1.
Our candidate is Cleveland
With the courage and the will
To do what's right and honest,
And his promises fulfill.
With the Noble Roman, Thurman,
They are marching side by side,
And are on the road to victory
With a steady, easy stride.

2.
The Pubs are in the same old boat,
Their "Canon" is full of holes,
Their sanguinary sail is set,
And they're drifting on the shoals.
Their cry is still for help and aid
From the money kings with bar'l's,
But the more such freight they get aboard
The greater are their perils.

3.
On taxes and the tariff
They're senseless as a goat
They'd take it off their whiskey
And leave it on our coat.
That's what they call protection
Solid wisdom by the chunk
But so clear is the deception
That they'll come down with a thump.

4.
The taxes from the people wrung,
Must less and less be made;
We only need enough to run
And all just debts be paid.
The surplus in the Treasury
Is already much too big,
And we don't propose to make it more
To suit Bill Kelley's "Pig."

5.
The railroads now must pay their debts,
The 'Thurman Act' did that,
And we'll keep our lands for settlers
In spite of "Grandpa's Hat."
Monopolies must stand aside
And stop their thieving tricks;
John Chinaman must stay at home
To eat his rice with sticks.

CHORUS.
Wave high the red bandannas,
Let the cheers be loud and long
Three for honest Grover Cleveland,
Three for Thurman just as strong
And for the old democracy,
Three times three, if you have breath
And shout Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah,
We'll be democrats till death.

6.
Our party is the guardian
Of all who till the soil
The true, firm friend of every man
Who earns his bread by toil.
The rights of these we will defend
'Gainst demagogues who prostrate
The men of muscle and of brain
Vote democratic straight.

7.
Our flag, the flag of freedom,
The red, the white, the blue,
Three cheers for every star it bears,
And for our patriots true.
Then lift it high for it shall wave
For ever and a day
Proud banner of our country,
The emblem of democracy.

8.
While to our candidates we give
The praise that is their due,
There's another who the honors share,
Fair democrat, true blue.
Her realm with charming grace she rules
Our hearts, our homes, our breast
Every freeman is her champion,
Every sovereign is her serf.

9.
So we'll whoop it up for Cleveland,
And will never let them rest;
Our cause is just and vict'ry sure,
Our ticket is the best.
Then all join in the chorus,
Let the cheers be loud and deep,
For our honest, able President
Another term we'll keep.
WAVE HIGH
THE RED
BANDANNA

Con Spirito.

Words & Music by EMMA WASHBURN.

PIANO.

Animato.

Our

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CHORUS.

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collavoce.
honest Grover Cleveland Three for Thur-man just as strong; And

for the old Democra-cy Three times three if you have breath, And

shout hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! We'll be Dem-o-crats till death!

Con spirito.

a tempo.