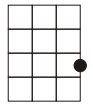


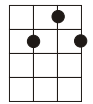
# Marine's Hymn

From the [C] Halls of [G7] Monte[C]zuma  
To the shores of [G7] Tripo[C]li  
We fight our [G7] country's [C] battles  
In the air, on [G7] land, and [C] sea;  
First to [F] fight for right and [C] freedom  
And to [F] keep our honor [C] clean [G7]  
We are [C] proud to [G7] claim the [C] title  
Of United [G7] States Ma[C]rine.

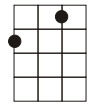
C



G7



F



Our [C] flag's un[G7]furled to [C] every breeze  
From dawn to [G7] setting [C]sun;  
We have fought in [G7] every [C] clime and place  
Where we could [G7] take a [C]gun.  
In the [F] snow of far-off [C] Northern lands  
And in [F] sunny tropic [C] scenes [G7]  
You will [C] find us [G7] always [C] on the job  
The United [G7] States Ma[C]rines.

Here's [C] health to [G7] you and [C] to our Corps  
Which we are [G7] proud to [C] serve;  
In many a [G7] strife we've [C] fought for life  
And never [G7] lost our [C] nerve.  
If the [F] Army and the [C] Navy  
Ever [F] look on Heaven's [C] scenes [G7]  
They will [C] find the [G7] streets are [C] guarded  
By United [G7] States Ma[C]rines.