©CLE427189
JUL 12 1918

Dedicated to the American Nation.

B

All Hail To Thee, Columbia

March-Song

M. J. Edouard Hartman.

Composer and Publisher
1400 Euclid Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

International Rights Reserved,

Price 60 cents

M1646
.H

Note to Directors; The composers intention was, to give his adopted Country a National Anthem, to be sung in every school of our land; it never-the-less can be used to advantage by a mezzo soprano of dramatic talent as a solo on patriotic occasions: the refrain can be sung in unison, and if possible, by a trained male or mixed quartette.

All Hail To Thee, Columbia

Words and Music by
M. J. EDOUARD HARTMAN.

Tempo di marcia.

stentate

1. Co - lum - bia, goal of free - man's mark! From
2. Es - pied 'mongst o - ceans chil - ly dew, A
3. Thy heav'n - born ban - ner, grand and pure, Un -
4. Ah! spot - less flag we do re - joice To

simile

1. York - town days of in - - fan - cy, Thou
2. vir - gin pearl of Nep - - tune's dell, Be -
3. furls a breeze of har - - mo - ny, With
4. fol - low Thee at Co - lum - - bia's call, We're

Drum.

Copyright 1918 by M. J. Edouard Hartman.

cresc. *sf*

1. nour - ished true De - mo - cra - cy, In - deed, in
2. stowed on gra - cious I - sa - belle By famed Co-
3. stars a - glow with loy - al - ty Shall al - ways
4. al - ways rea - dy, Spring or Fall, To hear - ken

cresc. ed legato *crescendo*

ten.

1. light and dark; For jus - tice, right, re-solved to
2. lum-bus and crew. Oh! let thy rays of free - dom
3. float and en - dure; Oh! may thy banner, for - e - ver
4. to thy voice; Oh! Flag su - blime of sa - cred

sf *sf* *Reeds mene f* *sf Brass* *Reeds mene f*

ten. *marcato* *sf* *ten.* *ff*

1. fight, The war - ring ty - rants aim to thwart. Oh
2. smile, Up - on all men of vir - tue true, For
3. blest, In all its star - ry em - blem's hue; Do
4. bliss, We pledge to Thee our Loy - al ty, De-

ten. *ff* *ten.*

Brass ff *sf* *Con tutta forza*

Con estasia *ten.* *ten.* *sf* *sf*

1. Li - - ber - ty, sweet, Home and Art, Thee we pro - claim our
2. all who love the "Red, White and Blue" Shall ne - ver, ne - ver
3. wave o'er land and o - ceans im - mune, Till Heaven's port shall
4. mo - cra - cy and Vic - - to - ry, Till "Fa - ther Time" be -

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *grandioso* *ten.*

1. na - tive right! Oh! Li - - ber - ty, sweet Home and
2. know Ex - ile. For all who love the "Red, White and
3. be its rest. Do wave o'er land and o - ceans im -
4. stows last kiss. De - mo - - cra - cy and Vic - - to -

ff *sf* *sf*

sf

1. Art, Thee we pro - claim our na - tive right!
2. Blue," Shall ne - ver, ne - ver know Ex - ile.
3. mune, Till Hea - ven's port shall be its rest.
4. ry, Till "Fa - ther Time" be - stows last kiss.

sf

Refrain:

f For - ward, for - ward, let your voi - ces roar,

For - ward, for - ward, as we march'd of yore;

For - ward, for - ward, at Co - lum - bia's call

cresc. *Con tutta forza*

For - ward, for - ward, we answer: One and All!

Piccolo *ff* *seque*

cresc. *vivace.*

Male Chorus: ✻

Tenors

Basses

f For - ward, for - ward, let your voices roar, For - ward,

for - ward, as we march of yore For - ward, for - ward, at Co - lum - bia's

cresc.

call. For - ward, for - ward, we answer: One and All.

Da Capo

l.h.
Piccolo
vivace

✻ At this point, Sopranos and Altos join the first Tenor.

SHALL WE HAVE A NATIONAL ANTHEM?

For years, writers of verse endeavored to compose a song worthy of being adopted as the "Official Anthem" of the Nation; Some of these productions are real gems, but somehow they never became popular enough to become what we may call a distinctly American Anthem. This may be due to the fact that the composer of the music was unable to blend and melt the soul of the music with the spirit of the verses; thereby creating confusion in the emotional center of man's artistic and sentimental nature. Another reason, perhaps just as weighty, is the fact that some of our patriotic songs, in their composition, are not within the reach of the average human voice; painful straining of the voice kills all ambitions and animation in the singer, engenders adversion to singing in spite of all healthy mentality and active stimulation on the part of the teacher or director.

The author of "ALL HAIL TO THEE COLUMBIA" was born at Vieux-Lixhein (Alsace-Lorraine) on the 21st day of November 1857 from early boyhood he manifested an inborn talent for music and singing. As early as 1870-71 when a boy 13 years of age, he won the admiration of his kinsmen by occasionally composing patriotic verses and airs which pricked like thorns in the ears of the intruders which at that time swarmed all over Alsace-Lorraine and finally drove him to seek refuge in the land of the Free and the home of the Brave.

In composing this Anthem he beared in mind three essential points which ought to be embodied in a national Anthem, namely; History Language and Religion, these attributes form the Soul of a Nation and must be melted and expressed in rhytmical affiliation with the spirit of the verses; this the author and composer believes he has accomplished and submits to the people of this great American Republic a distinctly American Anthem, with an Air worthy of the jealousy of the famous "Marseillaise".

In this spirit the composer submits his creation to a generous criticism on the part of a competent public, with an humble but sincere wish for good speed.

The Author.

Columbia Goal of Freeman's Mark

Columbia goal of freeman's mark:
From Yorktown days of infancy
Thou nourished true Democracy.
Indeed in light and dark;
For justice, right, resolved to fight
The warring tyrants aim to thwart.
Oh! Liberty, sweet, Home and Art;
Thee we proclaim our native right.

Espied 'mongst oceans chilly dew,
A virgin pearl of Neptune's dell,
Bestowed on gracious Isabelle
By famed Columbus and Crew,
Oh! let thy rays of freedom smile,
Upon all men of virtue true,
For, all who love the "Red. White and Blue
Shall never, never know Exile.

Oh! sentinel of freedom's bliss,
The awe of tyrants savage bore,
Thy sons shall never yield to gore,
Nor ever strike amiss;
Oh! be their guide to freedom's right,
An emblem of fraternity;
The God of truth, Christianity,
Shall always, always be thy might.

Thy Heaven-born Banner, grand and pure,
Unfurls a breeze of harmony,
With stars aglow with loyalty,
Shall always float and endure;
Oh! may thy banner, forever blest,
In all its starry emblems hue;
Wave o'er land and oceans immune,
'Til Heavens port shall be its rest.

Ah! spotless flag we do rejoice
To follow Thee at Columbia's call,
We're always ready Spring or Fall,
To hearken to thy voice;
Oh! Flag sublime of sacred bliss;
We pledge to Thee our loyalty,
Democracy and Victory,
'Til "Father Time" bestows last kiss.

Refrain.

Forward, Forward, let your voices roar;
Forward, Forward, as we marche'd of yore;
Forward. Forward, at Columbia's call,
Forward, Forward, we answer: One and all.

M. J. Edouard Hartman. March 1. 1918
(Copyright)

434903