



2 and 3  
by HENRY VAN DYKE

by THEODORE HENCKELS

Andante Maestoso

rising strong,

1. Majestic, rising strong, Our hearts burst into song In praise of thee! Columbia, thee we  
 2. We love thine inland seas, Thy groves and giant trees, Thy rolling plains; Thy river might  
 3. Thy silver Eastern strands, Thy Golden Gate that stands Afrost the West Thy bowry Southland  
 4. God bless our glorious land! Firm may she ever stand For truth and right! So may her flag un-

prize: We love thy  
 sweep: Thy mystic  
 fair: Thy North's sweet  
 -fared, In stars and

rising rising strong,

realm and skies, Are bound to thee by ties Of loy - al - ty. Are bound to thee by ties Of loy - al - ty,  
 canyons deep; Thy mountains wild and steep; All thy domains, Thy mountains wild and steep; All thy domains,  
 crystal air. O, land beyond compare! We love thee best! O, land beyond compare! We love thee best!  
 stripes imperaled, And seen of all the world, To freedom light! And seen of all the world, To freedom light!

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