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FLORENCE HOOPER TILCHMAN BAKER.

354 MOTT AVENUE,
NEAR 138th STREET,
NEW YORK CITY. N. Y.

LOVE THOUGHTS OF THE WAR,

COMPOSED BY

Mrs. FLORENCE HOOPER TILGHMAN BAKER.

DURING THE WAR BETWEEN

AMERICA AND SPAIN.

IN THE YEAR

1898.



This war lasting three months, America seizing many Spanish vessels and prisoners, and entirely destroying two Spanish Fleets, one was destroyed at Manila Bay, May 1st, 1898, by Commodore Dewey, now Admiral.

The other was destroyed at Santiago Bay, De Cuba, by Commodore Schley, now Rear Admiral, on July 1st, 1898. Commander in Chief of the Army, President William McKinley. Not one of our vessels captured by the enemy

Loss of life comparatively few

none in the Navy.



G. W. BOWERS,
2051 LEXINGTON AVENUE,
NEW YORK

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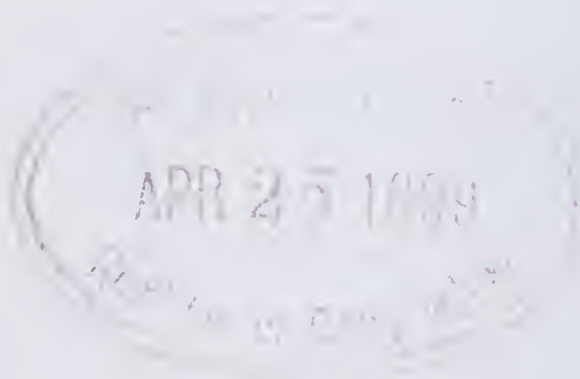
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PREFACE.

Mrs. Florence Hooper Tilghman Baker, presents to the public, her love thoughts to our brave soldier and sailor boys, who fought a war which the same was not fought for centuries, namely a righteous war. It seemed to the authoress during the war, as if these words floated ever before her; "The battle is God's not ours." and the outcome was just as any one could predict short, and gloriously successful. The authoress comes from a family of soldiers Generals Lloyd and Tench Tilghman of Maryland, and Sir Oswald Tilghman of England, who comes of a very old family whose ancestors date back further than the year 1000. He came to America with Lord Baltimore to form a colony for the nobility, and never went back to England to live. General Lloyd Tilghman who fought during the Revolutionary war, built the Hermitage in the eastern part of Maryland. General Tench Tilghman fought during the Civil war, and when he was wounded and was carried under the peach tree where he passed away, it was claimed that the peaches turned a blood red ever after. "It is recorded in history."

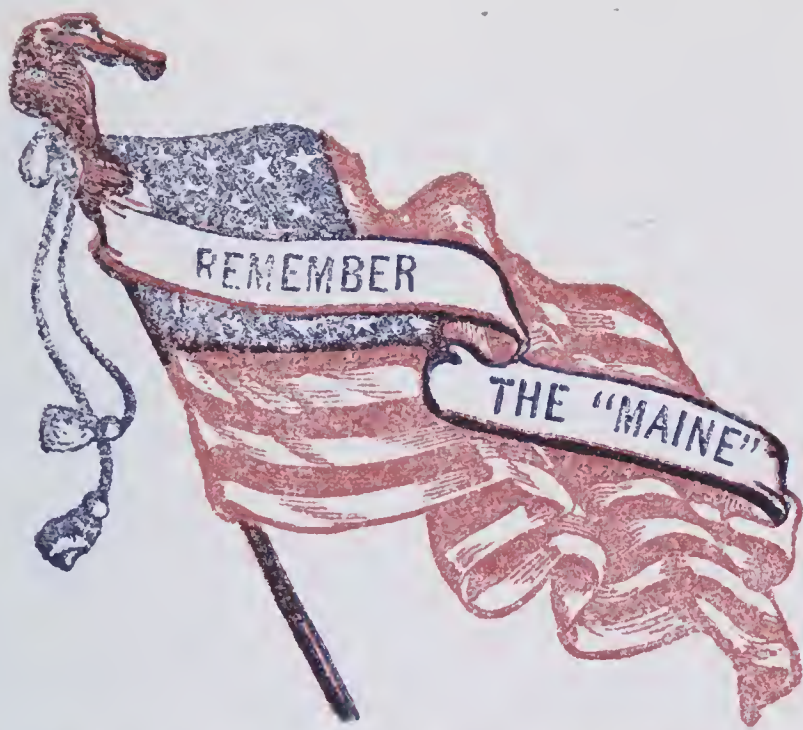
The authoress is intensely patriotic, and has great love for the **Army and Navy**. Good deeds and Good thoughts, which the first four lines of the last piece of poetry of this book entitled, **National Hymn** show.

