A SONG
ON
OUR COUNTRY AND HER FLAG.

BY
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WRITTEN IN 1861, AFTER THE RAISING OF THE FLAG ON COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

Printed by the Students.

TUNE—Gaudeamus igitur; or, Ein freies Leben führen wir.

1. We do not hate our enemy—
   May God deal gently with us all.
   We love our Land; we fight her foe;
   We hate his cause, and that must fall.

2. Our country is a goodly land;
   We'll keep her alway whole and hale;
   We'll love her, live for her or die;
   To fall for her is not to fail.

3. Our Flag! The Red shall mean the blood
   We gladly pledge; and let the White
   Mean purity and solemn truth,
   Unsullied justice, sacred right.

4. Its Blue, the sea we love to plow,
   That loves the heaven-united land,
Between the Old and Older World,
From strand, o'er mount and stream, to strand.

5.
The Blue reflects the crowding stars,
Bright union-emblem of the free;
Come, all of ye, and let it wave—
That floating piece of poetry.

6.
Our fathers came and planted fields,
And manly Law, and schools and truth;
They planted Self-Rule, which we'll guard
By word and sword, in age and youth.

7.
Broad freedom came along with them
On History's ever-widening wings.
Our blessing this, our task and toil;
For "arduous are all noble things."

8.
Let never Emp'ror rule this land,
Nor fitful Crowd, nor senseless Pride.
Our Master is our self-made Law;
To him we bow, and none beside.

9.
Then sing and shout for our free land,
For glorious FREELAND'S victory;
Pray that in turmoil and in peace
FREELAND our land may ever be;

10.
That faithful we be found and strong
When History builds as corals build,
Or when she rears her granite walls—
Her moles with crimson mortar filled.

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Between the Old and Older World
From earth's wide margin and men, to earth

The blue reflects the ever-changing sky,
Height, perspective, all the way.
Come, all of ye, and let it be
That healing plea of poetry.

Our fathers' gods and spiritual fields,
And wondrous law, and schools and truth.
They planted seed-line, which we'll count
By book and teacher's image and renown.

Blessed Mother, gate of Heaven still,
On Whose peculiar winged steeds
are flying free, no fear and ill.
The "eyebrows are all noble things

Let every day be this task,
The real Good, the spiritual Peace.
Our Master is our all-comfort Law,
To Alle we know, and none forget.

Then sing and shout the song of song,
For glorious FREELAND'S victory.
Pray that in honored and in past
FREELAND our land may ever be.

That faithful we be tried and strong
When History socked us round the head.
Or when she may her gospels yield—
Her order with ruling master kind.