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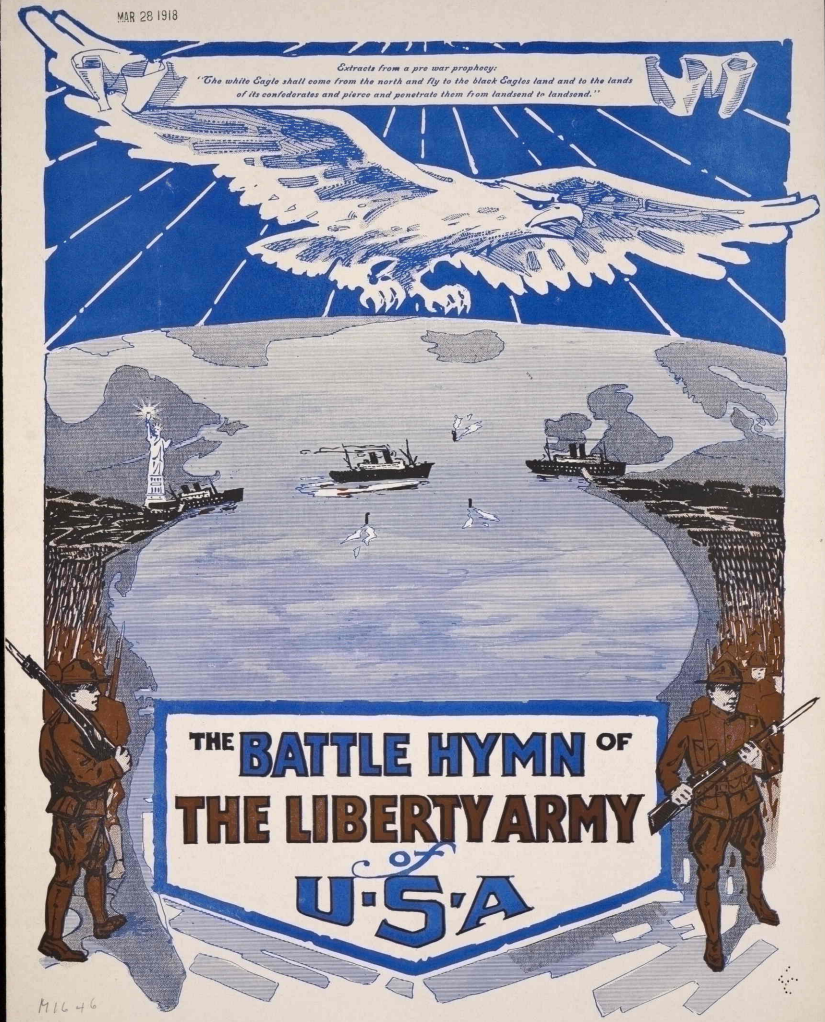

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The Battle Hymn of the Liberty Army of U. S. A.

By Grove Enggaard.

Et Skrig gaar op i Tidens Nat
fra fjern og nær:
det lyder højt, smart lød det mat,
snart kvaltes det i Blod saa brat
af Vadsmands Hand i Rædsler Nat
af Hunnens Hær.
Han skreg til dem, som kam bød Trods:
"Emanuel, se Gud med os!"
i Færd.

Og Hunners Hyl paa Polens Sand
lød vildt i Sky;
saa fælt det lød i Serbers Land,
i Alperne det høres kan;
ja selv ved gamle Jyllands Strand,
om end lidt bly.
I Belgien skreg Kvinder "fly"!
blandt Tomterne af hver en By,
saa sky.

Mod Hunnens Hær i Gallers Land
i Kampens Gny;
staar Anglerne og Galjens Mand
i Luer af en Verdensbrand,
som Løver kækt de falde kan;
de kan ej fly,
og vinder sig et Ry, en Ros,
som Danmarks tapre Willemos
paa ny.

Nu glimter Lyn i Krigens Nat
i Yankeeland;
nu vaagner og star op saa brat,
et Folk hvis Stjerner glimted mat,
selv midt i Verdenskrigens Nat,
men funkle kan.
Nu skælv! du Kvindeskændenhær
for Yankens Staal og hvidse Sværd
og Brand.