I salute the dear flag, and my heart swells with love.

For my thoughts they are warlike, yet soft as the dove.

Only warlike to hear one is cruel to another,

And dovelike to shake hands and call you my brother.



DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

In Memory of Commodore Perry of the Flagship Lawrence, Sept. 10th, 1813.

*Dedicated to Commodore Dewey and his Sailors, on the Flagship Olympia
at Manilla, May 1st, 1898.*

Don't give up the ship, either day or night,
Was the cry they heard in the midst of the fight.
As the vessel rode, O'er the Ocean's wave,
Holding an Army that was strong and brave,
Under the flag whose precious story,
Spread o'er the World, who named it Old Glory,
And now under that flag, we fight the same,
We fought then on the Lawrence,
We fight now for the Maine.

As we think of the battles we fought and won,
And of the brave deeds, our sailors have done,
We look at our flag that won every fight,
And we give three cheers with all our might,
And we give three cheers and a hurrah and a hip,
And don't intend to give up the ship.
We never turn traitor, we fight only for right,
With the Star Spangled Banner and God for our might.

So make up your minds that we mean what we say,
As we sail on our ship down New York Bay,
With a hip, hip hurrah, and our flag we wave,
We fight for America, the home of the brave.

THESE WORDS WITH MUSIC CAN BE BOUGHT AT
WENZLIK MUSIC SUPPLY CO. 17 EAST 16TH ST., NEW YORK.

*Dedicated to the Soldiers and Sailors of
The United States of America.*

"MOTHER DEAR MY COUNTRY CALLS ME"

Arr. by the renowned CHRIS. PRAETORIUS.

FLORENCE HOOPER BAKER.

Andante Mod^{to}

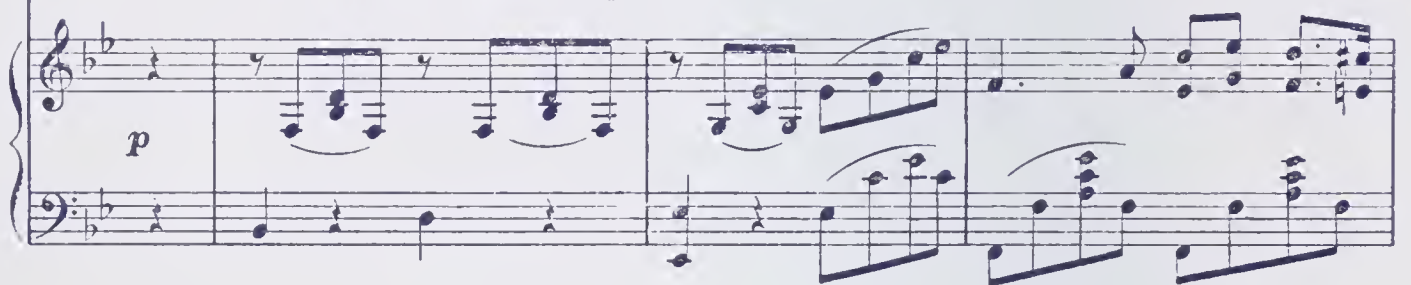
Composer of the Famous Raquet Waltz.



mf

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

1. A boy was kneeling by his moth - - er, He was leaving her and
2. How the love thot of that moth - - er, Goes out to him day and
3. None can tell that lov-ing moth - - er, As she lives in this dear



p

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the first verse, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

home ——— With sad heart she gave her bless - ing,
night, ——— She knows he's liv - ing in God's king - dom.
land, ——— None can tell her who will an - swer



Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the second verse, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

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THESE WORDS WITH MUSIC CAN BE BOUGHT AT WENZLIK, 17 EAST 16TH ST.
NEW YORK.

