Military Ball
in compliment to
One Hundred Soldiers
from Ft. Thomas, Ky.
their Colonel, Commissioned Officers
and the
Twenty-ninth Company Band
at Odd Fellows Hall
Covington, Ky.
Monday Evening, April 15th, 1918

“The time has come to conquer or submit. For us there is but one choice. We have made it.”—
President Wilson.
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

1. 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 through the perilous fight,
   O’er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
   And the rockets’ red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
   Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
   O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
   O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2. On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
   Where the foe’s haughty host in dread silence reposes,
   What is that which the breeze, o’er the towering steep,
   As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
   Now it catches the gleam of the morning’s first beam,
   In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
   Tis the star-spangled banner—Oh, long may it wave
   O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle’s confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep’s pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4. Oh, thus be it e’er when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war’s desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must when our cause it 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.
KEEP THE HOME-FIRES BURNING

Chorus
Keep the home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning;
Though your lads are far away,
They dream of home;
There’s a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining.
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home.

Good-Bye, Broadway! Hello, France!

Chorus
Good-bye, Broadway; hello, France!
We’re ten million strong;
Good-bye, sweethearts, wives and mothers,
It wont take us long.
Don’t you worry while we’re there;
It’s for you we’re fighting, too;
So, good-bye, Broadway; hello, France!
We’re going to square our debt to you.
AMERICA, HERE'S MY BOY

America, I give my boy to you,
   America, You'll find him staunch and true
Put a gun upon his shoulder,
   He is ready to die or do
America, he is my only boy
   My one great pride and joy
But if I had another
   He would fight beside his brother
   America, here's my boy.

OVER THERE

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Take it, on the run, on the run, on the run,
Hear them calling you and me,
Every son of liberty;
Hurry right away, no delay, go today;
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad;
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be proud her boy's in line.
Chorus

Over there, over there,
Send the word over there
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere;
So prepare—say a prayer!
Send the word, send the word to beware;
We'll be overwhelming over,
And we wont come back till it's over, over there, over there.

Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Johnnie, show the Hun you're a son of a gun;
Hoist the flag and let her fly,
Yankee Doodle do or die;
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit,
Yankees to the ranks from the towns and the tanks,
Make your mother proud of you
And the old Red, White and Blue.
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KENTON COUNTY
EQUAL FRANCHISE
ASSOCIATION