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Words by John L. High

# WHEN THE BLUE STAR TURNED TO GOLD.

Music by Geo. T. Sulzner

With martial spirit

mf

When a brut-al war-lord's call to arms Set a

f ff mf trem

peace-ful world a-flame, There ral-lied in the cause of right Ten mil-lion

f slower

Yan-kee boys to fight, To up-hold free-dom's name; Ten mil- -lion stars of blue were

mp dolce

born To blaze o'er land and sea, Ten mil-lion ser-vice flags un-furled—Each

mf

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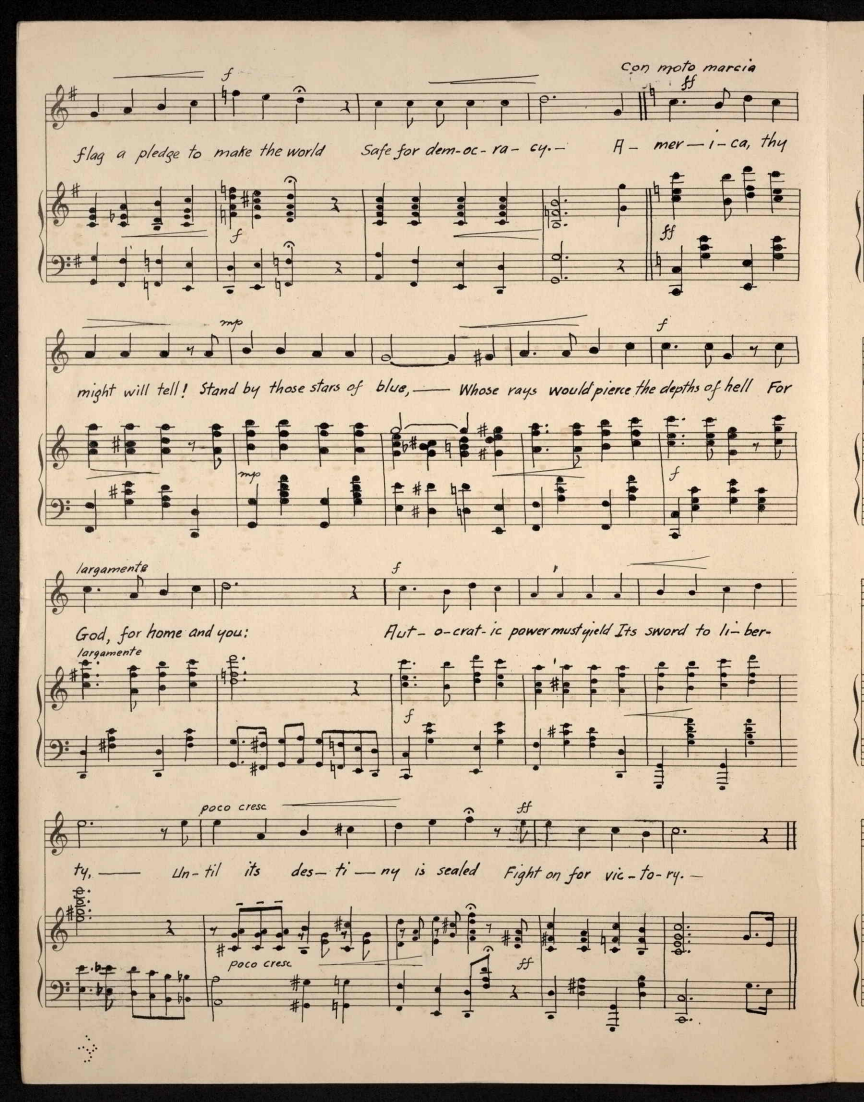
Con moto marcia
f
ff
flag a pledge to make the world Safe for dem-oc-ra-cy.— A-mer—i-ca, thy
mp
f
might will tell! Stand by those stars of blue,— Whose rays would pierce the depths of hell For
largamente
God, for home and you: Aut-o-crat-ic power must yield Its sword to li-ber-
poco cresc.
ty,— Un-til its des-ti-ny is sealed Fight on for vic-to-ry.—

mp Meno mosso

They left their homes and crossed the sea, Bore sac-ri-fice

spirited

f

ff

trem

mp meno mosso

cresc

su-preme; No crav-en deed of des-pot bold Could from the bat-tle-field with-hold The

cresc

largamente

p

dolce

blue stars sa-cred gleam; With fort- i-tude sub-lime they fought And left their hal-lowed dead,—

largamente

pp

mf

f

dolce

mp molto rit-

slain by ruth-less shot and shell- But every time a blue star fell A gold star shone in-

mf

f

p molto rit-

mp Poco meno mosso e teneramente

mf

stead. At the fin-al day of judg-ment, When, be-fore the great white throne, Men and na-tions

mp tranquillo

mf

molto rit. f sempre cresc

hum-bly gath-er- There to know as they are known— A right-eous God shall say: "Well done," And

molto rit. f sempre cresc

ff largamente dolce

to his breast en-fold— Each he-ro of that gal-lant throng, Whose blue star turned to gold.

largamente

ff

col canto

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