Mother Dear My Country Calls Me.

*Dedicated to all the Soldiers and Sailors who fought in the War
between America and Spain, winning the greatest victory
ever known in History. April to August 1898.*

A boy was kneeling by his mother,
He was leaving her and home,
With sad heart she gave her blessing,
For her son was soon to roam,
Oh how fervently she pressed him,
To her heart so sore and sad,
And with tears her eyes grow dim,
As she sees her soldier lad.

CHORUS.

Mother dear my Country calls me,
Oh how happy do I go,
All my thoughts and soul are with thee,
Whilst I'm fighting gainst the foe.

How the love thought of that Mother,
Goes out to him day and night,
She knows he's living in God's Kingdom,
And he's fighting for the right,
Soon the wicked shall cease from troubling,
Soon fair Cuba's land shall rend,
From the fetters that have bound her,
Truth for her shall rise again.

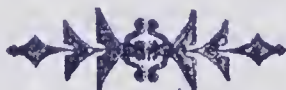
None can tell that loving mother,
As she lives in this dear land,
None can tell her, who will answer,
When this Country dost command.
Well she knows that call is answered,
By ten hundred thousand strong,
For America's the only country,
That knows how to right the wrong.

The 71st Regiment.

*Dedicated to the 71st Regiment at the Battle of San Juan Heights
Santiago, De Cuba, July 1st, 1898. also to Capt. Rafferty of Company F.*

At San Juan, July the first,
There was an army of brave men,
Amid the shots and shells that burst,
And where the enemy was penned,
There came a loud and urgent call,
Forward men who'll follow me.
In the fight where all may fall,
Who will fight and victory see.
Up the hill with shout and song,
Amid the shots and shells that burst,
Who won the honors in that mighty throng,
We hear these words, the 71st.

The song of the Star Spangled Banner bursts from their throats
As they charge up the hill toward the enemy's line,
And the Star Spangled Banner on the breeze it floats,
And the eyes of the 71st burn and shine.
No thought of themselves but their country forever,
Their bravery emblazons the whole world through,
And though from their loved ones and dear ones they sever
They fought for their country, for me and for you.
Oh brave were the boys on San Juan hill,
And brave were they all who fought with a will,
But amid the shots and shells that burst,
The World hears of the brave fight of the 71st.



On The Battleship Texas.

*Respectfully dedicated to Commodore Philip of the Battleship Texas,
after the entire of Cervera's fleet was annihilated. July, 1898,*

On the Battleship 'Texas in the midst of the fight,
Stood a man whose heart walked with God and the right.
Unmindful of shells that burst round where he stands,
His keen eye sweeps far o'er the sea, and o'er land,
The fight rages hotly, how frightful the din.
But the brave Capt. Philip is fighting to win.
How the ship madly rushes with increasing speed.
How the stokers below cram the boilers with feed,
How the gunners brave arm gives the accurate aim,
How everyone works toward the goal of fame.

Now one ship is struck, and it sinks to its rest,
With the Spaniards who sleep on kind Oceans' breast.
One ship, then another oh sad is the sight,
But brave Capt. Philip is fighting for right.
He's fighting to free a nation that bowed,
To a country so cruel that their hearts cried aloud,
And the nation America heeded their cry,
And an army and navy both drew nigh,
And fought with the image of God in their thought,
And freed them from bondage, and happiness wrought

Now the battle is won, now the fight it is over,
Everyman he is called from gunner to stoker,
They come as they are, from the battle victorious,
And stand on the deck, and the sight it is glorious,
And brave Capt. Philip stood among his brave crew,
And said boys I've won with God's help and you,
And he bares his grand head there's a hush o'er the sea,
As he says I believe in God, the Father Almighty.

Once upon a time this Nation was a Baby.

