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THE BATTLE CRY OF AMERICA

Words by
LILLIAN WEEMS BALDRIDGE

Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

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The Battle Cry of America

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There were tents last night on the old camp grounds, Ghosts of the
There are souls to - night in the great be - yond, Keep rec - ords

past flit by, The air is filled with
of the past, We're meas - ured by the

sob - bing sounds of moth - ers hearts wrung dry,
worlds first dawn, by God who knows no class,

For a na - tion's greed o - ver land and sea, Our
And e - ter - nal death will be for him Who

men must fight and they must die, We'll fight the
sound - ed false the bu - gles blast, And we the will

foe von land and sea, We'll fight them in the sky.
 fight till vic - to - ry Has been pro - claimed at last.

CHORUS
 Our sol - dier boys are march - ing to the bat - tle cry of the

world, Moth - ers hearts are bleed - ing, bleed - ing, Our

na - tions flag has been un - furled, Ev - 'ry heart is

cry - ing, cry - ing, let us have de - moc - ra - cy, Let Lib - er -

ty and Free - dom reign O'er land and o - ver sea.

