
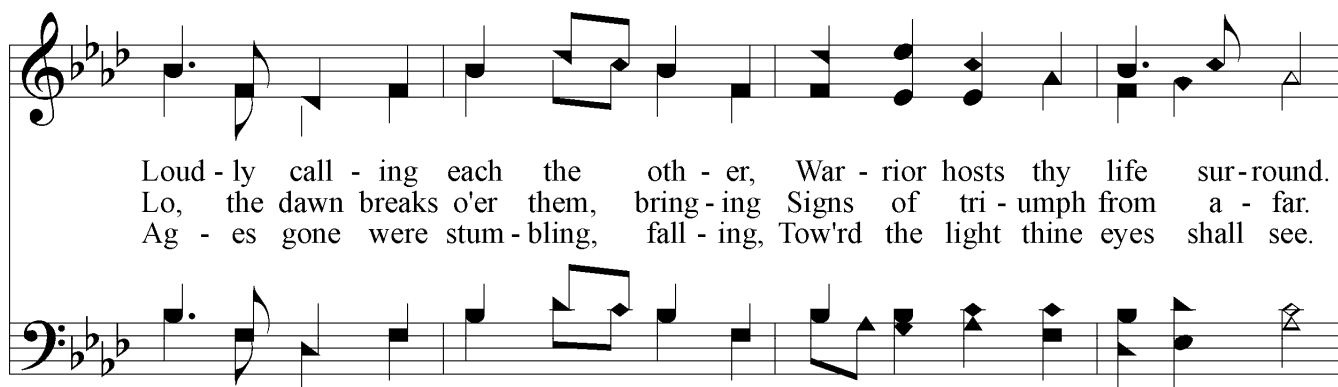


Hast Thou Heard It, O My Brother

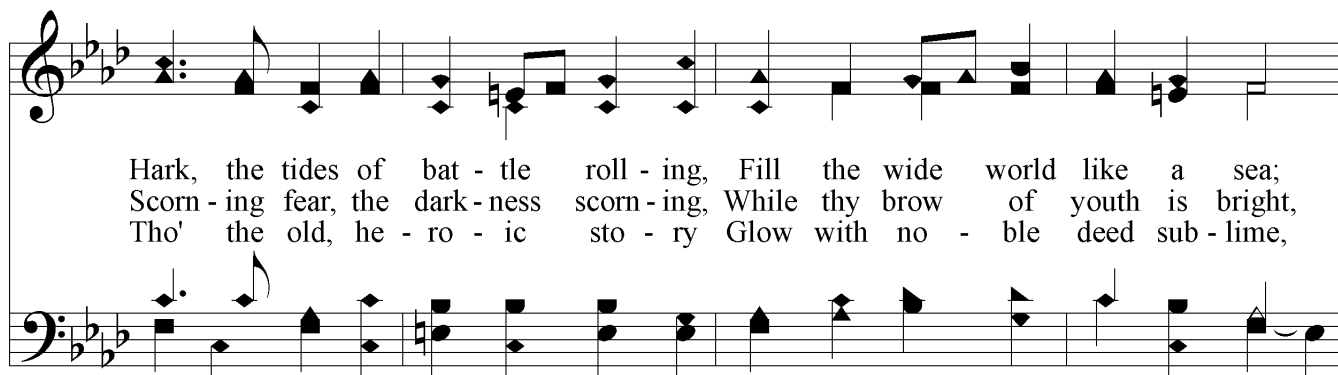
Hast Thou Heard It, O My Brother



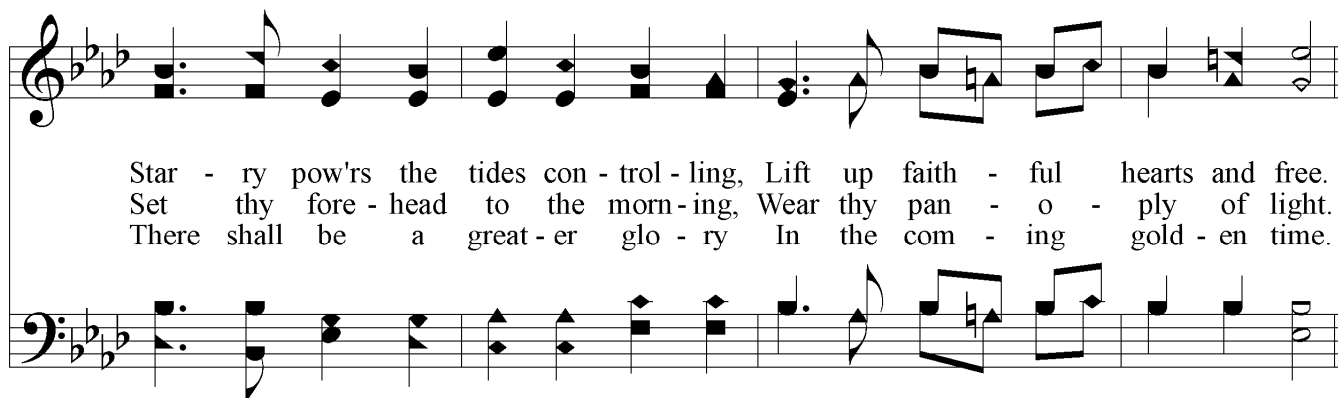
1. Hast thou heard it, O my broth - er, Hast thou heard the trum - pet sound?
2. Brave hearts thru the mid - night sing - ing, Doubt - ing not the morn - ing star,
3. O the an - cient earth is call - ing, For such life as thine may be,



