

Millions to the right aspiring,
God and angels all admiring,
See the victory complete.

CHO.—Bugle blast and drum beat long,
Swell a glad triumphant song ;
Lo ! the conquering host-increasing,
Hundreds, thousands, millions strong.

5

MUSIC PAGE 7

Freedom's Day.

Tune—America.

- 1 —God bless our rock-bound coast,
The land we love the most,
Our native land.
Land where our noble sires,
Lit freedom's beacon fires
And shook with bells the spires,
A patriot band.
- 2.— And when they died 'twas well
Their starry mantle fell
On heroes free ;
And be their colors true,
The red, the white, the blue,
The white light shining thro'
On Liberty.
- 3 —'Tis here our fathers sought
The boon their valor bought