

# THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY—Concluded.

O tell us what its name may be,—Is this the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty? It is, it is,  
Till lo! earth's ty-rants shook to see The full-blown Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! Then hail, then  
And, span-gled o'er its az - ure, see The sis - ter Stars of Lib - er - ty! Then hail, then  
It makes the land as o - cean free, And plants an em - pire on the sea! Then hail, then  
And God love us as we love thee, Thrice ho - ly Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! Then hail, then

is the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty!  
hail the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty!  
hail the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty!  
hail the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty!  
hail the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty!

# MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I've roamed o - ver moun-tain, I've crossed o - ver flood, I've trav-ersed the wave-roll - ing  
2. The right hand of friend-ship how oft have I grasped, And bright eyes have smiled and looked  
3. Then hail, dear Co - lum-bia, the land that we love, Where flour-ish - es Lib - er - ty's

strand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it  
bland; Yet hap - pi - er far were the hours that I passed in the  
tree; 'Tis the birth - place of free - dom, our own na - tive home; 'Tis the

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was not my own na - tive land.	No, no, no, no, no, no,	No, no, no, no, no, no;
west, in my own na - tive land.	Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,	Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes;
land, 'tis the land of the free.	Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,	Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes;