

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;

Was blind but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved.

AMAZING GRACE

TRADITIONAL
Adapted by JOHN BRIMHAL

Moderately

1 3 2 1

A - maz - ing_ grace! How sweet the sound That
mp man - y_ dan - gers, toils and snares I

2 1 5 1 4

2 5 1 2 1 3

saved a_ wretch like me! I once_ was_
have al - read - y come. 'Tis grace_ hath_

2 1 3 1 2

lost, but now_ am_ found; Was blind but_ now I
brought me safe_ thus_ far And grace will_ lead me

2 1 1 4

Amazing Grace p.2

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②

How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!
Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come.
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far

And grace will lead me home.
Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

G C G 1 G D7 Em C

see. home. 'Twas Yes, grace when that taught my heart to
home. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall!

1 2 1 2

G D7 G D G 3

fear fail, And grace my fears re - lieved, How
fail, And mor - tal life shall cease, I

2 1 2 1 3

2 C G 1 Em

pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I
shall pos - sess with in the veil, A life of

2 1 3

1. G D7 G C G 2. C G

first joy be - lieved! Through
joy and and peace. rit.



By
SAMUEL F. SMITH and
HENRY CAREY

Moderately

With Pedal

G Em Am D G Em Am

mf My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of
Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of

G Em Am G D7 G

lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my
lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our

D7

fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grim's pride,
land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;

G C G D7 G

From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

By
KATHARINE LEE BATES and
SAMUEL A. WARD

Maestoso

4/4

mp O, beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of

grain; For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties a - bove the fruit - ed

plain. *mf* A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on

thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood from sea to shin - ing sea.

Chords: C, G7, Dm, G7, C, C#dim, G7, G, D7, G, G7, C, G, C, G7, Dm7, G7, C, C7, F, C, F, G7, C



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

By
JULIA WARD HOWE and
WILLIAM STEFFE

mf 1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the
seen Him in the watch - fires of a

com - ing of the Lord. He is tramp - ling out the
hun - dred cir - cling camps. They have build - ed Him an

vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can

loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift
read His right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing

Battle Hymn of the Republic p2

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Am $\frac{4}{2}$ Dm C G7 C

sword. His truth is march - ing on!
lamps: His day is march - ing on!

cresc.

C F

Glo - 'ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le -

f

C E7 Am $\frac{4}{2}$

lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His

Dm C G7 1. C 2. C

truth is march - ing on! 2. I have on!

cresc. *mf* *ff.*



THE MARINES' HYMN

U.S. MARINE CORPS SONG

March Tempo

From the Walls of Mon - te - zu -

ma to the shores of Trip - o - li,

We fight our coun - try's bat -

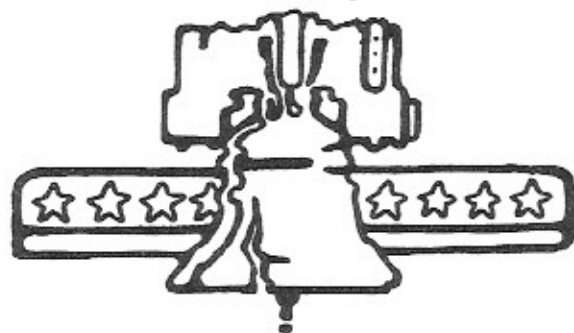
ties on the land as on the sea.

Chords: C, G7, C

The Marine's Hymn p 2

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First to fight for right and free

Chords: F, C

dom And to keep our hon - or clean;

Chords: F, C, C#dim

We are proud to claim the ti -

Chords: G7, C, G7, C

tle of U - nit - ed States Ma - rines,

Chords: G7, C

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Moderately, with spirit

Oh, - say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly
stripes and bright stars, tho' the per - il - ous
light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last
fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly
gleam - ing? Whose broad stream - ing? And the rock - et's red

1. 2.



