

In our pleasant homes we sit, thinking so  
dear of you

In the damp and chilly trenches far away  
and we sew and mend and knit and do  
all that we can do

For to ease your pain & sorrow day by day.

Chorus: Stamps Stamps Stamps the boys are  
selling

Cheer up patriots when they come

Put your funds behind the flag and  
~~help~~ ~~freedom~~ ~~at~~ ~~we~~ ~~again~~

To the freeland and our own beloved  
home.

II.

In the home town here we stand where  
the money must be raised

By the millions and the billions and  
then more

But before we reach our goal

and our efforts can be praised

We must sacrifices make our + our

So in office or in home  
We are waiting for the day when  
carrier comes to open wide our doors  
and our anxious eyes grow bright  
and our poor hearts almost gay  
and we think of giving tollars  
more and more.

09-22-75

1918

Poem written by  
Grace Bellamy 1918 for  
war bond drive 1st  
world war

Born 1908-