



THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

LYRIC BY
B. F. BACKUS

MUSIC BY
ROY HARTZELL



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To the very valiant "Son of Kanawha," and his most tactful remarks portraying our State attitude in the "Great Conflict" now scourging the world, is this song dedicated.

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Tempo di Marcia

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *ff*. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

There's a lit - tle moun - tain State _____ Which with good Dame Na - ture fills; _____
 If our "con - scription" boys so fair _____ Fail to make our quo - ta good _____
 West Vir - gin - ia's read - y now _____ With re - source un - lim - it - ed _____

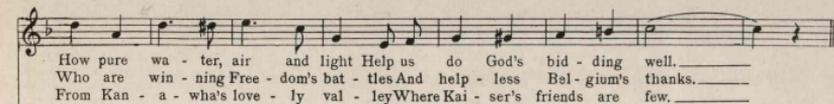
Piano accompaniment for the first verse, marked *mp*. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

And with pride may we re - late How our boys are tak - ing drills? _____ Mak - ing
 Pat - riots here with sil - vered hair Wait a call in joy - ous mood. _____ We will
 Mus - cle, mon - ey, brain and fuel By which fur - na - ces are fed. _____ Charleston

Piano accompaniment for the second verse. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

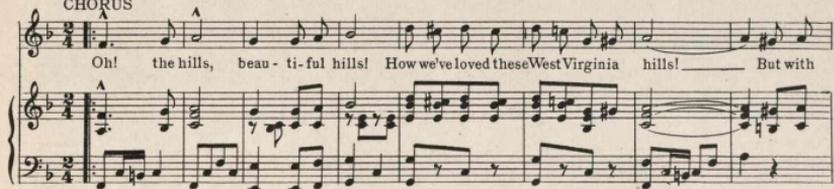
read - y for the fight _____ That on Eu - rope's soil will tell _____
 stand u - nit - ed now! _____ Place our share a - mong the ranks _____
 builds the Arm - or Plant, _____ The Pro - ject - ile's ris - ing, too, _____

Piano accompaniment for the third verse. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

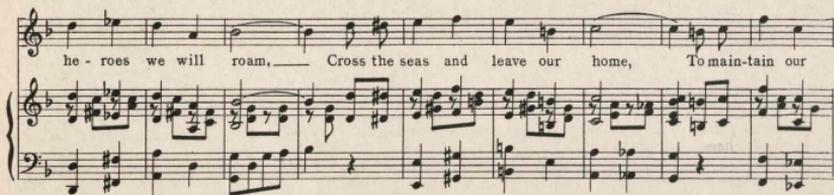


How pure wa - ter, air and light Help us do God's bid - ding well.
Who are win - ning Free - dom's bat - tles And help - less Bel - gium's thanks.
From Kan - a - a - wha's love - ly val - ley Where Kai - ser's friends are few.

CHORUS



Oh! the hills, beau - ti - ful hills! How we've loved these West Virginia hills! But with



he - roes we will roam, Cross the seas and leave our home, To main - tain our



State - hood hon - or, And a - venge poor Belgium's doom! doom!

4.

We can hardly drill and wait
Till we're called to go across,
And get at our real war task
And our swords with Germans plait.
For our blood is boiling now,
To avenge the shameful deaths
That were dealt throughout this war time
Faster than we drew our breaths.

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