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Old Glory Leads

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Words by
JOHN H. LOWDEN POTTS
Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

NORTH AMERICAN
MUSIC COMPANY
Grand Opera House Bldg.
"CHICAGO"

H1646

F

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Mid crash of can-non, screech of shell,
Though com - rades stag-ger, friends fall dead;

On, on in - to the jaws of hell; Though
Though rain pour crim - son, streams run red; On,

lur - id death a - round us roar, And
on we drive the stub - born foe, Where

drench the put-rid earth with gore.
 er Old Glo-ry leads we go.

CHORUS
 The Stars and Stripes un-con-quer-ed fly,

patch of God's own pur-ple sky; Though

flames of Hell a-round them glow, Leads us

on, so on we go.

