

### 3. Speed Our Republic. Angel of Peace

Keller-Holmes

Keller

*f* *Maestoso*

Speed our Re - pub lic, O Fa - ther on high!

5 *cres.* *mf* *cres.* *f*  
Lead us in path-ways of jus - tice and right; Ru - lers as well as the ruled, one and all,

13  
Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

21 *mf* *cres.* *f*  
Ru - lers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir - tue the

27  
ar - mor of might! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

2. Faithful and honest to friend and foe,  
Willing to die in humanity's cause;  
Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,  
While we contend for our union and laws!  
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!  
Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,  
While we contend for our union and laws!  
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

3. Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds!  
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!  
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,  
Show that it still is for freedom unfurled!  
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!  
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,  
Show that it still is for freedom unfurled!  
Hail, three times to our country and flag!

4. Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long;  
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!  
Come while our voices are blended in song.  
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove.  
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,  
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,  
Crowned with the olive-leaf garland of love;  
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

5. Brothers we meet on this altar of thine,  
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee;  
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,  
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,  
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea;  
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,  
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,  
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

6. Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!  
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!  
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main.  
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,  
Loud let the tempest of voices reply;  
Rolls its long surge like the earth-shaking main!  
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!  
Angel of Bethlehem, echo the strain!



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