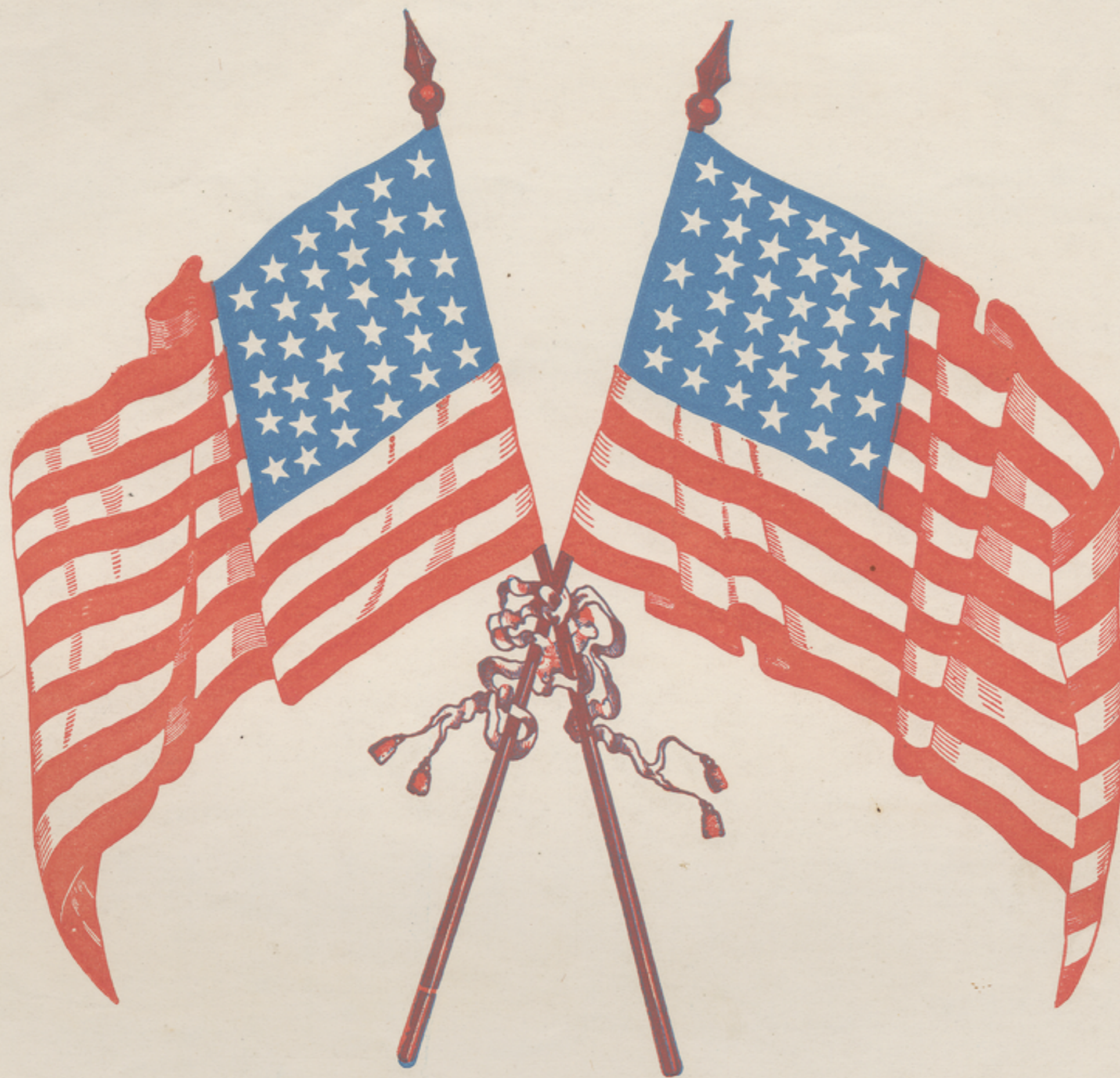


American National Songs.




HAIL COLUMBIA.

YANKEE DOODLE.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO.

Guitar. 

Piano. 

Philadelphia: LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut St.

HAIL COLUMBIA!

NATIONAL & PATRIOTIC SONGS N^o 46. —

Maestoso.

PIANO.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a forte dynamic marking. It features a series of chords and eighth notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature, playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The second system continues the piano introduction. The right hand has a melodic line with some triplets. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

Hail! Co-lum - bia, hap - py land, Hail! ye He - roes Heav'n born band,

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Hail! Co-lum - bia, hap - py land, Hail! ye He - roes Heav'n born band,"

Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause,

The second line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause,"

And when the storm of war was gone, En - joy'd the peace your va - lor won. Let

In - de - pen - dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost.

Ev - er grateful for the price, Let its Al - tar reach the skies.

Firm u - ni - ted let us be, Ral - ly - ing round our li - ber - ty

As a band of bro - thers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

2

Immortal Patriots rise once more,
 Defend your rights, defend your shore!
 (:Let no rude foe with impious hand, :)
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
 Of toil and blood the well earned price.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.

3

Sound, sound the trump of fame,
 Let WASHINGTON'S great name
 (:Ring thro' the world with loud applause. :)
 Let every clime to Freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear.
 With equal skill, with Godlike power
 He governs in the fearful hour,
 Of horrid war or guides with ease
 The happier times of honest peace.

4

Behold the Chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country stands.
 (:The rock on which the storm will beat :)
 But arm'd in virtue firm and true;
 His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 When glooms obscured Columbia's day
 His steady mind from changes free,
 Resolved on death or LIBERTY.