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Victory songs for Thanksgiving Day, 1918, Winter Park, Florida

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, "Victory songs for Thanksgiving Day, 1918, Winter Park, Florida" (1918). *Text Materials of Central Florida*. 912.

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Victory Songs

For

Thanksgiving Day, 1918

Winter Park, Florida

*“Sweet Land of Liberty
Of Thee I Sing!”*

Issued by the
WINTER PARK COUNCIL OF DEFENSE
And the State Dept. of Liberty Choruses

1.

FLORIDA STATE SONG

(SUWANNEE RIVER)

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

REFRAIN

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

All roun' de little farm I wandered,
 When I was young,
 Den many happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing with my brother,
 Happy was I,
 Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
 There let me live and die.

REFRAIN

One little hut among the bushes,
 One that I love,
 Still sadly to my memory rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see the bees a-humming,
 All roun' de comb?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming,
 Down in my good old home?

REFRAIN

2.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing,
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
 From ev'ry mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee, land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

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!

Our Fathers' God, to Thee, author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

3.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling 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!
 His truth is marching on!

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling
 camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
 damps;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps.

His day is marching on.—(Chorus)

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
 As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
 shall deal;

Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
 heel,

Since God is marching on.—(Chorus)

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)

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me,
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.—(Chorus)

4.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

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, thro' 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?

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescu'd land,
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us
 a nation!

Then conquer we must, for our cause 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.

5.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING!

Come, Thou almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise;
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days!

Come, Holy Comforter!
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour!
 Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!

To the great One in Three
 The highest praises be
 Hence evermore!
 His sov'reign majesty
 May we in glory see
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

6.

U. S. A. FOREVER

"The New Dixie" by Edmund Vance Cooke.
 I'm glad I live in the land I live in, best to get and best
 to give in,
 Hip hooray, hip hooray, hip hooray, U. S. A.
 Old Uncle Sam's my best relation, makes me feel I own
 this nation,
 Hip hooray, hip hooray, hip hooray, U. S. A.

CHORUS

So it's U. S. A., forever, hooray, hooray,
 I thank the fates which fixed my dates
 In U. S. A. forever.
 Hooray, I say Old U. S. A. forever.
 I say, Hooray, the glorious states forever.

I love this land of milk and honey, land on which I'll lay
 my money.

Hip hooray, hip hooray, hip hooray, U. S. A.
 From eastern sea to western ocean this land seems to
 suit my notion.

Hip hooray, hip hooray, hip hooray, U. S. A.
 Here Latin, Celt and Slav and Saxon look like Lincoln,
 Clay and Jackson.

Hip hooray, hip hooray, hip hooray, U. S. A.
 And we're for peace around the compass till we're forced
 to raise a rumpus.

Hip hooray, hip hooray, hip hooray, U. S. A.
 But if some folks with a foe's effrontery rough the fur
 of this, our country,

Hip hooray, hip hooray, hip hooray, U. S. A.
 We'll take our sev'ral swords and tune 'em till they sing
 E Pluribus Unum.
 Hip hooray, hip hooray, hip hooray, U. S. A.

7.

OVER THERE

(New Version)

Over there, over there,
 Send the word, send the word over there,
 That we know they've done it,
 They've gone and done it,
 Our boys have won it over there!
 So prepare, do your share,
 Send a cheer, send a cheer over there!
 They went over, and put it over,
 And they'll soon come back, for it's over, over there!

8.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

(Sung to the tune of "O Mother Dear, Jerusalem")

O, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain,
America! America God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining
sea.

O, beautiful for pilgrim feet whose stern impassioned
stress,

A thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness.
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law!

O, beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved, and mercy more
than life.

America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness and every gain divine!

O, beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears.
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining
sea. —(Katherine Lee Bates)

9.

LADDIE IN KHAKI

Laddie in khaki, I'm waiting for you!
I want you to know that my heart beats true!
I'm waiting, and longing, and living for you,
So come back, little laddie in khaki!

10.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

(New Version)

There's a long long trail a-winding
Out from the trenches of France,
And it's there we met the Fritzes
And we made 'em dance!

There's a long long night of waiting
Bfore our dreams all come true,
But we sure have shown the Kaiser
What the Yankee boys can do!

11.

THE YALLER RIBBON

Round her neck she wears a yaller ribbon,
She wears it in the winter and the summer, so they say.
If you ask her, "Why the decoration?"
She says it's fur her lover who is fur, fur away.
Fur away! (fur away!)

Fur away! (Fur away!)

If she's milkin' cows or mowin' hay,
Round her neck she wears a yaller ribbon,
She wears it fur her lover who is fur, fur away!

12.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Then men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home!

The o'ld church bells will peal with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home!

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home!

13.

TE DEUM

(Thanksgiving for Peace)

We thank Thee, O our God, for this
Long fought-for, hoped-for, prayed-for peace;
Thou dost cast down, and Thou upraise,
Thy hand doth order all our ways.
Lift all our hearts to nobler life,
Forever freed from fear and strife;
Let all men everywhere in Thee
Possess their souls in liberty.
Safe in Thy Love we leave our dead;
Heal all the wounds that war has made,
And help us to uproot each wrong,
Which still among us waxeth strong.
Break all the bars that hold apart
All men of nobler mind and heart;
Let all men find alone in Thee
Their one and only sovereignty!

JOHN OXENHAM.

Tune: Doxology.

Note: Add the Doxology as final verse.