



GRAND COLUMBIA

A National

SONG AND CHORUS.

BY

JOHN CURRY MILLER.

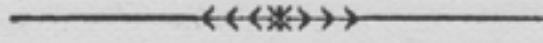
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JOHN CURRY MILLER.

Moderato Maestoso.

Prelude.

Interlude.

1. Grand Co - lum - bia, O mighty na - tion, Thou art Freedom's no - blest shrine!

2. Thou art the born foe of op - pres - sion In what - ev - er form it be - The

3. He - ro - ic hopes' re - al - i - za - tion - I - deal of each pa - triot soul -

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Thine our ev'-ry as-pi-ra-tion— Count-less hearts and arms are thine!
 wide world thou hast taught a les-son— Taught mankind how to be free! O, Co-
 Thy proud banner's con-stel-la-tion Lights the way to glo-ry's goal! Vic-

Like some mighty ad-ju-ra-tion, Mem'-ry of thy days of yore,
 lum-bia, thy wondrous sto-ry, Bright-ly shines o'er land and wave—
 to-ri-ous o'er land and o-cean, For e'er may thy standard soar— That

Thrills our souls with em-u-la-tion, Stirs each true heart to its core.
 Bril-liant, peer-less is thy glo-ry, Free-dom's bea-con to the brave!
 flag, en-shrin'd in our de-vo-tion, Un-til time shall be no more!

CHORUS.

Soprano. 1. Glad - ly, proudly, millions hail thee— Hail thee as their cyn - o - sure!

Alto. 2. Can our life-blood e'er a - vail thee, Ask it! Of it thou art sure!

Tenor. 3. Glad - ly, count-less millions hail it— Of all eyes the cyn - o - sure!

Bass.

PIANO.

Woe to all who dare as - sail thee, As - sail thee, land that we a - dore!

Woe to all who dare as - sail thee, As - sail thee, land that we a - dore!

Woe to all who dare as - sail it, As - sail the flag that we a - dore!