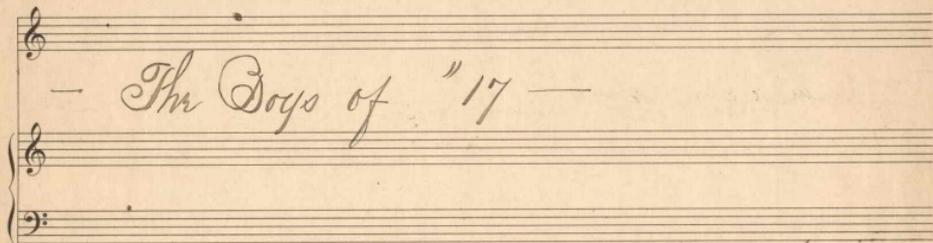
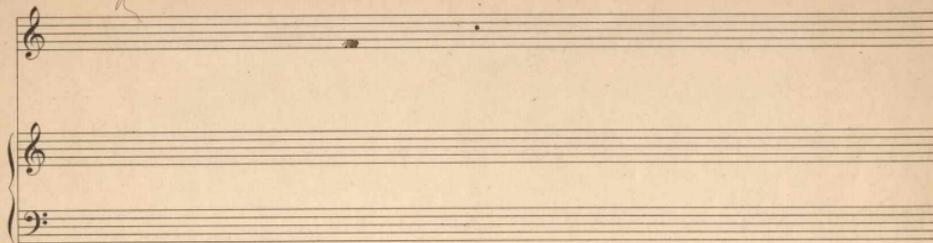


JUN 27 1917

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Words and Music by
Elizabeth G. Veit.



No. 4

H1646
.G

Tempo di Marcia - *The Bop of '17* - *Words and Music by Elizabeth G. Toit.*

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

*O, here
By the*

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

ff' to the time we get home *na, with our swords and guns to fight old Bill the*
time we get home *time with this old hoe doo who has secured a world of*

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Na - Ser - By the time we get home *He - If he only gives us time - with his gun - we will* *By - all show his right done to*
Na - Ser - By the time we get home *He - If he only gives us time - with his gun - we will* *By - all show his right done to*

Chorus -

surely he sin - ner
 just a pa - sion - ed but He For we will
 For it is

fight fight fight for Uncle Sam and for the hon - or of the
 peace not land for which we care and for the best best from our

land for - will never shrink until - win freedom from the
 the starry flag which we die for the mill - ers

clutch a ly rants hand For right is might and right shall
 see the - man - i ty's WOE It is the sea - blue - of the

trim
 bran

With the Al-lis we-are
 And the pride of nat-ion

Our
 Song

The British
 So common boy

will not falter — to shake the Nai-seas water-ridg-ht un-tel the bat-tle
 let no Sewy — to France when in a hurry — We'll sing old God save

*non
 song*

OHIO
 OHIO

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JUN 27 1917

THE BOYS OF '17.

Oh We're off to the war
With our swords and guns
To fight old Bill - the Kaiser,
By the time we get through with his royal nibs,
He'll surely be the wiser.

CHORUS.

For we'll fight ,fight, fight for Uncle Sam,
And the honor of the land;
We'll never shirk until we're freed
From the clutch of the tyrant's hand.
For right is might, and right shall win-
With the Allies we are one,
America will not falter
To shake the Kaiser's halter
We'll fight until the battles won.

2.

By the time we get through
With his ~~old~~ hoo-doo,
Who has caused a world of trouble;
If he only gives us time
We will show his "right divine"
Is just a painted bubble.

Chorus.

For it is peace, not land for which we crave,
And protection from our foes-
The starry flag which we will wave
Will lessen humanities woes;
It's the emblem of the brave,
And the pride of a nation strong-
So come on boys- let us scurry
To France where in a hurry
We'll right old Germany's wrong.

Elizabeth G. Coit