THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY—Concluded.

O tell us what its name may be,—Is this the Flow'r of Liberty? It is, it is.
Till old earth's tyrants shook to see The full-blown Flow'r of Liberty! Then hail, hail, hail!
And, span-gled o'er its azure, see The sis-ter Stars of Liberty! Then hail, hail, hail!
It makes the land as ocean free, And plants an empire on the seal! Then hail, hail, hail!
And God love us as we love thee, Three ho-ly Flow'r of Liberty! Then hail, hail, hail!

is the banner of the free, The starry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Liberty!
Hail the banner of the free, The starry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Liberty!
Hail the banner of the free, The starry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Liberty!
Hail the banner of the free, The starry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Liberty!
Hail the banner of the free, The starry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Liberty!

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-ishes Lib-er-ty's

strand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright. Yet it
bland; Yet hap-pli-er far were the hours that I passed in the
was not my own na-tive land. No, no, no, no, no, no, no; land, 'tis the land of the free.

Fine. D. 6