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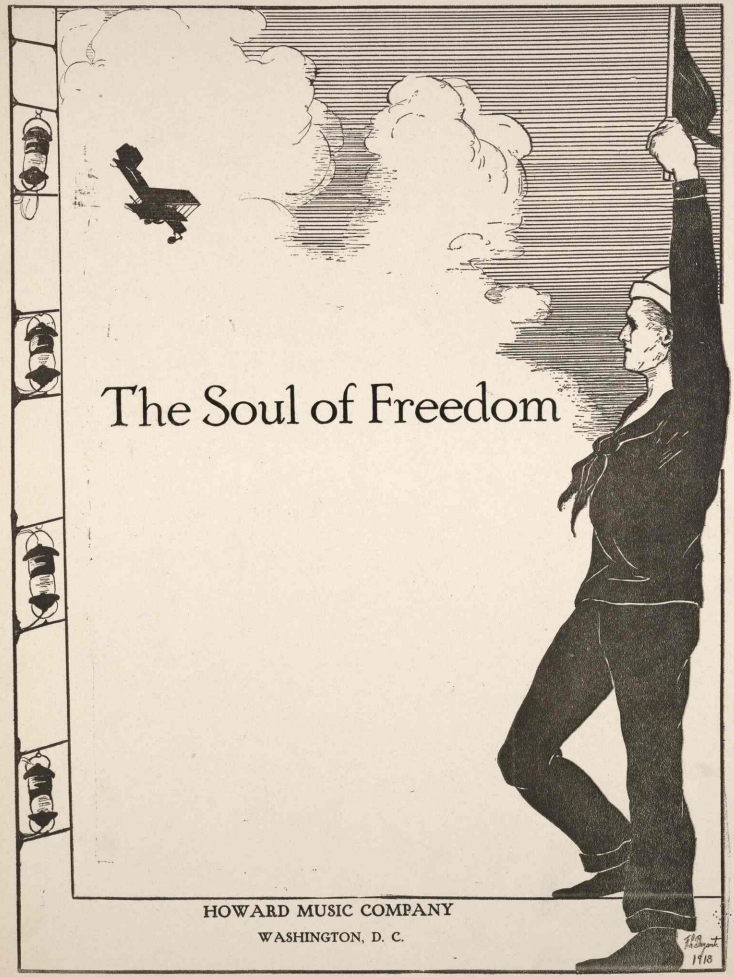
LYRIC BY MRS. LEON A. MORGAN

MUSIC BY ROY HARTZELL



The Soul of Freedom

HOWARD MUSIC COMPANY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The Soul of Freedom

Mrs. LEON A. MORGAN

ROY HARTZELL

Marcia

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Hark, the call of the bu - gle in a far dis - tant land, For
I'll be tramp - ing the camp ground, and be think - ing the while, And
The trench - es may prove to be as dark as your eyes; I'll
Lit - tle pal, bright - en up, and send your waves of good luck; They

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you and for me, lit - tle girl, hand in hand. I must leave you be-hind, as
march - ing thro'dreamland by the light of your smile. I will love the un-end - ing
brave them and work in their depths' dark - est night, While heart throb a-wakes to
may prove the steel of gi - ant truck: They will lift us and car - ry

broth - er to broth-ers, In jus - tice and right it is God's com - mand.
steps of the miles; I'll brave them, my sweet, for your part - ing smile.
th'light of your smile, And night's dark - est gloom chang-es in - to light.
on - ward and up-ward To mas - ter the task of our na - tion's call.

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CHORUS

But I'll be com-ing back just the same, lit-tle pal; It may be and may not be flesh and bone you see; But in hon - or of life and the coun - try we trust, It may be a jew-el in the crown of the free. Matched with your smile in God's cre-a - tion of light, The em - blem of cheer thro' the long dark night; Crowned in your hon - or, and coun - try free, In the land of God's King-dom — e - ter - nal right!

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