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OCT -7 1918

"When that Blue Star turns to Gold."

Words and Music
by
Juanita Hudson Jackson

When our boys in Kha-ki, the Yank and the Jack-ie, Leave for a for-eign
The Can-uons are roar-ing, the Air-planes are soar-ing. As our boys rush to meet the

shore, We hang up a Blue Star in a field of white, To show all our en-e-mies, we're
foe, They're af-ter the Bo-che "& they'll make him run, Or they'll kill or cap-ture ev-ry

done what was right, We send them with joy, Be they man or boy, "Tis all the Loved Ones can
trea-cher-ous Hun, To do or die," is their bat-tle cry. "For God, Coun-try, We and

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do, But those o-ver here, do not have a fear, When they sa-lute that Star of Blue;
you, So we o-ver here, Of ten brush away a tear, As we sa-lute that Star of Blue;

Refrain

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing, Where the Knights fought in days of

old, They have earned a Star of Blue, Just by be-ing "tried and true", But they'll

win a death-less glo-ry, When that Blue Star turns to Gold.

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