

HAPPY FOURTH OF JULY!

NATIONAL ANTHEM by Frances Scott Key

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 rockets' 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!

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE (no introduction) by Samuel Francis 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 mountainside 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.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL (no introduction) by Bates and Ward (Chancel Ensemble)

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 heroes proved in liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved, and mercy more than life!
America! America! God mend thine every flaw;
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears!
America! America! May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness and every gain divine!

ARMED FORCES MEDLEY by various (Chancel Ensemble)

ARMY –

Over hill, over dale, we will hit the dusty trail, as the caissons go rolling along.

Up and down, in and out, countermarch and right about, and our caissons go rolling along.

For it's hi! hi! hee! In the field artillery, Count out the numbers loud and strong! And where-e'er you go, you will always know, that the caissons go rolling along.

MARINE CORPS –

From the halls of Montezuma, to the Shores of Tripoli;

We will fight our country's battles in the air, on land and sea;

First to fight for right and freedom and to keep our honor clean;

We are proud to claim the title of United States Marine.

NAVY –

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.

AIR FORCE –

Off we go into the wild blue yonder, climbing high into the sun;

Here they come zooming to meet our thunder, at 'em boys, give 'er the gun.

Down we dive, spouting our flame from under, off with one helluva roar!

We live in fame or go down in flame. Hey! Nothing will stop the U.S. Air Force!

COAST GUARD –

So here's the Coast Guard marching song. We sing on land or sea

Through surf and storm and howling gale, high shall our purpose be.

"Semper Paratus" is our guide, our fame, our glory too.

To fight to save or fight to die, Aye! Coast Guard, we are for you!

(note about the "fly over" – that was the sound of real jets from our local airport!)

GOD BLESS AMERICA by Irving Berlin

God bless America, land that I love. Stand beside her and guide her through 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.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC by Julia Ward Howe, arr. Wilhousky (Chancel Choir)

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.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires 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.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His truth 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 “live” to make men free, while God is marching on.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on. Amen. Amen!

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER by John Phillips Sousa

Let martial note in triumph roar, and liberty extend its mighty hand
A flag appears, ‘mid thund’rous 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.

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, Oh, 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.

Refrain:

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!