

DEC 11 1918

Oh Western World (For Righteous Liberty)

Words by
MAL ROSE

Music by
C. L. BARNHOUSE

Con Spirito M. M. ♩ : 120

1. Oh West-ern World, let fly, un-furled The em-blems of thy, creed! Stretch
2. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! Thy mis-sion is Di-vine. Co
3. Old Glo-ry, true_Red, White and Blue_Pro-claim-ing love, sin-cere; Thy

forth thy hands, that troub-led lands, From bond-age shall be freed.— Oh
lum-bi-a! Co-lum-bi-a! The joy to serve is thine.— Oh
stars, the light thy bars, the height, That jus-tice should re-vere;— Of

Shrine of Peace, thy light in-crease. Give day a Ho-lier birth— And
State of States, thy wel-come gates, Must wid-er o-pen, still, To
all the flags, of man-y a land, Of le-gions, bound or free, Thy

let thy scope, oh Dawn, of Hope, Reach all the ends of earth.
all the Marts, of bur-dened hearts, If thou wouldst do God's Will
pres-ence, more and more, must stand, For Right-eous Lib-er-ty.

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"OH WESTERN WORLD"

(Poem by Mal Rose)

Oh Western World, let fly, unfurled,
The emblems of thy creed;
Stretch forth thy hands that troubled lands,
From bondage shall be freed.
Oh Shrine of Peace, thy Light increase;
Give Day a Holier Birth,
And let thy Scope, oh Dawn of Hope,
Reach all the Ends of Earth.

Thy Founders bled thy forests red,
To have thy Freedom pure;
Their Sons with pride, crossed oceans, wide,
To hold thy Peace secure.
Thy Foeman's lance, Intolerance,
Is shattered, now, for Aye;
And where he trod, a Gracious God,
Smiles over thee, today.

America! America!
Thy Mission is Divine;
Columbia! Columbia!
The joy to serve, is thine.
Oh State of States, thy Welcome Gates,
Must wider open, still,
To all the Marts of burdened Hearts,
If thou wouldst do God's Will.

Thy hills are pearled, Oh Western World,
With gems serene and fair;
Thy vales are famed for wealth, unclaimed,
So bounteous is thy share.
Should Heaven bless thee so, unless
Thy Flag be Freedom-flown?
Thy mills to grind for All Mankind,
Not just for thee, alone.

Old Glory, true, Red, White and Blue,
Proclaiming Love, sincere;
Thy Stars, the Light, thy Bars, the Height,
That Justice should revere;
Of all the flags of many a land,
Of Legions, bound or free,
Thy Presence, more and more, must stand,
For Righteous Liberty.

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