



America's Answer

PATRIOTIC SONG



DEDICATED TO
WOODROW WILSON

Words by

Thomas J. Monagan

Music by

Kunles Williams

PUBLISHED BY

Thomas J. Monagan

341 Riverside Place

Milwaukee

M1646
78

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AMERICA'S ANSWER.

Words by
THOMAS JEFFERSON MONAGAN.

Music by
KUNLES WILLIAMS.

1. Woodrow Wilson called the challenge of the War Lord o'er the sea, And he
2. We are coming, Woodrow Wilson, from the mountain and the plain, From the
4. We are com-ing, Woodrow Wil-son, with-out bit-ter-ness or hate, We are

Marziale.

calls his sons to bat-tle In de-fense of lib-er-ty; And we
isle of fair Ha-wai-i, To the rock-bound coast of Maine; From the
march-ing, march-ing, march-ing, To de-fend our ship of state; You have

an-swer Wood-row Wil-son with a cheer and heart-felt song, We are
gold-fields of A-las-ka, to the flow-ing Ri-o Grande, We are
stood the taunts of trai-tors, you have prayed to see the light, And we

com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, Twelve hun-dred thou-sand strong,
wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, For our chief-tain to com-mand,
feel your prayers are an-swered: God sus-tain you in the right.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'Marziale' section with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with some words appearing in multiple lines of music.

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CHORUS.

cres.

Now the Star-Spangled Ban-ner with hon - or shall wave, And our souls are entwined in its

cres.

f

fol- ds; May its stars light the gloom for the weak and oppressed For a- ges and a- ges un- told.

rit.

rit.

AMERICA'S ANSWER

1. Woodrow Wilson called the challenge
Of the War Lord o'er the sea,
And he calls his sons to battle,
In defense of Liberty.
And we answer, Woodrow Wilson,
With a cheer and heartfelt song,
We are coming, coming, coming,
Twelve Hundred Thousand strong.
2. We are coming, Woodrow Wilson,
From the mountain and the plain,
From the Isle of fair Hawaii,
To the rock-bound coast of Maine,
From the gold fields of Alaska,
To the flowing Rio Grande;
We are waiting, waiting, waiting,
For our Chieftain to command.
3. We are coming, Woodrow Wilson,
With our love, our souls, our might,
We are marching, marching, marching,
To defend the cause of right.
You have drawn the sword for freedom,
And to force him to atone,
Who has dyed the waves with crimson,
To support his tottering throne.
4. We are coming, Woodrow Wilson,
Without bitterness or hate,
We are marching, marching, marching,
To defend our ship of state.
You have stood the taunts of traitors,
You have prayed to see the light,
And we feel your prayers are answered;
God sustain you in the right.
5. Now the French and Belgian children,
Those of them still left to pray,
Orphaned by the blood-drunk War Lord,
Kneel beside their cot and say:
"May God bless you, Woodrow Wilson,
You have wiped away our tears."
And their prayers ring out appealing,
Down the ages, 'mong the spheres.
6. Why, O God, should peaceful Poland
Suffer such a cruel fate,
Tortured, starving, bleeding, dying,
To appease the Prussian hate?
When the dripping blade is broken,
And when men and seas are free,
Humanity will cheer and bless
Your stand for Liberty.
7. And when the waves cast up their dead,
The world will blush with shame,
For helpless babes and mothers
Who wantonly were slain
By those cowardly assassins,
The pirates of the main,
Vassals of the Kaiser,
Who aspires to World's domain.

CHORUS:

Now the Star-Spangled Banner with honor
shall wave,
And our souls are entwined in its folds,
May its stars light the gloom for the weak and
oppressed,
For ages and ages untold.

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