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JAN 23 1919

The Dawn of Peace

Words by John T. Howard.

Music by R. Huntington Woodman

All° mod°

mf

Ring out wild bells of Lib - er - ty and
Co - lum - bia thy deeds are bright, a -

mf

joy - ful sound, The end - ing of the night of death, and
gainst in - ter - nal skies, And ages shall re - ver The day That

cresc.

dawn of peace wo - found; The war clouds break, a sunburst falls And
saw the flag up - rise; Thy sons and daughters fair Be

No. 2

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M1640
.W

mf

hearts grow wild with joy The mother blinds with holy tears as
hold thee dearer grown And Li-ber-ty may gaze to see And

f

1. 2.

p

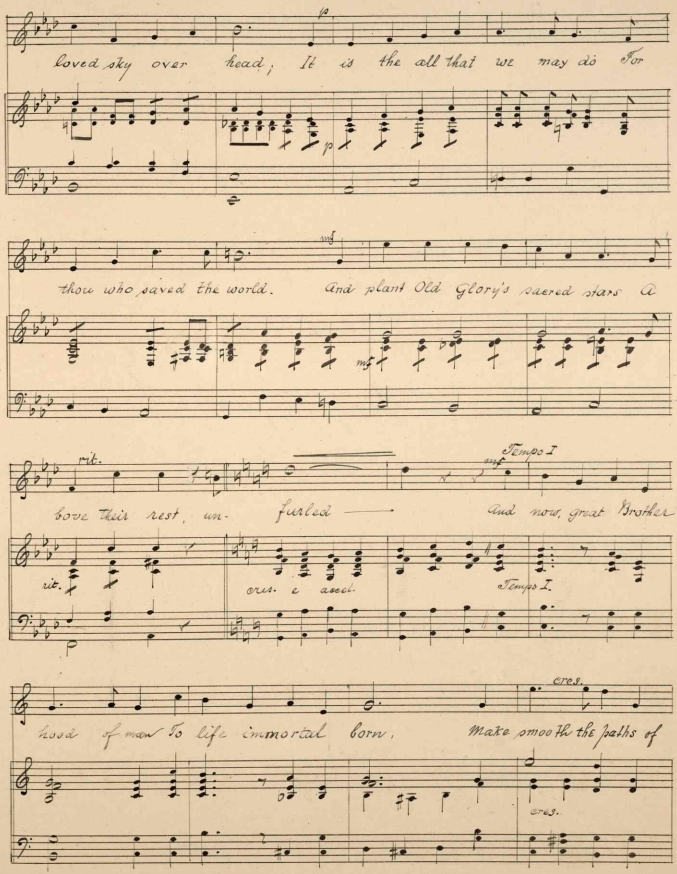
Heaven spares her boy own. Un-
feel the world her

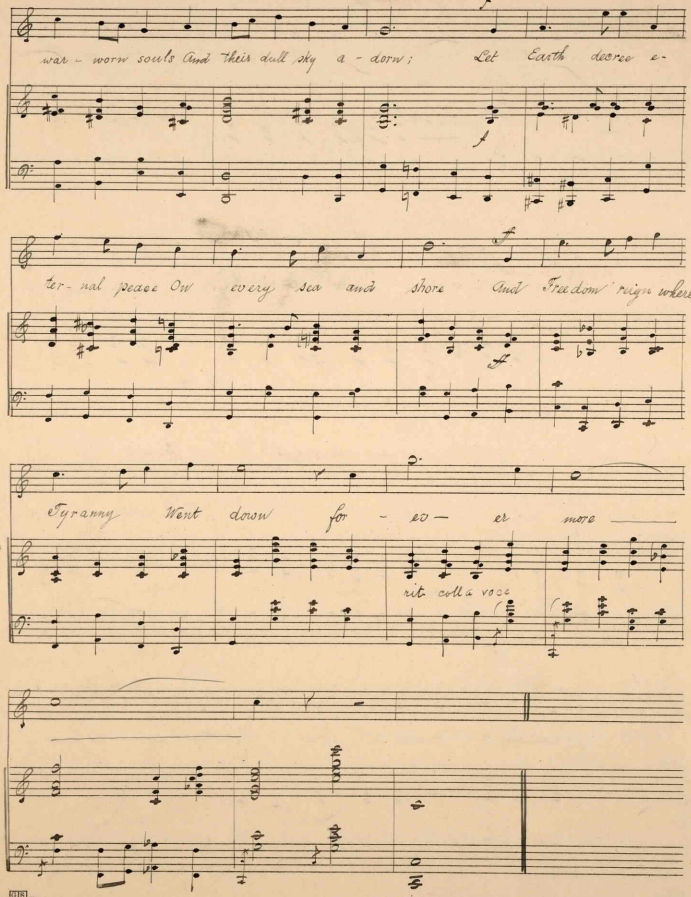
f f dim e rit. p

Meno mosso

counted mark the mounds Where lie the honored

dead Bring home the lads, and let there be their


p
loved sky over head; It is the all that we may do For
p
mf
thou who saved the world. And plant Old Glory's sacred stars A
mf
rit.
Tempo I
mf
bove their rest, un- furled —— And now, great Brother.
rit.
cres. e accel.
Tempo I.
cres.
hood of man To life immortal born, Make smooth the paths of
cres.


f
war - worn souls And their dull sky a - dorn; Let Earth decree e-
ff
ter - nal peace On every sea and shore And Freedom reign where
ff
Tyranny Went down for - ev - er more
rit. colla voce

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