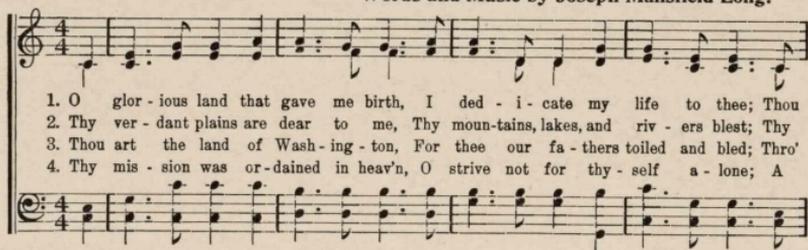
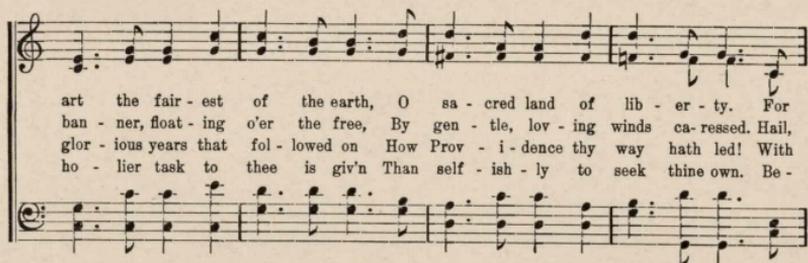


O GLORIOUS LAND.

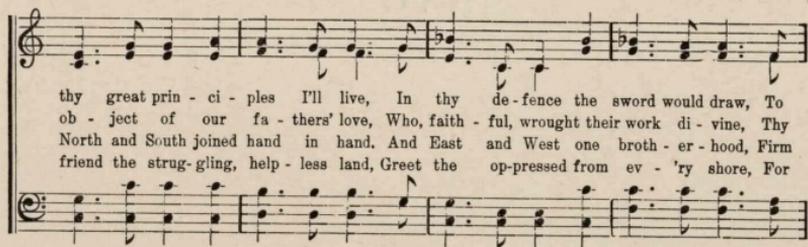
Words and Music by Joseph Mansfield Long.



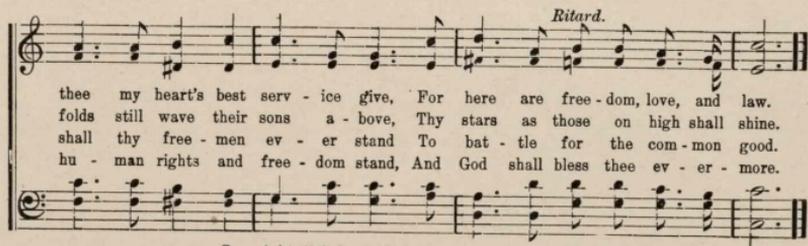
1. O glor - ious land that gave me birth, I ded - i - cate my life to thee; Thou
 2. Thy ver - dant plains are dear to me, Thy moun - tains, lakes, and riv - ers blest; Thy
 3. Thou art the land of Wash - ing - ton, For thee our fa - thers toiled and bled; Thro'
 4. Thy mis - sion was or - dained in heav'n, O strive not for thy - self a - lone; A



art the fair - est of the earth, O sa - cred land of lib - er - ty. For
 ban - ner, float - ing o'er the free, By gen - tle, lov - ing winds ca - ressed. Hail,
 glor - ious years that fol - lowed on How Prov - i - dence thy way hath led! With
 ho - lier task to thee is giv'n Than self - ish - ly to seek thine own. Be -



thy great prin - ci - ples I'll live, In thy de - fence the sword would draw, To
 ob - ject of our fa - thers' love, Who, faith - ful, wrought their work di - vine, Thy
 North and South joined hand in hand, And East and West one broth - er - hood, Firm
 friend the strug - gling, help - less land, Greet the op - pressed from ev - 'ry shore, For



Ritard.
 thee my heart's best serv - ice give, For here are free - dom, love, and law.
 folds still wave their sons a - bove, Thy stars as those on high shall shine.
 shall thy free - men ev - er stand To bat - tle for the com - mon good.
 hu - man rights and free - dom stand, And God shall bless thee ev - er - more.

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