

THE U. S. VOLUNTEER

Dedicated to the Army and Navy of the U. S. A.

Who bear our emblem of the Free to foreign lands beyond the sea,
And give their lives for liberty,
Fond hopes and aspirations true, for our old flag, Red, White and Blue;
War Eagles with the sword and gun, they smite the dastard despot Hun.



America's War Heart Song
WORLD WAR EDITION

Written, Copyrighted and Published by
WILSON ROSS WINANS

At Hood River, Oregon, U. S. A., 1918

MUSIC BY ALEX F. REILLY

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD—In writing "The U. S. Volunteer" the author has endeavored to produce a war heart song for the United States of America, combining sense with sentiment and rhyme with reason, hoping that it may find a kind welcome in every American heart, at home and "over there," with all who are fighting against despotism, for peace and liberty for the world and native land. We have tried to make it an abstract history of the mightiest conflict of ages, and have tried to put a significant meaning into every line and verse, so that it may never die, but live forever in the hearts of our defenders, our Allies, and our homes.

With "Faith, Hope and Charity for all," for world-wide Peace and Liberty.—WILSON ROSS WINANS.

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THE U. S. VOLUNTEER

Words—WILSON ROSS WINANS

Music—ALEX F. REILLY

To Arms!

8va

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'To Arms!'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note F4, and then a quarter note E4. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a double bar line.

A might-y con-flict rag-es in a fet-ter'd for-eign land, The might-i-est of
Then good-bye, tho' tears are start-ing, we see our du-ty clear; Re-liev-ing pain of

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano range, starting on a half note G4. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

a-ges, men are fight-ing hand to hand; They're call-ing for the U. S. A. to
part-ing for the U. S. Vol-un-teer, Know-ing he fights for lib-er-ty, for

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment maintains the same harmonic structure.

quell the com-mon foe; They're call-ing us to join the fray, say, broth-ers, will you go? There's a
world and na-tive land, And for our flag that keeps us free, a re-u-ni-ted band. Yes, good

The third system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a phrase with a rising inflection. The piano accompaniment features some chordal changes.

migh-ty call for jus-tice and for mer-cy full and free, To God, in whom our trust is, and our
bye to dear old moth-ers, and fa-thers by the gate; Good-bye to sis-ters, broth-ers, and

The final system of the song concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a final note on G4. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

land of li - ber - ty. To turn the tide of bat - tle and make a world-wide peace, That
 prom - is - 'd ones who wait; Good - bye to wives and chil - dren, God keep and cher - ish you; Put all

Chorus

Ger - man kul - tur prat - tle for ev - er - more shall cease. They are call - ing, call - ing,
 your hope and trust in Him, and our flag, Red, White and Blue.

call - ing, are call - ing me and you ——— To the bat - tle fields ap - pall - ing, and our

flag, Red, White and Blue. ——— They are call - ing, call - ing, call - ing, are call - ing

you and me, ——— To the war where men are fall - ing for our flag and li - ber - ty. ———

The U. S. Volunteer

A mighty conflict rages in a fettered foreign land,
The mightiest of the ages, men are fighting hand to hand.
They're calling for the U. S. A. to quell the common foe,
They're calling us to join the fray, say, brothers, will you go?
There's a mighty call for justice and for mercy, full and free,
To God, in whom our trust is, and our land of liberty.
To turn the tide of battle and make a world-wide peace,
That German "kultur" prattle forevermore shall cease.

Chorus:—They are calling, calling, calling, are calling me and you
To the battle fields appalling, and our flag, Red, White and Blue.
They are calling, calling, calling, are calling you and me
To the war where men are falling for our flag and Liberty.

Then good-bye, though tears are starting, we see our duty clear;
Relieving pain of parting for the U. S. Volunteer,
Knowing he fights for liberty, for world and native land,
And for our flag that keeps us free, a reunited band.
Yes, good-bye to dear old mothers, and fathers by the gate;
Good-bye to sisters, brothers, and promised ones who wait;
Good-bye to wives and children, God keep and cherish you;
Put all your hope and trust in Him, and our flag, Red, White and Blue.

Our Armies and our Navies go forth at war's alarms,
Volunteering from our cities, our forests and our farms.
Our Red Cross and Y. M. C. A., with hands and hearts divine,
First aid those stricken in the fray upon the firing line.
Our meek Salvation Army, ever loyal, tried and true,
On every bloody battlefield with our flag, Red, White and Blue
Kind help and sympathy for all, and interceding prayer,
Upon the final bugle call for our heroes "over there."

Cruel war was made in Germany, iniquity and sin;
Our Allies all in harmony came marching on Berlin.
We slew the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, one and all,
And showed their despot Kaiser "the handwriting on the wall."
We sailed the mad Atlantic and drove the Huns from France,
And drove the Germans frantic with America's war dance.
We joined the hosts from England and from France and Italy;
We won the fight because 'twas right, for peace and liberty.

Wreath in smiles thy saddened faces, ye faithful ones at home,
Nor reveal those telltale traces of unbidden tears that come,
Lest sad hearts reveal a story of a longing hard to bear,
For the brave who bear "Old Glory" on to victory "over there."
When this cruel war is over our victors will return,
Full many a trusted lover, to where love's fires still burn;
Full many conquering heroes, to wives and children come,
Full many brothers will return to "Home, Sweet Home."

WAGMAN

HOOD RIVER, OREGON, OVER THE TOP

There's a song of the conflict that rages afar,
America's heart song, the song of the war;
And here's to the men who stood by our guns
That the whole world might sing it and vanquish the Huns.
Heart song of our nation, for Liberty true,
That bears to Creation our Red, White and Blue,
May it ring out in battle, nor falter nor stop,
While Hood River, Oregon, goes over the top.

Dedicated to the editors, publishers and other kind friends for their
substantial support and approval of The U. S. Volunteer.
By the author, Wilson Ross Wagman, Hood River, Oregon, U. S. A.