

## **America**

by Samuel F. Smith  
(3 of 9 verses)

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.

## **America the Beautiful**

Words by Katharine Lee Bates  
(4 of 8 verses)

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!

## **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  
(2 of 5 verses)

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

### **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.

### **The Marines Song**

(1 of 3 verses)

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.

### **The Star Spangled Banner**

(1 of 4 verses)

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?

## **This Land Is Your Land**

(4 of 7 verses)

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

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

(1 of 4 verses)

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!

## **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.

## **US Navy Anthem (Anchors Away)**

(1 of 4 verses)

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.

## **When Johnny Comes Marching Home**

(2 of 4 verses)

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.

## **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.

Chorus:

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.

Chorus.

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

Chorus