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AMERICA
MY HOME

BLESS'D
HOME

* ANTHEM *

By

H. D. SHAIFFER

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AMERICA, MY HOME, BLESS'D HOME.

H. D. SHAIFFER.

CLARENCE KOHLMANN.

Maestoso con Brío.

1. Our Freedom was born on the Fourth of Ju-ly, Oh! God bless our na-tion it nev- er shall die; We're
 2. Our Fathers were martyrs and fearless they died For Lib- er-ty, fighting the foe side by side, At
 3. When war is no more, no dread cannons will roar, In ma- jes-ty Freedom will reign ev- er-more, The

mf
melodia ben marcato.

proud of our Flag and will stand by it true, With its stripes red and white, and its white stars in blue, As it
 Mon-mouth and Yorktown, on Bun-ker Hill soil, And tho' wea- ry for rest and much weak-end by toil, While the
 world will then have one great Lib- er-ty Bell, And its ech- oes re-sound o'er the sea, hill and dell, For the

rit.

rit.

waves in the air it seems to de-clare: The Lord gives His blessings to us ev-ry-where, At the
 can- nons did blare, shells flew thro' the air, They plant-ed our Flag on the land ev-ry-where, And the
 whole world one Flag shall then be un-fur'd And on it this mot-to "Peace to all the world" We'll re-

à tempo.

rit.

cradle of freedom our banner had birth, And has waiv'd ever since o'er the best home on earth.
 people sang praises in sadness and mirth, At our Flag waving free o'er the best home on earth.
 joy at the tidings, All hail a new birth, For their freedom forever like the best home on earth.

rit.

CHORUS.

A - mer - i - ca, my home, bless'd home, You are my prince - ly - hearth, I'll

f cresc.

rit.

sing thy praise wher - e'er I roam, In sad - ness or in mirth, The

con forza.

rit.

rad - lant light of Lib - er - ty Blazed at your no - ble birth, The

cresc.

dear - est land in all the world, The best, best home on earth.

cresc.

molto rit. con forza.

(TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO)
FRANCE IS CALLING.

H. D. SHAIFFER.

CLARENCE KOHLMANN.

Tempo di Marcia Con Brio.

mf

These are the days that the Kals-er gives us pain,
Soon is the day when the Kals-er will have pain,
Soon is the day, just you wait a lit-tle while,

cresc.

WHEN OUR BOYS ARRIVE IN FRANCE

Words by H. D. SHAIFFER.

Music by CLARENCE KOHLMANN.

Tempo di Marcia con Fuoco.

mf

Il Basso sempre staccato.

- 1 We have all been call'd to arms, To a war without its charms, And we'll help the noble sons of sun-ny France. We shall
- 2 When our boys arrive in France They will make the Teutons dance, And re-pay the debt of grat-i-tude we owe, Just as
- 3 We shall chase the submarines Without fleet by ev'-ry means, And will rout them from the ocean ev-er-more. We shall
- 4 All the world feels very sad That the Kals-er is so bad, And he wants to rule the world in kul-tur style, Ev'-ry
- 5 When we start to put on speed, Then old Hindenberg will head, For we'll show him that he hasn't an-y chance. The gray-

p