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The Star Spangled Banner

I

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam--
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

II

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

III

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

- Francis Scott Key (Aug. 1, 1779- Jan. 11, 1843)

(The Star Spangled Banner was written September 14, 1814 and is the national anthem of the United States of America.)

Francis Scott Key gave the flag its nickname, "Star Spangled Banner."

Francis Scott Key spent the night of September 13-14, 1814 on an American ship as the British shelled Baltimore. In "The Star-Spangled Banner," written on an envelope as he was taken ashore and revised in his hotel after night fell, Key recorded his feelings when dawn broke and the American flag still flew. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Hopper Nicholson, took it to a printer the next day. After being published on handbills, the anthem was printed in the *Baltimore American* on September 21, 1814. The manuscript fair copy now rests in the Walters Gallery in Baltimore. He died of pleurisy, January 11, 1843.

The Star-Spangled Banner won official status as the national anthem of the United States when on March 3, 1931 President Herbert Hoover signed a bill proclaiming it so.

America the Beautiful

I

O beautiful for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountains majesty
Above thy fruited plain!

II

America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

III

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

IV

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Thy Liberty in law!

V

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!

VI

America! America!
May God thy gold refine

Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

VII

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!

VIII

America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

- Katherine Lee Bates
(b. Aug.12, 1859; d. March 28, 1929)
Wrote *America the Beautiful* in 1913.

<http://www.fuzzylu.com/falmouth/bates/america.html>

Miss Katharine Lee Bates moved to Wellesley when she was still a kid and graduated from the high school there and then Wellesley College in 1874. She was also a long-time professor there until 1925. She was a noted scholar, poet, and writer. She wrote the words to one of the most famous and beloved songs in American History, *America The Beautiful*. *America the Beautiful* first appeared in print in *The Congregationalist*, a weekly journal, on July 4, 1895. Over the years, it has become the country's unofficial second national anthem.

Katharine Lee Bates hastily scribbled into a notebook the original version of what later became *America the Beautiful*, on a trip West in 1893, atop Pikes Peak in Colorado Springs, Colorado. She was electrified by the beauty that was her country, and in writing passed on that intense love for her country to all Americans. She couldn't have known

that those four stanzas would attain such fame. She wrote the 2nd version in 1904. Her final version was written in 1913.

Here is a note from Katharine Lee Bates:

"One day some of the other teachers and I decided to go on a trip to 14,000-foot Pikes Peak. We hired a prairie wagon. Near the top we had to leave the wagon and go the rest of the way on mules. I was very tired. But when I saw the view, I felt great joy. All the wonder of America seemed displayed there, with the sea-like expanse."

The only payment Miss Bates ever received for her efforts was a small check from *The Congregationalist* when *America the Beautiful* was first published.

In 1926, the National Federation of Music Clubs held a contest to put the poem to music, but none of the entries was deemed suitable. The poem has been sung to a variety of music, and Miss Bates never admitted publicly which music she liked best. Today, *America the Beautiful* is almost exclusively sung to Samuel A. Ward's *Materna*.

[My Country Tis of Thee](#)

I

My country tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside,
Let freedom ring!

II

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

III

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

IV

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

- Words: Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895) written in 1832
Music: "America," *Thesaurus Musicus*, 1744 ([MIÚDI](#), [score](#)).

<http://www.cyberhymnal.org/html/m/c/mctisoft.htm>

Samuel Francis Smith attended Harvard University and Andover Theological Seminary. He entered the Baptist ministry in 1832, and the same year became editor of *Baptist Missionary Magazine*. He also contributed to the *Encyclopedia Americana*. From 1834 to 1842, he pastored at Waterville, Maine, and was Professor of Modern Languages

at Waterville College. In 1842, he moved to Newton, Massachusetts, where he stayed until 1854, when he became editor of the publications of the Baptist Missionary Union.

The secular world best remembers Smith as the author of *My Country 'Tis of Thee*. He and Oliver Wendell Holmes were classmates at Harvard, and for the 1829 class reunion, Holmes wrote:

There's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee."

