - mem - ber, my boy, our hon - or's at stake, With a na - tion whose
2. We're proud now to think, since the time has come, That we're fight - ing to

mf

hon - or we dis - claim. We've been a peace - ful and loy - al peo ple,
suc - cor those op - pressed; And our fore - fa - thers that died in years by -

— Nev - er thirst for con - quest or gain. We have proved to the world we
gone, Their cour - age proved with the best. De - moc - ra - cy has made us

treat all a - like, Re - gard - less of where they were born. If we have made
all that we are; The whole world will soon learn to know. That where dear Old

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en - e - mies be-cause we are right, Why point at us the fin-ger of scorn?
Glo-ry flies with her Stars and Stripes, The pass-word there is: Ty-rants must go!

CHORUS

Re - mem-ber, my boy, when you go far a - way, To ans-wer the bat-tle's grim call, Re-
mem - ber your coun-try is with you to-day; You know what it means to us all! When you pass by old
Lib-er-ty, the pride of our land, And you're wav-ing to her, good bye, The sweet star-ry em-blem she
holds in her hand Sends the word: it's lib-er - ty, or die! Re - die!

ff

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