

WHEN THE
LUSITANIA
WENT DOWN



BY

CHARLES M^c CARRON

AND

NAT. VINCENT

NEW YORK
Published by *Leo Feist, INC.* 231-235 W. 40TH ST.
FEIST BUILDING

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Tempo di Marcia

The
A

na-tion is sad — as can be, — A mess-age came o -
 les-son to all — it should be, — When we feel like cross-

— ver the sea, — A thou-sand or more, — who
 — ing the sea, — A - mer - i - can ships, — that

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sailed from our shore,— Have gone to e - ter - ni - ty. The
 sail from our slips,— Are saf-er for you and me. A

Sta-tue of Li - ber - ty high Must now have a tear—
 Yan-kee can go an - y - where, As long as Old Glo -

— in her eye, I think, it's a shame,— Some
 - ry is there, Al - tho' they were warned,— The

one is to blame,— But all we can do is just sigh! —
 warn-ing they scorned,— And now we must cry in des - pair: —

CHORUS

Some of us lost a true sweet heart,

p-f

Some of us lost a dear dad,

Some lost their mothers, sisters and brothers,

Some lost the best friends they had. It's

time they were stop - ping this war - fare, If

wo-men and chil - dren must drown,

rall. Ma-ny brave hearts — went to sleep in the deep, — *a tempo* When the Lu - si - tan -

- ia went down. — down. —