

SONG
THE CRY OF LIBERTY.

Words By

Wright N. Garvin.

Music By

Vashti Rogers Griffin.

SO

Published By

VASHTI ROGERS-GRIFFIN

San Diego, Calif.

1917

DEDICATED
TO
PAUL F. ROSE
U.S. Navy.

The Cry Of Liberty.

Words By
WRIGHT N. GARVIN.

Music By
VAGHTI ROGERS-GRIFFIN.

ff

cres.

f

There is a haugh - ty Mon - arch who rules a - cross the brine, Who
Old Eng - land France and Rus - sia be - gan to sense the hour, Of
They sunk the Lus - i - tan ia with their dar - ing sub - ma - rines, They'll
Now boys we are pro - par - ing to give them a sur - prise, They'll

p

thinks that his ap - point - ment was by the Hand Di - vine, He taught his sub - jects WARFARE at
Ger - man - y's first dash for U - ni - ver - sal powr, They put their wits to - gether to
sure - ly have no scrup - les in us - ing un - just means, They'r sink - ing now our car - goes of
think a bolt of light - ning has struck them from the skies, We'll give them a sen - sa - tion we'l

The Cry of Liberty
2-611917

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home as well as school, That when he'd crushed all na-tions the un-i-verse he'd rule, He
 meet their wi-ly foes, The Tou-tons flushed with vic-try kept deal-ing dead-ly earth, Just
 food of price-leas worth, And say if we don't like it just please get off the bang, Our
 pull the di-vers fans, We'll send them to the bot-tom with all their blood-y gang, Our

hoard-ed up the war-fund till vaults were 'bout to break, In
 at the gates of Par-is the Al-lies turned them back, Their
 Pres-dent kind-ly wrote them and told them to be-ware, Their
 coun-try's call is sound-ing for our boys brave and true. Come

vent-ed vast ex-plo-sives to make all na-tions quake, He start-ed 'cross poor Bel-gium and
 found those Prus-sian u-nits were nuts quite hard to crack, With it-aly and Rou-ma-nia, and
 lat-est sub-ma-rine stunt was cru-el-ly un-fair, And if they did 'nt stop it, they
 ral-ly round Old Glo-ry the loved Red White and Blue, Our Arm-y and our Na-vy must

when they stood their ground, He said "get out you howl-ing curs, for we are Far-is bound,
 Ser-bia to the fray, It's kept the whole bunch bu-sy---- to keep the Huns at bay,
 hear from Un-ole Sam, Their an-swer was we love you all, please let your souls be calm.
 ne-ver know de-feat, Brave Un-ole Sam with all his boys, means vic-to-ry com-plete.

Rit *Tempo*

Now down with Prus - sian - is - m is the cry we'll free the seas or know the

reas - on why, Then let Old Glo - ry proud - ly float from shore to shore, Our

goar - an - ty of lib - er - ty for - ev - er more.

FINE

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