

Eighty Years Ago - song lyrics

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EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

Words by C. Sprague. Music by J. F. Petri.

Eighty years have rolled away since that bright heroic day.
When our fathers, in the fray, struck the conquering blow.
Praise to them, the bold, who spoke, praise to them the brave who broke
Stern oppression's galling yoke, eighty years ago.
Chorus.

Praise to them, the bold, who spoke.
Praise to them, the brave, who broke
Stern oppression's galling yoke,
Eighty years ago.

Pour the wine of sacrifice, let the grateful anthem rise-
Shall we e'er resign the prize?-Never-never-no!
Hearts and hands shall guard those rights, bought on Freedom's battle heights,
Where he fixed his signal lights, eighty years ago.- Chorus.

Swear it! by the mighty dead-those who counseled, those who led;
By the blood your fathers shed, by your mother's woe;
Swear it!-by the living few-those whose breasts were scarred for you.
When to freedom's ranks they flew, eighty years ago.- Chorus.

By the joys that cluster 'round, by our vales will plenty crowned,
By our hill-tops-holy ground, rescued from the foe-
Where of old the Indian strayed, where of old the pilgrim prayed,
Where the patriot drew his blade, eighty years ago.-Chorus.

Should again the war-trump peal, there shall Indian firmness steal,
Pilgrim faith and patriot zeal, prompt to strike the blow;
There shall valor's work be done: like the sire shall be the son,
Where the fight was waged and won, eighty years ago.- Chorus.