

Song of a Thousand Years

HENRY C. WORK

Maestoso

1. Lift up your eyes, de-spond-ing free-men! Fling to the winds your need-less
 2. What if the clouds, one lit-tle mo-ment, Hide the blue sky where morn ap-
 3. Tell the great world these bless-ed ti-dings! Yes, and be sure the bond-man



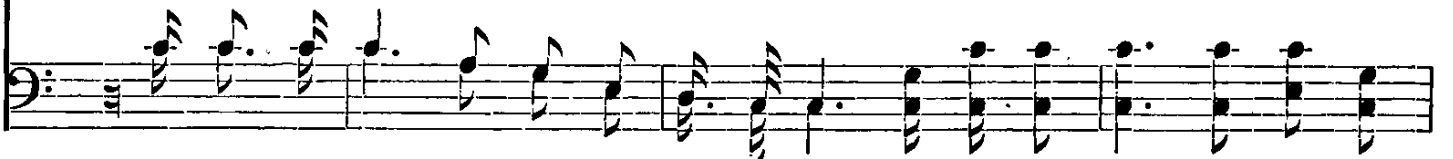
fears! He who un-furl'd your beauteous ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thou-sand years!
 pears,—When the bright sun, that tints them crimson, Ri-ses to shine a thou-sand years?
 hears; Tell the op-pressed of ev-'ry na-tion, Ju-bi-lee lasts a thou-sand years!



CHORUS



"A thou-sand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-ia! '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.

