

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

F. S. SMITH.

O. HOLDEN.

1. I love the land that gave me birth, A land so fair to see,
 2. I love to hear the joy - ful strain, That rolls from sea to sea,
 3. Praise to the hon - ored men who dted, Free - dom and right to save -
 4. Long o'er the glo - rious land they loved, The loy - al and the brave -

To me the dear - est spot on earth, The land of lib - er - ty;
 Ech - oed from ev - 'ry hill and plain—The an - them of the free;
 The na - tion's joy, the na - tion's pride—For us their lives they gave;
 May free - dom rule, of God ap - proved, And peace her ban - ner wave;

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THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

With energy.

1. What flow'r is this that greets the morn, Its hues from heav'n so fresh - ly born? With
 2. In sav - age Na - ture's far a - bode Its ten - der seed our fa - thers sowed; The
 3. Be - hold its stream - ing rays u - nite, One ming - ling flood of braid - ed light,—The
 4. The blades of he - roes fence it round; Wher - e'er it springs is ho - ly ground; From
 5. The sa - cred leaves, fair Free - dom's flow'r, Shall ev - er float on dome and tow'r, To

burn - ing star and flam - ing band It kin - dles all the sun - set land:
 storm - winds rocked its swell - ing bud, Its op - ning leaves were streaked with blood;
 red that fires the south - ern rose, With spot - less white from north - ern snows,
 tow'r and dome its glo - ries spread; It waves where lone - ly sen - tries tread;
 all their heav'n - ly col - ors true, In black'ning frost or crim - son dew,—

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
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;