AUG 26 1918
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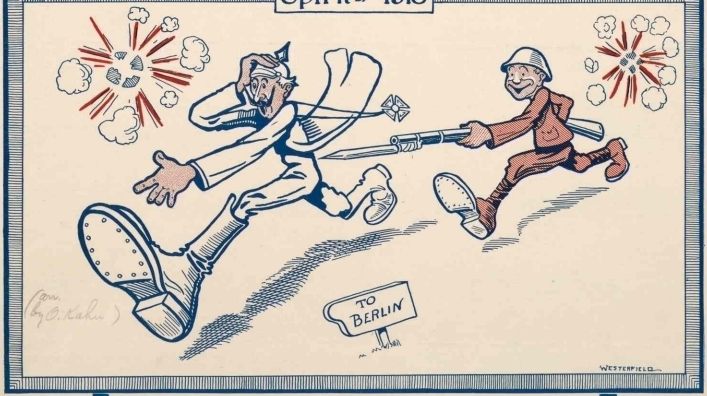
ON TO BERLIN

Spirit of 1918



To our President, General Pershing, Commanders and Men of the Allied Armies.

Words by O.L. Burch
Sammy of the U.S.A.

Denver, Colo.

Cover design by
J. Mont Westerfield, Artist

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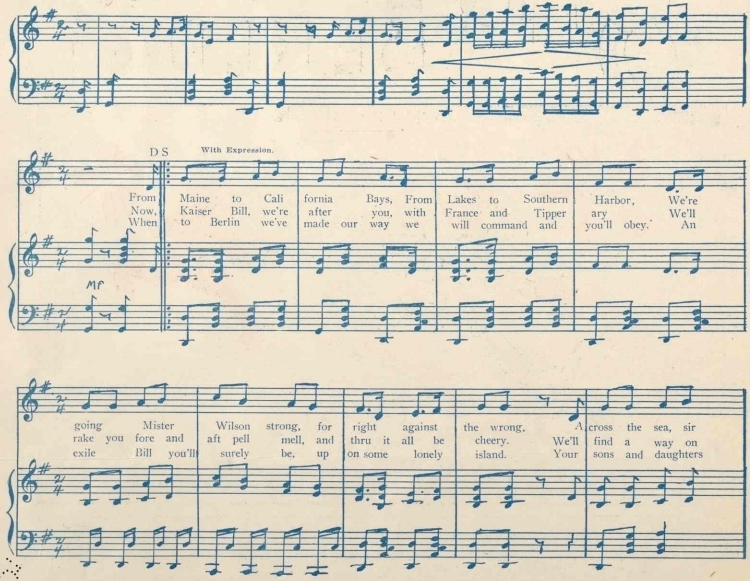
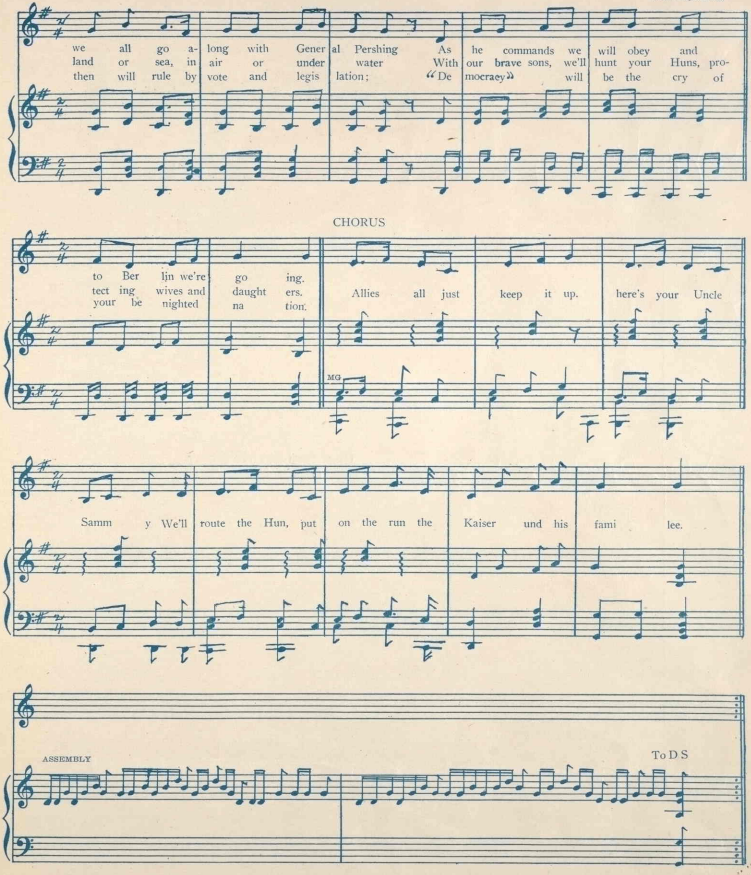
On to Berlin!

