Poem by the late
Lieut. Col. John McCrae.

Anarchy
(Tenor)

Music by.
Arthur Louis Iverson

Mestizia ♩= 66

Voice

Piano

I saw a cit.....y fill'd with lust and shame, Where men, like wolves, slunk thru the grim half light; And sudden, in the midst of it, there came One who spoke boldly for the cause of right. And, speaking, fell before that brutish race Like some poor wren that shrieking eagles tear, While brute Dishonor, with her bloodless face, stood by and smote his lips that mov'd in pray'r. He spoke boldly for the cause of

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JUL 21 1919

right. And, speaking, fell before that brutish race. Speak not of God! In centuries that word ...

Hath not been uttered! Our own king are we. And God stretch'd forth His finger as He heard And

o'er it cast a thousand leagues of sea. And God stretch'd forth His finger as He heard And

o'er it cast a thousand leagues of sea.

8va.

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