

OCT 25 1917

©CLE411230

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

A SHAWNEE PRODUCTION

*By Chas. L. Guilford*

**"OLD GLORY"**

**ON A FOREIGN SHORE**

COPYRIGHT 1917  
CHAS. S. GUILFORD.

**PUBLISHED BY  
LITHO-TONE PRINTERY  
SHAWNEE OKLA.**

H1646

J

66

# "OLD GLORY"

On a Foreign Shore

WORDS BY CHAS. S. GUILFORD  
MUSIC BY CHAS. L. JOHNSON

INTROD.

WIL-HELM STARTED  
HE MINED THE SEAS AND  
SO RAL-LY TO THE

OUT TO RULE THE WORLD — TO VAN-QUISH EV-RY STATE AND  
AVILT THE TRENCH — STA-TIONED ARMIES OER MOUNT-AIN VALE AND  
STARS THE STRIPES THE FLAG — COMES THE CALL THRU-OUT THE DEAR OLD

NA-TION — SO WITH THE FLAG OF FATH-ER-LAND UN-  
LEV-EL — FOUGHT BEL-GIUMS, RUSS-IANS ENG-LISH AND THE  
U. S. A. THILL NEVER DO FOR US TO HES-I-TATE OR

FURLED — HE WILD-ED STEEL A- GAINST HIS OWN RE-  
 FRENCH — AND PROVED HIM-SELF A PART-NER OF THE  
 LAG — WE'LL BE READY FOR — HE THICKEST OF THE

LA-TION — HE WIPED POOR BEL-GIUM FROM THE MAP — TO  
 DEV-IL — ANT HITT CUP AND LIPS ARE MAN-Y SHIPS —  
 PRAY — HE WILL WIPE THIS TY-RANT FROM THE EARTH —

BITE THE MAY TO CON-QUER FRANCE — CHASED THE RUS-SIAN  
 OF - TIMES CAUSE AN AB-FUL MUD-DLE — WHEN HE SANK YOUR  
 PEACE TO SIS-TER NA-TIONS WE'LL RE-STORE CHANGE BIT-TER

BEARS FROM EV-'RY GAP — AND MADE THE ENG-LISH TOM-MIES  
 UN-CLE SAM-MYS SHIPS — HE HAS NOT-I-PIED THAT HE HAD START-ED  
 ANGUISH TO JOY-003 MIRTH — WHEN HE PLANT OLD GLO-RY ON A FOR-EIGN

DANCE  
TROUBLE  
SHORE

CHORUS

WHEN WE PLANT OLD

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase, followed by a double bar line and the word 'CHORUS' written above the staff. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation. The time signature is 2/4.

GLO-RY ON THE RHINE — WE'LL HAVE GAR-LIC SAU-SAG-ES

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics 'GLO-RY ON THE RHINE — WE'LL HAVE GAR-LIC SAU-SAG-ES'. The piano accompaniment includes a prominent bass line with a '7' chord marking. The time signature remains 2/4.

'TWINT TWO CUTS OF RYE — AND WE'LL DRINK A BUM-FER AND A

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics ''TWINT TWO CUTS OF RYE — AND WE'LL DRINK A BUM-FER AND A'. The piano accompaniment continues with a bass line featuring a '7' chord marking. The time signature remains 2/4.

STEIN — WHEN WIL-HEM BIDS OLD GER-MAN-Y GOOD-BYE — TO AN

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics 'STEIN — WHEN WIL-HEM BIDS OLD GER-MAN-Y GOOD-BYE — TO AN'. The piano accompaniment continues with a bass line. The time signature remains 2/4.

15- O - LAT - ED ISLE WELL BAN - ISH HIM — WHERE HE WILL DWELL IN

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a quarter note '15', followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

PEACE FOR EV - ER - MORE — WE KNOW HIS CHANCE FOR SCRAP - PIN WILL BE

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a similar melodic structure to the first system. The piano accompaniment maintains the established rhythmic and harmonic patterns.

SLIM — WHEN WE PLANT OLD GLO - RY ON A FOR - EIGN SHORE — WHEN WE

The third system of music. The vocal line includes a fermata over the word 'SLIM'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same style, showing some dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f'.

SHORE —

The fourth system shows the vocal line ending with a fermata over the word 'SHORE'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and some grace notes.

“OLD GLORY” ON A FOREIGN SHORE

---

Wilhelm started out to rule the world.  
To vanquish every State and Nation.  
So, with the flag of "Fatherland" unfurled,  
He wielded steel against his own relation.  
He wiped poor Belgium from the map,  
To site the way to conquer France.  
Chased the Russian Bears from every gap,  
And made the English Tommies dance.

Not satisfied with fighting half the sphere,  
He wished to own and rule the briny seas.  
No time he lost, while the coast was clear,  
He scattered Submarines as thick as fleas.  
All Allied ships that chanced to pass his way,  
Regardless of value or method of construction,  
Were doomed to shatter, break and sway,  
Then swerve and sink to dire destruction.

He scanned the peaceful, azure sky,  
Searched the heavens clear and blue.  
Quoth he,—The time is drawing nigh,  
When I'll rule the earth, the sea and you.  
Ach Mein Gott! On earth my terror reigns  
Why not terrorize the endless sky?  
So, he built some "mighty" Aeroplanes  
And forced his men to learn to fly.

He mined the seas and built the trench,  
Stationed armies o'er mountain, vale and level.  
Fought Belgians, Russians, English and the French  
And proved himself, a partner of the Devil.  
But, twixt cup and lips are many slips,  
Which of times cause an awful muddle,  
when he sank your "Uncle Sammy's" ships,  
So, He was notified, that he had started trouble.

So rally, to the stars, the stripes, the flag  
Comes the call, thruout the dear, old U. S. A.  
'Twill never do for us to hesitate or lag,  
We'll be ready for the thickest of the fray.  
We will wipe this tyrant from the earth,  
And peace to sister nations we'll restore.  
Change bitter anguish to happy, joyous mirth,  
When we plant "Old Glory" on a foreign shore.

When Sammy's Nephews, land across the deep,  
They'll teach Wilhelm tricks ne'er taught in school.  
Make him grit and knash his teeth and weep,  
And curse himself for being such a fool.  
He'll rue the day he tackled Uncle Sam,  
For "Liberty" we stand united as of yore.  
We'll make him meek as Mary's little lamb,  
When we plant "Old Glory" on a foreign shore.

When we plant "Old Glory" on the Rhine,  
We'll have garlic sausages—'twixt two cuts of rye.  
And we will drink a bumper and a stein,  
When Wilhelm bids "Old Germany" good bye.  
To an insolated isle we will banish him,  
Where he will dwell in peace for evermore.  
We know his chance for "scrappin'" will be slim,  
When we plant "Old Glory" on a foreign shore.

So good bye old Kaiser, Ta-Ta to Germany,  
Both, once so grand in "Royalty" and power.  
This great, wide world no longer honors thee,  
You are but a faded, withered flower.  
You're but a blot on history's spotless page.  
Your present plight we deeply do deplore.  
We know you'll fume and cuss and rage,  
When we plant "Old Glory" on a foreign shore.