

We'll Never Let The Old Flag Fall



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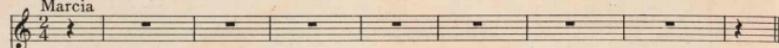
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INTRO.

Marcia

VOICE



PIANO



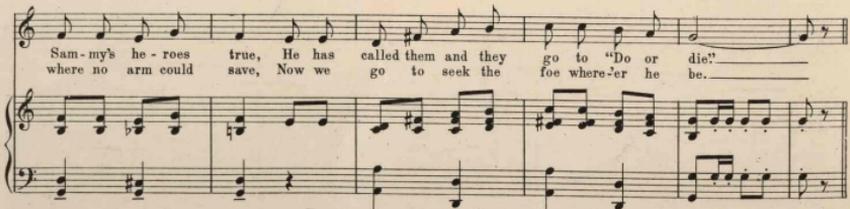
There is mus-ic in the air, You can hear it ev-'ry-where, Far and near "Old Glo-ry's"
Some folks ask us "Why we fight?" Won-der "If we're do-ing right!" Leav-ing home to fight a



wav-ing 'neath the sky. Boys in kha-ki, Boys in blue, Un-cle
foe a-cross the sea? Voic-es call us from the wave, Slaugh-tered



Sam-my's he-roes true, He has called them and they go to "Do or die"
where no arm could save, Now we go to seek the foe where'er he be.



CHORUS

Sons of Wash-ing-ton, — Breed of Lex-ing-ton, — Sons of Sires who died to

make men free. — Shall the ty-rants thrall, — Free men's souls ap-pall, — And de-

stroy our blood bought Lib-er-ty. — "In our God we trust;" — For our

cause is just, — As free men we will an-swer to the call. — For the

"Land of Brave and Free," Fight for home and lib-er-ty, And we'll nev-er let the Old Flag fall. —

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