

APR 22 1918

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Hail! Old Glory.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY

RANSOM JUDD POWELL

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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OLD GLORY.

1. Hark the song! Like a mighty wave it surges on.
'Tis the song of the brave hearts, and true.
Let us join in the chorus as it rolls along;
To our country let us pay our homage due!
Let us sing of our faith in splendid victory;
Of the flag that we all love to see.
Let us hail Old Glory!
'Tis the flag of the brave and free.

Chorus:

Then hail Old Glory!
Far it waves o'er the land and the sea.
Hail our Grand Old Glory!
'Tis the flag of the brave and free.

2. Loving peace, hating war, we dwelt in amity;
Honest judgment and faith was our guide;
When the Teuton, with merciless barbarity,
Shocked the world, and flung his challenge far and wide.
Not content to demoralize humanity,
To destroy all the progress of time,
He would stain Old Glory,
Starry banner,—the flag sublime!
3. Slow to wrath, we had hoped the storm might pass away,
That the war-maddened monarch would pause,
E'er he trampled on ev'ry right, and forced the day
When with others we must join the common cause.
But he broke every promise, and with infamy
Stamped us craven, and slavish and base,
And declared Old Glory
Sailed the sea only by his grace.
4. Then Columbia awoke, and from the hill and plain
Sprang the millions to answer her cry;
Quick to strike down the savage, and avenge the stain
Cast upon her by his insult, or to die.
For the flag that we love was never known to bend,
Nor before any monarch to bow,
And our proud Old Glory,
Shall not trail under insult now!
5. Now the roar of production heard throughout the land,
And the clang and the tramp of our men,
Tells the world that as freemen we united stand;
That the Eagle of the West is roused again!
And our sword ne'er was drawn except in honest cause,
For our motto is "Justice to All!"
And we'll pledge Old Glory,
Not to halt till the foemen fall.
6. We are proud of our Allies—sturdy fighting men,
Sons of France, and from Italy's shore,
Happy day that with England we are friends again,—
That as comrades we go forth forevermore.
But if Fate holds in store some awful destiny,
Failed our Allies, their strength weaker grown,
We'll salute Old Glory
And go "over the top" alone!
7. When the foemen who sought with pride to rule the world
Have been crushed, and their mad purpose stayed;
When the base crew that 'round the earth their challenge hurled
Have been punished, and their ravages repaid;
When the great war is done, and shouts of victory
Thrill the air through the wide ether dome,
We'll embrace Old Glory,
As our brave boys come marching home.
8. At the shrine of the fallen we uncovered bow,
'Neath the flag they have hallowed again;
Firm resolved that the cause be not forgotten now;
That our sons and men shall not have died in vain.
They were heroes, and freely made the sacrifice;
Proud the nation whose sons are so true!
Homage from Old Glory
To our boys is forever due.

HAIL! OLD GLORY

Words and Music by
RANSOM JUDD POWELL.

Tempo di Marcia.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *ff* (fortissimo).

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due! — Let us sing of our faith in splen - did
wide. — Not con - tent to de - mor - a - lize hu -

vic - to - ry; Of the flag that we all love to see. Let us
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hail Old Glo - ry! 'Tis the flag of the brave and free.
stain Old Glo - ry, Star - ry ban - ner, - the flag sub - lime!

Chorus.

Then hail Old Glo - ry! Far it waves o'er the land and the

ff

sea. Hail our Grand Old Glo - ry! 'Tis the

mf

flag of the brave and free.

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1. Last time.
2. Lov - ing

mf

Hail! Old Glory 3

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