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SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM
THE BUGLES ARE CALLING

Song

BY

ROBERT B. PIKE

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SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM
The Bugles Are Calling

Allegro Moderato

Sol - diers of Free - dom, the bug - les are call - ing,
Sol - diers of Free - dom, tho' ruth - less the foe - man,

Proud - ly "Old Glo - ry" is wav - ing on high, Bless - ings we give you while
Drunk with the blood lust while Mar's thunders roll, Smite with the sword that has

tear - drops are fall - ing, Hope fills our hearts tho' our lips say "Good-bye."
yield - ed to no man, On - ward, press on - ward, tho' death seem the goal.

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Go then ye cho - sen brave, Yours is the world to save,
Let not your faith grow dim, Hurl back the leg - ions grim,

Spring - ing to arms at hu - man - i - ty's call; On to the fi - ery dance,
Strike for your free land a - cross the wild foam, And when your work is done,

There on the fields of France, God guard and keep you, we pray, one and all.
Viet - 'ry at last be won, Loy - al and true hearts will greet you at home.

Sol - diers of Free - dom, March - ing to

glo - ry, Far from the land of your

love and your birth; Soon will our

hearts ex - ult in your sto - ry, Bla - zoned in

deeds— that re - sound thro' the earth. earth.

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