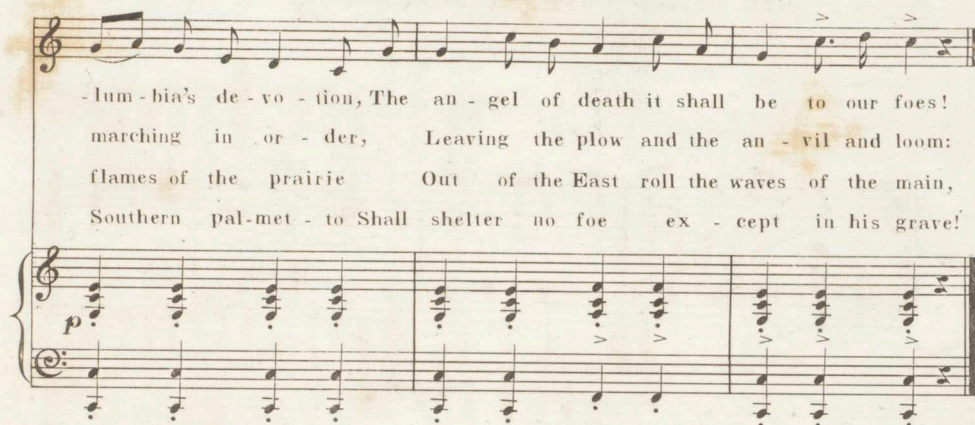
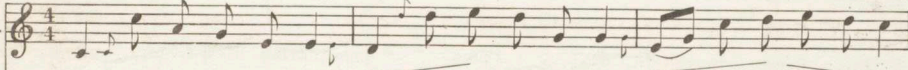




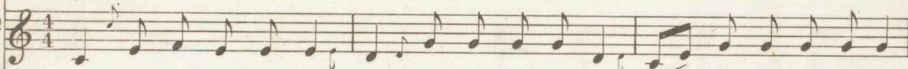
- lum-bia's de-vo-tion, The an-gel of death it shall be to our foes!
 marching in or-der, Leaving the plow and the an-vil and loom:
 flames of the prairie Out of the East roll the waves of the main,
 Southern pal-met-to Shall shelter no foe ex-cept in his grave!

Air.

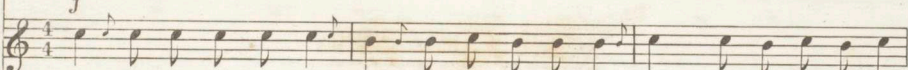
CHORUS ad lib.

SOP. 

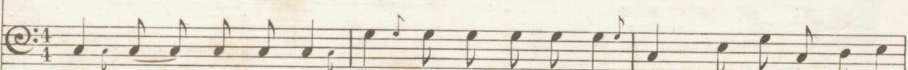
1. True to its na-tive sky, Still shall our Eagle fly, Cast-ing his senti-nel
f

ALTO 

2. Rust dims the harvest sheen Of scythe and of sickle keen, The axe sleeps in peace by the
f

TEN. 

3. Down from their Northern shores, Swift as Niagra pours They march and their tread wakes the

BASS. 

f

4. While the gulf billow breaks, Echoing the Northern lakes And O-ccean replies un-to

P I A N O. 