Respectfully dedicated to President William McKinley, Commander in Chief of the War between America and Spain, May to August 1898.

Once upon a time this nation was a baby,
It seemed unto itself so very weak.
Across the ocean was a nation mighty,
While we were suffering and were very weak;
And when that mighty nation brought their tea
Unto these shores and said, "Your will is bent,"
Determined men they threw it in the sea,
And it floated to the place where it was sent.

And from across that ocean came an army,
Who said, "We'll occupy your little land,
We'll break your will and conquer you forever,
And make you accede to our demand."
They came and landed in great splendor,
And spluttered and strutted up and down,
But after we had mopped them with our dander,
To the tune of "Yankee Doodle" they left town.

And now we've whipped another mighty nation,
And swept them from the land and from the sea.
The breath is being held by all creation,
And it shivers in its boots at what might be.
The nation that we whipped was cruelly wicked,
It wouldn't understand our humane ways at all,
And so we put the chip upon our shoulder,
And there it is, and never will it fall.

And so it's been the same on land and ocean,
There's no one yet been able to whip us;
And let me tell you now, which is forever,
We never yet commenced with any fuss.
From the beginning we all lived a peaceful life,
With wills determined as the hardest rock.
We worshipped God and preached against all strife,
But when we fought we gave the hardest knocks.

So make up your minds, we are the nation,
And we'll conquer all the world if it needs be.
We bow only to the Maker of Creation,
Who rules over land and over sea.
The chip on our shoulder we put there.
Do you think you can move it from its place?
We give you all the chance to do and dare.
We never stop at country or at race.



Oh Father dear we are the nation

“Oh, father, dear, we are the nation,
And, yes, the country too.
It beats the world and all creation,
And it beats both me and you,
To think we had the chip so long
And dared the world to move it.
And who’s the man in the mighty throng
Who dared the world to move it?
Protect the weak and right the wrong!
Who is the man who dared and proved it?”
“My son, there’s only one, the people will tell thee.
He is our proof, he is our strength,
His name is George Dew-ey.”

“But, father, will we have the world
Then at our beck and call?
Will we live to see that right is might
And see the nation’s fall,
And only those who fear our God
And live as we now do,
To heal the sick, and feed the hungry,
And be men strong and true?”
“Yes, yes, my boy, we’ll conquer all the worlds in sight,
And keep on fighting, son,
Until there are no worlds to fight,
Or they’ll turn tail and run.



The Americans are coming.

The Americans are coming, ho, ho, ho, ho!
The Americans are coming, he, he, he, he!
They listened to our tale of woe
And made our suffering Cuba free.
We saw the Americans meet the foe
With inspiration for the right.
The Spaniards saw defeat and woe,
And the Americans conquered with their might.
The Americans are coming, ho, ho, ho, ho!
The Americans are coming, he, he, he, he!
They listened to our tale of woe
and made our suffering Cuba free.

If you're oppressed by a cruel foe,
Just tell them all your tale of woe.
America's the country that'll help you through,
And never will that day you rue.
Just tell them that you must be free,
And Uncle Sam your hand will wring,
And he will say, "So shall it be,
For that will be an easy thing."
The Americans are coming, ho, ho, ho, ho!
The Americans are coming, he, he, he, he!
They listened to our tale of woe
And made our suffering Cuba free.

Oh, bark! I hear the cannons roar,
And through the streets one hears the cry.
Hope springs up in our hearts once more,
And we're not doomed to starve and die.
The Americans have conquered our dread foe,
And we extend to them our hand.
We've ceased to cry our tale of woe,
For they've won from the Spaniards our beautiful
land.
The Americans are coming, he, he, he, he!
The Americans are coming, ho, ho, ho, ho!
They've conquered our island and made us free
From Spain, who was our cruel foe.

The return of our Heroes.

