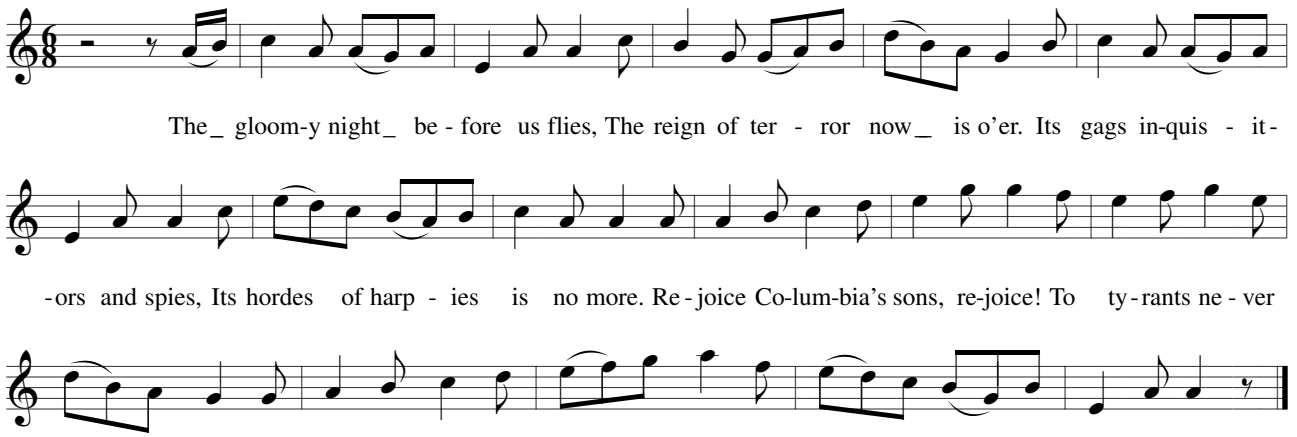
The_ gloom-y night_ be - fore us flies, The reign of ter - ror now_ is o'er. Its gags in-quis - it-
-ors and spies, Its hordes of harp - ies is no more. Re - joice Co-lum-bia's sons, re-joice! To ty - rants ne - ver
bend__ your knee, but join with heart, and soul__ and voice, for Jef - fer-son__ and lib - er - ty.