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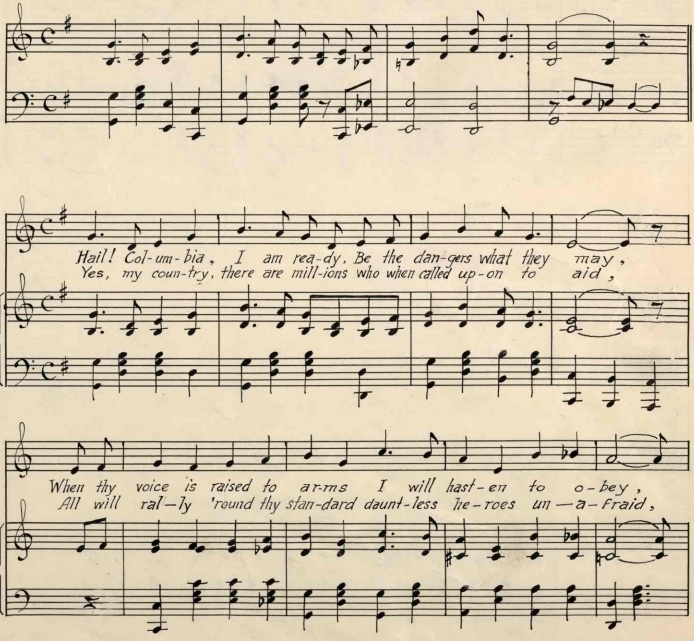
When-e'er Columbia Calls.

Words By
Billy Desmond.

Music By
Alexander Hagan.

Intro.



