

LIBERTY
 **SONG** 
BOOK



**War Camp
Community Service**

**Headquarters
One Madison Avenue
New York**

CONTENTS

PATRIOTIC SONGS

America	4
Battle Hymn of the Republic	5
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	6
Garibaldi Hymn	6
God Save the King	5
Marseillaise	4
Star Spangled Banner	3

WAR SONGS OF TODAY

Every Town's Your Home Town	7
Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip	12
How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning	12
It's a Long Way to Berlin	9
Joan of Arc, They are Calling You	11
K-K-K-Katy	8
Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy	13
Keep the Home Fires Burning	10
Over There	13
Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag	9
Shipbuilders' Chorus (Camouflage March)	14
Smiles	14
Stars and Stripes will Wave over Germany	11
The Old Flag Never Touched the Ground	8
There's a Long, Long Trail	10
Where do We Go from Here, Boys?	9

BALLADS

A Perfect Day	14
Little Grey Home in the West	15
Mother Machree	16
Somewhere a Voice is Calling	15
Sunshine of Your Smile	16

HOME SONGS

Auld Lang Syne	18
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny	18
Dixie	19
Love's Old Sweet Song	20
Old Black Joe	17
Old Folks at Home	19
Old Kentucky Home	17

HYMNS

Invocation	23
Oh, God, Our Help in Ages Past	22
Old Jewish Hymn	22
Song of the Allies	21
The Son of God Goes Forth to War	20

Form 512-500M.

Copyright, 1918, War Camp Community Service



PATRIOTIC SONGS

Star Spangled Banner

Words—Francis Scott Key *Music*—John Stafford Smith

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's
 last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro'
 the perilous fight
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-
 lantly streaming?
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs burst-
 ing in air,
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was
 still there.


Chorus:

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet
 wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the
 brave?

Oh, thus be it ever when free men shall stand,
 Between their lov'd home and the war's
 desolation,
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n
 rescued land,
 Praise the pow'r that has 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."

Chorus:

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave.



LIBERTY PATRIOTIC SONGS—*Continued* **SONG BOOK**

America

Words—Samuel F. Smith *Music*—Thomas Ball

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Marseillaise

Words and Music—Rouget De Lisle

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark, hark what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary:
Behold their tears, and hear their cries,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Chorus:

To arms, to arms ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on,
All hearts resolved
On victory or death!



God Save the King

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!

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Words—Julia Ward Howe *Music*—Old Plantation Melody

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
 of the Lord:
 He is tramping out the vintage where the
 grapes of wrath are stored:
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His
 terrible swift sword;
 His truth is marching on.

Chorus:

Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
 His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
 never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
 judgment seat.
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be
 jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

Chorus:



LIBERTY **SONG BOOK**
PATRIOTIC SONGS—*Continued*

Columbia, The Gem of The Ocean

Words and Music—David T. Shaw

O, Columbia! the gem of the ocean
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus:

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Garibaldi Hymn

Italian National Hymn

All forward to battle! the trumpets are cry-
ing,
All forward! All forward! our old flag is flying,
When liberty calls us, we linger no longer;
Rebels, come on, thousand to one!
Liberty, Liberty! deathless and glorious,
Under thy banner, thy sons are victorious,
Free souls are valiant, and strong arms are
stronger,
God shall go with us; and battles be won,
Hurrah for the banner! Hurrah for the ban-
ner!
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free.



WAR SONGS OF TODAY

Every Town's Your Home Town

(Dedicated to War Camp Community Service)

Words—Margaret Widdemer Music—Gena Branscombe
Publisher—War Camp Community Service

When you march off from the old town
With the flag floating high,
All the folks that love you
Will be there to say goodbye;
There'll be hearts that go with you,
There'll be words ringing true,
So keep your heart in the old town,
The town that loves you.

Chorus:

But every town is your home town,
And each day's your day,
For every mother loves a soldier boy
For the sake of the one away;
And everywhere that the flag flies
With its red, white and blue,
There are hearts like those in the old town
To welcome you.

