

# A Call To Arms - song lyrics

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A CALL TO ARMS.

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To arms, ye mighty nation, unfurl Old Glory's flag,  
And show those Spanish butchers we'll stop their blow and brag  
By sweeping down on Cuba, the fair island to set free,  
And drive those dirty Spaniards to their land across the sea.

We've heard your cry, brave Cuba, and now we answer back,  
Cheer up, brave men and women, we're on the Spaniard's track.  
We'll sweep them all before us, and like frightened curs they'll yelp,  
When a million Yankees chase them you'll hear them cry for help.

But then they'll never get it, for Europe can't be fooled,  
As tyranny and treachery has always been Spain's rule;  
Bloodshed, too, has marked their track with robbery all along the route,  
Till every province they have ruled at last has kicked them out.

From the bloody Duke of Alva's time to Weyler of latest fame,  
They've always played some dirty trick like blowing up the Maine.  
Then up and at them, Yankee boys, and brave Cubans jump in line,  
We'll both wipe out the rotten crew, and do the Dons up fine.

No more her yellow rag shall fly above fair Cuba's land,  
No more her sons and daughters die without our helping hand.  
We'll drive her from this western world, and the eagle's wing will flap  
With joy and satisfaction when we've wiped her off our map.