

Shout The Tidings, Cuba's Free - song lyrics

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Shout the Tidings, Cuba's Free.
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Shout aloud the joyful tidings over all the land,
Poor Cuba has been rescued from the tyrant's hand;
The joyful tidings echo over land and sea.
"Old Uncle Sam has set poor sufferin' Cuba free."

Chorus.
Then shout the joyful tidings, sufferin' Cuba now is free.
Awake her sleeping heroes with the shout of victory:
They bought with blood her freedom, faltered not the price to pay;
Then shout the joyful tidings, sufferin' Cuba's free to-day.
Lift on high the flag of freedom, let it proudly wave
O'er ev'ry Cuban cottage, o'er the patriot's grave;
Let tyrants fear and tremble when her flag they see.
For Uncle Sam has set poor sufferin' Cuba free.-Cho.