

CHORUS. With all the energy and spirit the singers possess.

Air.

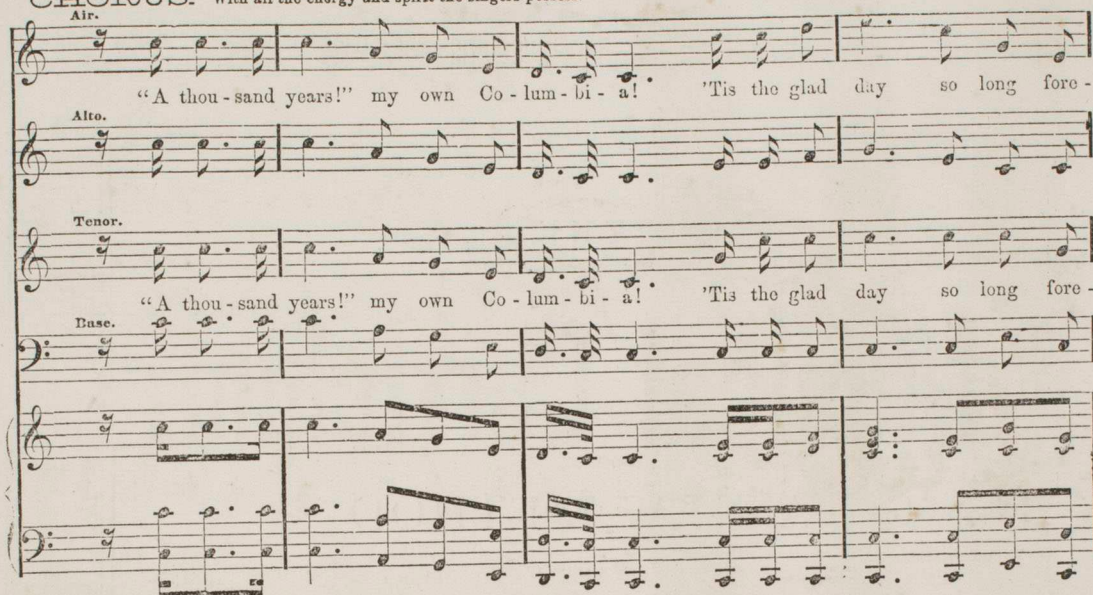
"A thou-sand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-

Alto.

Tenor.

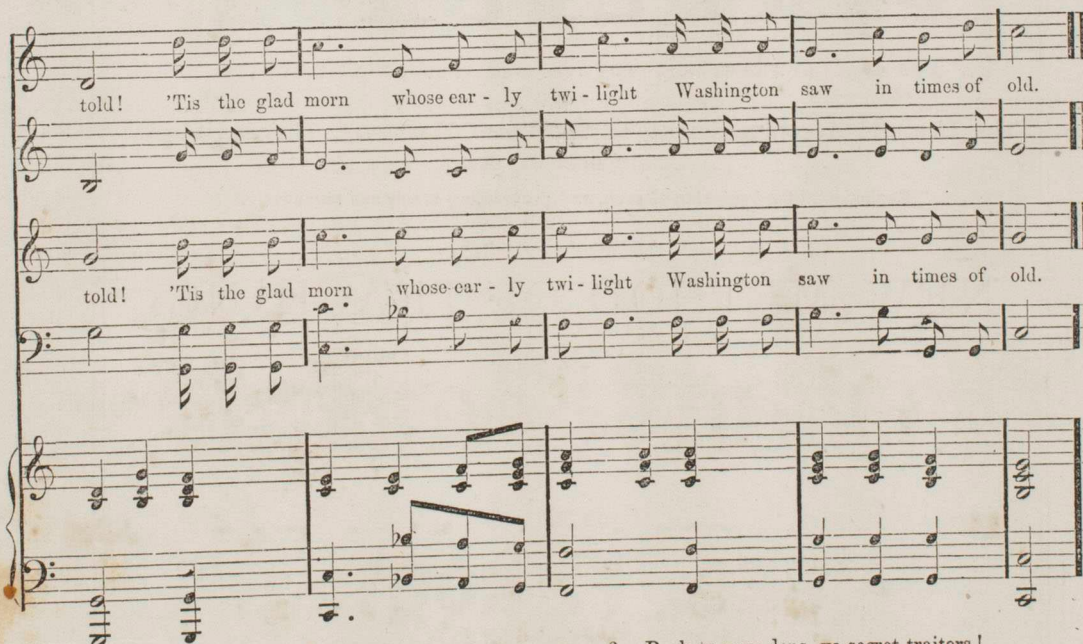
Base.

"A thou-sand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-



told! 'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twi-light Washington saw in times of old.

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4. Envious foes, beyond the ocean!
 Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;
 Little will they—our children's children—
 When you are gone a thousand years.
Chorus—A thousand years, &c.
5. Rebels at home! go hide your faces—
 Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;
 You could not bind the blessed daylight,
 Though you should strive a thousand years.
Chorus—A thousand years, &c.

6. Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!
 Down to your own degraded spheres!
 Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
 Shortens your lives a thousand years.
Chorus—A thousand years, &c.

7. Haste thee along, thou glorious Noonday!
 Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!
 Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons
 Each of his days a thousand years!
Chorus—A thousand years, &c.

Excelsior Music Office, 35 Clark St.