

ALL HAIL BELOVED AMERICA

Words and Music
by
CHAS. E. KRIEBEL



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ALL HAIL BELOVED AMERICA.

Words by Chas. E. Kriebel, Detroit, Mich.

Dedicated to Bishop Theo. S. Henderson.

COUNTRY

All hail my hap-py home, the coun-try I a-dore,
Th' land of won-drous beau-ties, pro-claim from shore to shore;
Re-joice, our na-tive race, and those of for-eign birth,
Who dwell up-on her soil, the par-a-dise of earth.
In true ma-jes-tic splen-dor, with heart and will-ing mind,
Our great U-ni-ted States up-lifts and frees man-kind,
All hail my hap-py home, the coun-try of the free,
With proud and joy-ful heart, I love and hon-or thee.

Chorus

FLAG

All hail my coun-try's flag, the no-ble stars and stripes,
Our na-tion's cho-sen sym-bol, of all our peo-ple's rights;
The lamp of lib-er-ty, the bright and guid-ing star,
Sheds light of hope and cheer to dis-tant lands a-far.
Thus hon-ored by all peo-ples from eve-ry clime and shore,
Our star-ry flag will shine with glo-ry ev-er-more,
All hail en-sign of beau-ty, the flag that makes us free,
With proud and joy-ful heart, I love and hon-or thee.

Chorus

PEOPLE

All hail my coun-try's host, a true and loy-al band,
Brave sons and fear-less daughters, of our be-lov-ed land;
In grand tri-um-phant march, at-tain their cher-ished goal,
To place a world-wide peace, on free-dom's hon-or roll,
Our God in Thee we trust, for peace, good-will and love,
A right-eous reign on earth, like un-to Thine a-bove.
All hail my coun-try's host, a peo-ple brave and free,
With proud and joy-ful heart, I love and hon-or thee.

Chorus

LOYALTY

CHORUS

To our Star Span-gled Ban-ner, the red, white and blue,
I will al-ways be loy-al, de-vot-ed and true;
I'll up-hold, to the world, our loft-y stand-ard high,
For its hon-or and fame I will live, fight or die.

Chas. E. Kriebel, of Detroit, Mich., the author of a new National hymn entitled, "All Hail Beloved America" has always admired the "Star Spangled Banner" when played by a good band, but regards it practically unsingable by the masses of our people. My Country 'Tis of Thee" with its fine sentiment is one of his favorite hymns. He has often regretted that the author of the tune was not an American, who composed it for another country. His desire, even from youth, has been to see a National hymn—words and music—strictly American.

When President Wilson made his great speech in regard to entering the war for the unselfish purpose of making the world safe for Democracy; and to fight for the freedom of humanity, and the uplifting of all mankind, he announced an immortal policy for our great Nation. The author hoped that the President's exalted idea could be put in an expression of a national hymn by some one, typifying the new policy of our great Republic; and sung till our lives are moulded and actions guided by the same lofty ideas. We would thus be continually reminded that liberty, justice and unselfishness as well as righteousness exalthe and maketh a great nation. While admiring and meditating on the immortal speech of our beloved President, he attended the Lenten services at the Detroit Opera House, addressed by Bishop T. S. Henderson, whose patriotic words so aroused his feelings, that at the conclusion of the meeting, he decided that he would try to express the lofty sentiments of our Nation's policy in a song.

The hymn he wrote consists of three verses and chorus. The first verse praises our country; the second verse extols our flag; the third verse admires our people; and the chorus expresses loyalty and devotion to our country and flag.

The chorus was suggested by Ex-President Roosevelt's grand speech in Chicago, emphasizing loyalty, sacrifice, and action by our people, and was written before any verses were finished within an hour after reading the Colonel's stirring speech.

Completing the hymn on Decoration Day, 1917, he immediately began composing the tune, which he believed should be as simple as possible, within the compass of an octave, easily sung, so that it could be used, not only in the home, our public schools, and churches, but also in the benevolent societies and all our public gatherings, and at the same time a good band hymn for marching purpose. The hymn is now published and sent forth—not with a view of financial gain—but with the hope of establishing in our hearts and lives a united and abiding sentiment of love, loyalty and affection, for our country, flag and people.

All Hail Beloved America

Beloved America

Words and Music by
Chas. E. Kriebel

Con Spirito *f* *ff* *dim*

All hail my hap - py (hap - py home) the coun - try I a - dore,
All hail my coun - try's (coun - try's flag) the no - ble stars and stripes,
All hail my coun - try's (coun - try's host) A true and loy - al band,

Th' land of won - drous beau - ties, pro - claim from shore to shore;
Our na - tion's cho - sen sym - bol, of all our peo - ple's rights;
Brave sons and fear - less daugh - ters, of our be - lov - ed land;

Re - joice our na - tive race, (na - tive race) and those of for - eign birth, (for - eign birth)
The lamp of lib - er - ty, (lib - er - ty) the bright and guid - ing stars, (guid - ing star)
lu grand tri - um - phant march, (tri - um - phant march) at - tain their cher - ished goal, (cher - ished goal)

dim

Who dwell up - on her soil, the par - a - dise of earth,
Sheds light of hope and cheer to dis - tant lands a - far.
To place a world - wide peace, on free - dom's hon - or roll.

cres *f* *dim*

In true ma - jes - tic splen - dor, with heart and will - ing mind,
 Thus hon - ored by all peo - ples from eve - ry clime and shore,
 Our God in Thee we trust, for peace good will and love,

cres *f* *rit*

Our great U - ni - ted States up - lifts and frees man - kind.
 Our star - ry flag will shine with glo - ry ev - er - more.
 A right - eous reign on earth, like un - to Thine a - bove.

A tempo

All hail my hap - py home, (hap - py - home) the coun - try of the free, (of the free)
 All hail en - sign of beau - ty, (en - sign of beau - ty) the flag that makes us free, (makes us free)
 All hail my coun - try's host, (coun - try's host) a peo - ple brave and free, (brave and free)

ff

With proud and joy - ful heart, I love and hon - or thee.
(joy - ful heart)

Chorus

To our star span-gled ban-ner, the red, white, and blue,

I will al-ways be loy-al, de-vot-ed, and true;

I'll up-hold, to the ^(to the world) world, our left-y stand-ard high,

For its hon-or and fame I will live, fight, or die.

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