SEP 21 1923
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PERSHING, THE BRAVE

.·. SONG .·.

A Patriotic March Song

A Tale of The War

BY

John Arthur Elliott

REARRANGED by

H. T. BUNN

Price 50 cents.

PUBLISHED BY

H. T. Bunn

Elizabeth, - - - New Jersey

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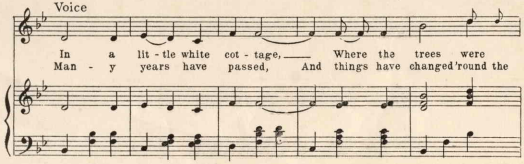
My Virginia Home

By Marietta F. Hellijas



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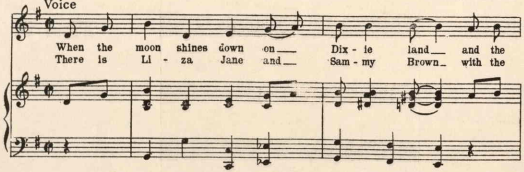
The Pickaninny Band

Words by B. J. REAGAN

Music by ARNOLD T. LAX



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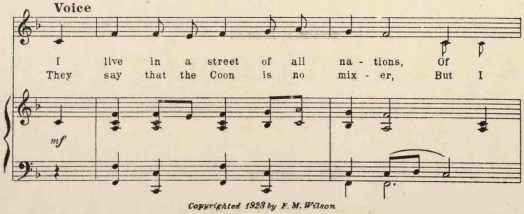
The Melting Pot Of Life

Words by F. M. WILSON

Music by HERMAN DUBOIS



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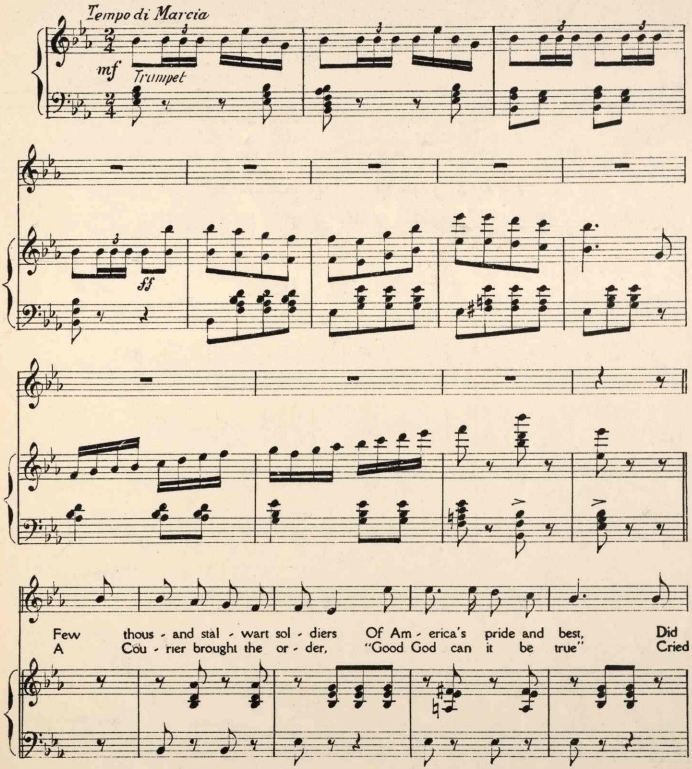
PERSHING THE BRAVE. Song

by JOHN ARTHUR ELLIOTT. Rearranged by H. T. BUNN.



