

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 has loosed the fateful lightening of his terrible swift sword
His Truth is Marching On!

I have seen Him in the watch fires 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 flaring lamps
His Day is Marching On!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his Judgement Seat,
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be Jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on!

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

Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah
Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah
Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah
Our God is Marching On

America the Beautiful

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!

O Beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare, for freedom beat, across the wilderness!
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control, thy liberty is Law!

O Beautiful for heros proved in liberating strife,
Who more than self, their country loved, and mercy more than life!
America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success, be nobleness, and every gain divine!

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,
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea!
Amen.

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 Banner Go!

At the sign of triumph, Satan's host doth flee,
On, then, Christian Soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver, at the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise!

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.

Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices, in the triumph Song;
Glory, laud and Honor, Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages, Men and angels sing.

Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war,
with the Cross of Jesus Going on before!

Oh Beautiful My Country

O beautiful, my country; Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce, thy Harvests waving fair;
Be thy pride to life up, the manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed, fair freedom's open door.

For thee our fathers suffered; for thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar, their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright, brand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations, commingled flows in thine

O Beautiful our country; Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the Grace of Freedom, the Majesty of Law;
Be righteousness thy Scepter, Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead, Be peace the crowning Gem;
Amen

⓪ God, Our Help

O God, Our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blase, and our Eternal Home.

Under the Shadow of Thy Throne, Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone, and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame;
From everlasting Thou art God, to endless years the same.

Time, like an ever rolling stream, Bears all it's sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, Our Hope for years to come
Be thou our guide while life shall last, and our eternal home.
Amen.

Faith of our Fathers

Faith of our fathers, living still, In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
O How our hearts beat high with Joy, whenever we hear that glorious word.

Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for
Thee.

Faith of our fathers, we will love, Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kindly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fathers, Holy Faith, We will be true to thee till Death

My Country 'Tis of Thee

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.

My Native Country Thee; Land of the Noble Free, Of thee I sing,
I Love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees, Sweet Freedom's
Song.

Let Mortal Tongues awake, Let all that breath partake,
Let Rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

Our Fathers 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.

When wilt thou save the people?

When wilt Thou save the people? O God of mercy when?
Not kings and lords, but nations; Not thrones and crowns, but men.
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, away;
Their heritage a sunless day, God save the People.

Shall crime bring crime for ever. Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father, That man shall toil for wrong?
“NO”, say Thy mountains, “NO” Thy Skies; Man’s clouded sun shall brightly rise.
And songs be heard instead of sighs; God save the people.

When wilt Thou Save the People? O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people, Not thrones and crowns, but Men;
God save the people, Thine they are, Thy children, as Thy angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair, God save the People. Amen.

God of our Fathers, Whose almighty hand.

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand,
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band;
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies.
Our grateful songs, before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine, hath led us in the past
In this free land, by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our Law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion, in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people, on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never ending day,
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And Glory, Laud and Praise be ever Thine, Amen.

God Save America

God Save America! New World of glory,
New born to freedom and knowledge and power,
Lifting the towers of her lightning lit cities,
Where the flood tides of Humanity Roar

God Save America! Here may all races
Mingle together as children of God,
Founding an empire on brotherly kindness,
Equal in liberty, made of one blood.

God Save America! Bearing the olive,
Here be the blessing the peacemakers prove ,
Calling the nations to glad federation,
Leading the world in the triumph of Love!

God Save America! Amid all her splendor,
Save her from pride and from luxury;
Throne in her heart the unseen and eternal;
Right be her might, and truth make her FREE!

Star Spangled Banner.

Oh, Say can you see, by the dawns early light,
what so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stipes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
o'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets 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 yet wave,
O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of 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 morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner; Oh Long may it wave,
O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
that the havoc of war the the battle's confusion,
A Home and a country should leave us no more?
Their Blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
from the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the Star Spangled banner, in triumph doth 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, when 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.

God of Our Fathers

God of our fathers, known of Old,
Lord of our far flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord of Hosts be with us yet, Lest we forget, Lest we forget.

The Tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and contrite heart.
Lord of Hosts be with us yet, Lest we forget, Lest we forget.

Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all or pomp of yesterday,
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre.
Judge of the Nations, Spare us yet, Lest we forget, Lest we forget.

God Bless our Native Land

God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempest rave;
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might

For her our prayers shall rise
to God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry
God save the State. Amen!