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Something Worse than War

Words and Music by

Harry Shaw Church

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M1646
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Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.

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To Yield in dishonor is Something worse than War.

an extension and addition to

"Something worse than War"

as copyrighted by the Same author

1st

1- When all our land is filled with spies to murder, spoil and plot and
2- No longer will we tread of peace and meekly tol-er-ate the

when we're told when we must go and where we'd better not, our
in-so-lent abuses from a vicious potentate. We've

people killed our ships are sunk in base contempt of law To
reached the bounds of patience and we will not stand for more, To

yield in dishonor is something worse than war.
yield in dishonor is something worse than war.

Chorus

Oh hark to the bugle call! From mountain, plain and

shore we come, we come with fife and drum as our fathers did be-

fore, will bind no knee for men an we alive and proud and

free - To yield in dishonor is something worse than war.

Something Worse than War—

2nd

1- When all our land is filled with spies to murder, spoil and plot: And
2- No longer will we preach of peace And meekly tol- er- ate The

we are told where we must go and where wid better not; Our
insolent abuses from a vicious potentate Who

people drowned, Our spips are sunk, Our flag is drilled with shot; To
would Enslave a quiv'ring world And rule in blood and hate- To

yield in dishonor is something worse than war.
Yield in dishonor is something worse than war.

Chorus

Oh hark to the bugle call! From mountain, plain and

shore We come, we come with fife and drum as our fathers did be-

fore, This land where the men are free will bend no cringing

knee. To yield in dishonor is something worse than War.

Carl Fischer, New York.
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