FREEDOM—Concluded

story How thou cam'est to grow! Blest the happy nation Where thy rattle, Good it is to die. Good, for freedom tarries On the

voice is heard; High or low in station, All obey thy word. battlefield, Dying pangs it parries With its potent shield.

BEFORE ALL LANDS.

mf Andante.

1. Before all lands in east or west, I love my native land the best, With God's best gifts 'tis teeming; For gold and jewels

tongue the best, Tho' not so smoothly spoken, Nor woven with I-

here are found, And men of noble worth abound, And tal-

tian art, Yet, when it speaks from heart to heart, The

eyes of joy are beaming, And eyes of joy are beaming.

word is never broken, The word is never broken.