

Title:	All hail to the land
Name(s):	Bochsa, N. C. Richardson,
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Rec at D of S at 1751

"ALL HAIL TO THE LAND"
 A NEW
American National Song.
 WRITTEN BY
Maj. Richardson
 MUSIC BY **BOCHSA.**
MADAME ANNA BISHOP
 TO WHOM IT IS INSCRIBED
on the occasion of her benefit at the
BROADWAY THEATRE,
New York, Sep. 1850.
A. Bochsa
 NEW YORK
 Published by J. E. GOULD & CO 297 Broadway.
 (successors to E. Dwyer & Co)
 Boston. O. DITSON. Phil^a LEE & WALKER.
 Baltimore. F. D. BENTEEN.
 25 Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress in 1850 by J. E. Gould & Co in the Clerk's Office of the Dist Court of the South District of New York.

537.

Deposited in the Clerk's office S. Dist. N.Y. Sept. 30. 1850

ALL HAIL TO THE LAND.

Poetry by Maj^r Richardson.

Music by N. C. Bochsa.

ALLEGRO
CON
BRIO.

f *Molto Brillante e deciso*

f *Con Energia.*

All hail to the land of mountain and flood, Where

God stamp'd his seal of grandeur sublime; Where free - men a world have

won with their blood, And founded a race to end but with time.

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All Hail to the Land.

Dolce

Oh 'tis a great and a good-ly land, Where ge-nius bright and

Legato

va-lor com-mand The hom-age due to the pen and lyre, And

pp *e Grazioso*

ho-ly glow of the Pa-triot's fire: And plaint of those, by

*Ped ** *Ped **

Des-pots op-press'd, Who seek on her shores Freedom's sweet rest. Who

*Ped ** *Dim:*

All Hail to the Land ♪.

seek on her shores Freedom's sweet rest, Who seek on her shores freedom's

p e molto staccato *ff*

ad lib: 1^{ma} Volta. 2^{da} Volta.

sweet, Sweet rest. rest.

Loco *fz* *f* *f* *ben marcato*

2
As Rome was of old—Columbia the blest,
Stands first of Republics—pride of the world;
Whose high soaring Eagle droops but his crest:
When Nations in tears from Freedom are hurl'd.
Oh! 'tis &c.

3
For Liberty first, and then for their might
Their Fathers bold th' bright falchion unsheath'd
And then, when attain'd, that all sacred right,
A love of the Muse around them they wreath'd.
Oh! 'tis &c.

4
That dark hour has pass'd, when tyrants could mar
The bold, onward march of th' human mind,
Her commerce world-wide, who more gallant in war
Than th' young world that leaves the old one behind.
Oh! 'tis &c.

5
When Europe shall lie in the womb of decay,
And Empires, now tot'ring, sink to their rest,
Then, then shall th' star-spangled banner display,
Its brightest of hues, o'er the Queen of the west.
Oh! 'tis &c.

All Hail to the Land 4.