

America

by Samuel F. Smith

My country, 'tis of Thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing,
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might
Great God, our King.

Our glorious Land to-day,
'Neath Education's sway,
Soars upward still.
Its hills of learning fair,
Whose bounties all may share,
Behold them everywhere
On vale and hill!

Thy safeguard, Liberty,
The school shall ever be,
Our Nation's pride!
No tyrant hand shall smite,
While with encircling might
All here are taught the Right
With Truth allied.

Beneath Heaven's gracious will
The stars of progress still
Our course do sway;
In unity sublime
To broader heights we climb,
Triumphant over Time,
God speeds our way!

Grand birthright of our sires,
Our altars and our fires
Keep we still pure!
Our starry flag unfurled,
The hope of all the world,
In peace and light impeared,
God hold secure!

America, I Love You

Lyric by Edgar Leslie & Music by Archie
Gottlier

Amid fields of clover,
T'was just a little over
A hundred years ago,
A handful of strangers,
They faced many dangers,
To make their country grow.

It's now quite a nation
Of wond'rous population,
And free from ev'ry king!
It's your land, it's my land,
A great do or die land,
And that's just why I sing:

America, I love you!
You're like a sweetheart of mine!
From ocean to ocean,
For you my devotion,
Is touching each bound'ry line.
Just like a little baby
Climbing it's mother's knee,
America, I love you!
And there's a hundred million others like me!

From all sorts of places,
They welcomed all the races
To settle on their shore.

They didn't care which one,
The poor or the rich one,
They still had room for more.
To give them protection
By popular election,
a set of laws they chose.
They're your laws and my laws,
For your cause and my cause.
That's why this country rose.

America, I love you!
You're like a sweetheart of mine!
From ocean to ocean,
For you my devotion,
Is touching each bound'ry line.
Just like a little baby
Climbing it's mother's knee,
America, I love you!
And there's a hundred million others like me!

America the Beautiful

Words by Katharine Lee Bates

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife.
Who more than self the country loved
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for halcyon skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the enameled plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
Till souls wax fair as earth and air
And music-hearted sea!

O beautiful for pilgrims feet,
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
Till paths be wrought through
wilds of thought
By pilgrim foot and knee!

O beautiful for glory-tale
Of liberating strife
When once and twice,
for man's avail
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
Till selfish gain no longer stain
The banner of the free!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
Till nobler men keep once again
Thy whiter jubilee!

A New Wind a Blowin'

by Langston Hughes

There's a brand new wind a-blowin' down that
Lincoln road.
There's a brand new hope a-growin' down
where freedom's seeds are sowed.
There's a new truth we'll be knowin' that will lift
our heavy load,
When we find out what free men can really do.
There's a brand new day a-comin' for the land
called U.S.A.
New tunes we'll be a-strummin' in our hearts by
night and day.
As we march on we'll be hummin', how our
troubles' gone away,
'Cause we've found out what free men can
really do.
And if you feel like dancin' then, why come on
folks, and dance!
And if you feel like prancin' then, why come on
folks, and prance!
'Cause I really ain't romancin' when I say we've
got our chance
To show 'em what free men can really do.
There's a brand new wind a-blowin' thru a land
that's proud and free.
Ev'rywhere there's folks a-wakin' to a truth
that's bound to be.
So let's all pull together for that day of victory,
And we'll show 'em what free men can really
do!

Ballad of the Green Beret

Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler and Robin Moore
copyright 1966

Fighting soldiers from the sky
Fearless men who jump and die
Men who mean just what they say
The brave men of the Green Beret

CHORUS:

Silver wings upon their chest
These are men, America's best
One hundred men will test today
But only three win the Green Beret

Trained to live off nature's land

Trained in combat, hand-to-hand
Men who fight by night and day
Courage peak from the Green Berets

CHORUS

Back at home a young wife waits
Her Green Beret has met his fate
He has died for those oppressed
Leaving her his last request

Put silver wings on my son's chest
Make him one of America's best
He'll be a man they'll test one day
Have him win the Green Beret

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my condemners, so with you
my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be
jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on.

