

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 imperaled,
God hold secure!

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 stem 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!

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.

Chorus:

Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
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.

Chorus

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."

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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.

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.

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.

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.

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!

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.

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.