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"HURRAH FOR OLD GLORY!"

(SONG)

POEM & COPYRIGHT BY CORA MERRILL LADD, R.F.D. 1 SEABROOK, N.H.

MUSIC BY

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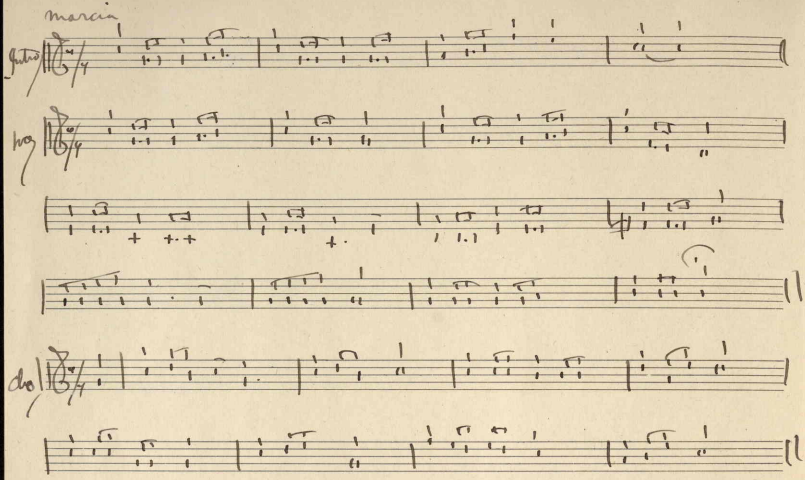

"Hurrah For Old Glory!" By Cora Merrill Ladd.

1

Hark! tis the nation--tis calling to arms!
To ev'ry city, and village and farm;
Husbands and swethearts so sturdy and brave;
Join one vast army our country to save;
Ne'er shall our flag--that dear Red, White, and Blue
Trail in the dust if we stand firm and true.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for Old Glory; ne'er let it fall;
Soon may its colors bright float over all;
Soldiers for Uncle Sam, now let us be--
Till o'er our native land, rings liberty!

2

Far o'er the ocean, there's hearts filled with woe;
Plead for deliverance from angry foes;
Swiftly we hasten, all heeding th call:
Our own dear nation--it never must fall;
Trusting in God we the vict'ry shall bring;
Sweet land of liberty--ever to sing.

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