Coming In On a Wing and a Prayer

Circa 1943

Lyric by Harold Adamson, Music by Jimmy
McHugh

Comin In On A WING and a PRAYER
One of our planes was miss-ing, two ho-ours o-
ver due.
One of our planes was miss-ing, with all its gal-
lant crew.
The ra-di-o sets were hum-ming, they wait-ed
for a word;
Then a voice broke thru the hum-ming and this
is what they heard:

Chorus

"Com-in' In On A Wing And A Pray'r _____
Com-in' In On A Wing And A Pray'r _____
Tho' there's one mo-tor gone, we can still car-
ry on,
Com-in' In On A Wing And A Pray'r _____

What a show _____ what a fight _____
Yes, we real-ly hit our tar-get for to - night!
How we sing as we limp thru the air _____
Look be - low, there's our field o-ver there _____

With our full crew a- board and our trust in the
Lord
we're Com-in' In On A Wing And A
Pray'r _____

God Bless America

God bless America,
Land that I love.
Stand beside her,
And guide her,

Thru the night with a light from above.

From the mountains,
To the prairies,
To the oceans white with foam.
God bless America,
My home, sweet, home,

God bless America,
My home, sweet, home.

God Bless the USA

by Lee Greenwood

If tomorrow all the things were gone
I'd worked for all my life,
And I had to start again
with just my children and my wife,
I'd thank my lucky stars
to be living here today,
'Cause the flag still stands for freedom
and they can't take that away.

I'm proud to be an American
where at least I know I'm free,
And I won't forget the men who died
who gave that right to me,
And I gladly stand up next to you
and defend her still today,
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land
God Bless the U.S.A.

From the lakes of Minnesota
to the hills of Tennessee,
Across the plains of Texas
from sea to shining sea.
From Detroit down to Houston
and New York to L.A.,
There's pride in every American heart
and it's time we stand and say:

I'm proud to be an American
where at least I know I'm free,
And I won't forget the men who died
who gave that right to me,
And I gladly stand up next to you
and defend her still today,
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land
God Bless the U.S.A.

God Must Have Blessed America

Circa 1977

Words and Music by Allen Toussant. Recorded
by Glen Campbell

God must have blessed America
For us to have so many many things
We've got each and ev'ry kind
All gathered at one time
Say God must have blessed us all

Say Now,
We've got it all, we've got the good,
we've got the bad
And all the in betweens, we've got it all
We've got the rich, we've got the poor
And so much more

Yeah, we've got the muddy Mississippi running
wild
And the prettiest women in the world
We've got the music sweeping through your
mind
We've done so much in such a little time
We've got it all
We've got it all, yeah.

Repeat

We've got it all, we've got the north,
we've got the south,
And all the games people play, we've got it all
We've got New York, we've got L.A.
And all along the way we've got
banjoes pluckin' in the hills

We've got soul, folk, gettin down
We've got the feeling of the whole wide world
We've got the dance, we've got the sound
We've got it all, we've got it all, yeah.

God Save America

God save us__from ev-'ry foe,
And guard our free - dom __as we grow;
Ex - alt our na - tion_ high on earth,
First in wis - dom, First in worth.

Send us the fruis of ev - 'ry clime,
And ge - niel sea - sons on us shine.
That peace and plen - ty, that peace and plen -
ty
Co - lum - bia,__ ev - er may be thine.

When our glo - ry is ze - nith high,
A cloud - less fame__a - dorn our sky;
And Ty - rant gloom__ex - pel the night
that ris - ing_ rea - son the world may light.

And ev - 'ry na - tion blest may be,
To trace they steps and act like thee,
Great and free, Great and free,
Co - lum - bia's__ char - ter by land and sea.