These words were born because Smith's friend, Lowell Mason, could not read German. Mason had received several German hymnals, and sent them to Smith, who he knew understood German. In one of them, Smith ran across the tune now used for *My Country 'Tis of Thee*. Noting that the German words were patriotic in nature:

"I instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of my own, adapted to the tune. Picking up a scrap of waste paper which lay near me, I wrote at once, probably within half an hour, the hymn '*America*' as it is now known everywhere. The whole hymn stands today as it stood on the bit of waste paper."

Battle Hymn of the Republic

I

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

II

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

III

I have read His fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

IV

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

V

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

- Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910)
Reformer, clubwoman, writer, poet.

NOTE: CHORUS: (Added later by others - not in the original versions)

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

(In 1861, after a visit to a Union Army Camp, Julia Ward Howe wrote the poem that came to be called "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was published in February, 1862, in *The Atlantic Monthly*. It became the recognized theme song of the Civil War.)

http://womenshistory.about.com/library/bio/blbio_howe_julia_ward.htm

Julia Ward Howe is today best known as the writer of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. She was married to Samuel Gridley Howe, educator of the blind, who was also active in abolitionism and other reforms.

Julia Ward Howe published poetry, plays and travel books, as well as many articles. A Unitarian, she was part of the larger circle of Transcendentalists, though not a core member. She co-published the anti-slavery newspaper *The Commonwealth* with her husband, Samuel Gridley Howe.

She became active in the women's rights movement later in life, playing a prominent role in several suffrage organizations and in women's clubs. She advocated world peace. In 1908 she became the first woman elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

<http://womenshistory.about.com/library/weekly/aa013100c.htm>

As a result of their voluntary work with the Sanitary Commission, in 1862 Samuel and Julia Howe were invited to Washington by President Lincoln. The Howes visited a Union Army camp in Virginia across the Potomac. There, they heard the men singing the song which had been sung by both North and South, one in admiration of John Brown, one in

celebration of his death: "John Brown's body lies a' mouldering in his grave."

A clergyman in the party, James Freeman Clarke, who knew of Julia's published poems, urged her to write a new song for the war effort to replace "John Brown's Body." She described the events later:

"I replied that I had often wished to do so... n spite of the excitement of the day I went to bed and slept as usual, but awoke the next morning in the gray of the early dawn, and to my astonishment found that the wished-for lines were arranging themselves in my brain. I lay quite still until the last verse had completed itself in my thoughts, then hastily arose, saying to myself, I shall lose this if I don't write it down immediately. I searched for an old sheet of paper and an old stub of a pen which I had had the night before, and began to scrawl the lines almost without looking, as I learned to do by often scratching down verses in the darkened room when my little children were sleeping. Having completed this, I lay down again and fell asleep, but not before feeling that something of importance had happened to me."

The result was a poem, published first in February 1862 in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and called "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The poem was quickly put to the tune that had been used for "John Brown's Body" — the original tune was written by a Southerner for religious revivals — and became the best known Civil War song of the North.

Julia Ward Howe's religious conviction shows in the way that Old and New Testament Biblical images are used to urge that people implement, in this life and this world, the principles that they adhere to. "As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free." Turning from the idea that the war was revenge for the death of a martyr, Howe hoped that the song would keep the war focused on the principle of the ending of slavery.

Today, that's what Howe is most remembered for: as the author of the song, still loved by many Americans, still hated by many Southerners. Her early poems are forgotten — her other social commitments forgotten. She became a much-loved American institution after that song was published — but even in her own lifetime, all her other pursuits paled besides her accomplishment of one piece of poetry for which she was paid \$5 by the editor of *Atlantic Monthly*.

http://womenshistory.about.com/library/etext/bl_howe_battle_hymn_2.htm

Manuscript Version

Here is "Battle Hymn of the Republic" as Julia Ward Howe first wrote it in 1861, as documented in *Reminiscences 1819-1899*, published in 1899:

I

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
He is trampling out the wine press, where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

II

I have seen him in the watchfires of an hundred circling camps
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps,
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

III

I have read a burning Gospel writ in fiery rows of steel,
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal,
Let the hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Our God is marching on.

IV

He has sounded out the trumpet that shall never call retreat,

He has waked the earth's dull sorrow with a high ecstatic beat,
Oh! be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

V

In the whiteness of the lilies he was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that shines out on you and me,
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
Our God is marching on.

VI

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,
He is wisdom to the mighty, he is succour to the brave,
So the world shall be his footstool, and the soul of Time his slave,
Our God is marching on.