*Dedicated to every Soldier and Sailor who fought in the war between
America and Spain, with such glorious results, and in four months.
The likes never before recorded in History.*

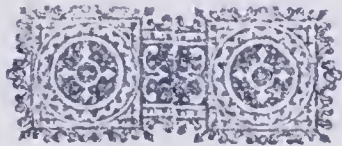
Back from the war, with its dust and grime;
Back from the war at home;
Back from their fighting 'gainst sorrow and crime,
May they never be called to roam.
Cheerfully they gave their lives to the call,
Only too willing to fight.
Never a thought how many may fall;
Only one thought toward the right.
Never a thought of food or sleep,
Deep in their trenches with gun in their hand,
Face to face the Spaniards they meet,
With only a mound of dirt and sand
To show them an enemy is face to face.
One fighting for right, no matter for race.

A country in sorrow, they cry for our aid
Many years did they fight for freedom.
They fought in despair, every hope they see fade,
And about lose all hope for that freedom,
Till an inspired thought came to their tired brain,
Call America, the land of the free,
And the tears down their cheeks fall like the rain.
There's freedom for you and for me.
Can you tell me a time when a cry to that nation
Was unheeded by brave men and true?
Can any one tell all over creation
That they earned not the red, white and blue?
So when Cuba was weary, almost gave up the fight,
Footsore and heartsore and weak,
So weary of fighting for home and right,
They turned to us, so humble and meek.
They asked us to show them how to retain country and
home,
How to conquer a nation so cruel,
How to keep all their people from wishing to roam,
How to show that through love we can rule.

So America asks that nation to give
Up the land they were cruel to for years;
To let the poor people in happiness live,
And no one but God to fear.
Our request was denied with derision and sneers,
So we took up our arms for the fight,
And men of all ages and those tender of years
Went to show what it meant by right;
Went to show what it meant when we asked them to
cease
From their cruelty and rule only through love.
So we showed them that only through war we'd have
peace,
And asked for our help from above.
So our brave boys went on over sea and by land,
And the goal toward the end was in sight;
And the war was commenced by a little band,
Who fought and won every fight.

'Twas the marines who fought in Guantanamo Bay,
They left their great ships out at sea,
And they fought continuously night and day,
And long may their glory be.
There wasn't a squadron which left our shore
But sailed right on toward fame;
There wasn't a sound of the gunners' roar
But showed their accurate aim.
And when our army reached their shore,
And the cry was "Follow me!"
The rifles' crack and the gunners' roar
Made every victory.
Oh, sad the sight when they had to lay
In a cramped and narrow space.
They laid all night and they laid all day,
And the rain fell o'er their face,
Till it furrowed lines on their faces grand,
And it made a halo round them.
It circled round each little band,
And it showed that victory crowned them.

And when their duty they had done,
All covered with fame and glory,
Their faces showed what they had done;
It told a silent story.
Each face, all battle scarred and brown,
Heard the call, "Prepare for home,"
And through that band a cheer went round,
Their soul had ceased to roam.
The people welcomed them the first,
Their eyes are sad and tearful;
As they appear the thunders burst,
Their march is slow and fearful.
The people sob and cry and cheer;
Blare all the trumpets, our heroes are here.
Their loved ones are waiting to hear them bless'd;
Then arms encircle them to home and rest.



The Lone Star is no longer alone.



The Lone Star is no longer alone

Respectfully Dedicated to the memory of General Calixto Garcia, Patriot and Soldier, who gave his life and heart for his country, and through whoes untiring efforts were the means of freeing his countrymen and to the Cubans whose hearts beat loyal to the cause; also to General Maximo Gomez, through whose love for his Army, he is called the Father of his Country.

Far from America, over the sea,
Was an island where loving people dwelt;
Was a people who wished so long to be free;
And it was years that this longing was felt.
They struggled and fought for their country so dear,
They fought for their country and home,
Their freedom they seek from a country they fear,
For their loved ones in sorrow did roam.
They struggle in vain, so they ask for our aid,
And the message comes far over the foam,
Their prayer is answered, all doubts they see fade,
And the lone star is no longer alone.

The lone star is no longer alone,
Our country, it answered their call;
The message came over the foam
And we made their dread enemy fall.
Now their troubles are over we extend them our hand,
And it clasps the two lands o'er the foam.
We give them their freedom, we give them their land,
And no more from their country they'll roam.