"Spirit of 1918"

Music arr. by Orestees Kahn.
Sung by W. E. Auld.

Written by O. L. Burch
—Sammy of the U. S. A.




With Expression.
we all go a- long with Gener al Pershing As he commands we will obey and
land or sea, in air or under water With our brave sons, we'll hunt your Huns, pro-
then will rule by vote and legis lation; "De mocracy" will be the cry of
CHORUS
to Ber lin we're go ing.
tect ing wives and daught ers.
your be nighted na tion.
Allies all just keep it up. here's your Uncle
MG
Samm y We'll route the Hun, put on the run the Kaiser und his fami lee.
ASSEMBLY
To D S

THE NATIONAL ANTHEMS OF THE ALLIES

The Star-Spangled Banner

A STANDARDIZED VERSION OF THE MELODY

O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner—O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when free men shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our Trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

La Marseillaise

THE FRENCH NATIONAL ANTHEM

Arise, ye children of the nation,
The day of glory now is here!
See the hosts of dark oppression
Their blood-stained banners rear,
Their blood-stained banners rear!
Do ye not heed? roaring the tyrants go,
Scattering homes and peace;
Our sons, our comrades face the foe,
The wounds of war increase.
To arms! Ye warriors all!
Your bold battalions call!
March on, ye free!
Death shall be ours,
Or glorious liberty!

Within the tomb ourselves must enter,
When all our oldest are at rest;
We shall find their dust reposing,
Trace the virtues each possest; (bis)
Then, then shall we, jealous of honour, yet
Shrink not to share their grave,
For pride, o'ercoming vain regret,
Avenges still the brave!
To arms, ye warriors all! etc.

That sacred love—the love of country,
Spurs on afresh our eager arms,
And for conquest and for freedom,
We dare the vast alarms! (bis)
Speedily then, crowning heroic deeds,
Triumph shall lift each head
And our One Flag fly proudly o'er
The living and the dead!
To arms, ye warriors all! etc.

God Save the King

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice:
God save the King!

The Garibaldi Hymn

THE ITALIAN NATIONAL HYMN

Come, arm ye! Come arm ye!
From vineyards of olives, from grape-mantled bowers,
Where landscapes are laughing in mazes of flowers:
From mountains, all lighted by sapphire and amber,
From cities of marble, from temples and marts,
Arise, all ye valiants! your manhood proclaiming,
Whilst thunders are meeting, and sabres are flaming,
For honour, for glory, the bugles are sounding,
To quicken your pulses and gladden your hearts.
Then hurl our fierce foemen far from us for ever,
The Day is dawning, the Day is dawning which shall be our own!

Too long cruel tyrants have trampled us under,
The chains they have forged us are riven asunder:
The Scions of Italy rise in defiance,
Her flag nobly flutters where breezes are kind:
To landward and seaward, the Foe shall be broken,
Where Heroes have gathered, where Martyrs have spoken,
And Italy's Throne shall be rooted in Freedom,
Whilst Monarch and people are all of one mind:
Then hurl our fierce foemen, etc.

La Brabanconne

THE BELGIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

The years of slavery are past,
The Belgian rejoices once more;
Courage restores to him at last
The rights he held of yore!
Strong and firm his clasp will be
Keeping the ancient flag unfurl'd
To fling its message on the watchful world:
For King, for Right, and Liberty!

For thee, dear country, cherished motherland,
Our songs and our valour we give;
Never from thee our hearts are banned,
For thee alone we live!
And thy years shall glorious be,
Circled in Unity's embrace,
Thy sons shall cherish thee in ev'ry place
For King, for Right, and Liberty.

To fling its message on the watchful world:
For King, for Right, and Liberty!
For King, for Right, and Liberty!
For King, for Right, and Liberty!

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