Nu høres Gny af Løvers Færd
paa Gallers Jord;
og det er Stjernedagets Hær,
nu kommer de, de er alt der,
at hævne med uplettet Sværd,
hver Uret stor.
Nu fly! du fule Morderhær
for Onkel Sam sin Fjende nær,
nu bør.

Der Kajsers Vej til Ros og Magt
er Havets Dyb;
med Mørkets Magt han gjorde Pagt;
mod dem han trodser med Foragt,
i Havets Skød han har sig lagt,
ved som et Kryb.
Dog gruer Frihedsfolket ej,
som gaar paa Havets Alfarvej,
saa dyb.

Paa Havet hersker Albion,
som aldrig før;
og med ham star i Klædeboen
af Ry og Glans en Legion,
som i Manilebugten, sjøn,
ved Fjendens Dør.
Saa lækt de sang i Dødens Favn,
ved Irlands Kyst og vandt et Navn,
o hør!

Til Fredens Værk staar Yankens Hu
i Land og By;
med Lammets Vrede staar Du nu,
det Hunner sande skal med Gru,
som Nordens Løver brøler Du
i højen Sky.
Og skrige skal de Hunners Hær:
"se Stjernebanneret er der"!
og fly.

Og Dødre I af nordisk Rod
af fordums Ry,
som for i Frøvens Stund bestod;
til dem, som vover Liv og Blod,
nu svøb Farvel og pris hans Mod!
og vær ej bly.
Og Fædre stolt, af Vordens Mænd,
til Ædens Mark din Ungdom send
paa ny!

A cry is heard in horrors night,
From everywhere;
It goes so high, it pleads for right,
Is trampled down with bloody fright
Of tyrants heel and rascal's might;
The Hun is there.
He shouts to them, who him defy:
"Emanuel, it's God and I,"
Beware!

And howl of Huns on Poland's sand,
It rent the sky.
So foul it rung in Balkanland,
And in the Alps they hear it can,
And at the coast of old Jutland
A little shy.
In Belgium the women cry,
And little children perish, die,
Oh my!

And over there in Gallers land,
Against the Hun;
The Anglos and the Gallics stand,
In fire and smoke and pick their man,
Like lions brave, they perish can,
They cannot run.
They win a name as glorious
As Denmark's gallant Willemos,
He won.

Behold the lightning rent the sky,
In Yankeeland!
Awoke, aroused to angers fry,
A nation, who for right will die;
And liberty with blood will buy;
A gallant man.
Oh tremble Huns and with thy lord
For Yankees steel and stainless sword
And hand.

And harken, hear the Yankees are
Beyond the wave;
From stars and stripes they see the glare,
It shines aleft, it glitters far,
To bring the Hun behind the bar,
And to his grave.
Now flee, Ye brigands and beware,
For Uncle Sam is over there,
Behave!

Der Kaiser's path to might and pride
Is very shy;
Is down below and from the light,
Among the fish and out of sight,
He shuns an open, honest fight,
He dreads to die,
And watch him look and stare and gaze,
When Uncle's Yankeedoodles pass
Him by.

But on the sea is Albion.
He rules the wave,
And with him stands a legion,
In robes of glory they have won,
When in Manilla Bay they shone,
And battle gave.
Through tempests roar their singing rung
At Ireland's coast, when they were stung
So brave.

Though peaceful deeds are Yankee's pride
In Nativeland.
So furious he is in fight,
With wrath of lamb and lion's might
He goes to set the Kaiser right;
You bet he can.
The Huns shall shout in deep despair,
The Yankees' stars and stripes are there
To stand.

And to thy gallant sweetheart guy,
Ye Yankees' pride,
Ye girls of charm say sweet good-bye,
And cheer him up and don't be sly,
For Ye he risks his life, Oh my,
And goes to fight.
And fathers, mothers with delight
Ye with thy sons depart with pride
For right.

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The Battle Hymn of the Liberty Army of U. S. A.

Words by GROVE ENGGAARD. Music by JOHN HARTMANN.

Tempo di marcia.

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there. He shouts to them, who him de - fy: "E - man - u - el, it's
shy. In Bel - gi - um the wom - en cry, And lit - tle chil - dren

God and I, E - man - u - el, it's God and I," Be - ware!
per - ish, die, And lit - tle chil - dren per - ish, die, Oh my!

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