

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, happy land! Hail, ye he-ros

heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who

fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of

war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val-or won. Let

In-dependence be your boast, Ev-er mindful what it cost.

E-ver grateful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.

Firm, u-ni-ted let us be, Rallying round our lib-er-ty!

As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

2
Immortal Patriots! rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your
shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand
Let no rude foe with impious hand
Invade the shrine, where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well earned
prize;
While offering peace sincere & just
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm, united, &c.

3
Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring thro' the world with loud ap-
plause! (Twice.)
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;

With equal skill, with steady pow'r
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
The happier time of honest peace,
Firm, united, &c.

4
Behold the chief, who now com-
mands,
Once more to serve his country,
stands,
The rock on which the storm will
beat! (Twice.)

But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and
you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's
day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.
Firm, united, &c.