

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.

7

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.