

## 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;

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.  
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 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,—