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OUR OWN RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

Mrs. L. Carrie McMullin. M. DuFrerre.

The ships glide into the ocean's brine, And the waves they make are grand; They broaden out on the boundless deep Till they reach the eastern land. They'll go safely over the German mine to the aid of our friends in need; And will plant our flag on the foreign shore with the Yankees in the lead. (CHORUS) Oh the waves of the sea roll high, As the good ship dashes thru; And the waves of the flag tell the nation's pride In our own Red, White and Blue.

(2)

And our ships will everyone defeat who oppose democracy,
The Kaiser and all his chosen band who uphold autocracy;
They carry our boys to the fighting line and their waves will reach Berlin,
Where the boys will hang Old Glory high 'midst the battle's awful din.

(3)

Oh the Yankee boys will be proud when the flag floats over all,
And the Allies too will be there and help as the evil powers fall;
Oh the waves, the waves of the grand old flag, we view it with hearts of pride,
As we go in thought to the battle field where our heroes fought and died.

(4)

Then the waves of the flag will carry cheer to the hearts of the oppressed,
And the waves of the sea will bring our boys back to the home of the blest;
Oh, the happy hearts they will find back home and the "khaki boys" how gay,
When the good old ship thru the dashing foam brings them back to the U. S. A.

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