When you're far off from the home town
Let your heart still be gay,
For everywhere is a soldier's town
Though it seems far away;
There are hands out for your welcome,
There's a home light that gleams,
And the hearts are just like the dear hearts
In the town of your dreams.

Chorus:



LIBERTY **SONG BOOK**

WAR SONGS—*Continued*

Oh, you'll come back to the old town,
To the town that you know,
And all the folks that love you
Will be there to welcome you,
And you'll know then that the heart's wide
And the whole world is small
When you come back to the old town
To the best town of all.

Chorus:

**The Old Flag Never Touched the
Ground**

Words—J. W. Johnson and Bob Cole *Music*—Rosamond
Johnson

Chorus:

The Old Flag never touched the ground, boys,
The Old Flag never touched the ground,
Tho' shot and shell fell all around, boys,
The dear Old Flag was never down'd.
The Old Flag never touched the ground, boys,
Far to the front 'twas ever found;
She's been in many a fix, since seventeen seventy-
six,
But the Old Flag has never touched the ground.

K-K-K-Katy

Geoffrey O'Hara—*Army Song Leader*
Publisher—Leo Feist

Chorus:

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the c-cow
shed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.



LIBERTY **SONG BOOK**

WAR SONGS—*Continued*

Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag

*Words—George Asaf Music—Felix Powell
Publisher—Chappell & Co., Ltd.*

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

It's a Long Way to Berlin

*Words—Arthur Fields Music—Leon Flatow
Publisher—Leo Feist*

Chorus:

It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there,
Uncle Sam will show the way,
Over the line, then across the Rhine,
Shouting Hip! Hip! Hooray!
We'll sing Yankee Doodle "Under the Linden"
With some real live Yankee Pep!

(Shout) Hep!

It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there,
And I'm on my way, by heck, by heck.

Where Do We Go From Here

*Words—Howard Johnson Music—Percy Wenrich
Publisher—Leo Feist*

Chorus:

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we
go from here?"

Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier.

When Pat would spy a pretty girl,

He'd whisper in her ear,

Oh joy, Oh boy, where do we go from here."

There's a Long, Long Trail

Music—Zo. Elliott
Publisher—M. Witmark & Sons

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Thro' my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams,
Just to call you back to me.

Chorus:

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

Keep the Home Fires Burning

Words—Lena Guilbert Ford *Music—Ivor Novello*
Publisher—Chappell & Co., Ltd.

Chorus:

Keep the Home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home;
There's a silver lining,
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

Joan of Arc

Words—Alfred Bryan and Willie Weston *Music*—
Jack Wells

Publisher—Waterson, Berlin & Snyder

Chorus:

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Do your eyes, from the skies, see the foe?
Don't you see the drooping Fleur-de-lis?
Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?
Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Let your spirit guide us through,
Come lead your France to victory,
Joan of Arc, they are calling you.

The Stars and Stripes Will Wave Over Germany

Tune—The Old Grey Mare

The Stars and Stripes will wave over Germany,
Wave over Germany, wave over Germany,
The Stars and Stripes will wave over Germany,
Less than a year from now.

Chorus:

Less than a year from now,
Less than a year from now,
The Stars and Stripes will wave over Germany,
Wave over Germany, wave over Germany,
The Stars and Stripes will wave over Germany,
Less than a year from now.



WAR SONGS—Continued

Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip

Adapted from a Fort Niagara fragment by Robert Lloyd,
—*Army Song Leader*. Sung by Student Officer Hogan,
R. O. T. C.

Publisher—Leo Feist

Chorus:

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine,
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine.
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If the Camels don't get you, the Fatimas must;
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning

Words and Music—Irving Berlin

Publisher—Waterson, Berlin & Snyder

Chorus:

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed,
For the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the bugler call;
You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
You've got to get up this morning!
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead;
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it
heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.



LIBERTY

SONG BOOK

WAR SONGS—*Continued*

Over There

Words and Music—George M. Cohan

Publisher—Leo Feist

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your
gun,

Take it on the run, on the run, on the run,
Hear them calling you and me,
Every son of liberty.

Hurry right away, no delay, go today,

Make your daddy glad to have had such a
lad,

Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be proud her boy's in line.

