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THE TRIUMPH OF "OLD GLORY"

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DEDICATED
TO
AMERICAN
RED
CROSS
BENEFIT
BY
THE AUTHOR,
J.E. WELLS



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270 x 6

THE TRIUMPH OF OLD GLORY.

By J. E. WELLS.

Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

The Pre - si - dent has said, 'Tis time, To fight or else sub -
In fond em - brace we clasped our loved ones, And kissed them all fare -

The first system of the song shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'The Pre - si - dent has said, 'Tis time, To fight or else sub - In fond em - brace we clasped our loved ones, And kissed them all fare -'

mit' well, We've but one choice, and we have made it, We'll
well, We go to scourge the foes of free - dom, The

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'mit' well, We've but one choice, and we have made it, We'll well, We go to scourge the foes of free - dom, The'

show Huns how we can hit. They've sunk our ships, mur -
friends re - leased out of hell. Our moth - ers dear, our

The third system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'show Huns how we can hit. They've sunk our ships, mur - friends re - leased out of hell. Our moth - ers dear, our'

dered our kin - Tor - pe - does still they're hur - lin' A - gainst our
sis - ters, too, Our sweet - heart true in sto - ry We go to

The fourth system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'dered our kin - Tor - pe - does still they're hur - lin' A - gainst our sis - ters, too, Our sweet - heart true in sto - ry We go to'

wish they drew us in, And we will go on to Ber - - lin:
prove our love for you, And loy - al - ty to "Old Glo - - ry!"

Chorus. (*Moderato March Tempo.*)

A - way to hell with the Teu-ton foe, And all or

an - y oth - ers, Right o'er the top we'll proud - ly go -

De - fend - ing our homes and moth - ers. A moth - ers.

America! we love our country
Our dear old U. S. A.
Free institutions, old traditions,
Shall never perish away.
When war has ceased, when victory comes,
With peace to a world so weary
We'll march back home to loved ones waiting
For the triumph of "Old Glory!"

