

A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freeman,
Fling to the winds your needless fears;
He who unfurled your beauteous banner,
Says It shall wave a thousand years.

Chorus.

A thousand years, my own Columbia,
'Tis the glad day so long foretold;
'Tis the glad morn, whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

What If the clouds one little moment
Hide the blue sky where morn appears;
When the bright sun that tints them crimson.
Rises to shine a thousand years?-Chorus.

Tell the great world these blessed tidings.
Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;
Tell the oppressed of ev'ry nation.
Jubilee lasts a thousand years. - Cho.

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.

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.

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.

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.