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Title

"When We Heard the Call to Arms"

Dedicated to our ^{new} President -
Woodrow Wilson.

1918.

Words and Music by

Glennie de Say Wightman

all Moderato

"When we heard the call to Arms"

When we
When the

heard the call to arms in our throats and the King's shof is full we could not dare then
- battle grows distant on these and the shall no longer bowing through the air And

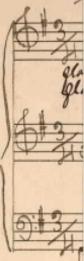
our feet cheer in his with drums of war are still bang the drums in his feet your British widely that to end the things the near
the drums of war are still bang the drums are hushed for your valour and this shall be an echo of our d

know
dare
the valor of our men is our shield meet the great British glory to rest
than London King as the sea boys will sail and weather the day with land all hail our
clear

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Band



"WHEN WE HEARD THE CALL TO ARMS"

When we heard the call to arms for ever there,
 And to fight, the Kaiser said we wouldn't dare,
 Then our President in his wrath,
 Flung defiance in his path,
 And our Pershing sailed the "blue"
 To teach them things they never knew,
 The valor of our manhood is our shield and trust,
 This great Republic's pledge is always "TO BE JUST",
 And our flag so nobly is waving,
 O'er the lands our heroes are saving:
 Saving from crime,
 For thine and for mine,
 And peace, sweet peace.
 And the band still playing those dear old strains----

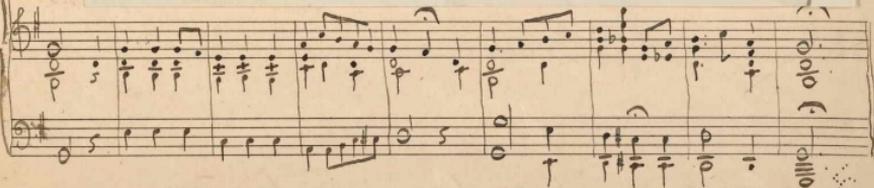
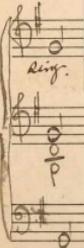
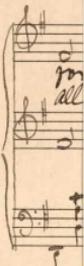
SECOND VERSE.

When the battle front's deserted, over there
 And the shell's no longer bursting through the air,
 And the drums of war are still,
 And the Huns have had their fill
 Of our Yankees and their skill
 Of our bullets and our dare,
 Then homeward bound, across the seas, our boys will sail
 And marching over the land, to the band "All Hail"
 Our flag so gallantly streaming,
 Our countrymen'll gladly be teeming,
 To welcome the boys,
 Shouting their joy,
 Ships ahoy, ships ahoy,
 And the band still playing those dear old strains----

"My country 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty
 Of thee we sing."

"The star spangled banner, in triumph still waves,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

END



Tempo di Valze

day is happy is warm for the land our hearts are coming
glad as gullies (streaming our language) all gladly be listening
singing from crime
to welcome the boys



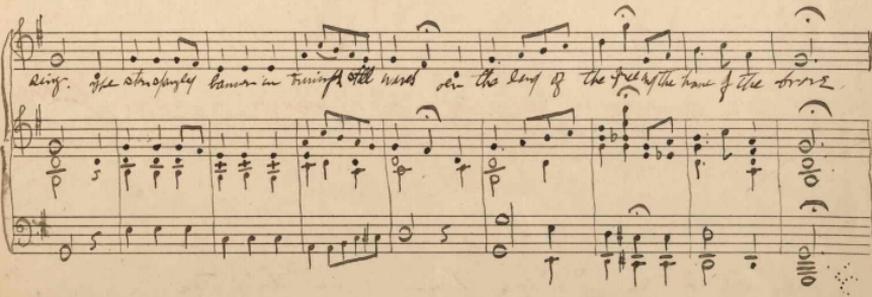
you're chiming for mine and peace
all shouting their joy - shine show! sweet peace
shine show! my the boy still

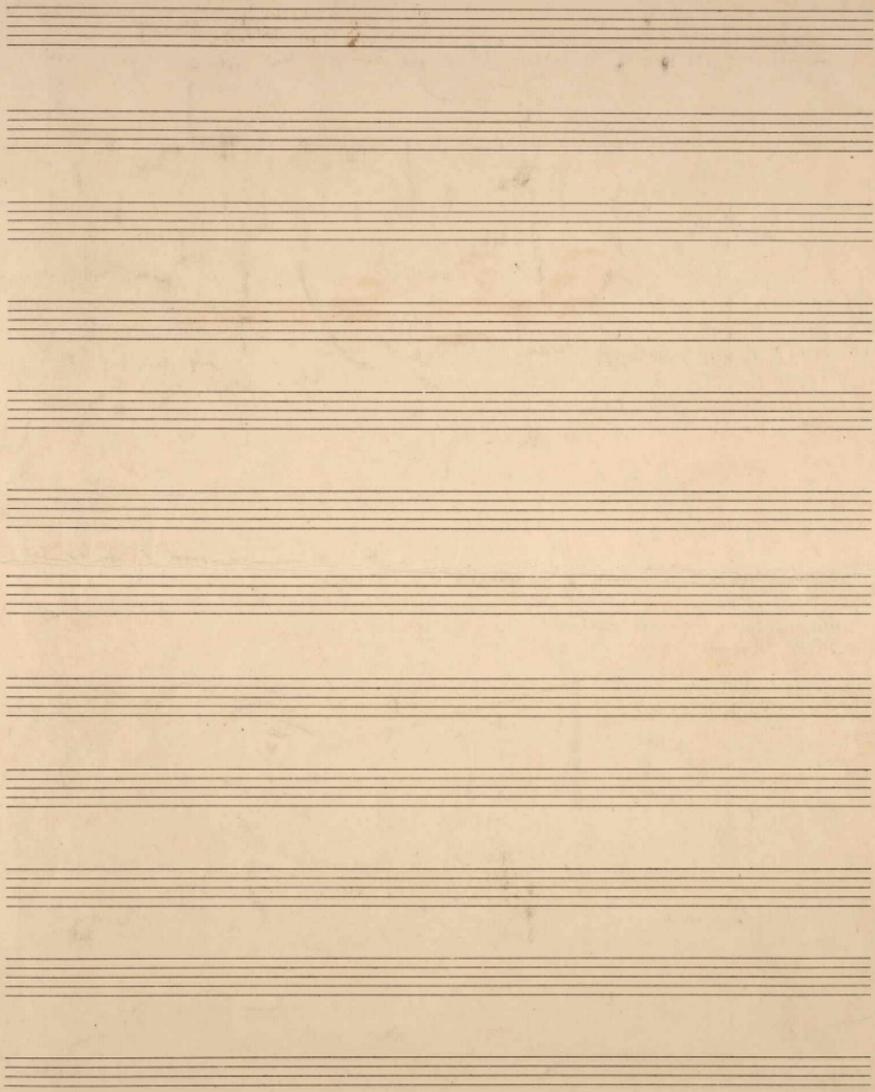


playing those dear old strains by country
his of the, with of liberty, of the



sing. we strongly believe in tonight and next
in the day of the full the hour of the hour





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