Poem SEP 18 1917

Louis W. Reynolds. A Marching Song. Music.

(America goes forth to War.) Robert Samuel Flagler.

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Martial.

With Martial Spirit.

Trumpets.

A - mer - i - ca goes forth to war a
In - gal - lant pro - test at the plight of

no - ble cause to serve. — Her no - ble le - gions
Ex - ropes out - raged lands. The Yan - pee boys set

flung a - far from right can nev - er swerve. With sa - cred zeal that
forth to claim plain jus - tice fair de - mands. And back to home in

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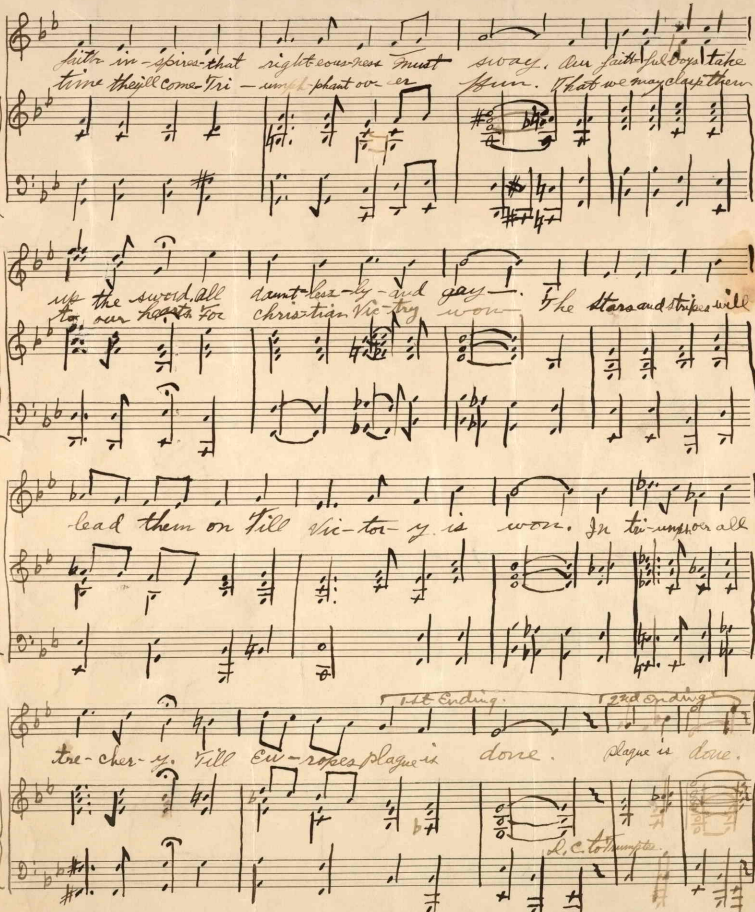
Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.



faith in-spires-that right-eous-ness must sway. Our faith-ful boys take
time they'll come-Tri-umph-phant over Hun. That we may clasp them

up the sword, all daunt-less-ly-and gay—. The stars and stripes will
to our hearts. For christian Vic-try won—

lead them on Till Vic-tor-y is won. In tri-umph over all

1st Ending. 2nd Ending.

tre-cher-y. Till Eu-ropes plague is done. plague is done.

L. C. to Trumpter.

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