

## Hail, Columbia!

Joseph Hopkins.

First played in 1789, when Washington came to  
New York to be inaugurated.Adapted from  
President's March.

1. Hall, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hall, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in  
2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with  
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with  
4. Behold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The Rock on which the

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-  
im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of  
loud ap-prise, Ring thro' the world with loud applause; Let ev-'ry clime to free-dom dear  
storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir-tue, firm and true, His

joyed the peace your val-or won. Let in-depend-ence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful  
toil and blood the well-earned prize. While off'ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a  
List-en with a joy-ful ear. With e-qual skill, with God-like pow'r, He gov-erns in the  
hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sinking in dis-may, When gloom obscured Co-

what it cost; Ev-er grateful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.  
man-ly trust; That Truth and Jus-tice will pre-vail, And ev-'ry scheme of bond-age fall.  
fear-ful hour Of hor-rid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon-est peace.  
lum-bia's way, His stead-y mind, from chang-es free, Re-solved on death or lib-er-ty.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

—Longfellow.

# Hail, Columbia!

CHORUS.

Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Bal - lying round our lib - er - ty;

As a band of broth-ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

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## Song Of a Thousand Years.

H C W.

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H. C. Work.

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| 1. Lift up your eyes, de-spond-ing free-men!  | Fling to the winds your need-less fears!   |
| 2. What if the clouds, one lit-tle mo - ment, | Hide the blue sky where morn ap - pears;   |
| 3. En-vi - ous foes, be-yond the o - cean,    | Lit - tle we heed your threat'ning sneers; |
| 4. Haste thee a-long, thou glorious noon-day! | Oh, for the eyes of an-cient seers!        |

He who un-furled your beauteous ban-ner,	Says it shall wave a thou-sand years!
When the bright sun, that tints them crim-son,	Ris - es to shine a thou-sand years!
Lit - tle will they— our chil-dren's chil-dren—	When you are gone a thou-sand years!
Oh, for the faith of Him who reck-ons	Each of His days a thou-sand years.

CHORUS.

"A thousand years," my own Co - lum - bi - a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-told!

'Tis the glad morn whose ear - ly twi - light Wash - ing - ton saw in times of old.

What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for each other?  
— George Eliot.