Grand Ole Flag

by George M. Cohan

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true
'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

.
You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true
'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

Hail to the Chief

Words by Albert Gamse

Music by James Sanderson

Hail to the Chief we have chosen for the nation,
Hail to the Chief! We salute him, one and all. _____
Hail to the Chief, as we pledge cooperation _____
In proud fulfillment of a great, noble call. _____

Yours is the aim to make this grand country grand-er,
This you will do, That's our strong, firm belief. ____
Hail to the one we selected as commander,
Hail to the President! Hail to the Chief!
[Repeat]

I Am An American

Circa 1940

Lyric and Music by Ira Schuster, Paul Cunningham and Leonard Whiteup

On the street, in the home,
In a crowd, or a lone, ____
Shout! Wherever you may be,
I AM AN A-MER-I-CAN, ____
I am, from the heart of me. _____

Rich or poor, young and old,
Let the message be told,
Shout! Wherever you may be,
I AM AN A-MER-I-CAN, ____
I'm proud of my liberty. _____

In the factory, in the mill,
Thru each valley, from each hill,
Raise your voice and give America a thrill! _____
On the farms, in the schools,
Let's have one set of rules,
Shout! Wherever you may be,
I AM AN A-MER-I-CAN, ____
I am, every part of me.

From Alaska's snow-y peaks,
To the South-land's muddy creeks,

Lis-ten in be-cause A - mer-i-ca now speaks! _____
A - mer - i - ca now speaks!

On the farms, in the schools,
Let's have one set of rules,
Shout! Wherever you may be,
I AM AN A-MER-I-CAN, ____
I am, _____ ev-'ry part of me! _____

I'm Thankful To Be an American

I am thankful to be an American,
To live in the greatest land of all.
In a nation blessed, it's the very best,
I can stand with my head up tall.
I am thankful to be an American,
To be born in a land that's free.
I am thankful to God for allowing me to be,
An American.

I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier

Al Bryan w/music by Al Piantadosi

Ten million soldiers to the war have gone
who may never re-turn a - gain. ____
Ten million mother's hearts
must break for the ones who died in vain _____
Head bowed down in sorrow in her lonely
years,
I heard a mother mur - mer through her
tears: _____

"I did -n't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy. ____
Who dares to place a mus - ket on his shoulder
to shoot some other mother's darling
boy?"

Let nations arbitrate their future troubles.
It's time to lay the sword and gun away. ____
There'd be no war today if mothers all
would say,
"I did -n't raise my boy to be a soldier"

What victory can cheer a mother's heart

when she looks at her blight - ed
home? _____
What vic - tor - y can bring her back
all she cared to call her own? _____

Let each moth - er an - swer in the year to be,
"Re - mem - ber that my boy be - longs to
me!" _____

"I did -n't raise my boy to be a sol - dier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy. _____
Who dares to place a mus - ket on his shoul -
der
to shoot some oth - er moth -er's dar - ling
boy?"

Let na - tions ar - bi - trate their fu-ture trou -
bles.
It's time to lay the sword and gun a - way. _____
There'd be no war to - day if moth - ers all
would say,
"I did -n't raise my boy to be a sol - dier"

I Vow to Thee My Country

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things
above,
entire and whole and perfect, the service of my
love:
the love that asks no question, the love that
stands the test,
that lays upon the altar the dearest and the
best;
the love that never falters, the love that pays
the price,
the love that makes undaunted the final
sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long
ago,
most dear to them that love her, most great to
them that know;
we may not count her armies, we may not see
her King;
her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is
suffering;
and soul by soul and silently her shining
bounds increase,

and her ways are ways of gentleness and all
her paths are peace.

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance divine
Shine forth upon those clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold,
Bring me my arrows of desire;
Bring me my spear! O, clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Keep the Home Fires Burning

Verse

They were sum-moned from the hill-side,
They were called in from the glen,
And the Coun-try found them read-y
At the stir-ring call for men. _____

Let no tears add to their hard-ship;
As the Sol-diers pass a-long
And al-though your heart is break-ing,
Make it sing this cheer-y song. _____

Chorus

Keep the Home-fires burn-ing,
While your hearts are yearn-ing,
Though your lads are far a-way
They dream of Home;
There's a sil-ver lin-ing
Through the dark cloud shin-ing,
Turn the dark cloud in-side out,
Till the boys come Home.

