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Song of a thousand years.

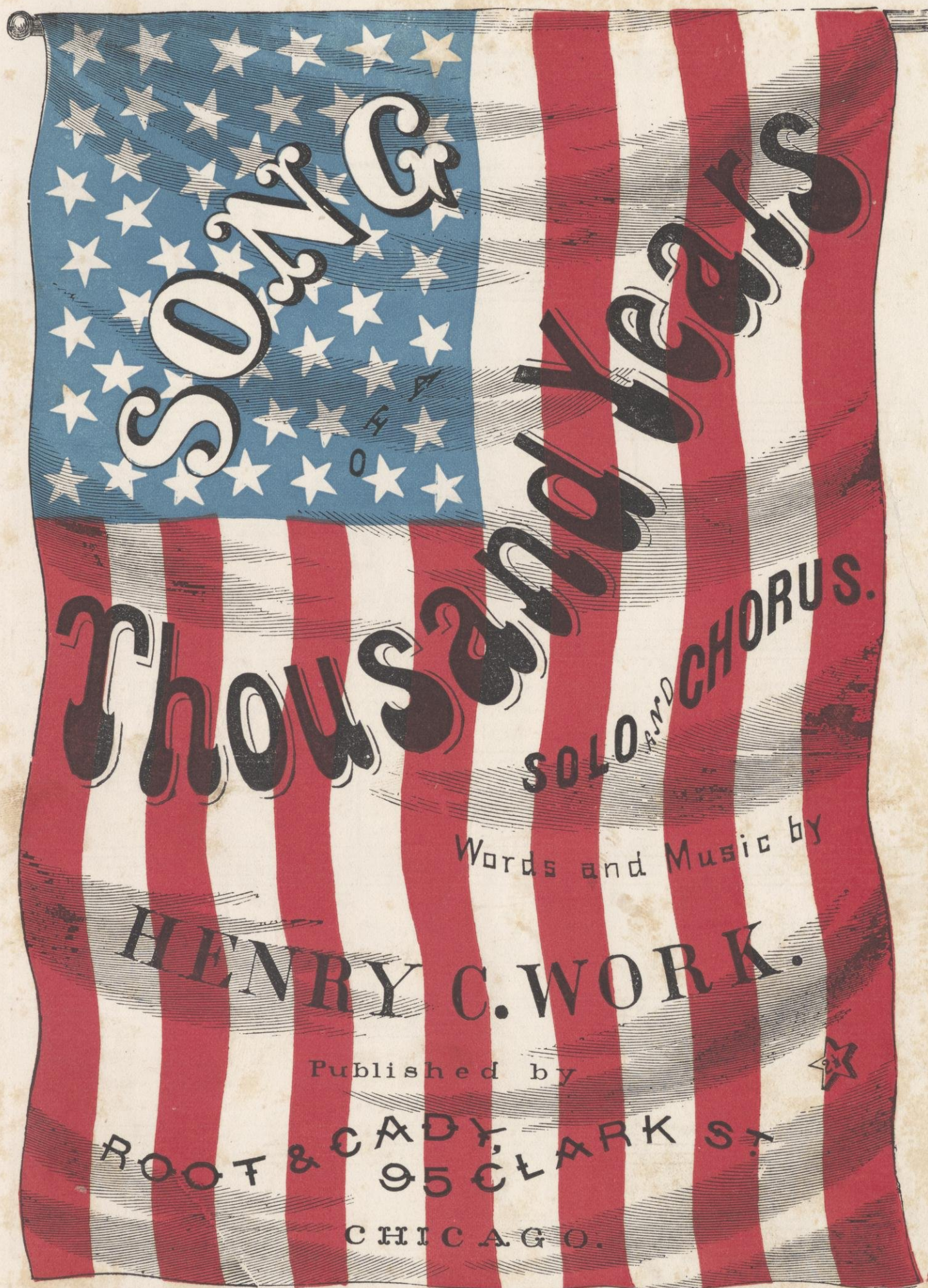
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To J. G. LUMBARD, Esq.

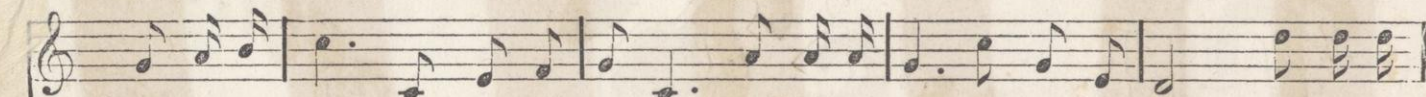
SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

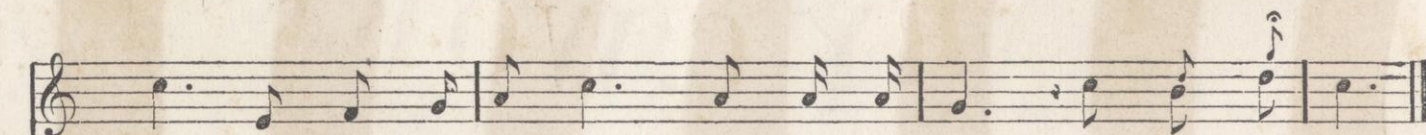
No. 20.

MAESTOSO.

INTRODUCTION.



1. Lift up your eyes, de - sponding free-mén! Fling to the winds your needless fears! He who un-
2. What if the clouds, one lit - tle mo-moment, Hide the blue sky where morn ap-pears— When the bright
3. Tell the great world these bless-ed ti - dings! Yes, and be sure the bondman hears; Tell the op-



furl'd your beau - teous ban - ner, Says it shall wave a thou - sand years!
sun, that tints them crim - son, Ri - ses to shine a thou - sand years?
press'd of ev - 'ry na - tion, Ju - bi - lee lasts a thou - sand years!



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

Air.

Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.

"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.

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.

