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Song of a Thousand Years

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by

HENRY C. WORK.

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SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

No. 20.

MAESTOSO.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Lift up your eyes, de - sponding free-men! Fling to the winds your needless fears! He who un furl'd your beau - teous ban - ner, Says it shall wave a thou - sand years!
2. What if the clouds, one lit - tle mo - ment, Hide the blue sky where morn ap - pears— When the bright sun, that tints them crim - son, Ri - ses to shine a thou - sand years!
3. Tell the great world these bless - ed ti - dings! Yes, and be sure the bondman hears; Tell the op press'd of ev - 'ry na - tion, Ju - bi - lee lasts a thou - sand years!

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CHORUS. With all the energy and spirit the singers possess.

Air.

"A thou - sand years!" my own Co - lum - bi - a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore -

Alto.

Tenor.

"A thou - sand years!" my own Co - lum - bi - a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore -

Base.

told! 'Tis the glad morn whose ear - ly twi - light Washington saw in times of old.

told! 'Tis the glad morn whose ear - ly twi - light Washington saw in times of old.

4. Envious foes, beyond the ocean!
Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years.
Chorus—A thousand years, &c.

5. Rebels at home! go hide your faces—
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;
You could not bind the blessed daylight,
Though you should strive a thousand years.
Chorus—A thousand years, &c.

6. Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!
Down to your own degraded spheres!
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
Shortens your lives a thousand years.
Chorus—A thousand years, &c.

7. Haste thee along, thou glorious Noonday!
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!
Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons
Each of his days a thousand years!
Chorus—A thousand years, &c.

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