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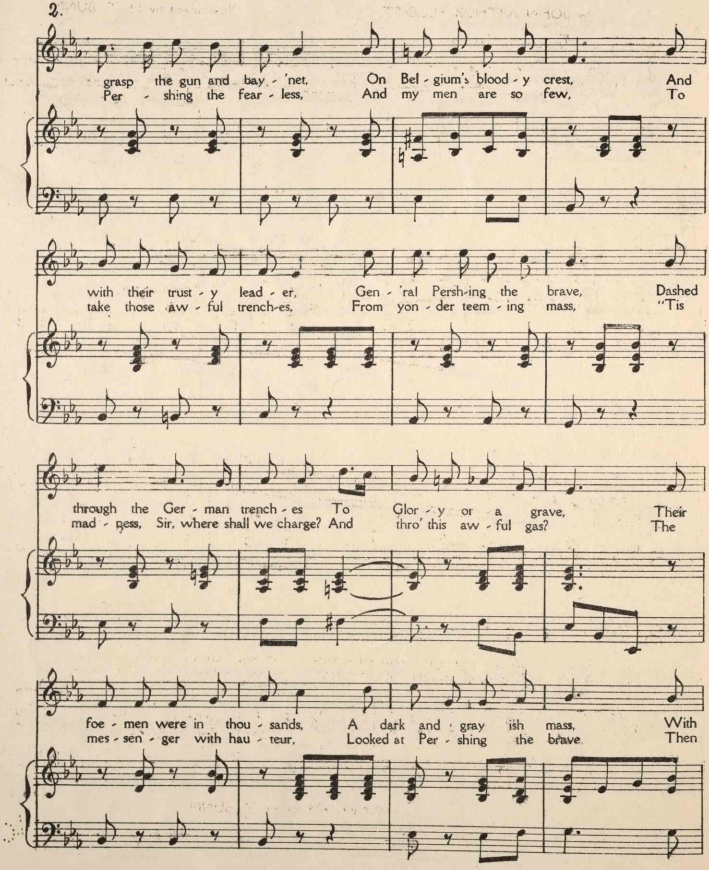
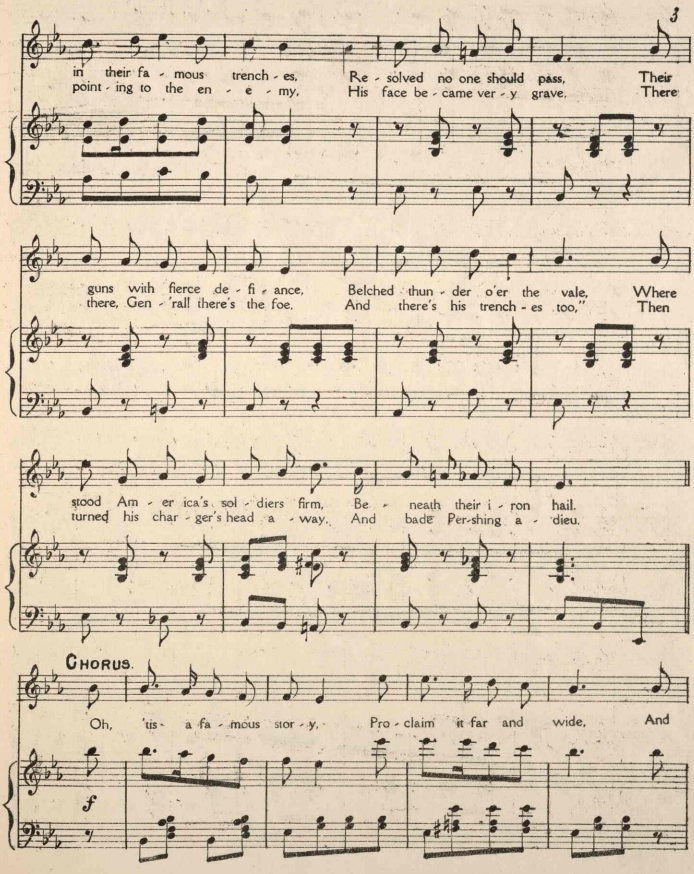
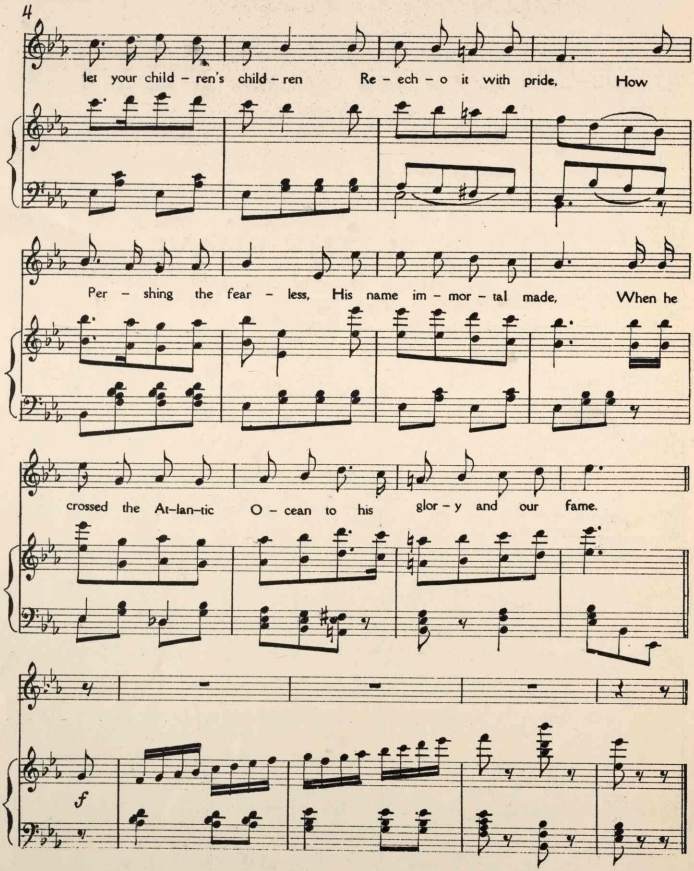

