

KNOW YE THE LAND.

a new

Patriotic Song,

*Written by a Gentleman of Baltimore, & set to
an original Air,*

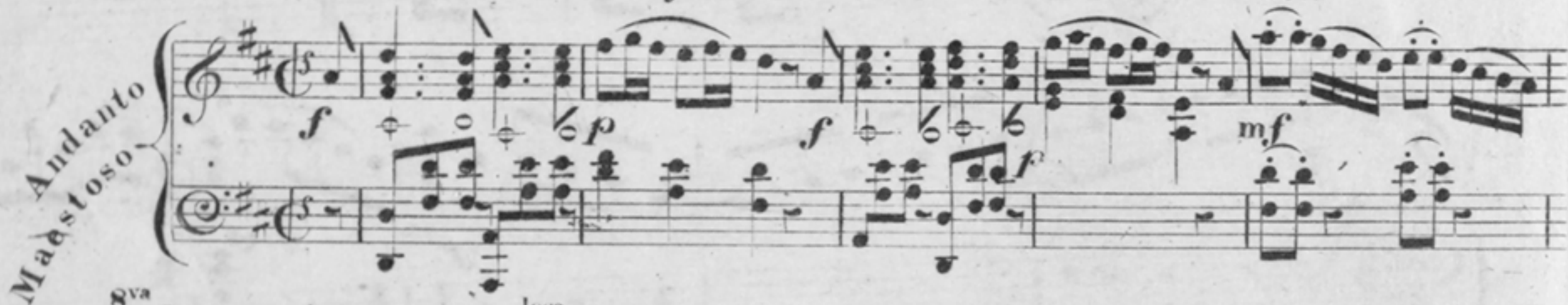
The Symphonies and accompaniment

BY

M^r. DAMISH.

Baltimore. Published by JOHN COLE, No. 123 Market Street.

