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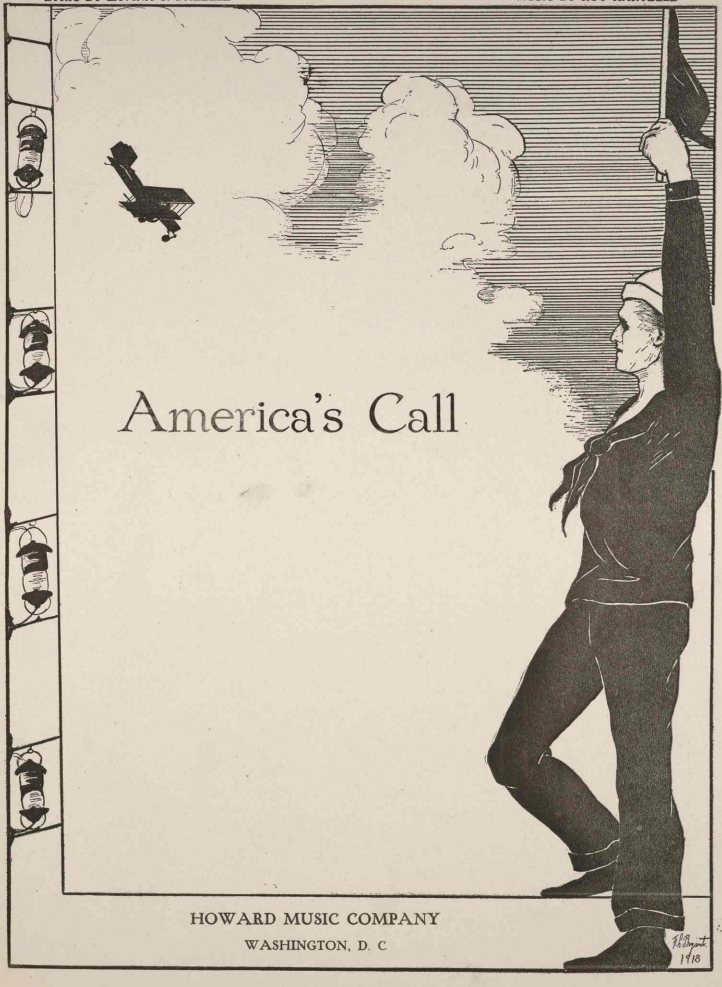
LYRIC BY LAVINA C. DALZELL

MUSIC BY ROY HARTZELL

America's Call



HOWARD MUSIC COMPANY
WASHINGTON, D. C

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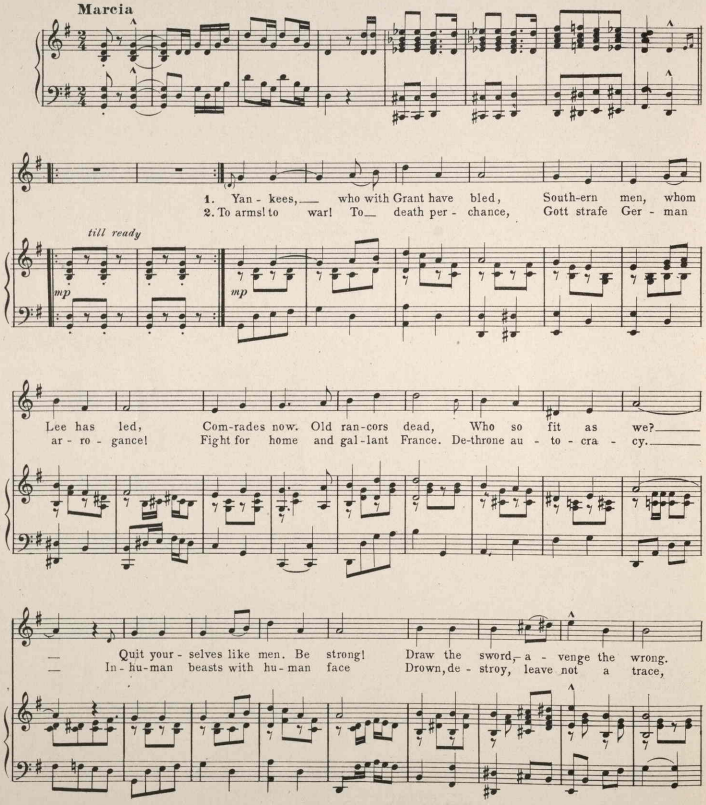
America's Call

LAVINA C. DALZELL ROY HARTZELL



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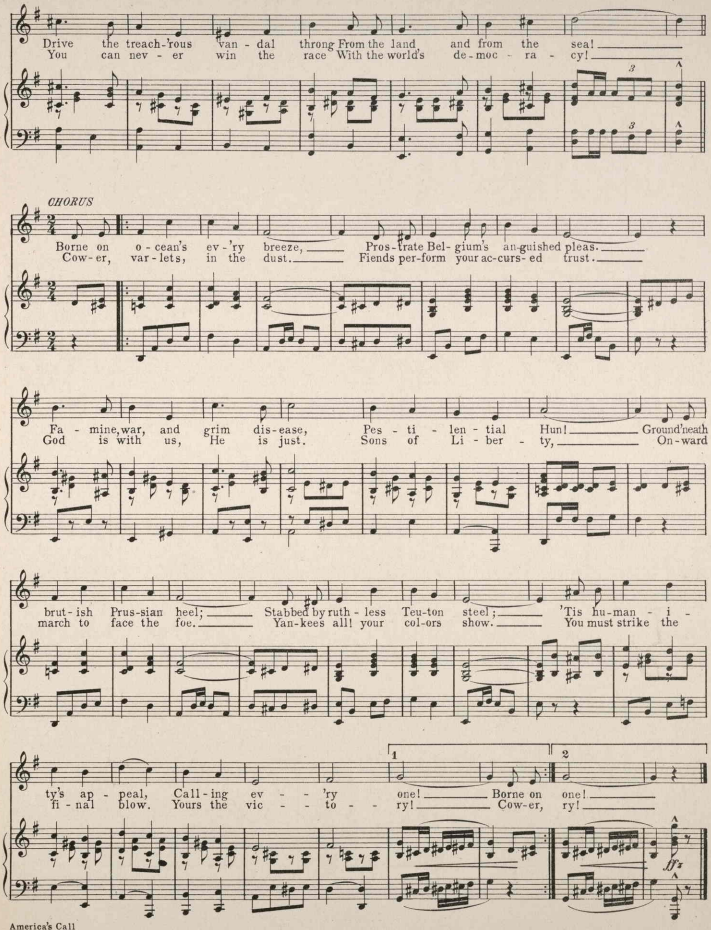
Drive the treach-'rous van - dal throng From the land and from the sea!
You can nev - er win the race With the world's de-moc - ra - cy!
CHORUS
Borne on o - cean's ev - 'ry breeze, Pros - trate Bel - gium's an-guished pleas.
Cow-er, var - lets, in the dust. Fiends per-form your ac-curs-ed trust.
Fa - mine, war, and grim dis-ease, Pes - ti - len - tial Hun! Ground'neath
God is with us, He is just. Sons of Li - ber - ty, On-ward
brut - ish Prus-sian heel; Stabbed by ruth - less Teu-ton steel; 'Tis hu-man - i -
march to face the foe. Yan-kees all! your col-ors show. You must strike the
ty's ap - peal, Call-ing ev - - 'ry one! Borne on one!
fi - nal blow. Yours the vic - - to - - ry! Cow-er, ry!
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