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# THE BATTLE MARCH OF LIBERTY

BY

THE COMPOSER OF

Prize SONG in the NEW YORK HERALD'S NATIONAL PATRIOTIC SONG Competition



JULY 4th 1917.



3 and 2  
by HENRY VAN DYKE

Andante Maestoso

rising strong.

1. Majestic, rising strong, Our hearts burst into song, In praise of thee! Columbia, thou wert  
2. To love thee inland seas, Thy rocks and giant trees, Thy rolling plains, Thy rivers straight,  
3. Thy silver Eastern strands, Thy Golden States that stand, Afloat the West Thy lowly Southern  
4. Godless our glorious land! Firm ever she ever stand For truth and right she may be true

10/8  
by THEODORE BENCKEL

prize:  
We love thy  
avenue:  
Thy mystic  
fair:  
Thy North waves  
in stars and  
-fetched.

rising rising strong.

Andante

Andante and slow: And breathe thee by thee Of boy - al - U are bound to the border of boy - al - by  
ocean deep, Thy mountains wild and steep; All thy domain Thy mountains wild and steep; All thy domain  
spry air. O, land beyond compare! We love thee best! O, land beyond compare! We love thee best!  
stripes unpaired, And seen of all the world, To freedom light! And seen of all the world, To freedom light!

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THE JUDGES

REGINALD de KOVEN                      JOHN PHILIP SOUSA  
VICTOR HERBERT                      HARRY BARNHART                      HERBERT WITHERSPOON

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## Prayer for America's Triumph.

By BILLY SUNDAY.

Almighty God, Our Heavenly Father, we pray Thee that the war may continue until Prussian militarism is wiped off the earth; until the snake of autocracy is crushed forever; until democracy is unshackled; until justice has a fair show; until the virtue of woman is sure of protection; until little children no longer go hungry; until the Kaiser and his cohorts have unpacked their trunks on St. Helena's barren rocks.

And, in the meantime, give each one of us the fighting spirit that led the crusaders to victory. If we do not fight with our hands in the trenches, help us to fight with sacrificing hearts at home.

Thou knowest, O Lord, we have not entered this bloody war because of avarice or greed, and we do not covet Germany's gold and land. We have drawn the sword to defend our country against the most infamous, bloodthirsty horde of human hargyles that ever disgraced the earth. They respect neither law nor religion; nothing is sacred if it stands in their path.

Lord, bless the President, give him wisdom; bless all the councils of state and war, and keep us a united nation in fact and spirit. Bless the army and navy. Many of our brave boys already sleep somewhere in France or beneath the sea. Bring victory to our cause, because we know it is Your cause. We have joined hands and hopes and hearts with our noble allies that this world may be a safe place in which to live.

Thou knowest, Lord, that the tidal wave of sneering unbelief that has blighted the faith of millions and denied that Jesus is Thine only begotten Son, came from the beer mugs of that pretzel crowd across the sea. All this, together with the deluge of blood, is enough to make hell laugh and Heaven weep.

Lord, Thou hast never forsaken our flag. It waves without a stain. May it lead every step of the way until the iron cross is sunk fathoms in hell and the world rests once more bathed in the radiance of the cross of Christ.

All this we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Saviour. Amen.

# The Battle March Of Liberty.

3

Intro. *Spirito Tempo di Marcia.*  
*The Challenge of Autocracy.*

By THÉODORE HENCKELS.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *f*. It features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piece concludes with a fermata over a whole note chord, with the number '8' written below it.

*Call to the Colors by Uncle Sam.*

This section includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "Ho! all ye heirs of Free - What calls us to the bat -". The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, marked *f*, and includes the label "L.H." for the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

The second system of the vocal and piano score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "dom, Up from your couch - es all tle? 'Tis not the lust of gain;". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythmic pattern. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

The third system of the vocal and piano score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "Who cher - ish hon - or, jus - - tice, Rise to the 'Tis not the love of fight - - ing That bid us". The piano accompaniment continues. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Na - tions' call! \_\_\_\_\_ Come; gath - er 'round Old Glo -  
 strike a - main. \_\_\_\_\_ For thee, be - lov - ed coun -

ry! \_\_\_\_\_ Make oath, with heart and hand, \_\_\_\_\_ By our be -  
 try, \_\_\_\_\_ Our sons we glad - ly send, \_\_\_\_\_ Thine hon - or,

lov - ed coun - - try A loy - al guard to stand. \_\_\_\_\_  
 life and glo - - ry 'Gainst van - dals to de fend! \_\_\_\_\_

Chorus.  
 Un - cle Sam, \_\_\_\_\_ at your call, \_\_\_\_\_ Fight we will, though we may

fall Here, and there 'cross the sea, In de-fense of

Lib - er - ty; And we swear, yes, by Heck! We will

wring the old Hun's neck! And we won't, won't come back,

Till we shtraft his murd'rous pack. Un-cle pack.

3

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