©CLE407750
SEP -5 1917

"OLD. GLORY. TO. THE
SHRINE. OF. LIBERTY"
2
SONG

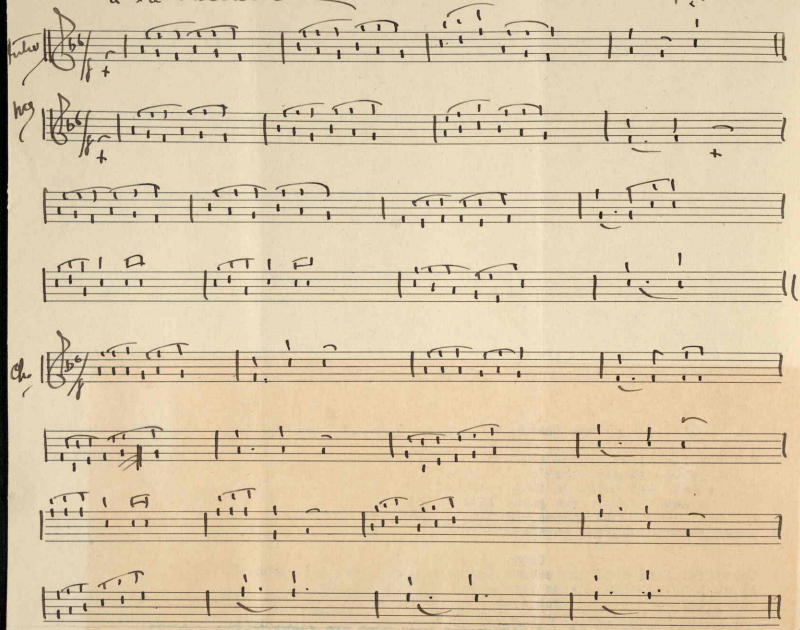
POEM and COPYRIGHT BY BOB. HALLERAN, 13 SIGNAL HILL ROAD
ST. JOHNS. NEWFOUNDLAND.

MUSIC. BY

RAYMOND A. BROWNE,
SUITE 1115
1482 BROADWAY, N. Y.

ART BRAND No. 10. M1646 .B

a la barcarolle



"Old Glory To The Shrine Of Liberty" By Bob Halleran.

Your shrine is an optics amidst of the billows,
And garbed in the water's soft kiss;
If thy lips had language they's tell of the ocean
Storm tossed where the great billows yell;
As they rush to thy throne, and then break in white foam,
And their beautiful pageant sweeps by.

CHORUS.

Beautiful shrine of the ocean; shine thro the dark mist o'er the sea;
Flash your pageant across the breast of the Atlantic
And shine like a star from afar;
And guide us to night, through the darkness long flight
For we are the boys of Old Glory--the boys that are fighting for liberty.

2

You stand on your throne in the lonesomest tone,
Guiding sailors far over the foam;
A tempest might rise in its angry sighs surging
Upon the storm tossed rocky shores;
And they burst o'er thy face, with a swift careless grace
And they darken thy rays from the plow.

413517