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SONS OF AMERICA ARISE IN YOUR MIGHT

PATRIOTIC SONG

Lyric By
Isabel Nicholson
Music By
George Lowell Tracy

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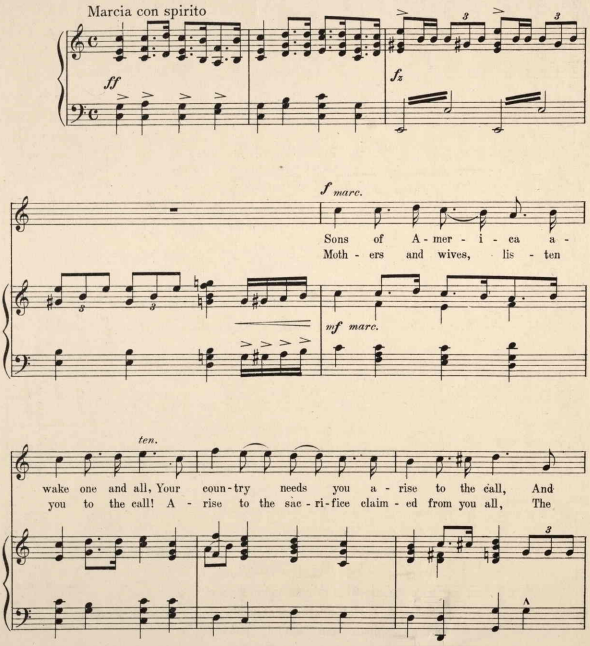

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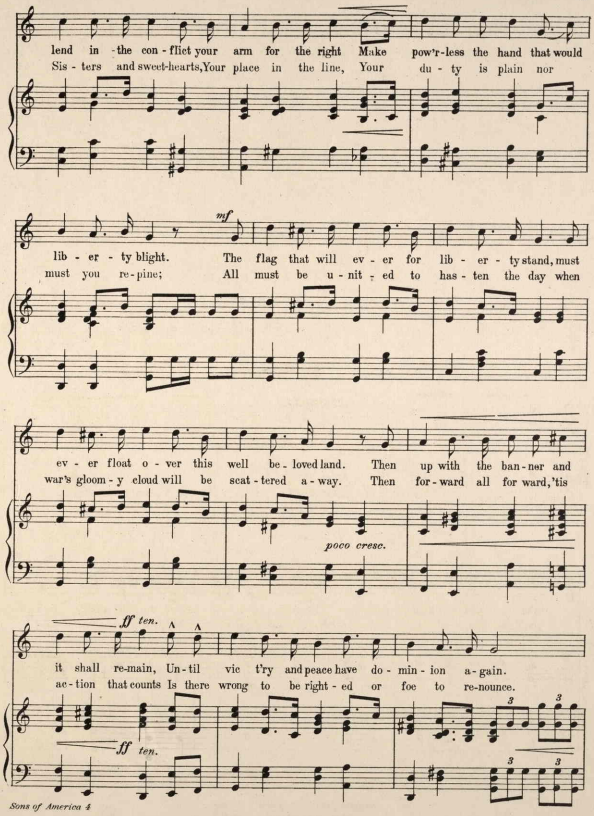
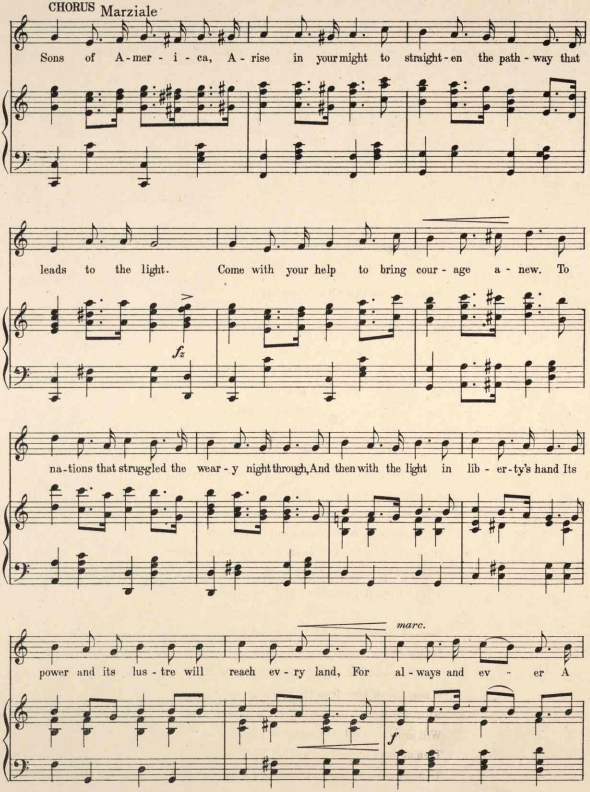
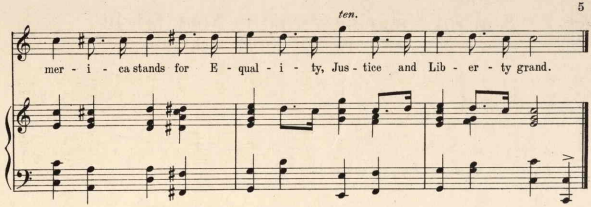

lend in the con - flict your arm for the right Make pow'r-less the hand that would
Sis - ters and sweet-hearts, Your place in the line, Your du - ty is plain nor
mf
lib - er - ty blight. The flag that will ev - er for lib - er - ty stand, must
must you re-pine; All must be u - nit - ed to has - ten the day when
ev - er float o - ver this well be - loved land. Then up with the ban - ner and
war's gloom - y cloud will be scat - tered a - way. Then for - ward all for ward, 'tis
poco cresc.
ff ten.
it shall re-main, Un - til vic t'ry and peace have do - min - ion a - gain.
ac - tion that counts Is there wrong to be right - ed or foe to re-nounce.
ff ten.

CHORUS Marziale





Sons of America, hear all you the call!
From over the water, 'tis liberty calls
You who are kindred in blood and in brain;
You who for justice each hold equal claim;
Read you the warning in Belgium's sad plight;
Hearts must be weary and sick at the sight;
The sacred word Home is now but a jest
Does it happen to stand in the way of conquest.

Away o'er the ocean the struggle's been keen;
Sometimes it would seem that might were supreme;
But right girds the arm, fills the breast with a zeal,
That no unjust nation or soldier can feel,
Else how could the nations awakened so late,
Have withstood the vast horde with onslaught of hate;
And over the ocean a tribute to all,
Who for the flag they love best were content to fall.

Sons of America, strike help to set free,
Men who bow blindly to lordly decree;
And then when the demon of lust has been slain
A new nation born from the wreckage again,
When the vision has changed and in place of hate
Will arise over all a love just as great,
Then up with the banner and let it proclaim,
That America strikes in humanity's name.