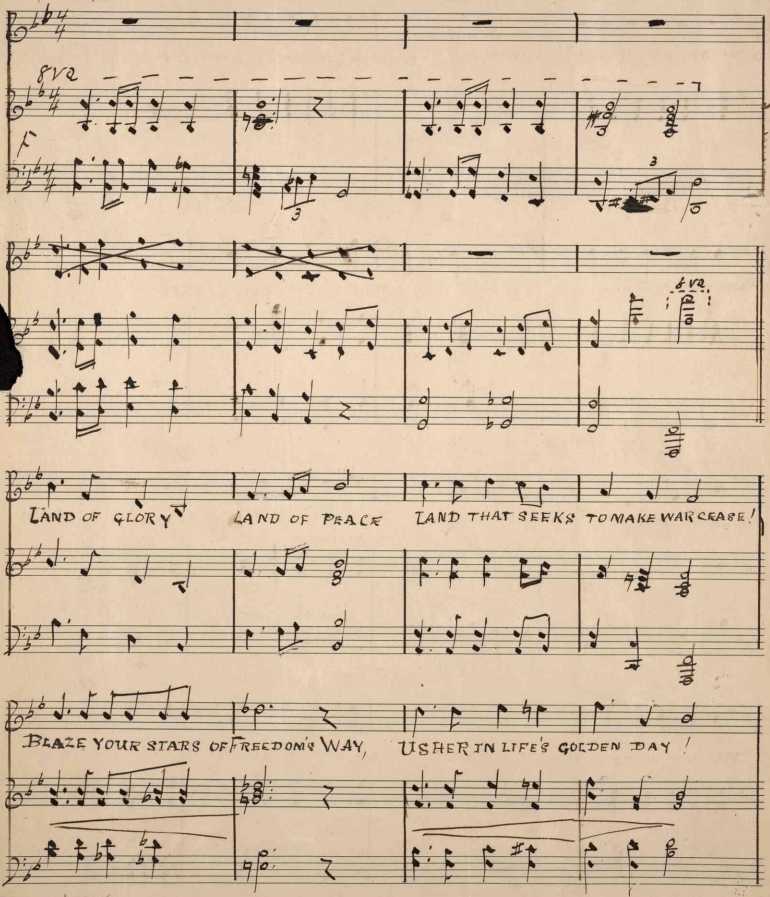
JAN 20 1919

The Song of Motherland

Words by
Lydia. A. Bell,

Music by
Artelia E. Bell,



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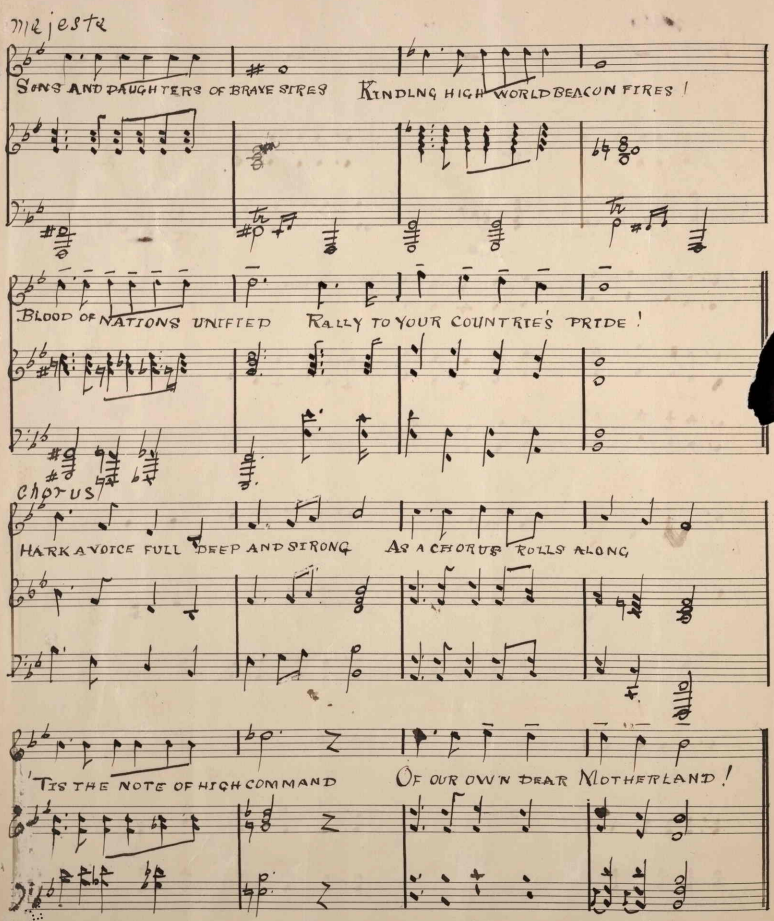
majesta
SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF BRAVE SIRES KINDLING HIGH WORLD BEACON FIRES !
BLOOD OF NATIONS UNITED RALLY TO YOUR COUNTRIE'S PRIDE !
CHORUS
HARK A VOICE FULL DEEP AND STRONG AS A CHORUS ROLLS ALONG
'TIS THE NOTE OF HIGH COMMAND OF OUR OWN DEAR MOTHERLAND !

THE SONG OF MOTHERLAND
OR
THE NOTE OF HIGH COMMAND

LYDIA A BELL,

Land of glory, land of peace,
Land that seeks to make war cease;
Blaze your stars of Freedom's Way
Usher in life's Golden Day !
Sons and daughters of brave sires,
Kindling high world beacon fires,
Blood of nations unified,
Rally to your country's pride !

REFRAIN:

Hark a Voice full, deep and strong
As a chorus rolls along
'Tis the note of high command
Of our own dear Motherland.

Strike the anvil make it ring,
Smite the trees the forests bring,
Till the fields and speed the loom,
Sound the cruel monster's doom.
Bring the stores of hoarded gold,
From the vaults and coffers hold,
Give the Eagle's spreading wings
Bearing us where honor sings.

Take the cup of bitter mead,
Drink it to the crucial need,
Prove yourselves for what you are
Legions of God's Human star.
Bear the flag the Fathers bore,
Keep the menace from our door,
Send afar that trumpet call
Liberty belongs to all !

REFRAIN:

Note- Am sending this letter in case the first one has been mislaid. L.A.B

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