Khaki Boy

MARCH SONG

WORDS and MUSIC
by
Emily G. Blagdon

dedicated to
Serg. Walter F. Blagdon

“OVER THERE”
1. The sound of the trumpet is calling,
2. Goodbye, boy, good luck, and God bless you;
   Call ing o'er land and o'er sea.
   Thousands of lads to the front must go,
   To show the world just what you can do,
   For the flag that we all love free.

Let the Stars and the Stripes wave forever,
Let every heart beat so true.

You will nourish the soil with your glory,
And when you plant a flag of glory.
And let your motto be “United!”
Then you'll come sailing home.

Copyright 1918 by Emily G. Blagdon. All Mechanical Rights Reserved.
CHORUS

Khaki Boy, there's no time for recruiting. Put your gun on your shoulder and go.

Hear the clamor of the feet marching down the city street. It's a picture that was painted long ago.

Let the love for your country guide you. Let the love in your heart swell with joy.

Then we'll show by our constant devotion. That we are proud of our Khaki Boy.