

THE OLD SPIRIT of SEVENTY SIX



LYRIC AND
MUSIC BY
J. FRANK
BUTTS

DEDICATED TO VOTELESS WASHINGTON.

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THE OLD SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

J. FRANK BUTTS.

INTRODUCTION.

Marcia.

On, en with the sla-gan, "Give us a vote", And if you're asked the rea-son, why
 We pay our just tax-es, and free-ly give. Our fa-thers and our sons that our

then just quote; The "Bos-ton Tea Par-ty", the "Fog-gy Stew-ard" too, The
 cause may live; We've pledged proud en-dea-vor, to the Bend sales and all, we're

faith of our fa-thers, the val-iant and true. The iron hand of ty-rants no
 done our part ne-bly, in our coun-try's call. Then stop and con-sid-er our

more shall hold sway, And free - men shall stand forth vic - tor - ious for aye: A
 fair ear - nest plea, And make us your e - qual, in rights of the free: The

land of the peo - ple, al - so by and for, So give us a voice then, we ask you no more.
 Star - span - gled Ban - ner shall smile - en and wave, The em - blem of free - dom, the flag of the brave.

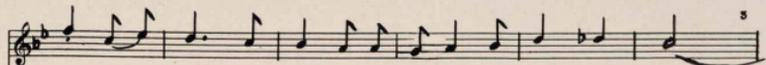
REFRAIN.

Then long live the spir - it of 'Sev - en - ty - Six'.

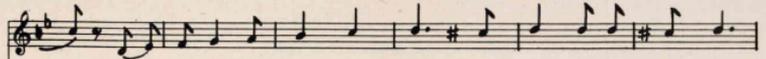
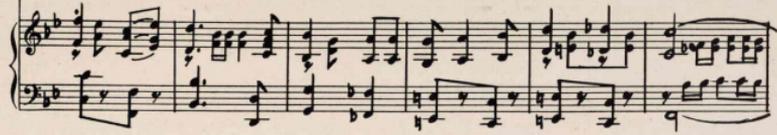
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Keep true the say - ing old: That the U. S.

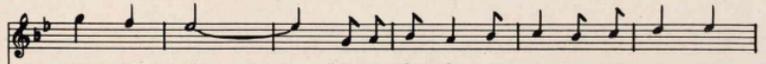
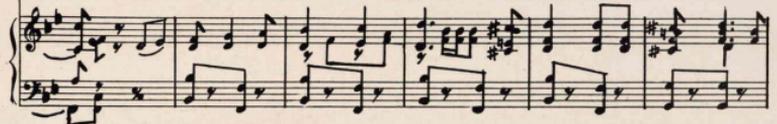
The Old Spirit of Seventy-Six.



A. de - nies no right, To Her sons who are brave and bold;



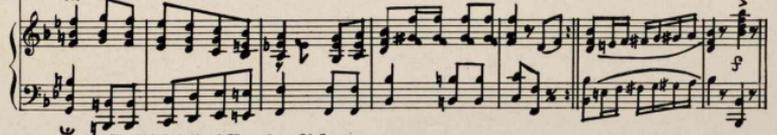
Let each do his part, u - ni - ted stand, With a spir - it



free and true; Have the D. C. en - joy her just right to



vote, "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue". Then Blue".



The Old Spirit of "Seventy - Six".



*Yours Truly
Walt Mason*

IN WASHINGTON men pay their taxes on motor cars and battle axes, on stately homes with all their splendors, on furniture and pink suspenders. The burden ever greater waxes; there's no variety of taxes that doesn't hit the stricken city and make it look around for pity. And Washington would dig the money and wear a smile serene and sunny, and show a host of cheerful faces, if she could vote like other places. But Uncle Sam, he says, "No, never! Let digging up be your endeavor, and do not knock, with busy mallet, because you cannot have the ballot. You should be glad to dig the boodle, and whoop around for Yankee Doodle, sound loyalty to me denoting, without a bughouse wish for voting." From Washington men go to battle, where mortars pop and sabers rattle; they go, from shanty and from manor, and wave aloft our spangled banner, and offer all they have for freedom, and when they go we cry, "God speed 'em!" When they come back, their laurels toting, and ask to do their share of voting, we say "Gee whiz! Such talk is treason! Now, boys, ask anything in reason, and you will not be rendered goatless—but Washington is always voteless!"

WALT MASON

POOR WASHINGTON