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Columbia's Battle Prayer

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Columbia's Battle Prayer

Oh! God of our fathers, give us eyes to see
That the stars on our flag; the flag of the free,
Were drawn from high heaven and placed on the earth
To guard the sweet land of liberty's birth.

Chorus:

All hail to the flag of Columbia, which hallowed freedom's birth;
The flag which America has given to the people of all the earth;
And hail to our country's leader, in his fight for the men of the world;
To our allies in foreign trenches, where our flag has been unfurled.

We've heard across oceans, sad Belgium's wail;
We have seen 'neath our banner, the vile serpent's trail;
And voices of millions of innocent slain
Are crying to us from across the dark main.

God lead our great captain, whose uplifted hand
Must wield the broad scepter of liberty's land,
And smite the dark power till it waits on the Lord,
Or dies by the thrust of its own bloody sword.

Oh! Help him to carry this flag of the free
To the ends of the earth, far over the sea,
Where nations may hail our banner unfurled;
The emblem of glory; the flag of the world.

Written for
Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson

Dedicated to President Wilson

Columbia's Battle Prayer

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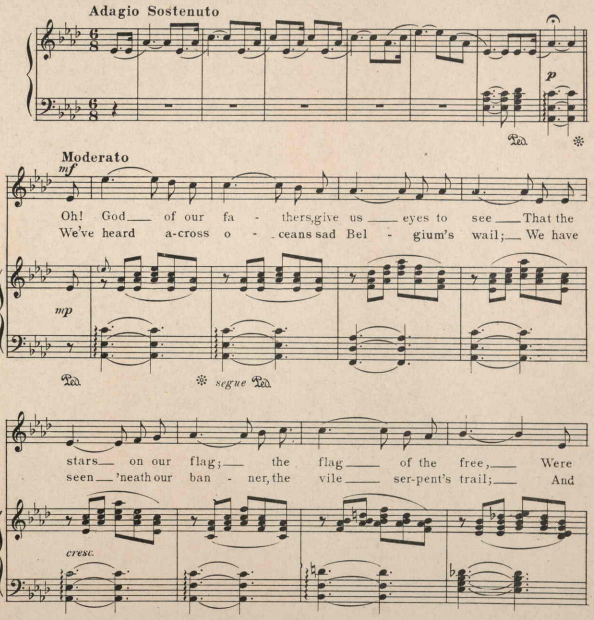

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drawn — from high heav - en and placed — on the earth — To
voi - ces of mil - lions of in - no-cent slain — Are

cresc.

guard — the sweet land — of lib - er-ty's birth. —
cry - ing to us from a - cross — the dark main. —

Tempo di Marcia

CHORUS

ff

All hail to the flag of Co-lum-bia, which hal-lowed free - dom's

f

Bassi col 8va

birth; The flag which A-mer-i-ca has giv-en to the

peo-ple of all the earth; And hail to our coun-try's

cresc.

lead-er, in his fight for the men of the world, To our

cresc. *rit. e pesante*

al-lies in for-eign trench-es, where our flag has been un-furled.

cresc. *rit. e pesante*

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