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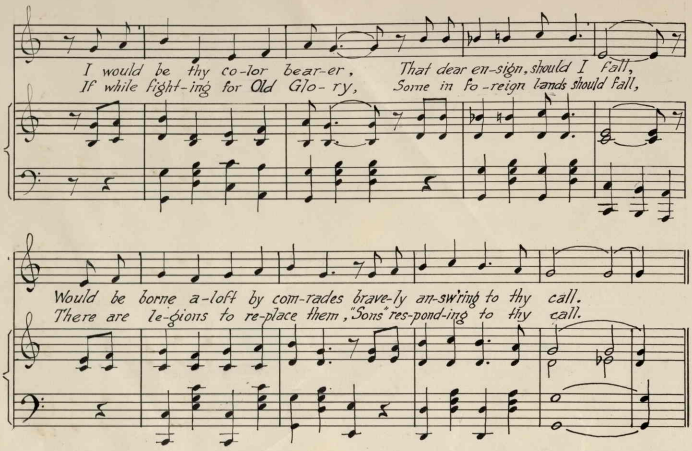
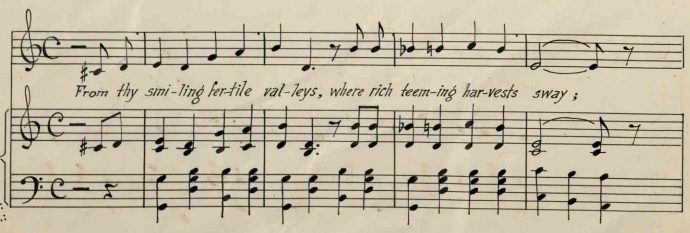
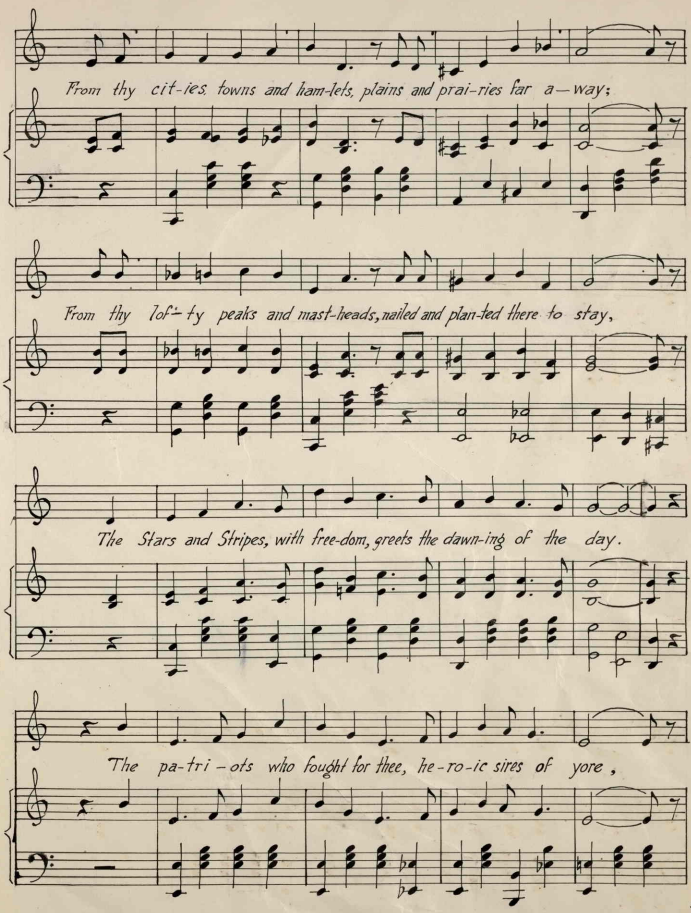
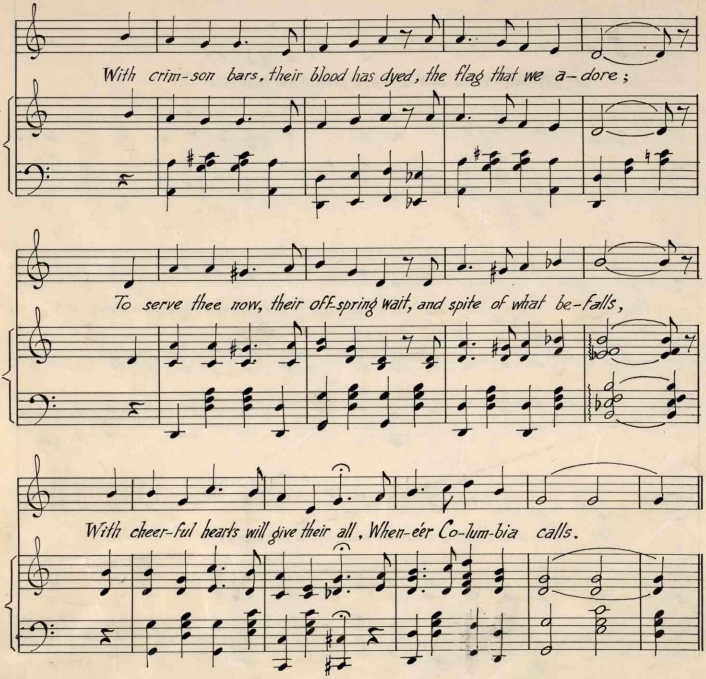

I would be thy co-lor bear-er, That dear en-sign, should I fall,
If while fight-ing for Old Glo-ry, Some in fo-reign lands should fall,
Would be borne a-loft by com-rades brave-ly an-swring to thy call.
There are le-gions to re-place them, 'Sons' res-pond-ing to thy call.

REFRAIN.


From thy smi-ling fer-tile val-leys, where rich teem-ing har-vests sway;


From thy cit-ies, towns and ham-lets, plains and prai-ries far a-way;
From thy lof-ty peaks and mast-heads, nailed and plan-ted there to stay,
The Stars and Stripes, with free-dom, greets the dawn-ing of the day.
The pa-tri-ots who fought for thee, he-ro-ic sires of yore,


With crim-son bars, their blood has dyed, the flag that we a-dore;
To serve thee now, their off-spring wait, and spite of what be-falls,
With cheer-ful hearts will give their all, When-e'er Co-lum-bia calls.

42to10

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