

Freedom's Call



**NORTH AMERICAN
MUSIC COMPANY ::
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Words by
HARRY EDLER
Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

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Freedom's Call

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We heard the call of free-dom, We went a - cross the sea To
From ci - ty town and ham - let There come the lads so brave, With

fight for dear Old Glo - ry's sake And for De - moc - ra - cy, And
vic - tory writ - ten on their face And ev - 'ry eye a - blaze, They

he - roes gone in days of yore, that shed their blood for thee Are
had to leave their moth - ers dear, their friends and sweet-hearts too, But

look - ing from God's bright throne and cry - ing vic - to - ry,
 du - ty called to them and "good - bye, good - luck to you!"

CHORUS

So good - bye, dear old U. S. A., The call rings in my ears; Well

drive the Hun from off the globe if it takes fifty years, There's some - one watching o'er us will

guide our footsteps thru, The light of His great love will shine on the old Red White and Blue.