Chorus:

Over there, over there,

Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are
coming,

The drums rum-tumming everywhere,
So prepare, say a prayer,

Send the word, send the word to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,

And we won't come back till it's over, over
there!

Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy

Words and Music—Lieut. Gitz Rice

Publisher—T. B. Harms & Francis Day & Hunter

Chorus:

Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,

Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,

Last night in the pale moonlight,

I saw you, I saw you.

You were mending your barbed wire,

When we opened rapid fire;

If you want to see your vater in your vaterland

Keep your head down, Fritzie boy.

Smiles

Words—J. Will Callahan Music—Lee S. Roberts
Publisher—Jerome H. Remick & Co.

Chorus:

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear drops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew,
There are smiles that have a tender meaning,
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

Ship Builders' Chorus (Camouflage March)

Dedicated to the employes of the Standard Ship Building Corporation

Words and Music—H. B. Blan

Chorus:

We'll shape the steel and lay the keel,
We'll calk the seams and hoist the beams.
Just keep right on,
We're going strong,
We'll win this war, we can't go wrong.

BALLADS

A Perfect Day

Words and Music—Carrie Jacobs-Bond
Publisher—The Bond Shop

When you come to the end of a Perfect Day
And you sit alone with your thought;
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a Perfect Day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?



LIBERTY

SONG BOOK

BALLADS—*Continued*

Little Grey Home in the West

Words—D. Eardley Wilmot *Music*—Herman Lohr

Publisher—Chappell & Co., Ltd.

When the golden sun sinks in the hills,
And the toil of a long day is o'er—
Though the road may be long, in the lilt of a
song

I forget I was weary before.
Far ahead, where the blue shadows fall,
I shall come to contentment and rest;
And the toils of the day will be all charmed
away.

In my little grey home of the west.

There are hands that will welcome me in,
There are lips I am burning to kiss—
There are two eyes that shine just because
they are mine

And a thousand things other men miss.
It's a corner of heaven itself
Though it's only a tumble-down nest—
But with love brooding there, why, no place
can compare

With my little grey home in the west.

Somewhere a Voice is Calling

Words—Eileen Newton *Music*—Arthur F. Tate

Publisher—T. B. Harris and Francis Day and Hunter

Dusk and the shadows falling,
O'er land and sea;
Somewhere a voice is calling,
Calling for me!

Night and the stars are gleaming,
Tender and true;
Dearest! my heart is dreaming,
Dreaming of you!



Sunshine of Your Smile

Words—Leonard Cooke *Music*—Lillian Ray
Publisher—T. B. Harris & Francis Day & Hunter

Dear face that holds so sweet a smile for me,
 Were you not mine, how dark the world would
 be;
 I know no light above that could replace
 Love's radiant sunshine in your dear, dear
 face.

Chorus:

Give me your smile, the love-light in your
 eyes,
 Life could not hold a fairer Paradise,
 Give me the right to love you all the while
 My world forever, the sunshine of your smile.

Mother Machree

Words—Rida Johnson Young *Music*—Chauncey Olcott
 and Ernest R. Ball
Publisher—M. Witmark & Sons

There's a spot in me heart which no colleen
 may own,
 There's a depth in me soul never sounded or
 known;
 There's a place in my mem'ry, my life that
 you fill,
 No other can take it, no one ever will.

Chorus:

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your
 hair,
 And the brow that's all furrowed, and wrink-
 led with care,
 I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me,
 Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother
 Machree!



HOME SONGS

Old Kentucky Home*Words and Music—Stephen Foster*

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
 'Tis Summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's all in bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor
 All merry, all happy and bright,
 By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

Chorus:

Weep no more, my lady,
 Oh! weep no more today!
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

Old Black Joe*Words and Music—Stephen Foster*

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
 Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
 Gone from this earth to a better land, I know,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,
 I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

Words and Music—James Bland

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and
taters grow;
There's where the birds warble sweetly in the
springtime;
There's where this old darky's heart does long
to go;
There's where I labored so long for old master,
Day after day in that field of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the place where I was
born.