Verse

O-ver seas there came a plead-ing

"Help a Na-tion in dis-tress,"
And we gave our glo-rious lad-dies;
Hon-or made us do no less. _____

For no gal-lant Son of Free-dom
To a ty-rant's yoke should bend,
And a no-ble heart must an-swer
To the sa - cred call of "Friend". _____

Chorus
Keep the Home-fires burn-ing,
While your hearts are yearn-ing,
Though your lads are far a-way
They dream of Home;
There's a sil-ver lin-ing
Through the dark cloud shin-ing,
Turn the dark cloud in-side out,
Till the boys come Home.

Land of Hope and Glory

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned.
God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,
Once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,
Have ruled thee well and long;
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,
Thine Empire shall be strong.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of
the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are
born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds
be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make
thee mightier yet.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,
As Ocean large and wide:
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,
A stern and silent pride:
Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won;
The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son.

Let There Be Peace On Earth

Circa 1955

Words and Music by Jill Jackson and Sy Miller

Let There Be Peace On Earth,
and let it be - gin with me. _____
Let There Be Peace On Earth,
the peace that was meant to be. _____

With God as our Fa - ther,
broth - ers all are we, _____
Let me walk with my broth-er, _____
in per-fect har - mo - ny. _____

Let peace be - gin with me,
let this be the mo - ment now, _____
With ev-'ry step I take,
let this be my sol - emn vow, _____

To take each mo - ment and live each mo -
ment
in peace, e - ter - nal - ly. _____
Let There Be Peace On Earth,
and let it be - gin with me.

Navy Wings

Circa 1942

Words and Music by Ranny Weeks and Bernie Fazioli

Chorus: Na - vy Wings__ Wings of gold ____
fly - ing high for you and me ____
They fight for God and for Coun-try ____
on to sure vic - to - ry _____

Na - vy Wings__ Wings of gold ____
fly - ing high to do or die ____
Our hearts are with you as you meet the foe,
we hail you Na - vy Wings.

Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition

Words and Music by Frank Loesser

Music by James Sanderson

Down went the gun-ner, a bul - let was his fate
Down went the gun-ner, and then the gun-ner's
mate
Up jumped the sky pi-lot, gave the boys a look

And manned the gun him-self as he laid a-side
TheBook, shout-ing:

"Praise The Lord, and pass the am-mu-ni-tion!
Praise The Lord, and pass the am-mu-ni-tion!
Praise The Lord, and pass the am-mu-ni-tion
and we'll all stay free!

Praise The Lord, and swing in-to po-si-tion,
Can't af-ford to sit a-round a'-wish-in'
Praise The Lord, we're all be-tween per-dition
and the deep blue sea!"

Yes the sky pi-lot said it You've got to give him
cred-it
for a son-of-a-gun of a gun-ner was he,
Shouting: "Praise The Lord,
we're on a might - y mis-sion!
All a-board! We're not a - go - in' fish-in',
Praise The Lord, and pass the am-mu-ni-tion
and we'll all stay free."

Ragged Old Flag

Circa 1974

By Johnny Cash

I walked through a county court house square
On a park bench an old man was sitting there
I said, "Your court house is kinda run down"
He said, "Naw, it'll do for our little town"
I said, "Your flag pole has leaned a little bit
And that's a Ragged Old Flag you got hanging
on it"
He said, "Have a seat" and I sat down
"Is this the first time you've been in our little
town?"

I said, "I think it is," he said, "I don't like to brag
But we're kinda proud of that Ragged Old Flag
You see, we got a little hole in that flag there
When Washington took it across the Delaware
And it got powder burned the night Francis
Scott Key
Sat watchin' it writing "Say Can You See"
And it got a bad rip in New Orleans
With Packinham and Jackson tuggin' at its
seams
And it almost fell at the Alamo
Beside the Texas flag but she waved on

through

She got cut with a sword at Chancellorsville
And she got cut again at Shiloh Hill
There was Robert E. Lee, Beauregard and
Bragg
And the south wind blew hard on that Ragged
Old Flag
On Flanders Field in World War I
She got a big hole from a Bertha Gun
She turned blood red in World War II
She hung limp and low by the time it was
through
She was in Korea and Vietnam

She went where she was sent by her Uncle
Sam
Native Americans, brown, yellow and white
All shed red blood for the Stars and Stripes
In her own good land here she's been abused
She's been burned, dishonored, denied and
refused
And the government for which she stands
Has been scandalized throughout the land
And she's getting threadbare and waring thin
But she's in good shape for the shape she's in
'Cause she's been through the fire before
And I believe she can take a whole lot more

So we raise her up every morning, take her
down every night
We don't let her touch the ground and fold her
up tight
On second thought I do like to brag
'Cause I'm mighty proud of that Ragged Old
Flag."