Fair Cuba is free and we give them their home,
We gave them all our dear ties.
Their sorrows are over, no more will they roam,
And their prayers to God rise,
For the country who vanquished their terrible foe,
Who gave their only and all.
Their joy is unbounded, though they suffered so,
To see their enemy fall.
But who were the people, and where was the land,
Who dared to stand fair Cuba's friend?
Who dared to answer the command
To break the fetters and freedom send?
Who but America would dare to fight
A country of royalty and wealth and might?
Who answered the call from over the foam
So the lone star would not be alone?

One Flag, One Country.

Long, long years ago, this country was new;
Only savages lived on its plane.
The God that is known to me, and to you,
Is the same God, and ever shall reign.
A brave little band came over the sea,
To fly persecution and error.
Thy could not praise God—the story was told me,
And they fled to this country in terror.
They met these strange savages all over the land,
But they lived in love and peace.
And they rested in this beautiful land,
And thought their contentions did cease,
Until these God-fearing people found that God was not
known
To these poor savage people at all,
And their homes were all broken and many had flown,
And there were wars, and many did fall.

So it was always the same, in this country so dear,
We have fought at all wars good and true.
We were always alert when danger was near,
And the fighting was for me and for you.
Till the poor little slaves were introduced in the North,
And we lived for a while in the dark,
And what trouble we had, which our sin brought forth,
And a still small voice said "Hark!"
We listened and found, it could not be so,
So we quickly swept out the dark sin.
We showed the world we were not so low,
For we obeyed the small voice within.
But some dark mortals took the slaves to the South,
Of the land that we fought for so dear,
And they scourged their poor backs and manacled their
mouths,
Which made that sin to us too near.
So we reasoned and tried to buy every slave,
By millions of money to free them.
But they whipped them the more, and more did they rave,
And still the grave bondage enslaved them,

Till a terrible war broke out over the land,
And a fierce battle was fought to free them.
And the soldiers went out, yes, band after band,
And for three years we fought to free them.
But we were fighting with love, and God and might,
And fierce every battle was fought.
We fought for the slaves, we fought for the right,
And we fought with an inspired thought,
Till every battle was fought, and we freed the poor slaves
And we cleared all the land of that sin.
But the South kept the enmity, they did anger and rave,
Until no love in their hearts dwelt within.
So it went on for years, and we sorrowed at heart
For what did we fight, but for love.
And we lived far in sorrow, and we lived far apart,
And we prayed long for their love from above,
Till a war broke out in a land far away,
Where there were slaves who were treated so cruel.
And the fight it was stubborn, it seemed not a ray
Of hope came to their tired souls.

Till a cry to this country came to our quick ears,
And we hastened and heard their sad call,
And sent a sweet message to lessen their fears.
And the fight, it is short, and few fall;
But the war was successful and also victorious.
Not a shadow of doubt passed the land
But that the battle would be short and the ending glo-
rious.
And America sent out the band
Of brave men and true, who fought the same fight
To free the poor slaves in our land,
And, strange to say, the South saw the right,
And gave us the friendly hand.
Was it not beautiful, and the tears to our eyes
Rise in thankfulness for the glad sight.
To think that the thought in their hearts arise
That God always triumphed o'er right.
So our hands both clasp in brotherly love,
And we stand with love for another,
And we raise our eyes to God above,
And call each other brother.

No enmity is between us any more,
And our love for each other's the same,
And we raise the flag from shore to shore,
And peace and harmony reign.
This glorious country will fight the same,
And war with one another,
Until we move all baneful shame
And call each other brother.
And now all hands are clasped with love,
And we stand over every effrontery,
And with grateful hearts to God above,
We live under one flag, one country.



