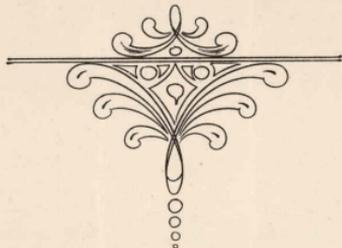


Dedicated to the "Red-Blooded" Volunteers who will crown our
"Old Glory" with new and imperishable honours on European soil this
twenty fifth day of July Nineteen hundred and Seventeen

By the Author Salvatore Terranova

THE VOLUNTEERS



Words by

SALVATORE TERRANOVA

Music by

SALVATORE TERRANOVA



Published by
Salvatore Terranova
EVELETH, MINN.

THE VOLUNTEERS

We are the Volunteers
Of Uncle Sam's own race,
The Sons of Freedom, peers
Of democratic grace. Chorus

We come, we come so powerful,
So mighty, strong and brave,
So true, so loyal and faithful,
Defying death and grave:
We'll never suffer wrong,
But smite it to the grave. *Chorus*

Behold our . . . Spangled Banner,
Our Flag with glory adorn',
Each Stripe bespeaks the Winner,
Each Star the vict'ries won. Chorus

Our arms are girt with might,
Our face with light divine,
We live, we stand for Right,
We'd die before decline. Chorus

We fight, we'll free the Nations
From all accursed wars,
From tears and tribulations,
From such as Prussians hor'rs Chorus

We claim no crown of glory
No laurels 'f victory
The Battle is God's, our glory,
To triumph has Liberty!

Salvatore Terranova

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Tempo di Marcia

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "We've heard thy cry - ing call ing O war sore-strick-en France; We come a-cross, re - joic - ing, To help to save thee once. CHORUS We come, we come so power-ful, So might - y, strong and brave, So true, so loyal and faith-ful, De - fy - ing death and grave: We'll nev - er suf - fer wrong, But smite it to the grave." The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *crescendo*, and a repeat sign at the end of the final system.

We've heard thy cry - ing call ing O war sore-strick-en France;

We come a-cross, re - joic - ing, To help to save thee once.

CHORUS

We come, we come so power-ful, So might - y, strong and brave,

crescendo

So true, so loyal and faith-ful, De - fy - ing death and grave:

ff

We'll nev - er suf - fer wrong, But smite it to the grave.

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