Remember Pearl Harbor

Circa 1941

Words by Don Reid, Music by Don Reid and
Sammy Kaye

His-to-ry___ in ev-'ry cen-tu-ry____
re-cords an act that lives for-e-ver-more.
We'll re-call,___ as in-to line we fall,____
the thing that hap-pened on Ha-wa-ii's shore.

Chorus

Let's RE-MEM-BER____ PEARL HAR-

BOR _____
As we go to meet the foe. _____
Let's RE-MEM-BER _____ PEARL HAR-
BOR _____
As we did the A-la-mo. _____

We will al-ways _____ re-mem-ber _____
how they died for Li-ber-ty _____
Let's RE-MEM-BER _____ PEARL HAR-
BOR _____
And go on to vic - to - ry. _____

Let's RE-MEM-BER _____ PEARL HAR-
BOR _____
As we go to meet the foe. _____
Let's RE-MEM-BER _____ PEARL HAR-
BOR _____
As we did the A-la-mo. _____

We will al-ways _____ re-mem-ber _____
how they died for Li-ber-ty _____
Let's RE-MEM-BER _____ PEARL HAR-
BOR _____
And go on to vic - to - ry. _____

Rule, Britannia

When Britain first, at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian Angels sung this strain:

*(Chorus) Rule Britannia!
Britannia rule the waves.
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.*

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn, to tyrants fall,
Must in their turn, must in their turn, to tyrants
fall,
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great
and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

(Chorus)

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful, from each foreign stroke,

More dreadful, more dreadful from each foreign
stroke
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

(Chorus)

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their attempts, all their attempts to bend
thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

(Chorus)

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine
Thy cities shall, thy cities shall with commerce
shine
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

(Chorus)

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Shall to thy happy coast, thy happy coasts
repair,
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Stars and Stripes Forever

John Philip Sousa

Let martial note in triumph float
And liberty extend its mighty hand
A flag appears 'mid thunderous cheers,
The banner of the Western land.
The emblem of the brave and true
Its folds protect no tyrant crew;
The red and white and starry blue
Is freedom's shield and hope.
Other nations may deem their flags the best
And cheer them with fervid elation
But the flag of the North and South and West
Is the flag of flags, the flag of Freedom's nation.
Hurrah for the flag of the free!
May it wave as our standard forever,

The gem of the land and the sea,
 The banner of the right.
 Let despots remember the day
 When our fathers with mighty endeavor
 Proclaimed as they marched to the fray
 That by their might and by their right
 It waves forever.
 Let eagle shriek from lofty peak
 The never-ending watchword of our land;
 Let summer breeze waft through the trees
 The echo of the chorus grand.
 Sing out for liberty and light,
 Sing out for freedom and the right.
 Sing out for Union and its might,
 O patriotic sons.
 Other nations may deem their flags the best
 And cheer them with fervid elation,
 But the flag of the North and South and West
 Is the flag of flags, the flag of Freedom's nation.
 Hurrah for the flag of the free.
 May it wave as our standard forever
 The gem of the land and the sea,
 The banner of the right.
 Let despots remember the day
 When our fathers with might endeavor
 Proclaimed as they marched to the fray,
 That by their might and by their right
 It waves forever.

The Battle Cry of Freedom

Oh, we'll ral-ly 'round the flag, boys,
 we'll ral-ly once a-gain, Shout-ing the bat-tle
 cry of free - dom.
 We will fal-ly from the hill-side, we'll gath-er
 from the plain,
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of free - dom.

The U - nion for-ev-er, hur-rah, boys, hur-rah!
 Down with the trai-tor, up with the star.
 While we ral-ly 'round the flag, boys, ral-ly once
 again,
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of free - dom.