Chorus:

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and
taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweetly in the
springtime,
There's where this old darky's heart does long
to go.

Auld Lang Syne

Words—Robert Burns *Music*—George Thomson

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never
brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days
of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang
syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld
lang syne.

Dixie

Words and Music—Dan D. Emmett

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten,
Look away, Look away! Look away! Dixie
Land.

In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie
Land.

Chorus:

Then I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old Folks at Home

Words and Music—Stephen Foster

Way down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus:

All the world is sad and dreary,
Every where I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.



Love's Old Sweet Song

Words—G. Clifton Bingham Music—J. L. Molloy

Once in the dear, dear days beyond recall,
 When in the world the mists began to fall,
 Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
 Low to our hearts love sung an old, sweet song
 And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam,
 Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus:

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are
 low,
 And the flickering shadows softly come and
 go,
 Though the heart be weary, sad the day and
 long,
 Still to us at twilight, comes love's old song,
 comes love's old song.

HYMNS

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

Words—Reginald Heber Music—H. S. Cutler

The Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar,
 Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train.



LIBERTY

SONG BOOK

HYMNS—*Continued!*

Song of the Allies

Words—William Chauncey Gates

Tune—"Onward, Christian Soldiers"

We are Allied soldiers,
Fighting for the Right—
For a world of Freedom—
And we'll win the fight.
Like a mighty river
Pushing to the sea,
We are marching onward,
On to victory!

Chorus:

Forward, Allied soldiers,
Fighting for the Right,
'Neath the flag of Freedom,
We will win the fight.

May the God of Battles
Always guide our way!
Pray that He will hasten
The decisive day
When our Allied armies
Shall have won the fight;
Freedom for all Nations—
Might o'erthrown by Right.

Chorus:



O God, Our Help in Ages Past

Words—Isaac Watts Music—W. Croft

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne,
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.

A thousand ages in Thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone,
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

Old Jewish Hymn

Traditional Melody—"Yigdal"

Uplift the song of praise,
 To Him, our fathers' God!
 Who led them o'er the watery ways
 To lands untrod.
 Seed of a race to be,
 Upon this new world shore,
 The home of Law and Liberty,
 Forever more.

Lift high the song of praise,
 O nation grown in power!
 Hold fast through good and evil days
 Thy glorious dower;
 The age-long hope fulfill,
 New quickened at thy birth;
 Thy strength, thy God, whose righteous will
 Rules heaven and earth.



LIBERTY

SONG BOOK

HYMNS—*Continued*

Invocation

Words—Howard N. Fuller *Tune*—“America”

God bless our noble men,
Our brave and loyal men,
 Be Thou their stay!
Stretch forth Thy mighty arm,
Shield them from ev'ry harm,
Oh, still our hearts' alarm,
 Dear Lord, we pray!

God bless our gallant men,
Bring them safe home again,
 The vict'ry won;
Be theirs the hero's prize,
The fame which never dies,
Or Freedom's sacrifice,
 Thy will be done!

Every Town Is Your Home Town

Words by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

Music by
GENA BRANSCOMBE

CHORUS

a tempo

ev - ry town - is your home town, And each day's your day, — For ev - ry moth - er loves a

a tempo

sol - dier boy For the sake of the one a - way — And ev - ry where that the flag flies, With its

cresc. a rit. *a tempo*

red, white — and blue, — There are hearts like those in the old town, To wel - come you. — But

cresc. a rit.

sub. brlo *a tempo*

ev - ry town — is your home town, And each day's your day, — For ev - ry moth - er loves a

a tempo

cresc. a rit. *a tempo*

sol - dier boy For the sake of the one a - way, — And ev - ry where that the flag flies, With its

cresc. a rit.

cresc. a rit. *rit. molto*

red, white — and blue, — There are hearts like those in the old town to wel - come you!

Every Towns etc. 2 * Repetition of Chorus is optional. In case it is not used, use final bar of accompaniment here.

COPYRIGHTED 1918 AND PUBLISHED BY WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE - ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

This Song is Published by
CHAPPELL & CO., Ltd.
 41 East 34th Street
 New York