Maryland! My Maryland

J. R. RANDALL, adapted

1. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Maryland! my Maryland!
2. Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll, Maryland! my Maryland!
3. I see no blush up-on thy cheek, Maryland! my Maryland!
4. I hear the dis-tant thunder hum, Maryland! my Maryland!

Thy gleam-ing sword shall nev-er rust, Maryland! my Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his con-trol, Maryland! my Maryland!
Tho' thou wast ev-er brave-ly meek, Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line bu-gle, fife and drum, Maryland! my Maryland!

Re-mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-mem-ber How ard's war-like thrust,
Bet-ter the fire up-on thee roll, Bet-ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer-less chivalry re-veal,
Come to thy own he-ro-ic throng, That stalks with Lib-er-ty a-long,

And all thy slum-b'rors with the just, Maryland! my Maryland!
Than cru-ci-fic-i-on of the soul, Maryland! my Maryland!
And gird thy beau-teous limbs with steel, Maryland! my Maryland!
And ring thy daunt-less slo-gan song, Maryland! my Maryland!