grasp the gun and bay - 'net, On Bel - gium's blood - y crest, And
Per - shing the fear - less, And my men are so few, To
with their trust - y lead - er, Gen - 'ral Persh-ing the brave, Dashed
take those aw - ful trench-es, From yon - der teem - ing mass, "Tis
through the Ger - man trench - es To Glor - y or a grave, Their
mad - ness, Sir, where shall we charge? And thro' this aw - ful gas? The
foe - men were in thou - sands, A dark and gray ish mass, With
mes - sen - ger with hau - teur, Looked at Per - shing the brave. Then


in their fa - mous trench - es, Re - solved no one should pass, Their
point - ing to the en - e - my, His face be - came ver - y grave. There
guns with fierce de - fi - ance, Belched thun - der o'er the vale, Where
there, Gen - 'ral! there's the foe. And there's his trench - es too," Then
stood Am - er ica's sol - diers firm, Be - neath their i - ron hail.
turned his char - ger's head a - way, And bade Per-shing a - dieu.
CHORUS.
Oh, 'tis a fa - mous stor - y, Pro - claim it far and wide, And
f


let your child – ren's child – ren Re – ech – o it with pride, How
Per – shing the fear – less, His name im – mor – tal made, When he
crossed the At–lan–tic O – cean to his glor – y and our fame.
f

PERSHING THE BRAVE

3rd Verse

And they were but few thousands, 'gainst two score thousand foes,
Hemmed in by furious Cannons and crushed by savage blows,
Yet fought they there like heroes, for our noble Americas fame,
O glorious charge! heroic deed! what honor crowns thy name!
Few hundreds of those soldiers fell fighting where they stood,
And so that awful death vale enriched with American blood,
Few hundreds of those soldiers bequeathed their lives away,
Democracy they had fought for on that hot mid-summer day.

Chorus.

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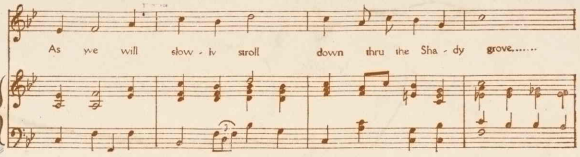
Be My Singing Bird.

A BEAUTIFUL SONG

Written by WINFRED GEORGE. Music by P. B. STORY.



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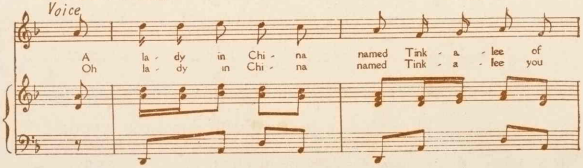
Tinkalee

Words by Georgie Hattie Lowell

Chinese Song

Music by Arnold T. Lax



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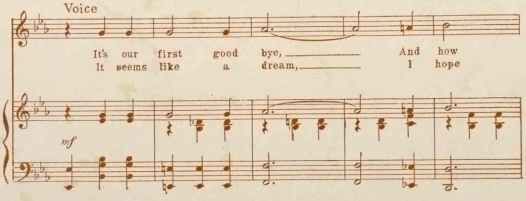
Don't Let Us Part

Words by NICHOLAS DAVIRRO

Music by P. BRUTTING



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