

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 doted, 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;

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,—