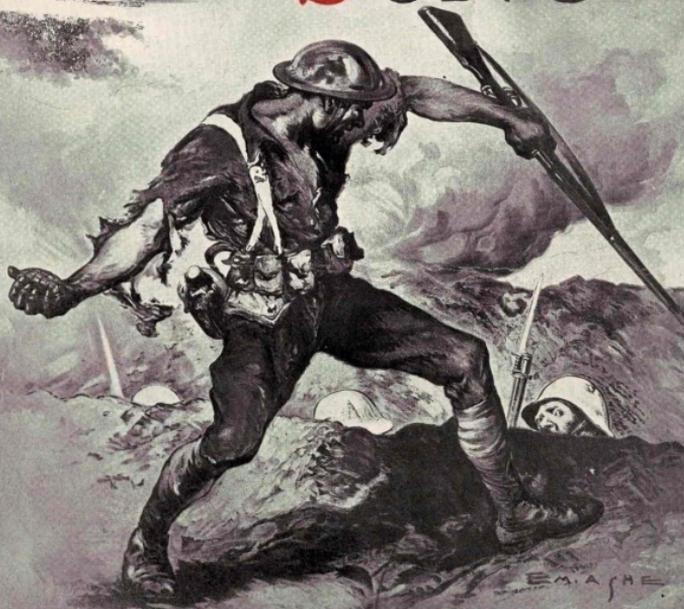


OCT 20 1919

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WABASH WAR SONG



By Carroll Ragan

Wabash War Song

Words and Music by
CARROLL RAGAN, Ex '01

INTRO.

When the
Through the

crash of bat-tle sound-ed from a - cross the might-y deep, There were
fire and gas and shells they fought un - til the tide had turned, And the

hearts and hands that ea-ger-ly re - plied, Ev-ry man who lov'd the scar-let felt the
sul - len foe had lost his win-ning chance, He had plundered, he had mur-dered, he had

blood with-in him leap, for the spir - it of our fa - thers had not died. Through the
rav - ished he had burn-ed - he was reek-ing with the blood of black-ened France. But at

shad - ows of the past we could hear the bu - gle blast, We could
last he was at bay our ad - vance he could not stay, With the

see the stal-wart fig-ures clad in blue. 'Twas the call from sire to son. 'Here's a
Tom-my and the Poi-lu we broke through. Came a cheer that rent the sky from the

CHORUS

fight that must be won, So come on lads its up to you!' On the
Marne to far Shang-hai, Free-dom's torch blazed forth a - new.

fields of France from bat-tered Flan-ders down to grey Ver - dun The sons of

Wa- bash gave their youth and hap py strength, to blot out the hat- ed Hun. We re-

vere their names, — We mourn the brave ones sleep- ing ov- er there. — Dear Al- ma

Ma- ter, watch and guard them through the years, May their mem'- ry be ev- er fair.

Quartette

1st Tenor.
2nd Tenor.
1st Bass.
(Melody)
2nd Bass.

On the fields of France ——— from bat-tered Flan- ders down to grey Ver-
the fields of France

dun — The sons of Wa-bash gave their youth and hap-py strength to blot out the hat-ed

Hun, — We re-vere their names — We mourn the brave ones sleeping ov-er

re-vere their names

ov-er there

there — Dear Al-ma Ma-ter watch and guard them thro' the years, May their mem'-ry be ev-er fair.

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