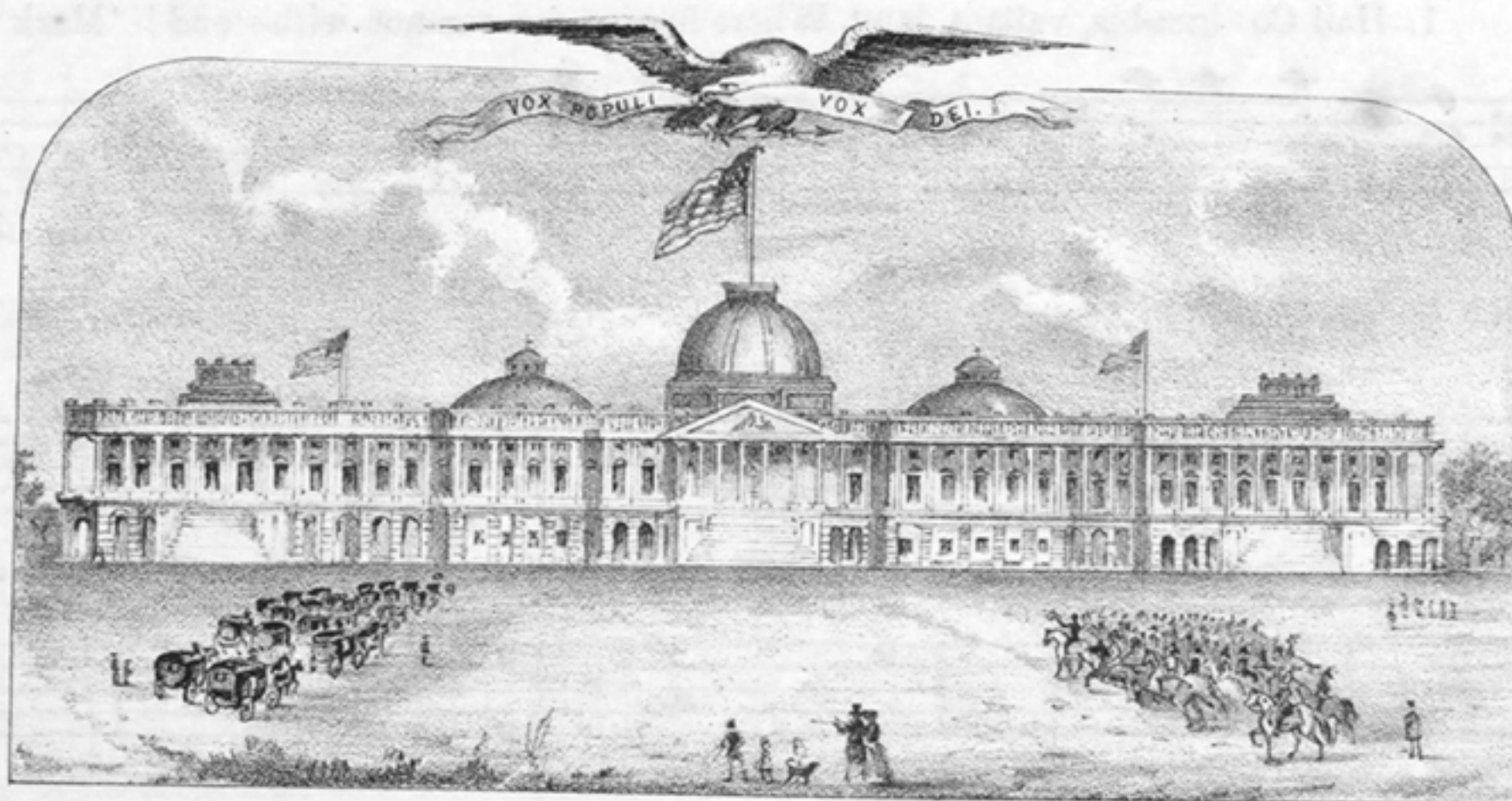


THE  
**SONG OF LIBERTY**  
OR  
**THE MARCH OF "CONCORD"!**



UNITED STATES CAPITOL.

**A FAVORITE NATIONAL AIR**  
Dedicated to  
**THE NATIONS WEAL,**  
Written and Published by  
**CAHILL.**

**AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN MARSEILLAISE &c. &c.**

WASHINGTON D. C. MARCH 4<sup>TH</sup> 1854

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# The Song of Liberty;

OR,

## THE MARCH OF "CONCORD!"

WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED BY CAHILL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MAESTOSO.

1. Hail Co-lum-bia, valiant land, Where foreign foe can-not with-stand! Mark the do-mes-tic

trai-tor band, Mark the do-mes-tic trai-tor band, Like bu-ca-niers, for plun-der join, Then

jus-tice, right, and truth pro-fane; With fi-end skill—in-fer-nal power—They waste, destroy, or

else de-vour; The in-fant's shriek, the mo-ther's wail, To stay the sots can-not pre-vail.



CHORUS.

Teach the ty - rants, let them know, Lay the fell u - sur - pers low ; No more may they up - on us foist False

col - ors they so proud-ly hoist ; Teach the ty - rants, let them know, Lay the fell u -

- sur - pers low ; No more may they up - on us foist False col - ors they so proud-ly hoist.

II.

Where holy light, of heaven born,  
 Beamed full bright o'er freedom's morn ;  
 [ : Arouse the Promethean fire : ]  
 Emit along th' electric chain,  
 From torrid zone to temp'rate Maine,  
 Through livid gleaming, splendor dark,  
 Let freemen see, and feed the spark,  
 And ruthless despots shall relent,  
 Or hallowed blood again be spent.

*Chorus.* Teach the tyrants, &c.

III.

Awake, ye drowsy lookers-on,  
 Arise ! ere all that's dear be gone :  
 [ : Arouse the latent spark of fire : ]  
 Our sister's fall, the demon's prey ;  
 And cold in death our offspring lay :  
 Where parties join, for plunder, pelf,  
 And worship only gold and self ;  
 While fain "they make believe" they pray,  
 They rob with grace and piety.

*Chorus.* Teach the tyrants, &c.

IV.

Ye sceptics of these latter days,  
 Who have no faith unless it pays ;  
 [ : Believe, and own there is a God : ]  
 He, though slain, yet is the people's—  
 He's high above the pride of steeples !  
 The "den of thieves," (not his forsooth),  
 United slew that God of Truth ;  
 The sponge of gall they still present,  
 For ever pray, but ne'er repent.

*Chorus.* Teach the tyrants, &c.