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The Land of our Birth



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THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH .

Words by MAJOR LEVISON .

Music by H.W.A.BEALE .

VOICE .

-With spirit, not too fast .

PIANO

1 There's a mag - i - cal charm in the land of our birth Which
 2 The "Stars and the Stripes" is the pride of the world An

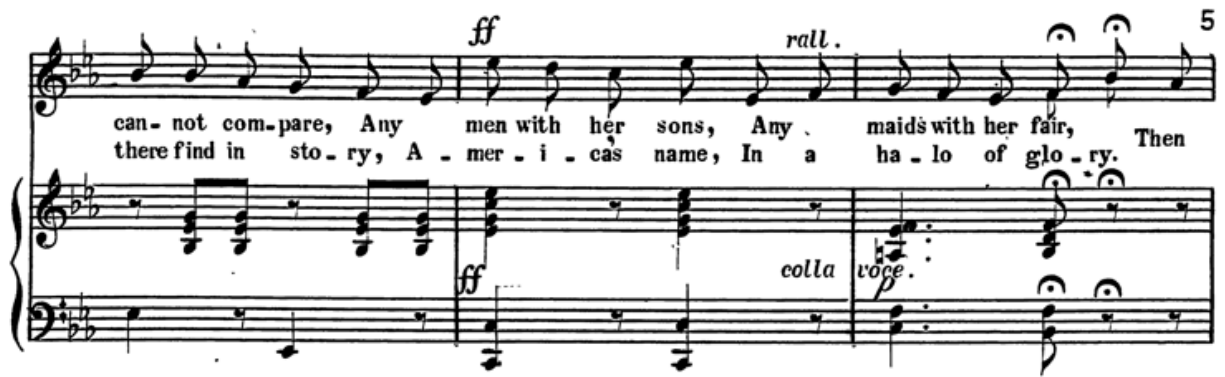
seek where you will is not found else on earth, You may
em - blem of free - dom where - 'er 'tis un - furld Go

roam till you tire, from the pole to the zone, But where will you find such a
search thro' cre - a - tion on land or on wave That Stand - ard neer floats oer the

land as our own, Her daughters are fair, and what Na - tion dare brave . . The
head of a slave, It shines like the Sun, for 'tis borne to the field . . By

Sons of Col - um - bia on land or on wave, I've roamid thro' the world but I ,
those who may die, but who nev - er will yield, Go search in fame's vol - ume youll

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can-not com- pare, Any men with her sons, Any maids with her fair,
there find in sto- ry, A - mer - i - cas name, In a ha - lo of glo - ry. Then

ff *rall.*

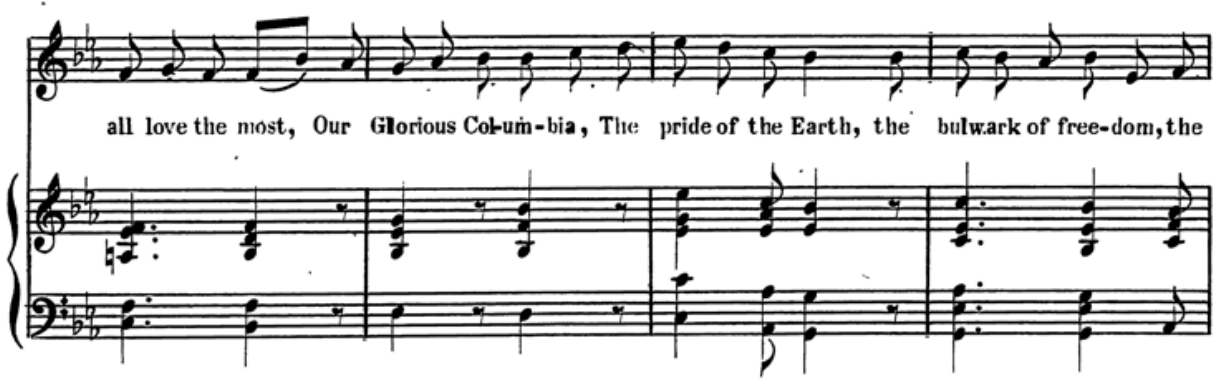
colla voce.

a tempo



let us join hands and I'll give you a toast, I pledge ye "The Land" that we

a tempo



all love the most, Our Glorious Col-um-bia, The pride of the Earth, the bulwark of free-dom, the



land of our birth.