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MAR 10 1919

Sons of Liberty

Dedicated to my brother,
Capt. Wm. C. Groom, 129th Infantry, U.S.A.

Words and music by
Frances Groom Teichman

Voice

Piano

f

mf

Skies were fair, O-ver there, Beau-ty
Bel-gium's tears, Eng-land's cheers, Fell on

er-ry where Glad-dened hearts of young and old,
Yank-ee ears, Mak-ing friend-ships that can-not die,

While a mur-der-ous horde, Claim-ing right of the Lord, Planned to
While in for-est and trench, Side by side with the French, Brave-ly,

ear-ish the world as ne'er be-fore was told. U. S. A., Far a-way, Heard the fear-ful fray, Heard their bro-thers, dy-ing,
cheer-ful-ly fought and with them hon-ored lie. They can fight When they're right, And a wond-rous sight Is the Yank-ee "watch on the

call,
Rhine." -

Sons of Lib-er-ty true, Kha-ki clad, crossed the blue, Their bit to do gave all!
Ger-man plans went a-wry, In the month of Ju-ly, With swift and sure de-cline.

M1646
.T

Refrain-

P- first verse

And the kha-ki boys to-day are ly-ing In the fields where silk-en pop-pies grow, While, a-

F- 2nd verse

And the kha-ki boys to-day are march-ing, Ech-oes roll be-yond the bal-tles' din, From the

bove, the flag they loved is fly-ing, Greet-ing com-rades as they on-ward go. In a

dome of heaven a-bove them arch-ing, To the proud-est street of old Ber-lin. With a

for-eign land their lives they of-fered That the land of home might be kept free, On the

cour-age fine and faith un-daunt-ed, They have "car-ried on" to vic-to-ry, Hear the

roll of fame We will place each name- Sons of Lib-er-ty! ty!

whole world cheer These we love so dear- Sons of Lib-er-ty!

1st verse. 2nd verse

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