Maryland! My Maryland!

Written by

JAMES R. RANDALL, Esq.

Composed and Respectfully Dedicated to

Miss C. L. McKim,

by

A. F. GIBSON.

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MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!

Words by a BALTIMOREAN in La.

Music by A. F. GIBSON.

Introduction.

Maestoso.

Con Spirito.
Tempo di marcia.

The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland! My Maryland! His
tock is at thy temple door, Maryland! My Maryland! A

venge the patriotic gore That fleck'd the streets of Baltimore, And

be the battle queen of yore, Maryland! My Maryland!
2.
Hark to a wandering son's appeal,
Maryland! My Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland! My Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel
Maryland! My Maryland!

3.
Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust —
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

4.
Come! for thy shield is bright and strong
Maryland! My Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance, does thee wrong
Maryland! My Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And give a new Key to thy song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

5.
Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland! My Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain —
"Sic semper," 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland! My Maryland!

6.
I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! My Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! My Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek —
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

7.
Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Thou wilt not crouch to his control,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

8.
I hear the distant thunder—hum,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Old Line's bugle, pipe and drum,
Maryland! My Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb —
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes, she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!