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# Everybody Sing

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# Everybody Sing!

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:  
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner still wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust".  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

INVOCATION  
ADDRESS

REV. A. P. GREENLEAF  
E. N. HUNTRESS

STATE CAMPAIGN DIRECTOR

## BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the Grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:  
His truth is marching on.

Cho:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps,  
They have builded Him an alter in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:  
His day is marching on.

Cho:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As He died to make men holy let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

Cho:

ADDRESS

SERGEANT MAJOR MCWHINNEY

173RD CANADIAN HIGHLANDERS

## AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God, to Thee  
Author of liberty,  
To thee I sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God our King.

BENEDICTION

REV. E. G. ZELLARS