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DEC 10 1919

COME NATIONS ALL

Music by
ALBERT d'ARCHAMBAUD

Words by
JOAN WOODWARD

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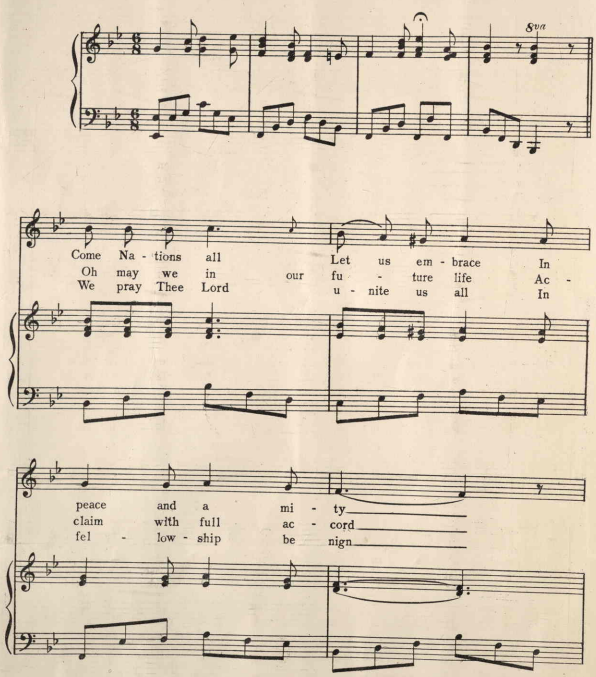

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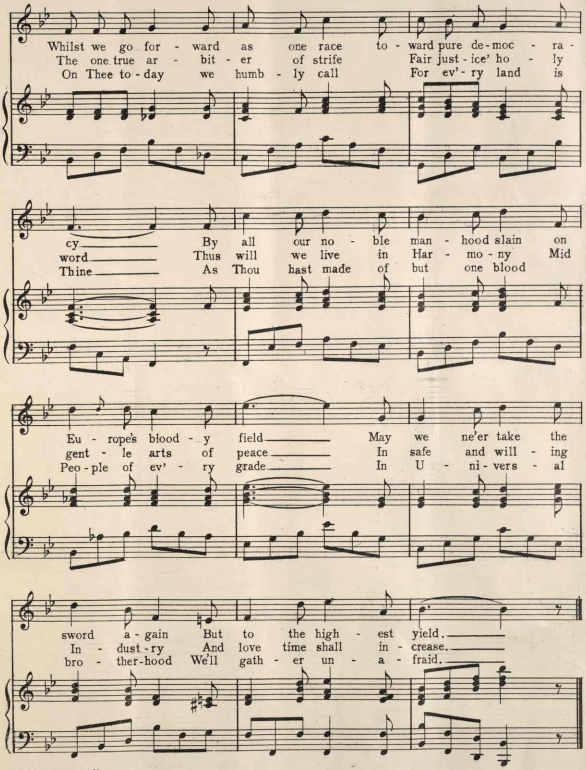
Whilst we go for - ward as one race to - ward pure de - moc - ra -
The one true ar - bit - er of strife Fair just - ice' ho - ly
On Thee to - day we humb - ly call For ev' - ry land is
cy By all our no - ble man - hood slain on
word Thus will we live in Har - mo - ny Mid
Thine As Thou hast made of but one blood
Eu - rope's blood - y field May we ne'er take the
gent - le arts of peace In safe and will - ing
Peo - ple of ev' - ry grade In U - ni - vers - al
sword a - gain But to the high - est yield.
In - dust - ry And love time shall in - crease.
bro - ther - hood We'll gath - er un - a - fraid.

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