Roosevelt and the Rough Riders,

*Respectfully dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt Governor of New York,
elected through the gratitude of the people, in remembrance of his
brave fight at San Juan Heights, Santiago, De Cuba, July
1st, 1898, aided by his band of brave men, called
"The Rough Riders."*

A war broke out between America and Spain;
It was successful, it was glorious, and short.
It started with the destruction of the battle ship Maine,
And our cannons gave the first report.
Every chance that was given to the sailors at sea,
To shout the battle cry, "Remember the Maine!"
Made their accurate aim, and made Spaniards flee,
And made the bullets fall like rain.
On land was a man, with a small band, who gave
Their all to their country, so dear.
Every man was so true, every man was so brave,
That they feared not, and drew so near
To the enemy that their fighting made great dismay,
For they never saw such a great fight,
For through their ignorant brains they saw not a ray
Of what the Americans know as right.
At the head of this band stands a man whose life,
Is blameless, and fearless and true,
Who never sought war, but where war is through rife,
He will fight to the knife, for you.

At the San Juan fight, silhouette 'gainst the sky,
Almost at the top of the hill,
Comes the thunderous order, every man draw nigh,
And the command gives an inward thrill,
And his fearless courage, aided by his brave men,
Showed how courageous they were and true,
And he aided this country to help Cuba rend
From the fetters she held long years through.
So when he came home, Uncle Sam took his hand.
"Well, done, my brave boy; yes, well done;
My gratitude to you and your brave little band.
What office can I give you to run?"
So he answered the roll of the Governor's call,
And bravely he fought it through.
And the world shouts with glee, for it just suits them,
For he's the man for the red, white and blue.
And when this office he's through, he will come out as
true.
And this I predict to you all,
That we've one honor more, to give before we're through,
And he will answer the President's call.

The Stokers.

Dedicated to all the brave stokers, and those whose work was below deck on the American Ships, that were in service during the war between America and Spain, April-August 1898.

There is a brave band of men that few think about,
And I'm here now to help honor them.
They aided poor Cuba and helped them to route
The enemy, and the great ships to hem
In the fleet that were in the deep bay
Of the country where our ships stood at sea.
We watched all the shores, through the night and all day.
Oh, where can the enemy be?
This brave crew of men do not fight in our sight,
But they fight the same neck to neck,
And their love for their country, their God and its right
Is the same as those on the deck.
Each call it is sacred, and they stand to that call,
And they work below in the dark.
The heat it is furious and many do fall,
When they hear the order, "Hark,
The enemy's coming. Now, boys, do your best.
Cram your boilers, for we're after them all."

And they fearfully work and think not of rest,
And through the heat they're overcome, and some fall,
But others take their places, with hearts good and true,
And they fill the boilers with love
For their country and home, as they toss o'er the wave,
For they're as brave as the sailors above.
How their hearts beat and throb with patriotic pride
As the proud ship rides over the foam,
And their bravery is known on every side
Of the world and to their loved homes.
And when the time comes and honors are due
I want to say right here and now
To every brave soldier and sailor and you
That in gratitude to them we bow.
For if it wasn't for them how could the ships ride at sea,
And how could the ships fight at all?
But we know them with love; long may their happiness be,
And they answer the honor's roll call.

Colored Cavalry.

Dedicated to the Colored Cavalry, in remembrance of their brave fight at San Juan Heights, July 12th, 1898, through whose wonderful fighting was the means of saving a great number of our soldiers lives.

I know not who they are, but they fought just the same,
And they fought like demons, as the bullets fell like rain,
And if it wasn't for them and their brave little band
I was told that almost all would have been swept from
the land.

I was told that they fought with a sword in each hand,
This brave colored regiment, this brave little band.
They heard not an order, for they were fighting to win,
While they were in the midst of the battle, the confusion
and din.

They fight with a fierceness, they fight with a will,
And they fight just like demons as they go up the hill,
As they charge up the heights of San Juan fame,
Where the bullets are falling as thick as the rain.
And praises are sung all over the land
For this brave colored regiment, this brave little band.

Our brave boys of blue and our brave boys of gray
They fought in the trenches all night and all day
In brotherly love and all shared the same,
Till all won the good fight, and covered with fame
The colored regiment came home and they live in our
hearts,
And we think of their brave deed and say ere we part
That they earned the brave title "Our nation's pride,"
For they fought nobly, with every one, side by side,
As the fight raged so hotly and they in the thickest of all
Spring past their comrades, as around them they fall
They are never forgotten. We've a statue of fame,
And we carve with our love each soldier's name,
And among the names that we see all over the land
Belong to the colored regiment, the brave little band.

