THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

F. S. SMITH.

1. I love the land that gave me birth, A land so fair to see,
2. I love to hear the joyful strain, That rolls from sea to sea,
3. Praise to the honored men who died, Freedom and right to save—
4. Long o'er the glorious land they loved, The loyal and the brave—

To me the dearest spot on earth, The land of liberty;
Echoed from ev'ry hill and plain. The anthem of the free;
The nation's joy, the nation's pride—For us their lives they gave;
May freedom rule, of God approved, And peace her banner wave;

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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 savor Nature's far abode Its tender seed our fathers sowed; The
3. Behold its streaming rays unite, One mingling flood of braid—ed light,—The
4. The blades of he-roes fence it round; Wher-e'er it springs is holy ground; From
5. The sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower, Shall ev'ry float on dome and tow'r, To

burning star and flaming band. It kin-dles all the sun—set land:
storm-winds rocked its swelling bud. Its op-ning leaves were streaked with blood;
red that fills the southern 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,
THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY—Concluded.

O tell us what its name may be,—Is this the Flow'r of Lib-er-ty? It is, it is.
Till lol earth's tyrants shook to see The full-blown Flow'r of Lib-er-ty! Then hail, hail, hail.
And, span-gled o'er its az-ure, see The sis-ter Stars of Lib-er-ty! Then hail, hail, hail.
It makes the land as o-cean free, And plants an em-pire on the seal Then hail, hail, hail.
And God love us as we love thee, Thrice ho-ly Flow'r of Lib-er-ty! Then hail, hail, hail.

ts the ban-ner of the free, The star-ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib-er-ty!
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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 strand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shine as bright, Yet it was not my own na-tive land.
2. The right hand of friend-ship how oft have I grasped, And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland; Yet ban- pler far were the hours that I passed In the tree; 'Tis the birth-place of free-dom, our own na-tive home; 'Tis the west, In my own na-tive land.
3. Then hail, dear Co-lum-bia, the land that we love, Where flour-ishes Lib-er-ty's land, 'Tis the land of the free.

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