We are spring-ing to the call of our broth-ers
 gone before,
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of free - dom.
 And we'll fill the vac-ant ranks with a mil-lion
 free-men more,

Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of free - dom.

The U - nion for-ev-er, hur-rah, boys, hur-rah!
 Down with the trai-tor, up with the star.
 While we ral-ly 'round the flag, boys, ral-ly once
 again,
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of free - dom.

We wil welcome to our num-bers the loyal, true
 and brave,
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of free - dom.
 And al-though they may be poor not a man
 shall be a slave,
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of free - dom.

The U - nion for-ev-er, hur-rah, boys, hur-rah!
 Down with the trai-tor, up with the star.
 While we ral-ly 'round the flag, boys, ral-ly once
 again,
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of free - dom.

So we're spring-ing to the call from the East
 and from the West,
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of free - dom.
 And we'll hurl the Rebel crew from the land we
 love the best,
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of free - dom.

The Flag Without a Stain

Words and Music by C.A. White
 Circa 1943

For years and years I've wav'e o'er my peo-ple,
 O'er land and sea, O-ver church tow'r and
 stee-ple,
 Fore-most in bat-tle, Proud-ly I reign,
 Tri-umph-ant now o'er thee, with - out one stain.
 Oh, how I trem-bled, When called a-lone to
 stand,
 But brave hearts sus-tained me, To wave o'er
 the land.

Oh, my A-mer-i-ca, oh, my A-mer-i-ca, Proud-ly
 I wave o'er thee,
 Sweet land of Lib-er-ty.
 Oh, my A-mer-i-ca, oh, my A-mer-i-ca, Proud-ly
 I wave o'er thee,
 Sweet land of Lib-er-ty.

No Flag on earth shall in-sult this na-tion,
Jus-tice and right shall e'er be our re-la-tion,
No creed or sect shall here ev-er reign,
While floats the Stars and Stripes, with - out
one stain,
Stars that were blot-ted are shin-ing once a-
gain,
The an-gel of peace, has wiped out the stain.

Oh, my A-mer-i-ca, oh, my A-mer-i-ca, Proud-ly
I wave o'er thee,
Sweet land of Lib-er-ty.
Oh, my A-mer-i-ca, oh, my A-mer-i-ca, Proud-ly
I wave o'er thee,
Sweet land of Lib-er-ty.

The Marines Song

From the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli
We fight our country's battles
On the land as on the sea.
First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean;
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marines.

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun;
We have fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun.
In the snow of far-off Northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes;
You will find us always on the job --
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our Corps
Which we are proud to serve;
In many a strife we've fought for life
And never lost our nerve.
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded
By United States Marines.

The Star Spangled Banner

1814

Words by Francis Scott Key, Music by John
Stafford Smith

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through
the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so
gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting
in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was
still there.
O say does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the
brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of
the deep.
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the
towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! O long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly
swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's
confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the
grave:
And the Star-Spangled Banner, in triumph doth
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's
desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven-
rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and
preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must when our cause it is
just
And this be our motto: "In God is our Trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!

The Unknown Soldier

Circa 1926

There's a grave right near the White House
Where the Unknown Soldier lies
And the flowers there are sprinkled
With the tears of mothers' eyes.

I stood there not so long ago
With roses for the grave
When suddenly I thought I heard
A voice speak from the grave.

"I am the Unknown Soldier"
The spirit voice began,
"And I think I've got a right
To ask some questions, man to man.

Are my buddies taken care of?
Was their victory so sweet?
Is that big reward you promised,
Selling pencils in the street?

Did they really win the freedom
That they battled to achieve?
Do you still respect the Croix de Guerre
Above that empty sleeve?

Does the gold star in the window
Now mean anything at all?
I wonder how my old gal feels
When she hears the bugle call?

And that baby that sang

'Hello Central, give me to No Man's Land;'
Can they replace her daddy
With a military band?

I wonder if the profiteers
Have satisfied their greed?
I wonder if the soldier's mother
Ever is in need?

I wonder if the kings
Who planned it all are satisfied?
They played their game of checkers
And eleven million died!