Loud - ly call - ing each the oth - er, War - rior hosts thy life sur - round.
Lo, the dawn breaks o'er them, bring - ing Signs of tri - umph from a - far.
Ag - es gone were stum - bling, fall - ing, Tow'rd the light thine eyes shall see.



Hark, the tides of bat - tle roll - ing, Fill the wide world like a sea;
Scorn - ing fear, the dark - ness scorn - ing, While thy brow of youth is bright,
Tho' the old, he - ro - ic sto - ry Glow with no - ble deed sub - lime,



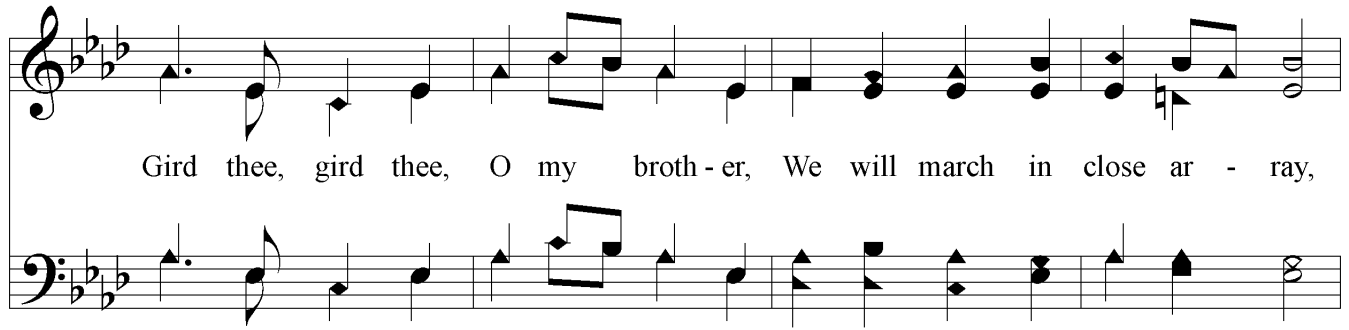
Star - ry pow'rs the tides con - trol - ling, Lift up faith - ful hearts and free.
Set thy fore - head to the morn - ing, Wear thy pan - o - ply of light.
There shall be a great - er glo - ry In the com - ing gold - en time.

Words: Theodore Chickering Williams (1902)

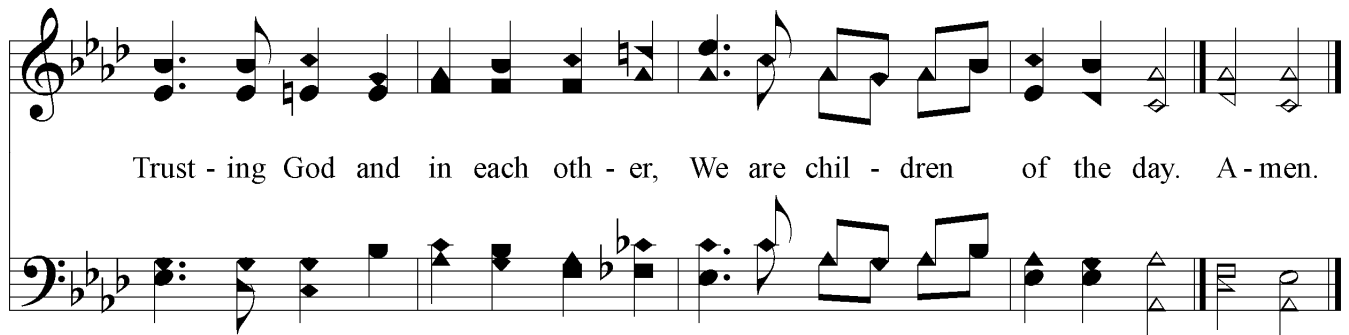
Music: Leonard Parker

Hast Thou Heard It, O My Brother

Chorus



Gird thee, gird thee, O my broth - er, We will march in close ar - ray,



Trust - ing God and in each oth - er, We are chil - dren of the day. A - men.