A Song Of Peace - song lyrics

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A SONG OF PEACE.
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Words and Music by Julian Jordan.

Is it fancy, or what is it, thrills
My soul as I listen a strain?
A strain of martial music,
And I think of the old days again.
"Columbia, the gem of the ocean!"
"Three cheers for the red, white and blue!"
As I list lo the strain so enchanting,
Old fires are rekindled anew.
I see a long line of brave soldiers.
Caps are waving, or thrown high in air,
For the cause that is dear will they suffer.
Aye, for it e'en death will they dare;
For the cause that is dear will they suffer,
Aye, for it e'en death will they dare.

Is it fancy, or what is it, thrills
Again as I listen a strain?
A strain of martial music.
And I think of the old times again;
And brave men have marched to its measure,
'Twas heard 'fore the cannon's loud roar.
Oh, think of the heroes now sleeping.
Who'll wake at the old strain no more.
I see a line of brave soldiers, etc.

The strife is o'er and peace broods o'er the land;
Then, us of old, united let us stand,
The flag our fathers gave us to defend;
Upon it e'er may heaven its blessing send;
Oh, may it wave in triumph o'er us evermore.
The strife is o'er; let pretty strivings cease;
United let us sing the song of peace,
Remembering only those who bravely fell,
Who wore the blue, who wore the gray as well,
Their names will live in memory furthermore;
The strife is o'er; then let us sing
The glorious song of peace.