

WHILE WE ARE FIGHTING FOR CUBA.
JENS K. GRONDAHL.

Long the tyrant's foot upon the Sunny Isle has trod,
Long the blood of patriots has mingled on the sod,
Now it cries aloud unto humanity and God,
While we are fighting for Cuba.

Chorus:
Hurrah! Hurrah! We have no fear of Spain!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll break the tyrant's chain!
Let this be our battle cry: "Remember, boys, the Maine!"
While we are fighting for Cuba.

War-begrimed Old Glory floats aloft upon the breeze—
Fears not smoke of battle though it glories most in peace,
Freedom is the message that it carries o'er the seas,
While we are fighting for Cuba.

Through each vein and fibre thrills of hope and strength we feel
While the tyrant trembles and the battle-thunders peel,
'Tis our country's pulse that throbs in arteries of steel,
While we are fighting for Cuba.

Ours will be the victory as in days of old,
On the page of Liberty our story will be told,
Heaven and humanity our righteous cause uphold,
While we are fighting for Cuba.

From Havana's harbor rise the Spirits of the brave,
Come, revere their memory, our Country's honor save,
Let us plant the Stars and Stripes in triumph o'er their grave.
While we are fighting for Cuba.

Cannons will not cease to boom nor shall our flag be furled,
Till the bloody despot from the Southern Isle is hurled.
Not till "Cuba Libre" is proclaimed to all the world",
Will we cease fighting for Cuba.

Source: Spanish-American War Songs, A Complete Collection of Newspaper Verse During the Recent War with Spain. Sidney A. Witherbee, Publisher, Detroit, MI, 1898, p. 404-405.