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Songs We All Know

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SONGS WE ALL KNOW

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love!
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above!

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

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching
as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on
before:

Christ, the royal Master, leads against
the foe;
Forward into battle, see His banners
go!

Chorus

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching
as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on
before.

Like a mighty army moves the Church
of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the
saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we;
One in hope and doctrine, one in
charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms
rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus constant will
remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that
Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, which
can never fail.

Onward, then you people! Join our happy
throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the
triumph-song;
Glory, land, and honor, unto Christ the
King;
This thro' countless ages men and
angels sing.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

O 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
thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so
gallantly streaming
And the rocket's red glare, bombs burst-
ing in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our
flag was still there!

Chorus

O say does that star-spangled banner yet
wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist
o'er the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread
silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the
towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half
discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morn-
ing's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in
the stream.

Chorus

'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, oh! long
may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever,
When free men shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's
desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the
heav'n-rescued land
Praise the pow'r 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."

Chorus

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave.

SPECIAL CHORUS

Keep the "soul fires" burning
While your hearts are yearning;
Trust in God; have faith in men,
'Twill help you through.
There's a silver lining
Behind each dark cloud shining.
It matters not what happens,
To thyself be true.

SONGS WE ALL KNOW

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;
He is trampling the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
His terrible, quick sword;
His truth is marching on.

Chorus

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

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

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

THE FIGHT IS ON.

The fight is on, the trumpet sound is
ringing out,
The Try "To Arms" is heard afar and
near;
The Lord of hosts is marching on to
victory,
The triumph of the right will soon
appear.

Chorus

The fight is on, O Christian soldier, and
face to face in stern array,
With armor gleaming, and colors
streaming,
The right and wrong engage today;
The fight is on, but be not weary,
Be strong and in His might hold fast;
If God before us, His banner o'er us,
We'll sing the victor's song at last.

The fight is on, arouse ye soldiers brave
and true;
Jehovah leads and vict'ry will assure;
Go buckle on the armor God has given
you,
And in His strength unto the end
endure.

The Lord is leading on to certain victory,
The bow of promise spans the eastern
sky;
His glorious name in ev'ry land shall
honored be,
The morn will break, the dawn of peace
is nigh.

COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean—
The home of the brave and the free!
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view—
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

Chorus

When borne by the red, white and blue.
When borne by the red, white and blue.
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave
crew,
With her flag proudly floating before
her—
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The Star-Spangled Banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never
wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine o'er the
brave.
In union no tyrant can sever, may the
sons of Columbia prove true!
The army and navy forever;
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

HOLD THE FORT.

Ho, my comrades, see the signal waving
in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing, victory
is nigh.

Chorus

"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus
signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven, "By
Thy grace we will."

See the mighty host advancing, Satan
leading on;
Mighty men around us falling, courage
almost gone.

Fierce and long the battle rages, but our
help is near;
Onward comes our great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.