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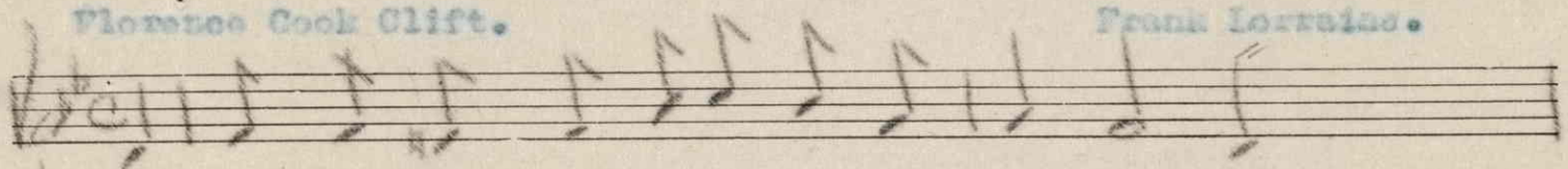
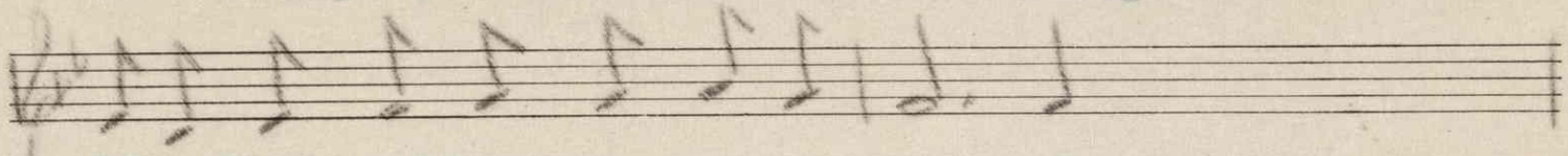
MAY 10 1919

MY HERO.

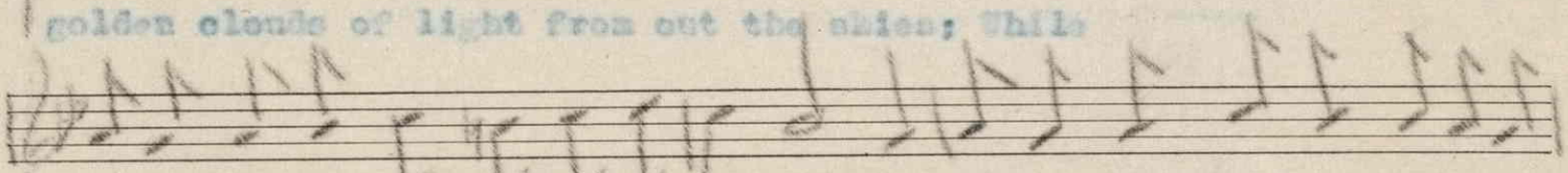
Florence Cook Clift. Frank Lorraine.



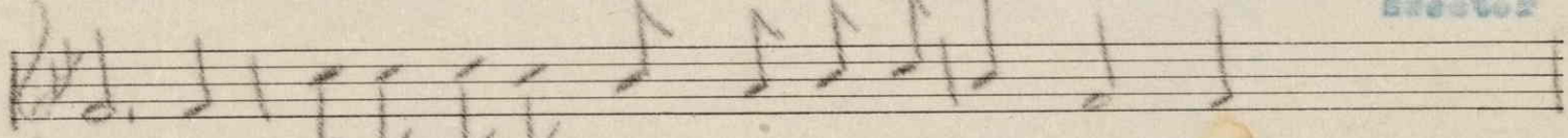
The lake lay bathed in summer sunshine, streaming It's



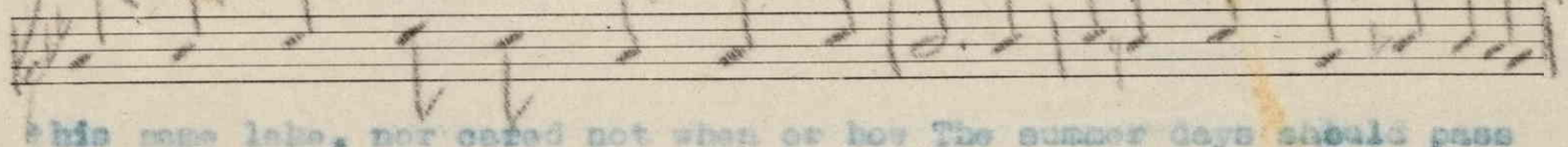
golden clouds of light from out the skies; While



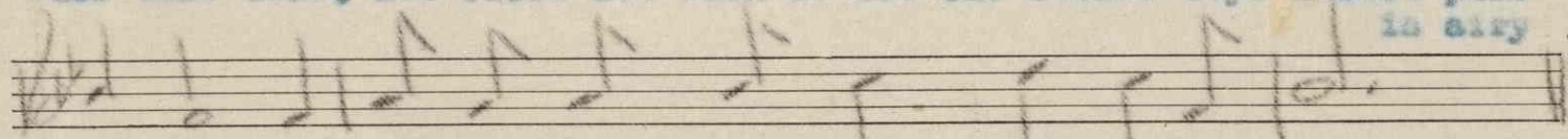
in my swaying hammock I lay dreaming Of happier days now past and sweeter



ties. Once we, as lovers, sailed upon the brightness Of



this same lake, nor cared not when or how The summer days should pass in airy



lightness. But ah! the times are changed for- ever now.

Clayton F. Summy Co.,

(2)

Just as the darkness steals o'er lake and ocean,
And casts it's shadow on their weary breast;
So we, who once felt all love's true emotion,
Have by the sundering hand of War been prest.
For you, dear heart, beneath a white cross sleeping,
While poppies red are growing o'er your grave;
And over all the blue of Heaven sweeping,
Your own loved colors- that you died to save.

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