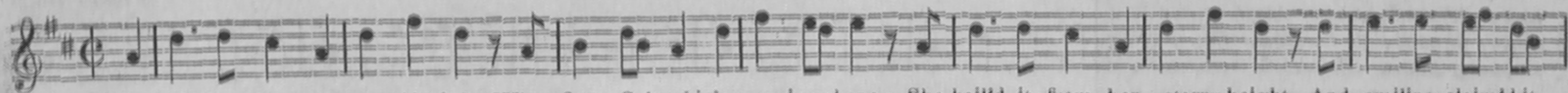
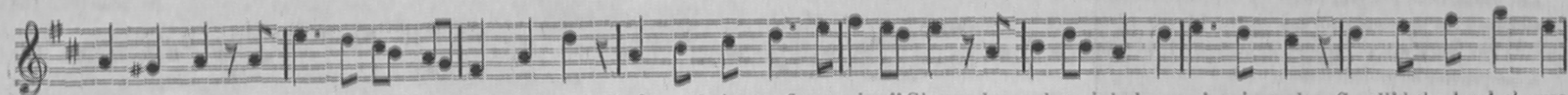


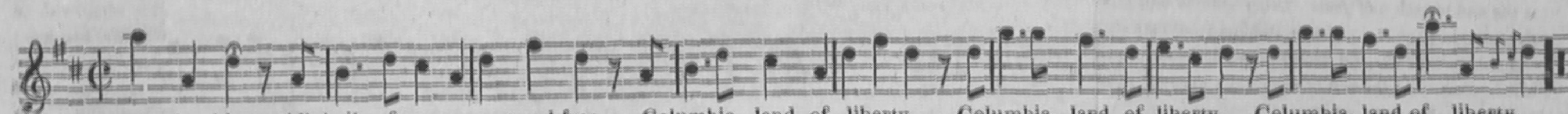
Columbia, Land of Liberty.



To Liberty's enraptur'd sight, When first Columbia's region shone; She hail'd it from her starry height, And smiling claim'd it



as her own. "Fair land," the goddess cried, "be free, Soil of my choice, to fame arise." She spoke, and straight heaven's minstrelsy, Swell'd the loud chorus



to the skies, All hail, forever great and free, Columbia, land of liberty, Columbia, land of liberty, Columbia, land of liberty.

II.

War blew her clarion loud and long,
Oppression led his legions on,
To battle rush'd the patriot throng,
And soon the glorious day was won.
Each bleeding freeman smil'd in death,
Flying he saw his country's foes,
And wafted by his latest breath,
To heaven the cheerful pæan rose—
Content I die, for thou art free,
Columbia, land of liberty.

III.

And shall we ever dim the fires,
That flame on Freedom's kindred shrines?
Shall Glory's children shame their sires?
Shall cowards spring from heroes' loins?
No—by the blood our fathers shed,
O Freedom, in thy holy cause,
When streaming from the martyr'd dead,
It seal'd, and sanctified thy laws—
We swear to keep thee great and free,
Columbia, land of liberty.

(Polyanthos, New Series enlarged—No. 21.)

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Magyar
June 1844*