

United States National Anthem - 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
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!
O, say, does that star-spangled banner
yet wave--o'er the land of the free and
the home of the brave?

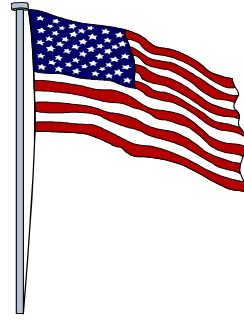
My Country 'tis of Thee

1) 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
mountainside, let freedom ring.

2) 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.



God Bless America

God bless America,
land that I love.
Stand beside her,
and guide her
thru the night with the
Light from above.

From the mountains, to the prairies,
to the oceans white with foam.

God bless America, my home
sweet home.

God bless America, my home
sweet home.

America, the Beautiful

1) O beautiful, for spacious skies for
amber waves of grain.
For purple mountain majesties above
the fruited plain. America!
America! God shed His grace on thee.
And crown thy good with
brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

2) O beautiful, for patriot dream
that sees beyond the years,
thine alabaster cities gleam,
undimmed by human tears. America!
America! God shed His grace on thee,
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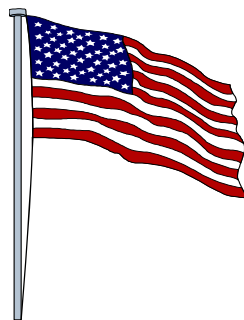
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4) In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea
with a glory in His bosom
that transfigures you and me.

As He died to make men holy,
let us die to make men free
while God is marching on!

(CHORUS)

**Glory, glory, hallelujah.
Glory, glory, hallelujah.
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His Truth is marching on.**

Battle Hymn of the Republic

1) 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.

(CHORUS)

**Glory, glory, hallelujah.
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Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His Truth is marching on.**

2) I have seen him in the watchfires
of a hundred circling camps,
they have builded Him an altar
in the evening dews and damps.

I can read His righteous sentence by
the dim and glaring lamps.
His Day is marching on.

(CHORUS)

**Glory, glory, hallelujah.
Glory, glory, hallelujah.
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His Truth is marching on.**

3) He has sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never sound retreat.
He is sifting out the hearts of men
before His Judgment Seat.

Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him, be
vigilant my feet.
Our God is marching on!

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