Andante
Maestoso



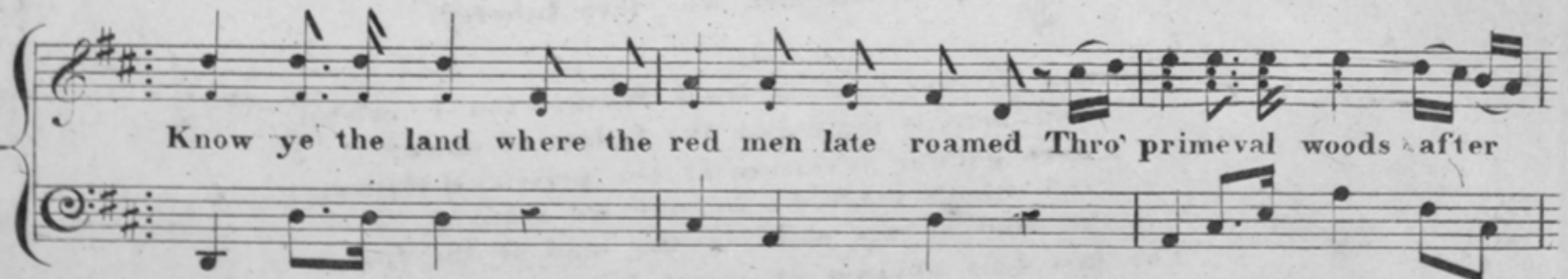
8va *loco* *cres* *f*



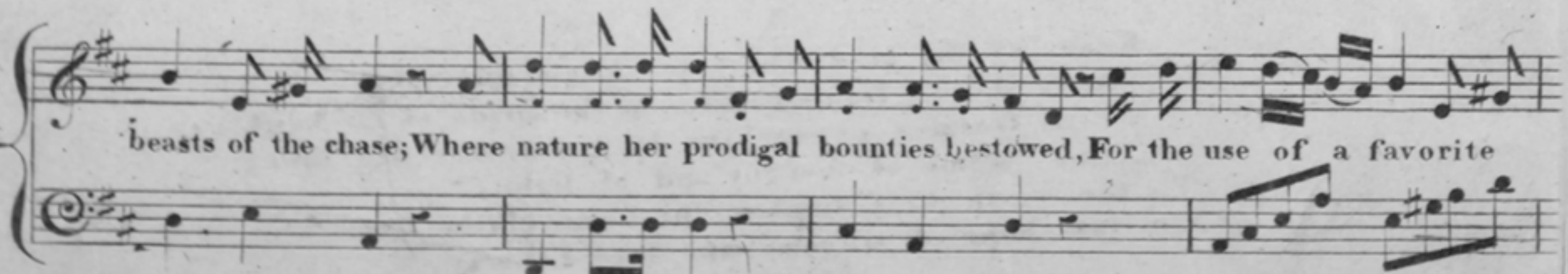
8va



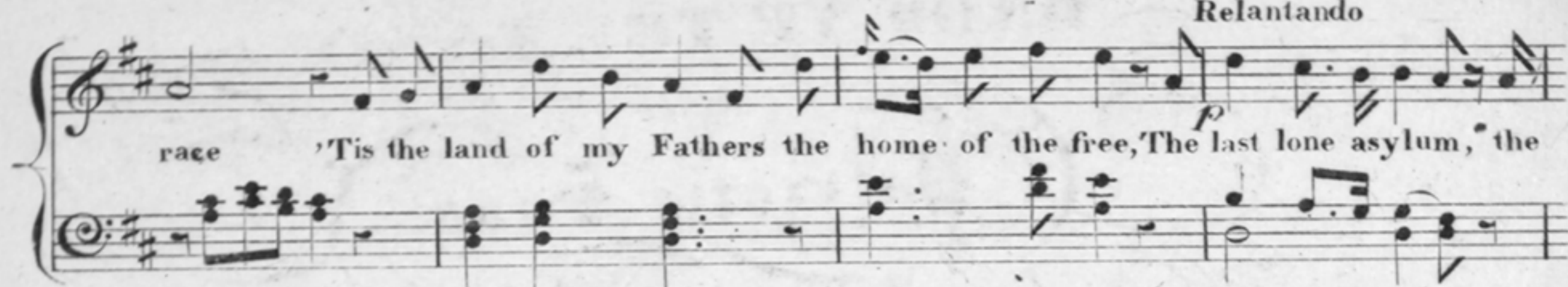
Know ye the land where the red men late roamed Thro' primeval woods & after



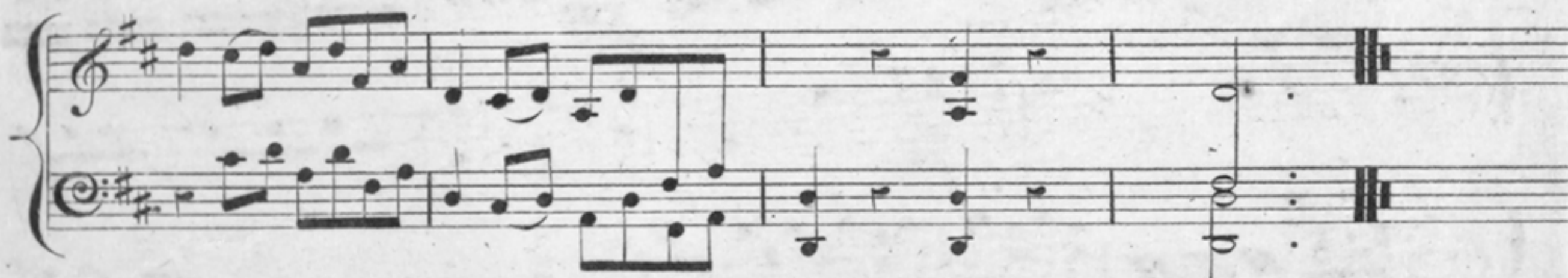
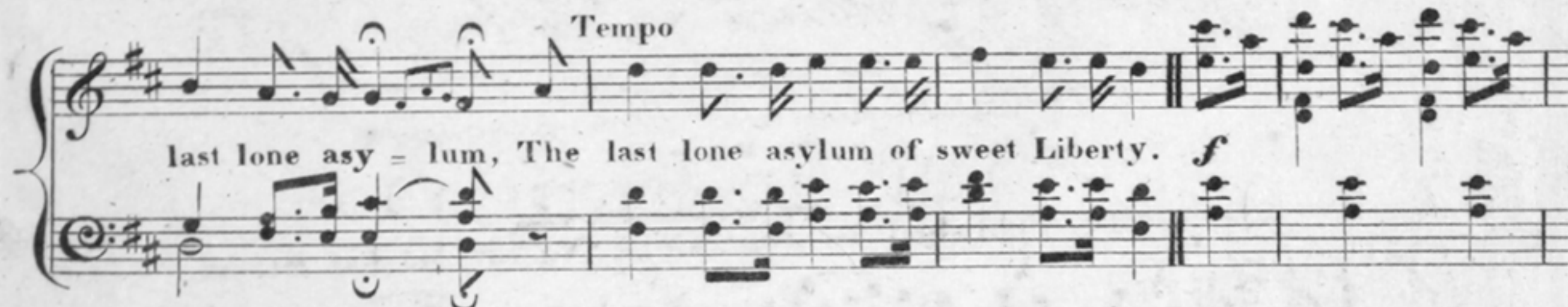
beasts of the chase; Where nature her prodigal bounties bestowed, For the use of a favorite



Relantando



Tempo



2

Know ye the land that intolerance planted,
With self-banish'd people for consience's cause?
Who grew and increas'd and to millions expanded,
Independent and rul'd by the laws —
'Tis my own native land, happy land of the free,
The last hope of all men who love Liberty.

