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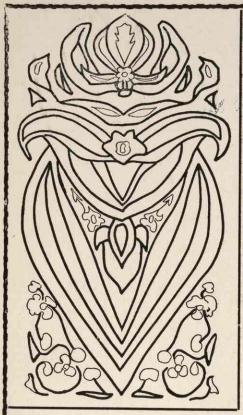

# OUR ARMY

LYRIC BY
ELISE WAYNE

MUSIC BY
ROY HARTZELL

HOWARD MUSIC COMPANY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

M1646
.H

# Our Army

ELISE WAYNE

ROY HARTZELL
*Adapted from Mrs. Browning*

**Tempo di Marcia**

*ff*

1. Be-tween to - day and yes - ter - night Be - hold an
2. Lit-tle and big, the rich, the poor All are A -
3. From North and South and East and West All of the

*mp*

ar-my of men! And each man stands, his face in the light
mer-i - cans now! And each man longs to sac - ri - fice more
sons of the land. And each man stands a - wait - ing the test

Of his own drawn sword, Read-y to do what a
For a cause so great. Hav-ing no com - fort nor
Of his own brave heart. Al-lied to liv - ing and

he - ro can. Trench to go o - ver, no flags to be lowered:
aid for foes: Food to con - serve, no tho't of de - bate:
dead out there: Base wrongs to re-dress, hu - man - i - ty's part:

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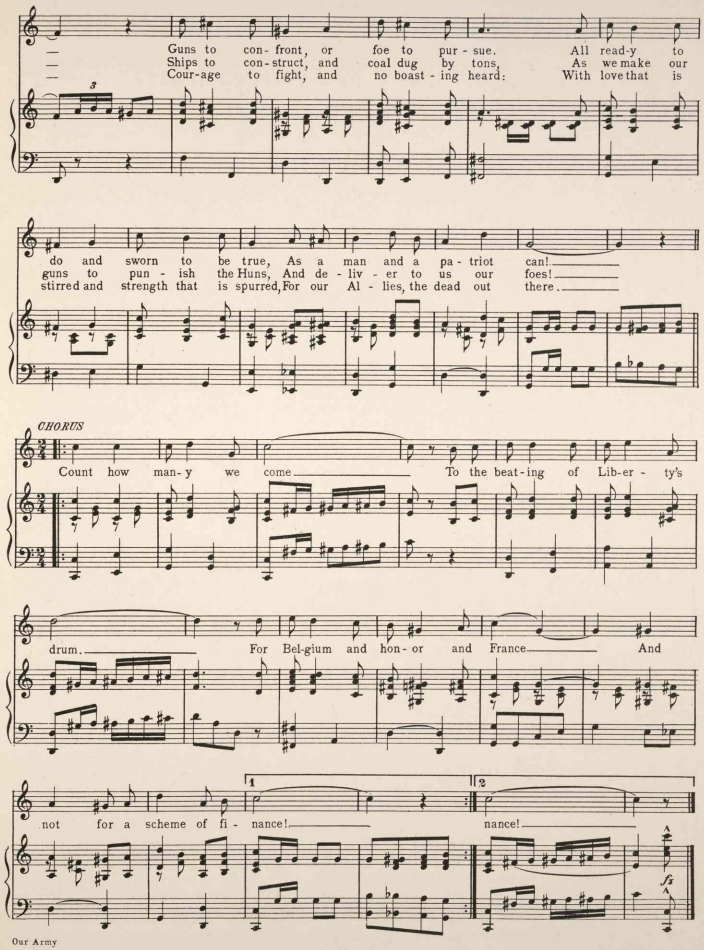
Guns to con- front, or foe to pur - sue. All read-y to
Ships to con- struct, and coal dug by tons, As we make our
Cour-age to fight, and no boast - ing heard: With love that is
do and sworn to be true, As a man and a pa - triot can!
guns to pun - ish the Huns, And de - liv - er to us our foes!
stirred and strength that is spurred, For our Al - lies, the dead out there.
CHORUS
Count how man- y we come To the beat-ing of Lib-er - ty's
drum. For Bel-gium and hon- or and France And
not for a scheme of fi - nance! nance!
1
2
fz

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