Hush! Our Heroes Sleep.

*To our fallen Heroes, who fell during the war between
America and Spain.*

Hush! Our heroes sleep. They are not dead.
They cannot die. They live.
There is no death. Our Saviour said,
“ ’Tis peace and life I give.”
No greater love hath he who’ll give
His life to friend and brother;
Who gives his love so they who live
May greet and love each other.
Our heroes gave what we value best;
’Twas love for friend and brother;
’Twas love for their country, on which they rest.
Oh, why not love each other?
No matter if the heart is worn,
And from their loved they sever;
No matter how they’re shot and torn,
We know they live forever.
High up above, on the statue of fame,
We see them stand in glory,
And oh, how deep we carve their names
And spread to all the story.

We know full well what they went through;
We love to hear the story.
’Tis bitter sweet for all and you,
They’re crowned with fame and glory.
So glad are they to end all strife,
That gallant soldier band;
So glad there is an end to rife,
They sleep for this dear land.
Oh, can you tell me, friends and all,
Could they do a nobler thing,
Than meet a cruel foe and fall,
Then shout, a victory bring?
We owe them now, and we’ll owe forever,
For we never can repay.
All is in vain, nor can endeavor
Bring to us that day.
Then high up, yes to the top of fame,
We see them plainly stand.
We bow the head, say soft the name.
Through them we own the land.

THESE WORDS WITH MUSIC CAN BE BOUGHT AT
WENZLIK MUSIC SUPPLY CO. 17 EAST 16TH ST., NEW YORK.

2nd & 3rd Verse.

This Flag that I hold I use on - ly for right With
you for my broth - er and God for my might, My
Coun - try comes first it pro - tects my dear home And
here will I stay for no long - er I roam, The
God that is o - ver the wick - ed and just Thro'
Him all's e - ter - nal all else it is dust My
love is for you and your love is for me For this
flag that I hold waves o'er land and o'er sea For
those who do right and al - low no one wronged And I'm
hap - py to know that I join the great throng.

National Hymn

*National Hymn of thankfulness dedicated to the natives of
Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.*

This flag that I hold I use only for right,
With you for my brother and God for my might.
My country comes first, it protects my dear home,
And here will I stay, for no longer I roam.
The God that is over the wicked and just,
Through Him all's eternal, all else it is dust.
My love is for you and your love is for me,
For this flag that I hold waves o'er land and o'er sea,
For those who do right and allow no one wronged,
And I'm happy to know that I join the great throng.

I salute the dear flag, and my heart swells with love,
For my thoughts they are warlike, yet soft as the dove.
Only warlike to hear one is cruel to another,
And dovelike to shake hands and call you my brother.
The stripes are the conflicts that others gave you,
The stars are the thoughts of the heavens so true,
And the flag that I hold is the old and the new.
Hurrah for the colors, the red, white and blue!
And my life I pledge here, before all and before you,
God only is first, then the red, white and blue.

I take the oath of allegiance and extend you my hand.
My protection I give to all o'er the land.
My life will be noble, I give brotherly love,
And know that through truth comes my help from above.
All things are forgotten and peace sings with me,
For we all stand together in this land of the free,
The nation America helped us to rend
From our enemies, and showed us that truth rose again.
And our praises we sing for that nation so true,
And in thankfulness we wave our red, white and blue.

ONE COPY REC'D

APR 25 1899

Love thoughts of the War,

by

Florence Hooper Tighman Baker,

1899.

RELATING TO THE WAR BETWEEN
AMERICA AND SPAIN.

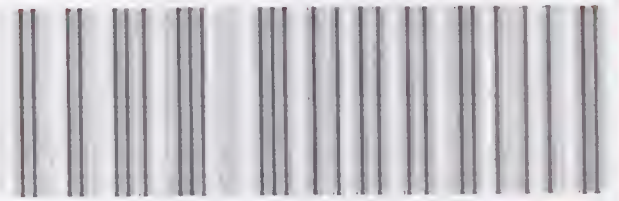
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