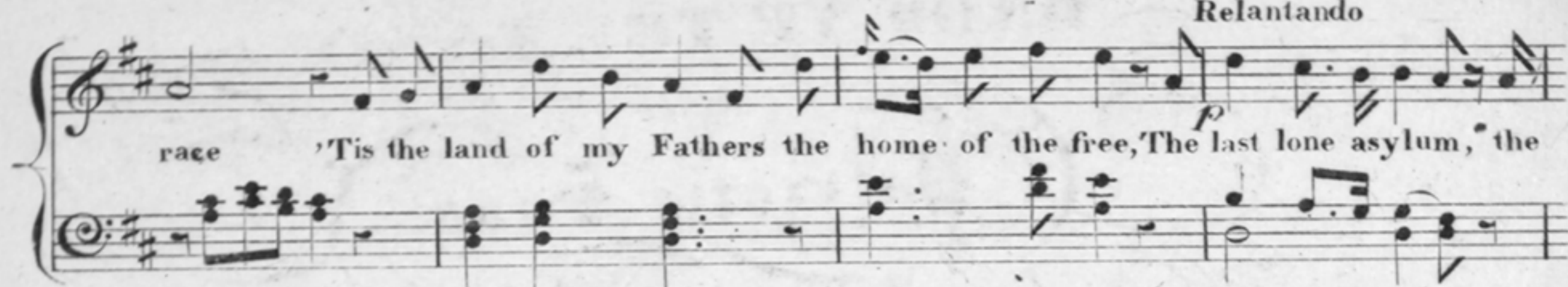
3

Know ye the land wherein Washington flourish'd
And man is regarded the fellow of man?
Where nothing is known of the privileg'd classes,
And what's noble, by honour we scan —
'Tis the land of my children, the land of the free,
The last lone asylum of sweet Liberty.

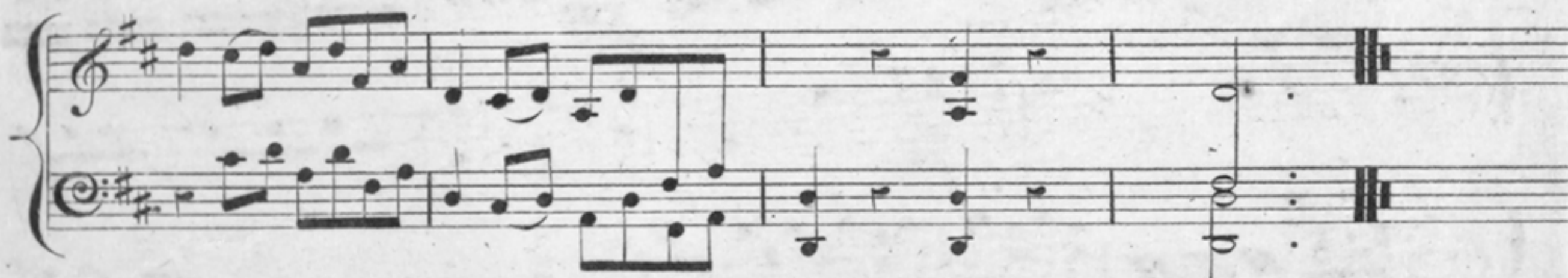
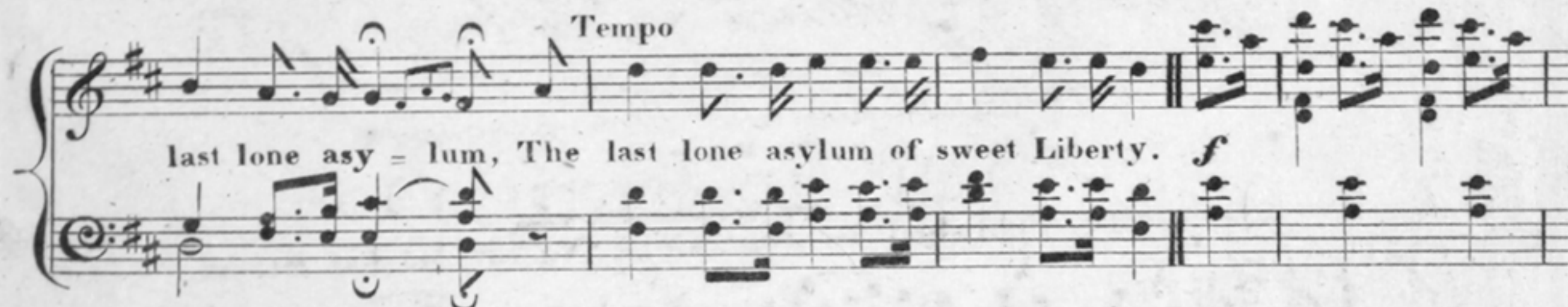
4

Know ye the land where the Eagle, undaunted,
Ne'er shrinks from the sun, in the pride of his height;
Where freemen possess the kind soil they are tilling,
Blest region of thought and of light —
'Tis the world of Columbus, the home of the free,
The last hope of all men who love Liberty.

Relantando



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