

me, and you'll re-mem-ber, you'll re - mem - ber me. 2. When
 me, that you'll re-mem-ber, you'll re - mem - ber (*Omit.*) me.

Clime Beneath Whose Genial Sun

Old Scotch Folksong

1. Clime be-neath whose ge - nial sun Kings were quell'd and free - dom won :
 2. Crown - less Ju - dah mourns in gloom ; Greece lies slum - b'ring in the tomb ;
 3. Em - pire of the brave and free ! Stretch thy sway from sea to sea, —

Where the dust of Washing-ton Sleeps in glo - ry's bed, — He - roes from thy syl - van shade
 Rome hath shorn her ea - gle-plume, Lost her conqu'ring name. Youthful Na - tion of the West,
 Who shall bid thee bend the knee To a tyrant's throne ? Knowledge is thine armor bright.

Chang'd the plough for bat-tle blade ; Ho - ly men for thee have pray'd, Pa - triot martyrs bled.
 Rise ! with tru - er greatness blest ; Sainted bands from realms of rest Watch thy bright'ning fame.
 Lib - er - ty thy bea-con - light, God Him-self thy shield of might, Bow to Him a - lone.