Oh, I'd like to see their faces
When they reach the Devil's door,
But even down in Hell
There is no torture such as war.

I am the Unknown Soldier
And maybe I died in vain,
But if I were alive and my country called
I'd do it all over again."

This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

This land is your land,
This land is my land,
From California
To the New York island,
From the Redwood Forest,
To the Gulf stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

.
As I was walking,
That ribbon of highway,
I saw above me
That endless skyway,
I saw below me
That golden valley.
This land was made for you and me.

.
I've roamed and rambled
And I've followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me

The sun comes shining
As I was strolling
The wheat fields waving
And the dust clouds rolling
The fog was lifting a voice come chanting
This land was made for you and me

.
As I was walkin'
I saw a sign there
And that sign said no tress passin'
But on the other side
It didn't say nothin!
Now that side was made for you and me!

.
In the squares of the city
In the shadow of the steeple
Near the relief office
I see my people
And some are grumblin'
And some are wonderin'
If this land's still made for you and me.

.
Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking
That freedom highway
Nobody living can make me turn back
This land was made for you and me

US Air Force Anthem (Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder)

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At'em boys, giv'er the gun!
Down we dive spouting our flames from under,
Off with one hell-uv-a roar!
We live in fame or go down in flame,
Nothing'll stop the US Air Force!

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder
Sent it high into the blue
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,
How they live God only knew!
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings ever to soar,
With scouts before and bombers galore,

Nothing can stop the US Air Force!

Here's a toast to the host of those
Who love the vastness of the sky,
To a friend we send the message
Of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot
of gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast the US Air
Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true!
If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder,
Keep your nose out of the blue!
Flying men guarding our nation's borders,
We'll be there followed by more,
In echelon we carry on!
Nothing'll stop the US Air Force!

US Army Anthem (The Caissons Go Rolling Along)

Words and Music by Major Edmund L. Gruber -
1907

Over hill, over dale
As we hit the dusty trail,
And the Caissons go rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout,
Counter march and right about,
And the Caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS

Then it's hi! hi! hee!
In the field artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong,
For where e'er you go,
You will always know
That the Caissons go rolling along.

In the storm, in the night,
Action left or action right
See those Caissons go rolling along
Limber front, limber rear,
Prepare to mount your cannoneer
And those Caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS

Was it high, was it low,
Where the hell did that one go?
As those Caissons go rolling along
Was it left, was it right,
Now we won't get home tonight
And those Caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS

US Navy Anthem (Anchors Away)

Words And Music: Capt. Alfred H. Miles U.S.N.
and Charles A. Zimmerman (1907)

Anchors Aweigh, my boys, Anchors Aweigh.
Farewell to college joys, we sail at break of
day-ay-ay-ay.
Through our last night on shore, drink to the
foam,
Until we meet once more:
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home.

Stand, Navy, out to sea, Fight our battle cry;
We'll never change our course, So vicious foe
steer shy-y-y-y.
Roll out the TNT, Anchors Aweigh.
Sail on to victory
And sink their bones to Davy Jones, hooray!

Stand Navy, down the field,
Sail set to the sky
We'll never change our course
So Army you steer shy-y-y-y

Roll up the score Navy
Anchors Aweigh
Sail, Navy, down the field,
And sink the Army, sink the Army gray.

US Navy Hymn (Eternal Father, Strong to Save)

Words by William Whiting (1860) Music by Rev.
John Bacchus Dykes (1861)

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!
O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!
Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
when Johnny comes marching home.

.
The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay,
when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay,
when Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay,
when Johnny comes marching home.

When the Saints Go Marching In

Oh when the saints go marching in,
Oh when the saints go marching in,
Oh Lord I want to be in that number,
Oh when the saints go marching in.

Oh when the sun refuses to shine,
Oh when the sun refuses to shine,
Oh Lord I want to be in that number,
When the sun refuses to shine.

Oh when the dead, in Christ shall rise,
Oh when the dead, in Christ shall rise,
Oh Lord I want to be in that number
When the dead, in Christ shall rise.

Yankee Doodle

Richard Shuckburgh

Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding on a pony
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion
A-giving orders to his men
I guess there was a million.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.