G7 C G C G7 C

glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the

G G7 Am D7 G G7 C Dm7 C

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that

F A7 Dm F#dim C G G7

Star - span - gled Ban - ner yet wave O'er the

Broadly

C D7 C G7 C

land of the free, and the home of the brave?



WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

By LOUIS LAMBERT

Moderately

Am

C

When Get John - ny comes march - ing home a - gain, Hoo - rah! Hoo - rah! Hoo - rah! Hoo - rah!

read - y for the ju - bi - lee, Hoo - rah! Hoo - rah! Hoo - rah! Hoo - rah!

rah! We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hoo - rah! Hoo - rah! We'll give the he - ro three times three, Hoo - rah! Hoo - rah!

rah! Then the men will cheer and the boys will shout, The la - dies they will
rah! The lau - rel wreath is read - y now, To place up - on his

all turn out, And we'll all feel gay When John - ny comes march - ing home.
loy - al brow, And we'll all feel gay When John - ny comes march - ing home.

C-D
G7-A7
F-G



YANKEE DOODLE

TRADITIONAL

mf My And fath'r and I went there was Cap-tain down to camp, A - Wash - ing - ton, Up - long with Cap - tain on a slap - ping

Good - win, And stal - lion, A - there we saw the giv - ing or - ders men and boys As to his men; I thick a hast - y guess there was a

pud - din', mil - lion. } Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy;

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

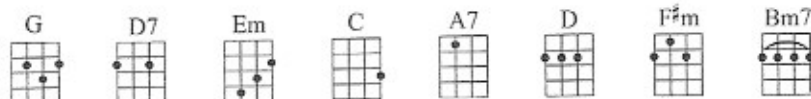
Pomp And Circumstance

The Graduation Song

Words by
ARTHUR BENSON

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR

FIRST NOTE



Slow March

G D7 Em G C G A7 D G A7



Land of hope and glor - y, moth - er of the free, how shall we ex -
Wid - er still and wid - er, shall thy bounds be set; God who made thee



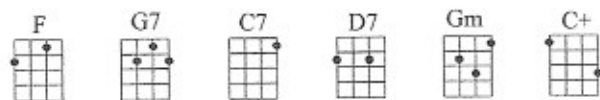
tol thee who are born of thee? make thee might - i - er yet.

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Yankee Doodle Boy

Words and Music by
GEORGE M. COHAN

FIRST NOTE

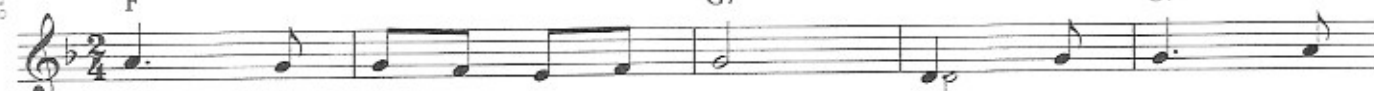


Brightly

F

G7

C7



1. I'm a Yan - kee Doo - dle dan dy, a Yan - kee
2. got a Yan - kee Doo - dle sweet heart; she's my

F To Coda

D7



Doo - dle, do or die. A real live neph - ew of my
Yan - kee Doo - dle joy.

Gm

G7

C7

C+ D.C. al Coda



Un - cle Sam's, born on the Fourth of Ju - ly I've

Coda



Yan - kee Doo - dle came to Lon - don, just to ride the

F

D7

G7

C7

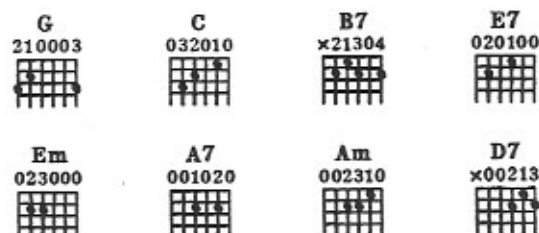
F



YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG

Words and Music by
GEORGE M. COHAN

CHORDS USED IN THIS SONG:



SUGGESTED STRUM:



Brush strum

Tempo di marcia



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