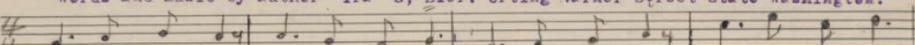


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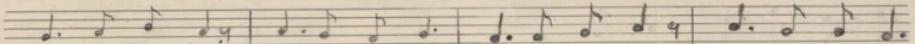
Words and music by author Ira S. Bier, Orting Verner Street State Washington.

Handwritten 'C' in the left margin.

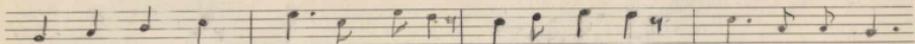


O, bless-sings hew we prize thy power. To merit all we need each hour.  
We know the truth O, sister states. This case we tried to arbi---trate.  
Old Glory holds twixt Earth and Sun. A freedom shield her heroes won.

\* \* \*

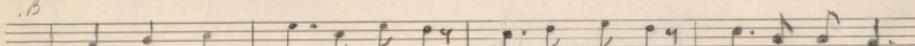


When right we seek or wrong we shun, Opposed are we with sword and gun.  
Their murder course lay un-cen-sealed. Each beace-ful ship, its fate they sealed.  
May Heaven keep this shield aglow. While heroes bear its onward flew.

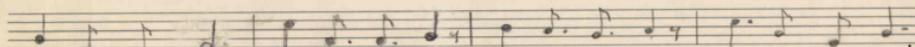


A, Crown-head thus, did under--rate. And plyed his rule to kill and hate.  
O how can we be just and say. This murder crime may have its way.  
Beneath the realm of Heavens fair Dame. de Angles wing fer hearth and home.

Handwritten 'H1646' and 'B' in the left margin.

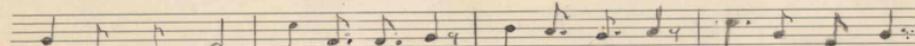


Just gress that line, on deep blue sea. The Kasier said, and you will see.  
Ged Bless our Flag, its seemly hue. A, sym-bel of Thy Taken Bew.  
Where Blissful E-dens peace redeund. Berne Emblem in Flags starry crown.

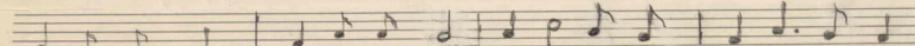


I, now have changed, this wat-ter way. The world may frown, at what I, say.  
Op-pres-sions might and powers it rends. And flews to build the rights of men.  
Glisten O Stars, in tran-quiet light. Reflect those Stripes, our Christened right

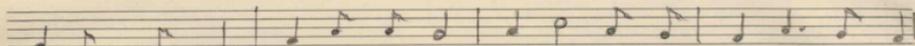
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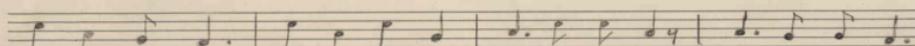
No one on Earth could see that line. The young The old The weak the Blind.  
It waves to Bless the genius trend. The glow-ing thoughts by millien pens.  
O'er shady dells and ver-dant lands. From com-pass lines, to ocean strands.



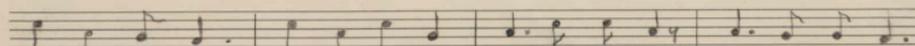
Were slain upon, the wattery deep. All for A. tyrants, crown to keep.  
On bat-tle fields with crim-son blood. Like coun-tless slaves, their country fled.  
From low-land glens, our Flag is seen. At acmes hights, it flows and streams.



A, gress the sea our here-es brave. Are strug-ling now, Worlds rights to save.  
This mighty HOST to shine-ing shields. On bend-ing knees do des-pets wield.  
It stemped the rock Celum-bus \*found. \*# Fer free-dem sens Gads Foreseen Ground.



From awful doom all nations face. All lands all climes all kindred race.  
O, rescue them with might and main. From tyrants yeke, and binding chains.  
Blest are we through, victories won, With laws secure, people as one.



Lament the loss good times of yere. If des-pets win keep far from shore.  
This crown-hed crime, let Chiefs net win. Kings as divine that ancient whim.  
Van-quisth the fee, put him to flight, Free-dem fer all, justice is right.