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WE'RE SOLDIERS OF THE U. S. A.



**NORTH AMERICAN
MUSIC COMPANY ::**
119 NO. CLARK ST. CHICAGO

Words by
EDITH BUSHWAY
Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

WE'RE SOLDIERS OF THE U. S. A.

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The time has come when we must leave Our home - fires warm and bright For
Oh yes we've bid a sad fare-well To sweet - hearts, friend and kin We're

we must cross the deep blue sea And help great wrongs to right So we have donned the
going to help our broth-ers there This great world war to win We can-not let our

kha - ki And we'll show to all the earth That we're pre - pared to fight and die For the
ea - gle hang his hon - ored head in shame Nor can we see Old Glo - ry lose Her true

CHORUS

land that gave us birth.
price-less blood earned name. We're sol-diers of the U. S. A. Strong and

true We're off to fight for lib-er-ty And hon-or too We're

will-ing to bear hard-ships And bear them with a grin For we're going to

get the Kai-ser In his pal-ace in Ber-lin.

