

FEB -2 1920

"UNFOLD FREEDOM'S FLAG, LET IT STREAM TO THE SKY".

V. H. Hoffman.

Jean Navarre.

A-rouse, sons of free-dom, and gird on the sword, And
stand in your strength 'gainst the Bol-she-vist hords; They have
sworn to un-do all our sires have done, A-against their foul work stand
united as one. (CHORUS) Un-fold free-dom's flag, let it stream to the
sky, Be-
neath it's bright stars we'll up-hold it or die: It is
Lib-erty's flag that our fore-fathers gave To us,
us, and for- ev-er and aye it shall wave.

(2)
Let our war cry go forth, let it ring o'er the earth,
Let it ring through the land of the soviet birth;
And ring in fierce echoes to far Hindustan,
The death knell of all of the soviet clan.

(3)
Our sires and our sons have fallen for us,
To give us the freedom we hold as a trust;
To hand to our children, they to theirs again,
It shall not be said they have fallen in vain.

(4)
They stood in war's tempest 'gainst tyranny's thrall,
And gave to their children their lives and their all;
We their sons hold their gift on land and on sea,
We are sons of Columbia, the land of the free.

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