

THE OLD FLAG NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND

PATRIOTIC MARCH SONG



Barley Emmert

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
ROSAMOND JOHNSON



50¢

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Music by
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[illegible]

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Dear Old Glo - ry! and we fol - lowed it a - midst the
At the front the Stars and Stripes were beck'ning us to

rat - tling of the ri - fles and the can - non's roar.
strike a man - ly blow for Free - dom and for Right. *Ah!*
(Boom!)
(Strike!)

In the hail of shot and shell, Com - rades all a -
Dear old flag! we bow to thee, Em - blem of sweet
*Shot and shell,
Bow to thee,*

round us fell, But not once was lower'd in the dust, my boys, The
Lib - er - ty! May you ev - er wave as you do now, a sign Of
*'Round us fell,
Lib - er - ty!*

CHORUS

dear old flag we love so well. The
 peace and pow'r o'er land and sea. The
 Ta ta rump pa pump pa!

old flag nev-er touch'd the ground, boys, The old flag nev-er touch'd the
1st. time mp 2d. ff

ground;..... Though shot and shell fell all a - round, boys, The
"John Brown's bo - dy lies a".

dear old rag was nev-er downed..... The old flag never touch'd the
 Hur - rah! Hurrah!

ground, boys, Far to the front 'twas ev - er

found; She's been in ma-ny a fix Since

"Wish I was in Dix-ie land!"

sev-en-teen seven-ty six, But the old flag has nev - er touched the

ground. The ground.

Repeat ff

SONGS YOU WILL LIKE

LET YOUR PIANO PROVE THEIR MERIT

I'm Hearin' from Erin and Mother o' Mine

BY L. WOLFE GILBERT AND ANATOL FRIEDLAND

Chorus

Sure I'm hear - in' from E - rin, a voice made of gold, The
tone's not so young, still as sweet as of old; Her
sing - ing is bring - ing fond mem' - ries di - vine Sure I'm hear - in' from E - rin and

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Good Morning, Glory

WORDS BY WILL J. HARRIS
MUSIC BY HARRY I. ROBINSON

Chorus

Good morn - ing Glo - ry, Good morn - ing Glo - ry, You're like the flow - er
of that name, I wake up ear - ly to see you girl - ie
Be - cause your win - dow o - pens at an ear - ly hour, Like the pet - als of the climb - ing flow - er,

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Somewhere in Delaware

WORDS BY WILL J. HARRIS
MUSIC BY HARRY I. ROBINSON

Chorus

In gon - na make my fu - ture home some - where in Del - a - ware I just can't tell ya where
I'll breathe that mel - low air I'll join the "sim - ple life" re - cruits I've laid a -
way my full - dress suits And for a few "beans" I'll buy some blue jeans, And a pair of leather

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Love Is a Wonderful Thing

BY L. WOLFE GILBERT
AND ANATOL FRIEDLAND

CHORUS

When you're in love it's a won - der - ful thing, You walk a - round like a squirrel and sing,
When you're in love it's a won - der - ful thing, All that you think that you need is the ring.
Spend two hours dream - ing, To call on your bless - ing When you ar - rive there's a
Troub - le just com - men - ces, Good - ness what ex - pen - ses You dream of love in a
smile on your face, Maid says she's out, but you peep in the place And in the par - lor some - one
won - der - ful flat, Child - ren are play - ing with toys and all that, all you get some - times in a

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