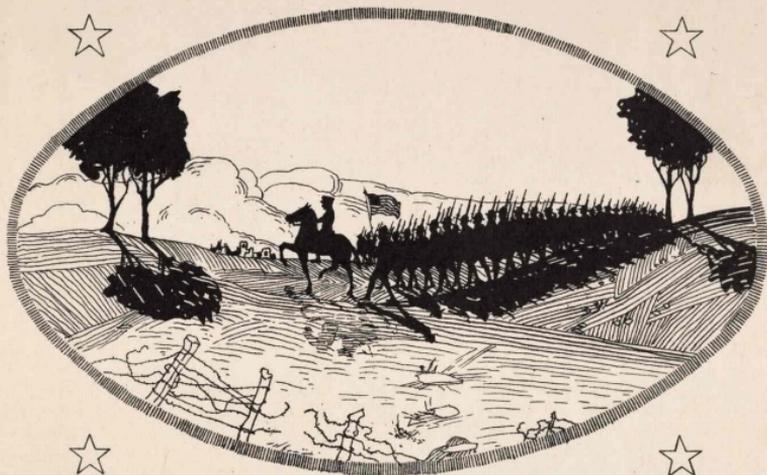


JAN -2 1919

# AMERICAN CRUSADERS



Words & Music  
by  
FRANCES BELOHLAVEK

FRANCES CLIFFORD MUSIC CO.  
INC.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

# AMERICAN CRUSADERS

INTRO.

Words and Music  
By FRANCES BELOHLAVEK

Moderato

*f* *rit e dim*

VOICE. Religioso

*mf*

The world was all in tur-moil, The fire of bat-tle raged;— The  
The bat-tle has sub-si-ded, The world is calm a - gain,—

"Song of Hate" was on men's lips, And "Right of Might" was praised.— The  
"Peace on Earth," Good-will 'tward Men, And "Might of Right" now reign.— A-

Song . . . . . 20 cts.  
Band or Orchestra . . . . . 25 cts.  
Male or Mixed Quartette . . . 10 cts.

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Kimball Hall, Chicago

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*marcato*

call of "Truth" was sound-ed By all the Al-lies bold. The  
mer-i-can Cru-sa-ders With their brave Al-lies bold. Have

*poco rit.*

call of "Truth" was heed-ed, This ty-rant to with-hold.  
raised on High the Standard, Like Cru-sa-ders of old. A -

*poco rit.*

**CHORUS Grandioso**

mer-i-can Cru-sa-ders, From Freedom's Land they came, The

*f-ff*

Love of God, was in their Hearts, They could not strive in

vain. They came, they saw, they con-quer'd, That

na-tions might be-free, A-mer-i-can Cru-

sa-ders, Brave Sons of Lib-er-ty. A-ty.

# THREE WONDERFUL SONGS

## TO YOU DEAR

Words by C. C. PERKINS

Music by EDMUND BRAHAM

At the song of the lark, when the new day is born, I wake to the call of you. When the  
In the cool of the eve, when the day turns to dusk, I re- pose in the thought of you. When the

pink rays of morn paint the blush of the rose, I kiss that rose for you.  
soft rays of light blend the shades of the night, I dream my Love of you.

*mp* *poco rit* *mf*

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## DREAMS

REFRAIN With Expression

Words and Music by AL SWEET

There are dreams in my mem - ry wov - en, And dreams of sweet ec - sta - cy. And  
then there are dreams, When the whole world it seems Holds nothing but sad-ness for me There are dreams of a fu - ture

*mp* *p*

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## WHEN YOUR PAL'S AWAY

Moderato

Words and Music by LEAVENWORTH MACNAB

Is - n't it queer when your pals a - way, How slow - some, some - how, drags the day And you feel so blue, You  
don't know why, And you can't be gay, No use to try; Is - n't it queer when your pals a - way, How

*mp* *rit* *mf*

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