



THE BOYS OF
U. S. A.

Words by
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Music by
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To every American Soldier who crosses
the Atlantic is this song dedicated.



PRICE 25^{CTS}



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THOS. R. SWEATMON.

Expressivo.

1. On the Fifth the boys were leav - ing, While their dear friends all were griev - ing,
 2. When our bat - tle - ships are cruis - ing, And the Ger - man boats are snooz - ing,
 3. When our big air - crafts are fly - ing, And the Ger - man sol - diers dy - ing,
 4. Ev - 'ry ship will then be sail - ing, And the Ger - mans will be sil - ing,

They will sail a - cross the blue and bri - ny Main; When they reach the shores of France,
 Then will pluck - y sub - ma - rines dive, Then the French will make a rush,
 They will find a - mer - i - cans are not a - fraid; If they sail high in the air
 Then poor blood - y, bleed - ing Bel - gum shall go free, it may take us man - y days,

And they make the big ad - vance, We may nev - er see their fac - es smile a - gain;
 And the Brit - ish charge and crush, And our no - ble boys will lead the dead - ly drive;
 They will find our sol - diers there, Mak - ing war up - on them in a dead - ly raid;
 But "Old Gilo - ry" gets the praise, We will clear their sub - ma - rines from ev - 'ry sea,

If they suf - fer, bleed and die, While on bat - tle fields they lie, We will
 When our might - y can - nons flash, And our cav - al - ry shall dash, Then
 When we reach the Ger - man shore, Ger - man forts will be no more, For
 We shall nev - er face de - feat For we nev - er know re - treat, Ev - 'ry

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THE BOYS OF THE U. S. A. Concluded.

pray the Lord their pre - cious souls to save; If they die by steal or lead
in - fant - ry shall bus - fle from the rear; They will take them town by town;
gun - ners on the Tex - as nev - er fail; Kais - er "Bill" will lose His crown;
sol - dier in the trench - es will be true; They will stand there day and night,

And they bring them to us dead, We will plant a weep - ing wil - low on their grave.
Put - ing pris - si - an - ism down, Giv - ing free - dom to the peo - ple ev - 'ry - where.
When we tear his stan - dard down, He and his fight - ing men will hit the trail.
Fac - ing death and mak - ing fight, Win - ning vic - to - ry in Red and White and blue.

CHORUS.

There'll be some one wait - ing for me, There'll be some one wait - ing for me,

There'll be some - one griev - ing at home for me; There'll be some one long - ing for me,

While I'm fight - ing a - cross the sea, There'll be some one pray - ing at home for me.

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