

5

With my country still u - ni - - ted And the many states in one.

With my country still u - ni - - ted And the many states in one.

2

Dead upon the field of battle,
 Husbands, sons and brothers lie;
 Friends are waiting—wives and mothers,
 Looking for them—bye and bye.
 Far away from home for ever,
 Many a noble boy lies slain;
 Look not for thy child fond mother,
 Thou shalt see him not again.

3

Yes I would the war were ended,
 And the cruel struggle o'er,
 But our flag must be defended,
 And our country as before.
 Peace indeed, is Heavens blessing,
 Though its joys are easy lost,
 Still we'll battle for our nation,
 What so ever it yet may cost.

Winner