

**DEDICATED TO OUR MEN-
AT-ARMS; WAR
BALLADS AND
VERSES. SECOND SERIES**

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Dedicated to Our Men-At-Arms; War Ballads and Verses. Second Series by William Hathorn Mills

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WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS

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Dedicated to Our Men-at-Arms

WAR-BALLADS
and
VERSES

Second Series

BY
WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA
THE BARNUM & FLAGG COMPANY

1918

Copyright

A Trumpet-Call

MARCH, march, sons of Columbia;
March to the front where the Hun stands at bay;
What is Columbia's motto? "Justitia
Omnibus". Make it your slogan to-day.

March to the goal that lies splendid before you—
Peace with security: tyranny slain;
March to make answer to cries that implore you,
"Give us our homes and our freedom again".

March to exact from the foe reparation
For the foul wrongs he has done to the weak;
March to bring in, thro' this great tribulation,
Justice and Order—the day of the meek.

March, march, sons of America;
Answer not only to bugle and drum;
Hark! to your hearts speaks a tuba angelica;
Gabriel calls, and his summons is "Come".

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NOTE.—For details of facts see *The Times History of the War; Americans at the Front; The Living Age, Nov. 11, 1916; The Battle Glory of Canada; The British Californian, March and May, 1918; The Square Jaw.*

A Battle-Hymn

WHEN Israel, in the days of old,
 Against oppressors drew the sword,
 What stirred their hearts, and made them bold?
 This—that the war was of the Lord.

When Jesse's stripling son defied
 Goliath's vaunts, and laid him low,
 "The battle is the Lord's", he cried,
 And slung the stone that slew the foe.

Our war is of the Lord, and clear
 Sound in our hearts those battle-words;
 Fighting for God, we will not fear
 Aught, for the issue is the Lord's.

LORD of Sabaoth, at our side
 Marshal the armies of the sky;
 So shall we smite the despot's pride;
 So shall we break all tyranny.

The Cross on Calvary was a sign
 Of war—war waged for Truth and Right;
 Under that sign we fight; 'tis Thine
 Own cause; be Thine own strength our might.

'Tis in Thy name we join the fray—
 This earnest of earth's final strife;
 Lord of all power, be Thou our stay;
 Lord of all being, be our Life.

Volunteers

THEY passed from the Foreign Legion
 To the Aviation Corps:
 From the service of Ambulances
 To trench-work at the fore;
 What was the voice that called them?
 What sent them to the war?

Not their own country's peril;
 No harm had touched her yet;
 With some 'twas the bond of kinship—
 Race-ties they could not forget:
 With others a sense of duty
 To the land of Lafayette.

These claims, and the like, constrained them,
 And fired their chivalry;
 But the thought of thoughts that swayed them
 Was the love of Liberty,
 And, blent with that love, a passion
 Of generous sympathy.

And so, ere the Great Republic
 Had marshalled her war-array,
 Not less than fifty thousands
 Of her sons had found their way,
 As Ambulance-workers, airmen,
 And soldiers, to the fray.

The old Crusading spirit
 Is quick in each gallant soul;